



SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM



Class

Accession

51 AR 38<sup>54</sup>

16912

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY













INDEX TO  
The Argonaut.

JANUARY 1st TO JUNE 30, 1904

51. Ar 38 54

10912

VOL. LIV

EDITORIAL.

	PAGE
Adulteration of Food.....	210
Advertising, The psychology of.....	49
America and Americans.....	67, 418
Americans commonplace? Are.....	225
'Argonaut' in New York, The.....	195
Automobiles displace electric railways? Will the.....	418
Baltimore fire, The lesson of the.....	99
and skyscrapers.....	177
Baltimore folks the right sort.....	113
Banks, Large business of San Francisco.....	195
'Beautiful San Francisco,' For a.....	51
Billboard evil, The.....	82
The problem of the.....	162
Biondi and his naughty statuary, Signor.....	370
Bryan, Money-grabbing proclivities of William J.....	226
Return unseduced of.....	33
Burton, Conviction for bribery of Senator Joseph R.....	209
Cabinet, Changes in the.....	402
Carnival, The.....	50, 274
Carnivals, The San Francisco New Year.....	2, 17
Catalo, The new name for the new hybrid.....	211
Chinese crews incompetent.....	307
exclusion.....	242
in California.....	402
labor in South Africa.....	51, 306
labor, The South wants.....	210
Plain facts about.....	275
question the world over, The.....	194
Christmases, The three.....	2
Citizens' Alliance and labor unions.....	147, 162
begins the conflict.....	99
Growth of the.....	35
News of the.....	211, 259
Climate here and elsewhere.....	146
in Chicago, San Francisco, San Diego.....	19
New York's lovely.....	66
Coal Strike? Was arbitration a failure in.....	161
College under branded.....	163
Colon, Wreck of the.....	258
Colorado, Labor troubles in.....	35, 305, 401
Congo, Further remarks regarding atrocities on the.....	227
Shameful conditions on the.....	211
Congress, Failure of to provide for California.....	227
Humors of.....	65
Wreck of the Fifty-Eighth.....	174
Sidelights on the ways of.....	242
Consumption, Let us fight.....	353
Convention, New York wants Democratic national.....	3
Convicts, Literature for.....	120
Cory, Cruel act of Professor.....	211
Cuban character unchanged, The.....	134
Cuba, Orange growing in.....	34
Signs of the times regarding.....	115
Cunard steamships, The.....	258
Death, Court desires proof of.....	163
Democracy, A racked and rent.....	241
Depew, Confession of Senator Chauncey.....	194
De Young, Amended interview of Michael H.....	387
Dodge asks for new maps, Assessor.....	115
Driving endangers pedestrians, Fast.....	131
Edison unfair, Thomas A.....	34
Elections in San Francisco, Cost of.....	3
Expectoration, The habit of.....	115
Fair millions, End of litigation over the.....	338
Fairmont and its environs, The.....	387
Fish—Fresh and San Franciscan.....	3
Flower-sellers on San Francisco streets.....	115, 131
Fourth of July, Chicago's plan for the.....	289, 419
France and the Papacy.....	225, 370
Franchise tax decision.....	131
Fruit crop small, California.....	403

	PAGE
Gayley, Co-education and Professor.....	51
Grand Jury's wise recommendation.....	3
Grand Vizier and his debts, The.....	99
Grunsky, C. Ewald.....	147
Hanna, Death of Senator Marcus A.....	113
Will nothing to charity, Marcus A.....	147
Health board, Activity of.....	211
A new San Francisco.....	51
Hearst endorsed by Santa Cruz convention.....	339
Some speculations about.....	369
Heath, Ability to hang on of Perry S.....	34
Hills of San Francisco.....	178
Immigration to California, Large.....	67
Iroquois disaster, The.....	18
Issues of the next campaign, The.....	65, 81, 99
Japanese exclusion law favored.....	50
Japanese-Russian war and the war-correspondent.....	179, 195, 385
and world finance.....	338
Larger aspects of the.....	145
Prospects for.....	18
The outcome of the.....	257
Beginning of the.....	98
Events of second week of.....	114
Third week of.....	130
Fourth week of.....	146
Fifth week of.....	162
Sixth week of.....	178
Seventh week of.....	194
Eighth week of.....	209
Ninth week of.....	227
Tenth week of.....	242
Eleventh week of.....	259
Twelfth week of.....	275
Thirteenth week of.....	290
Fourteenth week of.....	306
Fifteenth week of.....	338
Sixteenth week of.....	354
Seventeenth week of.....	371
Eighteenth week of.....	386
Nineteenth week of.....	402
June, Adding a day to.....	81
Kaiser and the Danes, German.....	66
Labor unions and the militia.....	131
and the blind.....	306, 403
boycott Ancient Order of Hibernians.....	194
methods of in Calaveras County.....	50
Plot of spy against.....	131
MacArthur, Speech on future of war of.....	50
Major-General.....	50
Manchuria, Trade of the United States in.....	241
McNab, The mystery of Gavin.....	354
Menelik, Skinner's mission to King.....	193
Meynell on Californiaisms, Alice.....	82
Milk supply, San Francisco's.....	259
San Francisco's filthy.....	338
Municipal socialism, A discussion of.....	227, 243, 259
Murderers in London and San Francisco.....	51
Naval Training School, Discussion regarding.....	67
Newspapers and magazines.....	66
New Year, Outlook at the beginning of the.....	17
Northern Securities decision, The.....	178
Effect of the.....	193
Northern Securities Merger, Dismantling the.....	227
Oregon election.....	387
Orient, The waking up of the.....	305
Oxford, Decadence of.....	403
Panama affair, Events of the week in the.....	115
Plan to Binham Colombia in.....	161
Secretary Root's defense of our course in.....	82
Panama Canal and railway traffic.....	82
commission, Difficulty of securing members for.....	147
Who will dig the.....	371
Work soon to begin on the.....	194, 290
substation, San Francisco as a.....	258

	PAGE
Panama, Our vast task in.....	129
debate in the Senate.....	19
Paper Trust and the newspapers.....	146
Parker, Prize red poll bull of Judge.....	274, 387
Parliament, Strange occurrence in English.....	179
Pension, A service.....	115
Perdicaris, Capture by bandits of Ion.....	386
Philippine shipping bill and the West.....	82, 195
Philippines, Coffin trade in.....	1
Independence for.....	195
Secretary Taft talks about the.....	289
Strange failure of the garrote in the.....	18
Why Southern Democrats supported Republican policy in the.....	50
The settlement of the Friar Lands Question in.....	3
Platform of the Republican party, The.....	418
Political gossip, State.....	51, 67, 115, 179, 387
Postal facilities in San Francisco, Insufficient.....	66
Postal scandal, Congressmen involved in the.....	177
Presidential candidates, Democratic.....	2, 18, 34, 49, 97, 146, 162, 194, 210, 226, 242, 258, 290, 305, 337, 354, 370, 386, 402, 417
Produce markets in San Francisco.....	147
Prosperity, The outlook for.....	371, 419
Quay, Matthew Stanley.....	370
Republican state convention.....	339
success in national campaign, Outlook for convention at Chicago.....	402
Roosevelt and the Hanna boom, Theodore.....	50
Another crack in the shield of Theodore.....	385
Grip on the nomination of Theodore.....	178
Nomination of Theodore.....	419
Objections of Democrats to President.....	273
Stocum, Policy of the steamboat.....	51
Sacramento River, Floods on the.....	243
Salt-water system, A.....	82, 163, 269
San Diego, A steel plant for.....	195
School-children, Inspecting.....	82
School-teachers' retirement fund.....	115
Schmitz, Candidacy for governor of Eugene E.....	19
Schwab, Revelations regarding Shipyards Trust and Charles.....	1
Senatorship, The contest for the California.....	355, 370
Service pension, President violently attacked for ruling in regard to.....	209
Shafroth, Resignation from Congress of.....	130
Slocum, Captain of the steamboat.....	418
South and the President.....	243
Stanford's nice lake gets away.....	35
Suicide, Some aspects of.....	273
Sully, Scheme to influence the press of Daniel J.....	19
Telephone in the country, The.....	35, 114
letter and time savers, The.....	290
Thibet, Benevolent assimilation in.....	226
Angler's war with.....	353, 418
Torpedo, The irresistible.....	131
Trades versus the professions, The.....	145, 178, 354
Treaty Between England and France, A new.....	257
Trusts, Popular distrust of.....	97
"Two Argonauts in Spain criticised, condemned, and copied.....	147
Pointed Spanish review of.....	163
United Railroads, Threatened strike of employees of.....	226, 258, 274
Settlement of difficulties with employees of.....	290
Vice-presidential candidate? Who will be the Republican.....	338
Water front, Improve the.....	307
Waterson on McClellan and Roosevelt, Henry.....	67
Widder, Release from prison of A. C.....	35
Wireless telegraphy and ocean newspapers.....	242
Progress of.....	355
Wonders of.....	274

	PAGE
Wood, Likelihood of confirmation of Leonard.....	19
Veracity of Root, Wilson, and Leonard.....	34
Writing, Slant versus vertical.....	131
Yell, The resolution of Warden.....	2

BOOK REVIEWS.

A B Z of Our Nutrition, The—Horace Fletcher.....	25
Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt.....	409
Administration of Iowa, The—Harold Martin Bowman.....	57
Adria—Alexander Nelson Hood.....	424
Advanced Bridge—J. B. Elwell.....	232
Adventures of an Army Nurse in Two Wars—Mary Phiney Monroe.....	169
Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen, The—Anonymous.....	216
African Forest and Jungle, The—Paul Du Chaillu.....	8
Aids to the Study of Dante—Charles Allen Dinsmore.....	331
Alaska Boundary—George Davidson.....	377
Alladin & Co.—Herbert Quick.....	330
American History and Its Geographic Conditions—Ellen Churchill Semple.....	263
American Immortals, The—George Cary Eggleston.....	393
American Myths and Legends—Charles M. Skinner.....	89
American Natural History, The—William T. Hornaday.....	409
American Prisoner, The—Eden Phillips.....	136
Among the Great Masters of the Drama—Walter Rowlands.....	137
Analysis of the Hunting Field, The.....	73
Angler's Secret, The—Charles Bradford.....	137
Anthony Wayne—John R. Spears.....	73
Aunt Jimmy's Will—Mabel Osgood Wright.....	25
Around the World With a King—William N. Arthur Sullivan—H. Saxe Wyndham.....	263
Art of the Pitti Palace, The—Julia de W. Addison.....	345
Asia and Europe—Meredith Townsend.....	57
As You Like It—W. J. Rolfe.....	121
Bachelor in Arcady, A—Halliwell Sutcliffe.....	332
Backwoods of Literature—Hamilton Wright Mabie.....	169
Barbe of Grand Bayou—John Oxenham.....	121
Barlachs of the Guard—Henry Seton Merriman.....	41
Baronet in Corduroy, The—Albert Lee.....	89
Beatrice Book, The—Ralph Harold Bretherton.....	57
Beggars Garden, The—Ruth Lawrence.....	281
Barfoot Time, The—Adelbert Farrington Caldwell.....	361
Bay Psalm Book, The.....	377
Being with the Upturned Face, The—Clarence Lathbury.....	104
Bessie Bell—Martha Young.....	265
Bishop's Carriage, The—Miriam Michelson.....	232
Biographic Clinics—Dr. George M. Gould.....	126
Bird Center Cartoons—John T. McCutcheon.....	200
Birds of California—Mrs. Irene G. Wheelock.....	200
Black Familiars, The—L. B. Walford.....	41
Blood Lilies, The—W. A. Fraser.....	25
Blount of Breckenhow—Beulah Marie Dix.....	185
Bondage of Ballinger, The—Rowwell Field.....	165
Book of American Humorous Verse, A.....	67
Book of American Prose Humor, A.....	35
Book of Girls, A—Lillian Bell.....	242
Book of Knowledge: Psychic Facts—Dr. N. Beigel.....	355



## BOOK REVIEWS (Continued).

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Book of Months, The—E. F. Benson	331	From Empire to Republic—Arthur Howard	121	Life of an Actor, The—Pierce Egan	409
Book of Sun Dial Mottos, A—Alfred H. Hyatt	345	From Paris to New York by Land—Harry de Windt	332	Life of Frederic William Farrar—Reginald Farrar	264
Book of the Short Story, The—Edited by Alexander Jessup and E. S. Canby	281	Fundamentals of Child Study—Edwin A. Kirkpatrick	8	Life of John C. Calhoun—Gustavus M. Pickney	25
Borlase & Son—T. Baron Russell	121	Gardens of the Caribbees—Ida M. H. Starr	409	Life of John A. Andrew—Henry Greenleaf Pearson	296
Bred in the Bone—Thomas Nelson Page	408	Gates of Chance, The—Van Tassel Sutphen	409	Light of the Star, The—Hamlin Garland	408
Bret Harte—Henry W. Boynton	201	Gentleman from Jay, The—George William Louttit	25	Listener in Babel, A—Vida D. Scudder	121
Brevities—Lisle de Vaux Mathewman	361	Geology—Thomas C. Chamberlain and Rollin D. Salisbury	25	Little Chevalier, The—M. E. M. Davis	41
Bride of Glendarg, The—Allan McIvor	409	Getting Acquainted with the Trees—J. Horace McFarland	349	Little Gaudier—Charles M. Skinner	361
Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration, A—Reuben Gold Thwaites	265	Gingham Rose, A—Alice Woods Ullman	424	Little Garrison, A—Lieutenant Bilse	134
Broken Rosary, A—Edward Peple	217	Glimpes of Truth—Rev. J. L. Spalding	104	Little Joan—John Strange Winter	25
Bruxer Jim's Baby—Philip Verrill Michels	360	Golden Treasury, The—Selected by Francis Turner Palgrave	345	Little Mitchell—Margaret W. Morley	361
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. III.	393	Gordon Elopement, The—Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber	424	Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin, A—Frances Aymar Mathews	409
Builders of the Beautiful—H. L. Piner	57	Grafters, The—Francis Lynde	408	Long Night, The—Stanley J. Weyman	41
Bunch of Roses, and Other Parlor Plays, A—M. E. M. Davis	41	Great Companion, The—Lynan Abbott	408	Long Will—Florence Converse	185
Bunte Geschichten für Anfänger—Erna M. Stoltze	89	Great Poets of Italy, The—Edwin A. Mearns	261	Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone	264
Business Education and Accountancy—Charles H. Adams	169	Great Northwest and the Great Lake Region of North America, The—Paul Fontaine	109	Lost King, The—Henry Shackelford	73
Butternut Jones—Til Tilford	41	Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York—Ralph Hoffman	345	Love Knoweth Best—William Garvin Hume	265
Cadets of Gascony, The—Burton E. Stevenson	333	Handbook of Modern Japan—E. W. Clement	118	Love the Fiddler—Lloyd Osbourne	104
California and the Californians—David Starr Jordan	232	Handicapped Among the Free—Emma Rayner	351	Love's Stories from Real Life—Mildred Chapman	104
Calumet "K"—Samuel Merwin and H. K. Webster	409	Handy Andy—Prussia, 1795-1803—Guy Stanton	152	Lux Crucis—Samuel M. Gardenshrine	185
Cambridge Modern History, The—Vol. II	137	Harriman, Alaskan Expedition—Vol. III—IV	264	Macaulay's Essay on Milton	185
Cap'n Eric: A Story of the Coast—Joseph C. Lincoln	185	Hawthorne and His Circle—Julian Hawthorne	70	Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison	265
Captain's Daughter, The—Gwendolen Overton	41	Hawaiian Annual—1904, The	393	Making of English, The—Henry Bradley	232
Captured by the Navajos—Captain Charles A. Curtis	331	Hawfield Mower and Scythe of Progress—Mower-Man	393	Making of our Middle Schools, The—Elmer Ellsworth Brown	25
Cardinal Newman—William Barry	296	Heart of Hyacinth, The—Onoto Watanna	381	Mamzelle Fiffine—Eleanor Atkinson	121
Cathedrals of Northern France, The—Francis Milton	89	Heart of Lynn—Mary Stewart Cutting	296	Manor School, The—L. T. Meade	73
Central Asia and Tibet—Sven Hedin	87	Heart of My Heart—Ellis Meredith	296	Man Rosewater, The—Frank E. Leupp	151
Charles Dudley Warner—Mrs. James T. Fields	249	Heart of Rome, The—F. Marion Crawford	424	Manual of Forensic Quotations—Leon Mead and F. N. Gilbert	152
Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs	201	Henry Esmond, William Makepeace Thackeray	296	Man who Pleases and the Woman who Charms, The—John A. Cone	152
Charm, The—Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter	25	Henry Vols. XI	296	Mark, The—Aquila Kempster	334
Cherry—Booth Tarkington	57	Henry Ward Beecher—Lyman Abbott	296	Masterfolk, The—Haldane MacFall	41
Children of Men—Bruno Lessing	25	Her Infinite Variety—David Whitlock	201	Master Rogue, The—David G. Phillips	8
Children of the Tenements, The—Jacob A. Riis	152	Hermits Home, The—J. Vinton Webster	57	Medieval England—Mary Bateson	121
Christ—S. D. McConnell, D. D., LL. D.	281	Hero Tales Told in School—James Baldwin	361	Memoirs of a Vahy, The—Josephine Daskam	296
Christian Thal—M. E. Francis	265	He That Eateth Bread With Me—H. A. Mitchell-Keays	231	Memoirs of Contemporary—Ida Saint-Elme	169
Christmas Stocking, A—Anne Flint	265	Hezekiah's Kortsip—Frank A. Van Denburg	249	Memoirs of Henry Villard	214
Citizen, The—Nathaniel Southgate Shaler	336	High Noon—Alice Brown	345	Memoirs of the Countess Cosel—Joseph J. Kraszewski	121
Clarence King, Memoirs	377	High Road, The—Anonymous	424	Merchant of Venice—Edited by Felix E. Schelling	232
Close of Day, The—Frank H. Spearman	169	His Fortunate Grace—Gertrude Atherton	408	Merchant of Venice, The—Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke	217
Colombia—Prosper Mérimée—Hiram Parker	121	History of American Music, The—Louis C. Elson	296	Merely Mary Ann—L. Zangwill	296
Colonel's Opera Cloak, The—Christine C. Brush	41	History of Socialism in the United States—Morris Hillquit	201	Middle Wall, The—Edward Marshall	393
Color Key to the North American Birds—Frank M. Chapman	331	History of the German Struggle for Liberty	377	Minute Marvels of Nature—John J. Ward	249
Comedies in Miniature—Margaret Cameron	152	History of the Moorish Empire in Europe, The—S. P. Scott	216	Modern Arms and a Feudal Throne—T. Milner Harrison	424
Computers, The—Albert Bigelow Paine	281	Homeric Stories for Young Readers—Frederic A. Hall	185	Modern Bank, The—Amos Kidder Fiske	169
Complete Pocket Guide to Europe, The—Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman	345	Hoot of the Owl, The—Dr. Behr	265	Monsieur Justus Miles Forman	41
Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller	232	Horse-Leech's Daughters, The—Margaret Doyle Jackson	330	Moth Book, The—W. J. Holland	136
Complete Poems of Frank Norris	25	Hour Glass, The—William Beecher	250	Mother of Washington, Her Times, The	331
Conqueror's Success—William Mathews	89	House of Life, The—Dante Gabriel Rossetti	137	Mrs. Roger Pryor	331
Conquest of Raymond Macdonald Alden	232	House on the Sands, The—Charles Marriott	41	Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward—Helen Beekman	152
Corner Coffee, The—Cyrus Townsend	249	How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest—Reuben Gold Thwaites	57	Mr. Sponges Sporting Tour—Author of "Handley Cross"	331
Court Falls of the Eyrie—Clinton Scollard	25	How to Beat the Game—Garrett Brown	281	Musical Guild, The—Edited by Rupert Hughes	393
Courtly Intrude, A—Hildegard Hawthorne	331	How to Know the Butterflies—Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock	377	Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat—Caspar M. Nutt	217
Court of Sarahissa, The—Nevill Meakin and Hugh Seringham	408	How to Live Forever—Harry Gaze	345	Mutiny on the Bounty—L. Williams	57
Cruvey Papers—Thomas Creevey	24	How to Make a Home—William H. Ridd	217	My Air-Ships—Santos Dumont	336
Crowsey Book of Birds, The—Abbie Farwell Brown	73	How to Make a Home—William H. Ridd	217	My Friend Prospero—Henry Harland	104
Curse of Cast, The—N. J. Le Cato	296	I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself—Anonymous	264	My Old Maid's Corner—Lillie Hamilton	8
Damself and the Sage, The—Elctor Glynn	73	Ike Glidden in Maine—A. D. McPaul	104	My Wonderful Visit—Elizabeth Hill	41
Daphne: An Autumn Pastoral—Margaret Sherwood	73	Imperialist, The—Mrs. Everard Cotes	216	Nami-Ko—Kanjaro Tokutami	296
Daughter of Dale, A—Emerson G. Taylor	424	Indians of the Painted Desert Region—George Wharton James	232	Nancy Stair—Elinor Macartney Lane	408
Daughter of the Rich, A—M. E. Waller	57	Indians of Yosemite Valley and Vicinity—Galen Clark	232	Napoleon of Notting Hill, The—Gilbert K. Chesterton	360
Daughters of Desperation, The—Hildegard Brooks	296	I Need the Money—Hugh McHugh	217	Natural History of Selborne, The—Gilbert White	8
Daughters of Nijo—Onoto Watanna	408	Infection and Immunity—George M. Sternberg	152	Natural Number Primer, The—David Gibbs	281
Day Before Yesterday, The—Sara Andrews	296	Influence of Emerson, The—Edwin D. Nead	121	Neighbor, The—N. S. Shaler	409
Defense of the Castle, The—Tudor Jenks	137	In Old Alabama—Annie Holston	169	Newcomers, The—William Makepeace Thackeray	216
Deliverance, The—Ellen Glasgow	104	In Search of a Siberian Klondyke—Washington R. Vanderlip	38	New England History in Ballads—Edward Everett Hale	249
Denis Dent—Ernest W. Hornung	201	Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company, The—James Howard Bridge	109	New Glutton or Epicure, The—Horace Fletcher	25
Diary of a Superstitious Man, The—Ivan Turgeneff	393	Insurance—T. W. Young	169	New Hampshire—Frank Sanborn	345
Dollars and Democracy—Sir Philip Burne Jones	249	In the Dwellings of the Wilderness—C. Bryson Taylor	377	New Letters of Thomas Carlyle—Alexander Carlyle	216
Domestic Manners of Americans—Mrs. Trollope	201	Introduction to Dante's Inferno—Adolphus Ennis	332	New Light on the Life of Jesus—Charles A. Briggs	137
Dorothea—Maarten Maartens	408	Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy—Arthur Stone Dewing	137	New Menticulture, The—Horace Fletcher	25
Dr. Lavender's People—Margaret Deland	25	Ivanhoe—Sir Walter Scott	89	New Thought Simplified, The—Henry Wood	152
Dr. Xavier—Max Pemberton	121	Inventions of the Idiot, The—John Kendrick	296	Night with Alessandro, A—Treadwell Cleveland, Jr.	336
Duke of Cameron Avenue, The—Henry Kitchell Webster	345	Isaac Pitman's Shorthand Instructor	296	Old Paths and Legends of New England—Katharine M. Abbott	25
Dutch in Java, The—Clive Day	136	Issue, The—George Morgan	335	Old Shropshire Life—Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell	335
Easter Story, The—Hannah Warner	232	Issues of Life, The—Mrs. John Van Vorst	377	Oligarchy of Venice, The—George B. McClellan	137
Effendi, The—Florence Brooks Whitehouse	424	Italian Grammar with Exercises, An—Mary Vance Young	393	Omar and Fitzgerald—John G. Jury	57
Eight Years of Union—James Schouler	104	Ivory Trader in North Kenya, An—A. Arkell-Harwick	249	On the Storied Ohio—Reuben Gold Thwaites	89
Eleanor Dayton—Nathaniel Stephenson	40	Japan, the Place and the People—G. Waldo Brown	296	Optimism: An Essay—Alfred Kerr	41
El Nino de la Bola, D. Pedro A. De Alarcon	152	Jeremy Taylor—Edmund Gosse	296	Order N. G.—Colin A. Hether Stanley	408
English Dance of Death, The—Author of "Dr. Syntax"	8	Jessica Letters, The—Anonymous	360	Organized Labor—John Mitchell	217
English Garner, An—Edited by Professor Arher	345	Jew and Other Stories, The—Ivan Turgeneff	393	Our Lady's Inn—J. Storer Clouston	104
English Literature—Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse	200	Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life—Clara Louise Burnham	8	Overtones—James Huneker	334
Eppu Grama by Dinkelspiel—George V. Hart	345	Jewel of Seven Stars, The—Bram Stoker	201	Pa Gladden—Elizabeth Cherry Waltz	25
Esaraddon—Leo Tolstoy	152	Jewish Encyclopedia—Vol. VI	249	Painters Since Leonardo—James William Pattison	377
Evolution and Adaptation—Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph. D.	265	John of the Alley—Frederick Orin Bartlett	232	Panchronicon, The—Harold Steele Mackaye	424
Extracts From Adam's Diary—Mark Twain	361	John Maxwell's Marriage—Stephen Gwynn	121	Panorama of Sleep, or Soul and Symbol, The—Nina Picton	345
Fables of Aesop and Others, The	104	Josiah Tucker's Economist—Walter Ernest Clark, Ph. D.	104	Parliamentary England—Edward Jenks, M. A.	169
Fairy Tales Up to Now—Wallace Irwin	232	Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America—Daniel Williams Harmon	152	Parsifal: Story and Analysis of—H. R. Haves	217
Famous Comedies of William Shakespeare	377	Journey of Coronado—Translated and edited by George Parker Winslow	361	Pastime of Eternity, The—Beatrice Demarest Lloyd	333
Famous Legends—Emeline G. Crommelin	265	Judgment—Alice Brown	121	Peace and the Pines—Anna A. Rogers	333
Fanny Brainer—Austin Dobson	201	Jumping Frog, The—Mark Twain	41	Peace and the Pines—Anna A. Rogers	333
Father Marquette—Reuben Gold Thwaites	25	Just So Song Book, The—Rudyard Kipling	281	Peril of the Sword, The—Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt	232
Fat of the Land, The—John Williams Streeter	185	Katharine Frensham—Beatrice Harraden	57	Personalities—A. Sigma	281
Field and Laboratory Exercises and Physical Geography—James F. Chamberlain	361	Keystone of Empire, A—Bliss Carman	73	Petronilla Heroven—U. L. Silberrad	57
Field Book of Wild Birds and their Music—F. Schuyler Mathews	393	Kinship of Nature, The—Bliss Carman	73	Philippine Islands, The, 1493-1898, Vol. IX—Emma Helden Blair and James Alexander Robertson	249
First Loves of Paris, The—John Corbin	73	Korea—Angus Hamilton	198	Philips's Handy Volume Atlas of the World	345
Following the Frontier—Roger Pocock	57	Kwaidan—Lafacadio Hearn	296	Phonetics—George H. May	232
Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent—Fanny Merritt Farmer	152	Land Magic—Professor Hoffman	185	Physical Education by Muscular Exercise—Luther Halsey Gullick	281
Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall—R. S. Hawker	121	Laurel Leaves—Little Folk—Mary E. Phillips	137	Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods—H. Irving Hancock	337
Forest Heart, A—Charles Major	41	Laws and Principles of Bridge, The—"Bads-worth"	57	Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods—H. Irving Hancock	264
Forest, The—Stewart Edward White	201	Left in Charge—Clara Morris	265	Pictorial Composition and the Art of Judgment—Henry R. Poore	332
Fort Amity—A. T. Quiller-Couch	408	Les Dernières Années de la Louisiane Française—Auhury Laussat	152	Pioneer Spaniards in North America—William Henry Johnson	185
Forty Songs by Johannes Brahms	232	Letters from England—Mrs. Hugh Bancroft	264	Planting of the Cross, The—Horace M. Du Bose	57
Forward, Letter—Written on a Trip Around the World—Lina Boegli	377	Liberty and a Living—Philip G. Hubert	232	Plant Physiology—George James Peirce, Ph. D.	8
Forty Bridge Tactics—R. F. Foster	137	Life and Death—Henryk Sienkiewicz	231	Pleasure-Book of Grindelwald, A—Daniel P. Rhodes	265
Forty Ruins to Paradise—Maud Wilder Good	408	Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston—E. Preston Allen	217	Poems—Ben Field	265
Forty Years of the Great and the Rise of Prussia—W. F. Reddaway, M. A.	424	Life in London—Pierce Egan	201	Poetry—Josephine Daskam	185
French Revolution, The—William Edward Hartpole Lecky	201	Life of a Wooden Doll, The—Louis Saxby	104	Poetry of the South—F. V. N. Painter	169
Friendship—Ruth Ogden	265			Port Argent—Arthur Colton	361



## BOOK REVIEWS (Continued).

	PAGE
True History of the Civil War, The—Guy Carleton Lee.....	169
Trusts versus the Public Welfare—H. C. Rich.....	393
Twenty Piano Transcriptions—Franz Liszt.....	217
Two Sides of the Face—A. T. Quiller-Couch.....	331
Twisted History—Frank C. Voorhies.....	331
Type—Herman Melville.....	281
Tyrants of North Hyben, The—Frank Dilnot.....	134
Ultimate Moment, The—W. R. Lighton.....	427
Uncle Mac's Nekrasky—W. R. Lighton.....	409
Under the Jack-Staff—Chester Bailey Fernald.....	232
United States and Porto Rico, The—Ellis Rowe.....	345
United States in Our Own Time, The—E. Benjamin Andrews.....	89
Universe Vast Electric Organism, The—G. W. Warden.....	265
Vacation Days in Greece—Rufus B. Richardson.....	201
Vanity Fair—William Makepeace Thackeray.....	136
Velasquez.....	345
Viking's Skull, The—John R. Carling.....	217
Villa Claudia, The—J. A. Mitchell.....	408
Weyward, The—John Oliver Hobbes.....	296
Violet—Baroness von Hutton.....	136
Virgin Soil—Ivan Turgeneff.....	296
Voice of April-Land, The—Ella Higginson.....	57
Wanderloft in Wonderland—Edith Guerrier.....	41
Watcher in the Woods, A—Dallas Lore Sharp.....	201
Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus, The—Henry A. Beers.....	409
Wealth of Nations—Adam Smith.....	25
Weh, The—Frederick Trevor Hill.....	424
Wellesley Stories—Grace Louise Cook.....	345
What Handwriting Indicates—John Rexford.....	121
What's the Odds?—Joe Ullman.....	201
When It Was Dark—Guy Thorne.....	104
When Was Caesar—Arthur W. Marchmont.....	361
Whip Hand, The—Samuel Merwin.....	40
Whittier-Land—Samuel T. Pickard.....	359
Widow in the South, The—Teresa Dean.....	217
Widow's Mite, The—Isaac K. Funk.....	185
William Penn—Augustus C. Buell.....	152
Windsor Castle—W. Harrison Ainsworth.....	169
Wither the Pale—Michael Davitt.....	408
With the Birds of Maine—Olive Thorne Miller.....	296
Woman Wins, The—Robert Barr.....	232
Woman's Will, A—Anne Warner.....	185
Woman's Work in Music—Arthur Elson.....	104
Wonder-Book of Horses, The—James Baldwin.....	265
Works of Shakespeare, The—The Twelfth Night, "Julius Caesar," "Othello," "The Tempest," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Edited by William J. Rolfe.....	393
"World" Almanac and Encyclopedia, The.....	121
World's Children—Mortimer Menpes.....	104
Yarborough, the Premier—Angus Russell.....	265
Year's Festivals, The—Heien Philbrook Patton.....	41
Yellow Holly, The—Fergus Hume.....	296
Yeoman, The—Charles Kennett Burrow.....	249
Yoke, The—Elizabeth Miller.....	265
Zionism and Anti-Semitism—Max Nordau and Gustav Goethel.....	281

## STORIES.

A. C.—	
White Grave, The.....	180
BOWER, BERT M.—	
Pat of Alkali, A.....	229
Red for Maggie, A.....	133
BROWN, MABEL CROOK—	
When the Light Came.....	357
BROWN, MABEL HAUGHTON—	
Passing of Zilk, The.....	389
DE LYS, GEORGES—	
Old-Time Sea Fight.....	278
EMBRÉE, CHARLES FLEMING—	
Poor Brown One, The.....	310
EVANS, GEORGE S.—	
Big Red Steer, A.....	260
Enter Lizard Bill.....	148
"High Life" in Covelio.....	422
GHEUSI, P. B.—	
Red Gibbet, The.....	6
GIBERT, ELIZABETH—	
Haunted House, A.....	84
IRWIN, WILL—	
In the Long, Long Night.....	69
MAGRE, MAURICE—	
Glasses of Truth, The.....	341
MILLARD, BAILEY—	
Miss Gladys and the Jap.....	165
"S-Bar" Six-in-Hand, The.....	52
REESE, LOWELL OTUS—	
Camp Lickskill.....	294
RICARD, J.—	
Illegible Signature, The.....	86
SPADONI, ADRIANA—	
"Bow-Wow" Versus Mulligan.....	293
STABLER, MARGUERITE—	
From Generation to Generation.....	244
Jackson's Moral Scruples.....	20
Tragedy in Tatters, A.....	196
Tricked by Fire.....	116
World Without a Woman, A.....	373
WILSON, JOHN FLEMING—	
Forefront of Battle, The.....	495
Loss of His Mother-in-Law, The.....	212
Rule of the Road, The.....	36
Strong-Minded Woman, A.....	100

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

American Books in England.....	408
Amour of Ye Hidden Time, An—H. A. L.....	201
Andrew Lang on George Ade.....	233
At the Big Fair.....	147
Balky Automobile, A.....	103
Baltimore and San Francisco.....	101
Beautiful San Francisco—Willis Polk.....	147
Books that Californians Like Best, The.....	105
Calaveras, The—Charles Palache.....	83
Corner in Labor, A.....	19
Curious Ways in Panama.....	19
Delegates to the Congress of Jurists.....	84
Dickens, A Costly Edition of.....	265
Empress Dowager's Portrait, The.....	341
Expunging Popes from the Record.....	165
Facts About the Great Fair.....	292
First Vigilance Committee, The—Katharine Chandler.....	391
Greatest Newspaper, The.....	391
Hearst, The Man.....	261
Herbert Spencer as a Raconteur.....	200
On Religion.....	409
Trick May Day, A.....	116
Historic Episode, An.....	397
Hugo and Garibaldi.....	392
Humors of Congress, The.....	247
Ice-Clad Liners.....	164
Indignant Californians.....	220

Italy "An Old Corpse?".....	119
Lady Hamilton's Defense.....	424
"Lest We Forget".....	181
Love, Hate, and Hypnotism Explained.....	69
Mr. Davenport, Deeds in Dewey—J. H. P.....	187
Nelson's Last Letter to Lady Hamilton.....	393
Newspapers and their Makers.....	23
New York's Automobile Show.....	86
New York's Catastrophe.....	422
No Over-Production of Fiction—H. A. L.....	312
Novelists, Newspapers, and Romance—H. A. L.....	392
Odd Phases of Stanley Life.....	375
Our City Through Parisian Eyes.....	3
Physician's View of the Japanese, A.....	150
President on Presidents, The.....	279
President's Characteristics, Some of the.....	7
Press on the Hearst Boom, The.....	67
Quay: The Boss of Pennsylvania.....	391
Reminiscences of Charles H. Hoyt.....	430
Revolt of Mrs. Wiggs, The.....	313
Russell, Riley, and "Leonaine".....	297
Sharon-Breckenridge Imbroglia, The.....	47
Sir Edwin Arnold.....	215
Sugar Facts, Some.....	163
Theban and His Wives.....	342
Three Great Artists—Helen Hebut.....	343
Who Wrote the Greatest Living American Poet?—H. A. L.....	248
Who's Who Among California Writers.....	217
Who Wrote "Joe Bowers"?.....	153

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BONNER, GERALDINE—	
Artistic New York.....	149
Bridge Mania, The.....	117
Candida.....	117
Expansive New York.....	68
Gotham's Poor Ladies.....	230
New York's Babyless Flats.....	358
New York's Cold Snap.....	101
New York's Early Summer.....	390
New York Libraries.....	85
New York's Rich Growing Poor.....	51
Palmer.....	21
Spring in New York.....	277
Unscouted Women in Gotham.....	262
Westerners in New York.....	132
With New York Player-Folk.....	37
Women of the Pit.....	197
COCKAINE—	
About the Astors.....	294
Alake of Abecotia, The.....	422
Harcourt and Durand.....	199
Last of the Georges, The.....	246
Marriage in High Life, A.....	118
Opening of Parliament, The.....	150
FLAUNER—	
Famous Old Play Revived, A.....	230
Horse Fair, The.....	303
Judge Alton B. Parker.....	246
New Coney Island, The.....	342
Pit in New York, The.....	135
Stoning Motor-Cars in Gotham.....	406
HART, JEROME—	
Between Jaffa and Jerusalem.....	275
Campania in the East, The.....	299
Disappointments in Palestine.....	339
Human Frailty as Seen at Sea.....	387
Hurry and Anger in Travel.....	419
Jottings About Cairo.....	355
Lancashire Murder Trial.....	403
Seamy Side at Sea, The.....	371
Spots Where.....	321
HYNE, HELEN—	
Among the Poor in Tokio.....	324
War-Time Tokyo.....	405
War-Time Spring, A.....	310
INNOMINATO—	
Mexico To-Day.....	213
PICCADILLY—	
London Literary Gossip.....	323
London's Yellow Journals.....	102
Six Notable Men.....	71
W. S. Gilbert's New Play.....	375
ST. MARTIN—	
French Authors and Their Work.....	324
Niece of Napoleon, The.....	53
Queen's Stormy Life, A.....	279
Things Theatrical in Paris.....	167

## OLD FAVORITES.

"Acheard of a Gal"—Anonymous.....	68
Bachelor's Wish, The—Alfred Wheeler.....	68
Barney McGee—Richard Hovey.....	198
Bee, The—Sidney Lanier.....	323
Death of the Old Year, The—Alfred Tennyson.....	68
Eve's Daughter—Edward Rowland Sill.....	68
Evil translated from the Russian by John G. Bowring.....	54
Humble Bee, The—Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	323
If I Should Die—Ben King.....	404
Indian Revelry, An—Bartholomew Dowling.....	372
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year—Henry W. Longfellow.....	4
O Captain! My Captain!—Walt Whitman.....	36
Reasons.....	404
Same Old Story—Harry B. Smith.....	404
Singular Sang-Froid of Baby Bunting, The—Guy Wetmore Carryl.....	262
"Spacially Jim"—Bessie Morgan.....	68
Synophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven, The.....	262
Guy Wetmore Carryl.....	262
Test, The—Edmund Clarence Steadman.....	404
Threnody, A—George T. Lanigan.....	404
Tita's Tears—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	294
To a Waterfall—William Cullen Bryant.....	36
Woman's Love, A—John Hay.....	294
Written on the Night of His Suicide—Richard Realf.....	372

## MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

Battlefield, The—Tudor Jenks.....	212
Batman of the Panama Republic—Congressman Williams.....	22
Brothers, The—Clinton Scollard.....	280
California Easter, A—Austin Lewis.....	212
Chicago—John G. Whittier.....	103
Cossacks of the Don—John S. McGroarty.....	150
Destroyer, The—Edward Sydney Tyce.....	150
Count Day, O. W. W. A.....	212
From Russian Hill—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.....	342
Grace's Valentine.....	104
Harvest Time—Robert F. Morrison.....	132
Heart of Ice—Oliver Herford.....	104
He Does Not Know—Marian Warner Wildman.....	24
Is This a Vision? The—Clinton Dargfield.....	22
Legal Secret, A—Jennie P. Betts.....	104
Lent.....	168
Lenten Piety.....	168
Le Verger—Edmond Rostand.....	119
Love Mountain—Bret Harte.....	342
Lone Song to Me—Josephine Preston Peabody.....	228
Meeting on the Yule, A—J. A.....	228
O Comrade Mountains—Mary S. Paden.....	388
Orchard, The—Edward Robeson Taylor.....	119
New Pike County Ballad, A.....	22
Port Arthur.....	150
Pro Russia-Pro Pace—Edith M. Thomas.....	228

Purification—Rachel Annand Taylor.....	280
Riches—Ella Higginson.....	24
Rocksies, The—Arthur Stringer.....	388
She's "Keeping Lent".....	168
Song of Love's Coming, A—Edith Clifford.....	280
Tyngs Hill—Wallace Irwin.....	342
Thanatos Athanatos—John Hay.....	388
To Him—Ethel M. Kelley.....	87
Torpedo, The—Edward Sydney Tyce.....	228
To the Ploocene Skull—Bret Harte.....	135
Uncle Sam Gossiping.....	22
War in the Garden, A—Edith Clifford.....	280
We Two—Herman Knickerhocker Vielle.....	280
Wild Roses—Ronald Campbell Macfie.....	24
Wind Seems Kind To-Day, The—Edward Salisbury Field.....	24

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Abbey, Edwin A., 181; Adams, Albert J., 166, 341; Aldrich, Senator, 197; Alexeeff, Admiral, 53; Allen, Miss, 38; Alvarado, 420; Alphonso, King, 21, 406; Alvarado, 177; Amador, Dr. Manuel, 149; Ames, Dr. Albert Alonzo, 99; Anthony, Susan B., 358; Ashley, Mayor, 5; Atkinson, Edward, 181; Baker, Congressman Robert, 341; Bede, J. Adam, 358; Brady, Governor John Green, 358; Bryan, William, 70; Bryce, James, 406; Buckner, General, 137; Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 293; Brunnetiere, M., 213; Campbell, Professor, 99; Cambridge, Duke of, 213; Cannon, Joseph, 5, 70; Cantauzene, Princess, 35; Carlos, King, 406; Carneg, Andrew, 341; Cay, 145; Bertha, 5; Celli, Professor, 390; Chaffee, Adna R., 53; Chamberlain, Joseph, 5; Chaochu, Wu, 390; Chatillon, Comtesse de, 374; Christian, King, 245; Clark, Captain William, 374; Clark, Charles Heber, 70; Clemens, Mrs. Samuel L., 85; Clemens, Clara, 420; Cleveland, Grover, 99, 213; Clogswell, William, 5; Comstock, Anthony, 21; Connell, Miss Annie, 21; Conyngham, Lord, 149; Corelli, Marie, 35; Corral, Ramon, 420; Cory, Miss Fanny Y., 277; Crawford, Samuel J., 53; Cronje, General, 390, 420; Cronk, Hiram S., 213; Cummings, Harry S., 406; Curie, M., 21; Pierre, 21, 85; Lord, 245; 293; Cuyler, Rev. Dr. Theodore, 8, 70; Cyril, Grand Duke.....	374
Davenport, Homer, 85; Davis, Governor Jefferson, 21; Denby, Colonel Charles, 53; Dick, General Charles, 166; Dillingham, Senator, 341; Dolan, James, 341; Doumer, 197, 200; Dreyfus, Alfred, 181; Duncan, Lester S., 197; Durand, Carlos, 230; Duse, Signora.....	358
Edward, King, 21, 53, 405; Elgar, Edward, 230; Eliot, President, 213; Ely, Dr. Richard T., 181; Emmanuel, King, 5, 406; Emperor of Austria, 293; Eugenie, Empress.....	181
Folk, Joseph, 8, 293; Forbes, W. Cameron, 134; Garcia, Señor Manuel, 230; Georgantas, Nicholas, 311; George, King, 406; Geromino, 293; Gibert, Elizabeth, 117; Gilbert, Mrs., 70; Gladstone, Herbert, 99; Gonine, Miss Maud, 166; Gorman, Arthur Fuc, 99; Gould, George J., 390; Gould, Helen, 197, 200; Gray, George, 293; Greville-Reache, M., 134; Grosscup, Judge Peter Stanger, 293; Groves, Junius G., 390; Grunsky, Carl Ewald.....	341
Hall, Captain James, 277; Hanna, Marcus Alonzo, 99; Hardwick, Congressman Thomas W., 149; Harper, William, 149; Hays, 181; Heald, George, 197; Hays, John, 348; Hay, John, 21, 99, 261, 374; Hearst, William R., 134, 213; Heinrich, Prince, 21; Helene, Queen, 311; Hennessey, Patrick J., 390; Hesse, Grand Duchess of, 374; Hicks-Beach, Sir Michael, 245; Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, 21; Hill, David, 99; Hills, Isabella, 181; Roberts, R., 406; Rockwood, 341; Hoar, Senator, 53; Hough, George W., 5; Howells, William Dean, 390; Hubbard, Elbert.....	35
Irvine, Sir Henry, 166; Ito, Marquis.....	277
Jameson, Dr., 311; Japan, Emperor of, 99; Jo-Jo, 117; Joseph, Emperor.....	406
Kalanianale, Jonathan, 35; King of Roumania, 406; Knowles, James, 21; Kuhio, Prince, 99; Kuroki, General, 406; Kuropatkin, General.....	181
Labouchere, Henry, 197; Ladd, Rev. George Trumbull, 406; Lehmer, Dr. Derrick N., 111; Leitch, Stephen, 293; Lorenz, Dr. Adolph, 230; Loti, Pierre, 35; Louhet, President, 85; Loyson, Paul Hyacinthe.....	149
MacGahan, Barbara, 181; Mackay, Clarence, 406; Mackenzie, Lady Constance, 277; Malaspina, Marquis de Massa, 374; Margherita, Queen, 197; Maria, Isabella, 181; Louis, Ex-Queen, 245; Masson, M. Frederick, 99; Maybrick, Florence, 70, 261; McIsaac, Lieutenant Charles M., 261; McKay, Captain Alexander, 177; McNally, Andrew, 311; Menelik, King, 230; Michel, Louise, 245; Miles, Sherman, 166; Miss, Miss Ida, 85; Moltke, Count, 197, 200, 230; Monaco, Prince of, 70; Montague, James, 197; Montesquieu-Fezencac, Count Robert de, 5; Moore, Alice L., 35; Morgan, J. Pierpont, 277; Mosby, Colonel John S., 406; Mutsu-Hito, Emperor.....	53
Napoleon, Prince Louis, 99; Napoleon, Prince Victor, 197; Napoleon, Prince, 117, 406; Olney, Richard, 99; Oyama, Countess, 166; Oscar, King.....	406
Palmer, Mrs. Potter, 35; Parker, Alton B., 99, 293; Parks, Samuel, 213; Parry, D. M., 166; Patti, Adelina, 213; Pilar, Princess Maria del, 21; Pinero, Antonio, 197; Wing, 420; Porter, 230; Porcel, M., 197; Proctor, Senator, 341; Pu Lin, Prince.....	406
Quay, Matthew S., 277; Raymond, Walter B., 134; Rejane, Mme., 197; Richardson, Sir Edwin Austin, 277; Bart, 277; Rodin, Auguste, 5; Roosevelt, President, 213, 197, 213, 245, 293, 390, 420; Santos-Dumont, 245; Schwarzmann, Adolph, 177; Shafroth, John F., 166; Smiles, Dr. Samuel, 35; Snipper, First Lieutenant Rudolph E., 261; Sonzogno, Eduardo, 374; Spencer, Earl, 166; Stanley, Henry, 341; Tead, W. T., 70; Stewart, General A. T., 70; Stewart, Ex-Governor John W., 341; Stone, Melville E., 177; Strauss, Richard, 166; Sultan of Turkey, 406; Sutherland, Duke of, 261; Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 5; Van Swinderen, Jonkheer, R., 277, 374; Sylvick, Mlle.....	406
Taft, William H., 99; Thompson, Sir Henry, 390; Tillman, ex-Lieutenant Governor James H., 213; Tolstoy, Leo, 70; Triggs, Professor Oscar Lovell, 49; Tsi-An, Empress Dowager, 134, 149; Twain, Mark.....	261
Uriu, Admiral.....	117, 149

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Alexander the Great—Ward and James in.....	122
Antonin Dvorak.....	311
Beggar Student at the Tivoli, The.....	266
Beauty Shop at Fischer's, The.....	58
Du Barry—Mrs. Leslie Carter in.....	410
Camille in New York.....	302
Changed Yvette Guilbert.....	411
Chinese Honeymoon at the Columbia, A.....	74
Colonial Girl at the Alcazar, A.....	90
Crisis in Isabel's History, The.....	234
Doll's House—Mrs. Fiske in A.....	250
Empress Theodora at the Grand Opera House, The.....	346
Eternal City at the California, The.....	90
Ghosts—Alberta Gallatin in.....	42
Gypsy Baron at the Tivoli, A.....	154
Girl with the Green Eyes—Ida Conquest in The.....	10
Great Fires in Theatres.....	23
Greatest Thing in the World—Rose Coghlan in The.....	282
Hedda Gahler—Mrs. Fiske in.....	219
Hour Glass and Heart's Desire at the Alcazar.....	298
Ivan the Terrible at the Columbia—Richard Mansfield in.....	362
Lion, or, the Wheelman at the Tivoli.....	39
Patti's Voice.....	39
Little Minister at the Columbia—Maude Adams in The.....	378
Mam'selle Napoleon—Anna Held in.....	234
Mary of Magdala—Mrs. Fiske in.....	202
Robert the Hobbs at the Columbia.....	138
Mme. Schumann-Heink in Concert.....	250
Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna.....	10
Monte Cristo at the Central.....	26
Mrs. Deering's Divorce—Mrs. Langtry in.....	42
Nance O'Neil's Great Success.....	407
New Clown at the Alcazar, The.....	282
Old Heidelberg—Richard Mansfield in.....	346
Old Homestead—Denham Thompson in.....	170
Orpheum.....	186
Parsifal at the Alcazar.....	22
Parsifal in New York.....	298
Profligate at the Alcazar, The.....	426
Prod Prince at the Columbia, The.....	427
Rohin Hood at the Tivoli.....	394
Rose Brothers in Lewis correspondents.....	394
Sergeant Kitty at the Tivoli.....	394
Silver Slipper at the Columbia.....	395
U. S. at Fischer's.....	395
Weber and Fields Part at Last.....	58
When Johnny Comes Marching Home at the Tivoli.....	5
When Patti Sang in '84.....	106
Whoopee-Dee-Doo, Weber and Fields in.....	106

## VANITY FAIR.

American beauty book, The.....	316
families, Size of.....	284
girl, Henry Labouchere on.....	123
Corsets, Care of.....	28
women's dress, Indecency of.....	12
women, English artists' opinions of.....	316
women, Mannishness of.....	12
women who marry foreigners.....	



## VANITY FAIR (Continued).

	PAGE
London season, Early beginning of.....	380
society, Americanization of.....	380
society, Repartee of.....	284
Love as a disease.....	236
Manchester, King Edward's kindness toward Duke of.....	92
Marriage Ceremonies, "Obey" left out of.....	124
Marriage, Children of loveless.....	92
customs among savages.....	76
Reason that men avoid.....	172
Mathilde, Death of Princess.....	28
Evenings at home of Princess.....	364
McCawley, Position in the White House of Major.....	60
McCormick, Election to board of Chicago aldermen of R. R.....	252
Men's dress in Congress.....	204
in Parliament.....	204
Plaid prevalent in.....	204
Menu without prices.....	364
Millinery menu, The.....	220
Big bill for.....	428
Grewsome mistake caused by.....	108
Monogram, Decline of use of.....	156
Monte Carlo, Mlle. d'Alencon gambling at.....	300
National Mouse Association.....	12
New York beauty show.....	44
French ball, Decline of.....	28
ladies' driving club, Parade of.....	348
ladies' comb.....	12
Note paper, Filthy rags used in making.....	306
Old maids, Disappearance of.....	204
Paris, Caryl's description of twilight in.....	396
Hotels, Politeness of attendants in.....	12
Parker, Characteristics of Mrs. Alton B.....	284
Peridot, King Edward fond of gem called.....	396
Pope Pius X comments on décolleté gowns.....	76
Plant, Marriage of Mrs. M. J.....	76
Polygamy, Kinds of in United States.....	92
Portraits carved on ivory.....	220
Red neckties forbidden in Germany.....	124
Riding astride in London.....	252
Princess Victoria being taught.....	300
Roosevelt, Expense of entertainments given by President.....	108
as bridesmaid, Miss Alice.....	396
How Sunday was spent by Miss Alice.....	380
Racing experience of Miss Alice.....	252
Offense given Miss Alice.....	140
Reception at St. Louis of Miss Alice.....	428
Salary too small of President.....	108
Royal remedy for baldness.....	44
Schmidt, Marriage ordinance proposed by Ernestina.....	76
Servants, Ireland's cheap.....	12
Siever, Career of Robert Stanley.....	412
Society gusher, The.....	300
Moral condition of.....	300
Brilliance of St. Petersburg.....	284
Suicide, Women's preparation for.....	364
Sultan of Morocco, Wives of.....	92
Sutherland, Portrait of Duchess of.....	396
Tailor, Man's debt to his.....	396
Taft, Military reception for Governor.....	108
Telephone girls in Germany.....	140
Theatre going a habit.....	124
Tourists rushing through Florence.....	252
Titled people's visiting cards, Deceptive use of.....	348
Triplets, Royal gifts given to.....	140
Type of beauty changing.....	364
Vatican, Roses in gardens of.....	124
Walking sticks, Styles in.....	300
Wedding trunks, Origin of.....	172
Whistler, Souvenirs sold of James McNeill.....	28
White House, Queen Alexandra's objections to bridge in china.....	172
reception.....	172
State dinners at.....	172
Who's Who in America, Statistics from.....	44
Widow, A cautious.....	376
Wives as wage earners.....	300
Women after middle age.....	300
agents for tradesmen.....	204
Age shown early in society.....	364
barred from railway offices.....	124
Criticism of.....	380
Denunciation of higher education for.....	428
employees, Large salaries paid by government to.....	396
fail as journalists.....	428
Fencing practiced by London.....	188
Fondness in Paris for bony.....	172
French admiration for American.....	156
Heroism of society.....	428

	PAGE
Women in journalism.....	236
Intellectual capability of.....	44
in the ministry.....	204
Occupations of.....	172
Sarab Grand discusses smoking by.....	140
Size of modern.....	236
Vanities and ostentation of.....	44
Voices of.....	156
waitresses displace colored men.....	428
Yu Yeng, American Wife of.....	124

## STORYETTES.

Ade, George, 301; Alexander, James W., 317; Alexandra, Queen, 269; Amringe, Dean Van, 429; Anglesey, Lord, 29; Astor, William Waldorf.....	429
Bacheller, Irving, 317; Bacon, Leonard, 381; Bailey, Senator, 157; Bangs, John Henry, 109; Ball, Sir Robert, 93; Barrymore, John, 285; Barrymore, Lionel, 141; Barakatullah, Prince Mohammed, 29; Belasco, David, 253; Belmont, Terry, 77; Bennett, Editor, 157; Bird, Dr., 61; Bismarck, Prince, 381; Brady, Cyrus Townsend, 205; Brampton, Lord, 125, 221; Bramwell, Lord Justice, 13; Bramwell, Sir Frederick, 13; Browning, Robert, 141; Bryan, William Jennings, 77; Burr, Judge, 45; Burrows, Senator, 61, 189; Butler, President Nicholas Murray.....	237
Calvé, Mme., 125; Canfield, Richard, 473; Cannon, Joseph, 77, 149; Carnegie, Andrew, 61, 285; Cassini, Count, 173; Chaffee, General, 349; Chamberlain, Joseph, 61, 173; Cbentung, Sir, 173, 269; Choate, Ambassador, 61, 125; Churchill, Winston, 381; Clapp, Channing, 413; Clark, Champ, 285; Cleveland, Grover, 125; Clowry, President, 429; Cockran, William Bourke, 221; Coudert, Frederick René, 45; Cox, Mrs. Kenyon, 109; Crawford, Marion, 13; Cruger, Mrs. Van Rennsleer, 157; Czar of Russia.....	253
Dana, Charles A., 45; Delpeau, 269; Dexter, Professor E. G., 189; Dickens, Charles, 205; Disraeli, 29, 285; Dixon, Jr., Rev. Thomas, 429; Dockstader, Lew, 77; Doehme, Zoltan, 349; Duffy, Sir Charles Caban, 45; Durand, Sir Henry Mortimer.....	221
Eastman, Horace T., 285; Eliot, President, 317; Evans, Dr., 413; Everest, Frank, 13; Farley, Mgr., 269; Faure, Felix, 77; Fillingham, Rev., 269; Flaherty, John S., 93, 205; Foraker, Senator, 61; Forbes, J. S., 349; Forster, John, 397; Foster, Senator, 189; Frederick William, Crown Prince, 13; Fuller, George F., 6; Funk, Rev. I. K.....	397
Gentry, Meredith P., 141; Gilbert, W. S., 429; Gillette, William, 173; Gladstone, W. E., 301, 413; Gorman, Senator, Arthur P., 349; Gotthel, Dr. Richard T., 429; Graves, John Temple, 381; Gray, Judge E. H.....	237
Hadley, President, 205; Hale, Edward Everett, 237; Hamilton, "Tody," 253; Harrison, President, 45; Hawthorne, Julian.....	253
Hearn, Lafcadio, 253; Hepburn, Congressman, 317; Higginson, Colonel Henry, 317; Hoar, Senator, 173, 381; Hogg, Representative, 109; Howells, W. D., 109, 221; Huddleston, Baron, 13; Huntington, Collis P., 93; Huret, Jules, 77; Hyde, President.....	205
Ingram, Dr., 141; Ito, Marquis, 301; Irving, Sir Henry.....	45, 125
James, Representative Ollie, 108; Jefferson, Joseph, 77; Jusserand, M.....	173
Keene, James, 61; Kemble, E. W., 221; Kerpel, Sir Henry, 125; Kerr, Dr. John, 381; Kidder, Kathryn, 13; Kipling, Rudyard.....	397
Lackaye, Wilton, 285; Landis, Representative, 29; La Sbelles, Kirk, 269; Lebr, Harry, 349; Lewes, George Henry, 141; Lewisbam, Jesse, 429; Lincoln, Abraham, 365; Livingston, Congressman.....	285
Mack, Norman E., 301; Mackenzie, Lady Constance, 173; MacMahon, John, 205; Mansfield, Richard, 189, 429; Mathilde, Princess, 109; Matthews, Brander, 45, 189; Maupassant, Guy de, 429; May, Phil, 29; McClellan, Mayor, 61, 397; McKinley, President, 141; McVeagh, Wayne, 109; Melville, Canon, 365; Meyer, Paul, 125; Miles, General, 253; Mille, Henry de, 253; Mitchell, Julian, 205; Morgan, J. Pierpont, 397; Morgan, Lloyd, 125; Morisini, Miss Giulia P., 125; Murray, Graham.....	349
Newton, Professor, 109; Nolan, Terry.....	29
Paderewski, Ignace, 301; Paganini, 29; Page, Thomas Nelson, 125, 397; Palmer, Professor George Herbert, 397; Parkhurst, Dr., 141; Parry, Judge, 205; Pasbkievitich, Field-Marshal, 141; Patti, Adelina, 205; Peck, George R., 381; Penfield, Edward, 13; Pettenkofer, Max von, 365; Phelps, Professor, 109; Platt, Thomas C., 141; Pope Pius, 269; Potter, General Pleasant, 77; Potter, Bishop.....	253, 269
Quay, Matthew.....	413
Reader, Representative, 125; Redding, Joseph, 269; Reed, Thomas B., 109, 349, 365; Ridgway, Mrs. John, 429; Rixey, Congressman, 157; Roberts, George, 317; Roosevelt, President, 13, 77, 269, 317; Robschid, Baron, 413; Fritz, 61; Shaw, Sanger, Mr., 125; Scheff, Fritz, 61; Shaw, Secretary, 173; Sbea, James, 109; Shepherd, Representative Morris, 77; Sheppard, Elliott F., 413; Smith, Charles Emery, 413; Smith, F. Hopkinson, 301; Smoot, Senator Reed, 45; Spencer, Herbert, 29, 45, 205; Spooner, Senator, 253, 301; Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 13; Stewart, Douglas, 45; Sweeney, James F., 269; Swinton, John, 45; Sullivan, Senator, 61; Sully, Daniel, 317; Sykes, Sir Tatton Taft, William, 13, 93; Takabira, Minister, 413; Talleyrand, 141; Teed, Dr. Cyrus, 381; Tbrockmorton, Colonel, 205; Tillman, Senator, 61, 157, 221; Tolstoy, Lyof, 237; Tower, Charlesmagne, 413; Train, George Francis, 93; Tree, Beerbobm, 13; Tward, Mark.....	125, 189, 221, 301
Uriu, Admiral.....	189
Van Duzer, Representative Clarence B., 253; Vaughan, Dr., 237; Von Moltke.....	14
Waddell, "Rube," 221; Ward, John, 365; Warren, Senator, 157; Watterson, Henry, 93; Webb, Dr. Seward, 285; Webster, Daniel, 397; Webster, Noah, 397; Wellington, Duke of, 29; Wendell, Barrett, 349; White, Charles, 141; Whitney, William C., 125, 157; Whistler, James McNeill, 29, 301; Wilhelmina, Queen, 381; William, Emperor, 13, 93, 253, 429; Williams, John Sharp, 237, 365; Wilson, Francis, 61; Wyckoff, Professor Walter A. Zola, Emile.....	93, 13

## HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Asking Papa.....	77
Babies.....	18
Carnecrockerellitis.....	109
Conversation for Combatants.....	285
Decidedly Unusual.....	237
Field Notes.....	397
Fountain Pen, The.....	265
Her First Call on the Butcher.....	61
Inexpensive War News.....	173
"I Says," "He Says," and "She Says".....	29
Lit'ry Market, The.....	349
Mass.....	125
Money Makes the Mare Go.....	429
Moral Suasion.....	157
Our Beautiful Language.....	13
Overheard in Boston.....	205
Real Conversation, A.....	253
Real Conversation (in a newspaper office), A.....	301
Real Conversation (in a West End drawing-room), A.....	365
Since the Burton Trial.....	317
Slang as She is Slung.....	109
Specially Made War News.....	221
Theatre-Party, A.....	141
Unexpected Letter, The.....	317
What We Are Coming To.....	413
When Boys Fight.....	381

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Again "Joe Bowers"—W. J. Stockton.....	195
"Argonaut" and William Randolph Hearst, The—Catherine Stow Ealand.....	201
Auto and the Boy, The—H. C. A.....	195
Conditions in Colorado, The—J. D. Hawkins.....	355
Genesis of the Japanese Navy, The—J. Stewart.....	179
Italy a Corpse—L. D. Ventura.....	136
Not Natural, But Artificial Stone—George M. Stewart.....	474

	PAGE
Operatic Handbook, An—J. L. D.....	195
Poor Hotels in Northern California—Pro Bono Publico.....	120
Roosevelt in California—A True Blue.....	179
Situation in the Far East as Seen by an Eye-Witness, The—R. L. Fulton.....	35
What's Wrong with Southern California?—A. C. H.....	243
Wilmerding School, The—Rudolph J. Tausig.....	175
Word for Mme. Gerster—H. B.....	123

## OBITUARY.

Apperson, Mrs. Drusilla.....	79
Ashe, Caroline Mrs.....	382
Barkbaas, Frederick W.....	31
Behr, Dr.....	174
Clark, Mrs. Charles Walter.....	79
Clemens, Mrs. Samuel L.....	408
Crockett, Joseph B.....	14
Dargie, Jr., William E.....	159
Evans, George S.....	383
Fawcett, Edgar.....	414
Foot, W. W.....	345
Floto, Dr. Henry.....	127
Grant, Adam.....	206
Hayward, Alvinza.....	126
Huff, Harry S.....	63
Hutton, Laurence.....	409
Logan, Celia.....	430
Pabst, Captain Frederick.....	21
Stephen, Sir Leslie.....	136
Sykes, Jerome.....	15
Train, George Francis.....	55
Watson, Thomas.....	74
Whitney, William C.....	95

## SOCIETY.

ART NOTES.....	14, 15, 63, 159, 191, 206, 254, 267, 318, 414	
POLO NOTES.....	79, 111	
GOLF NOTES.....	206, 346, 366	
MARDI GRAS BALL.....	95, 110, 126	
MUSICAL NOTES.....	47, 111, 127, 142, 158, 174, 190, 203, 222, 254, 267, 302.....	315
WENNINGS:		
Allen-Kent.....		238
Boardman-Drown.....		94
Bishop-Sawyer.....		382
Clagstone-Kirk.....		318
Clay-Barry.....		302
Cook-Greenfield.....		126
Cooper-Goodall.....		318
Crowell-Helmcken.....		158
De Laveaga-Calagban.....		254
Duffield-McKenna.....		30
Du Val-Dibble.....		126
Eckart-Clay.....		158
Gberardi-Taylor.....		389
Glass-Wooster.....		222
Goodsell-Camm.....		430
Hall-Bolton.....		126
Hatch-Mendenhall.....		430
Hawthurst-Kennedy.....		399
Holmes-Patton.....		318
Hume-Eckart.....		238
Kilbourne-Leeds.....		430
Jepson-Head.....		414
Johnson-Stinson.....		382
Larkey-Needham.....		430
McClaskey-McQuaid.....		270
Miller-Burdge.....		238
Moore-Drowe.....		126
Parker-Doyle.....		270
Pontius-Cole.....		158
Robinson-Kip.....		110
Ross-Landers.....		158
Scarles-Ayers.....		30
Sbarboro-Sartori.....		414
Sherwood-Kaufman.....		126
Steen-Center.....		174
Stent-Harris.....		238
Symington-Ducat.....		174
Tay-Henshaw.....		126
Taylor-Erwin.....		382
Valentine-Moore.....		94
Webster-Cutting.....		382
Weeks-Tisdale.....		414
Williar-Huntsman.....		398
Wilson-Cluff.....		110
WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.....	30, 62, 79, 142, 191, 222, 254, 267, 314, 366	



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1399.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 4, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Special Eastern Representative—E. Katz Advertising Agency, 230-231 Temple Court, New York City, and 317-318 U. S. Express Building, Chicago, Ill. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breains Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Canned Goods and Coffins—Grisly Aftermath of the Philippine War—Thrifty but Ghoulish Undertakers—The Amazing Story of the Shipbuilding Trust—More Revelations of the Shady Methods of High Finance—The Democratic Choice—Parker, Gray, Gorman, Hill, Olney, Bryan, Mentioned—Opinion Still Leans Toward Cleveland—Different Kinds of Christmas—Holiday Joys in Rain-Soaked Oregon—Festivities Among Icicles and Frost—Real Yuletide in Sunny California—Grim Warden Yell's Dictum—A Prison Ballad	1-3
OUR CITY THROUGH PARISIAN EYES: A French Editor's Impressions of Life in California—Frank Remarks About Our Multi-Millionaires	3-4
OLD FAVORITES: "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "The Death of the Old Year," by Alfred Tennyson	4
WHEN PATTI SANG IN '84: Her Appearance in San Francisco Twenty Years Ago—How the Town Went Wild—Her Musical Rival—Not a Dramatic Singer—Her Amusing Stage Death	5
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World	5
THE RED GIBBET: Translated from the French of P. B. Gheusi by H. Twichell	6
KING EDWARD GOES VISITING: Special Mark of Favor Shown the Roxburghes—Brewers and Brewers—The King's Special Woman Friend. By "Cockaigne"	7
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	8-9
DRAMA: "Ixion: or, The Wheelman," at the Tivoli—"The Girl With the Green Eyes," at the Columbia. By Josephine Hart Phelps	10
STAGE GOSSIP	11
VANITY FAIR: Jacob French Writes of the Geisha-Girls—Not so Bad as Painted—Japanese Wives Made to Stay at Home—Geishas as Social Substitutes—Employed by Merchants as Entertainers—Cheap Servants in Ireland—New York Minister Scores Women's Immodest Dressing—Says They Are Indecent—Over Politeness in France—A Tiring Lot of Ceremony Extended by Everybody to Everybody—Failure of the Champagne Crop—Mouse Shows in England—Women's Clubs Abroad	12
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Carries English Water—Governor Taft's Reforms—A Crown Prince's Punishment—Zola's Vanity—Errors on the Stage—President Roosevelt's Effusive Greeting—Snubbed by a Duke—Stedman's Laughable Error—Crawford's Hopes of Immortality—Penfield's Early Start—Very Yellow Journalism..	13
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Tale of a Martyr," "The Norsk Nightingale," "The Grafters' Seven Stages"	13
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.	14-15
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	16

In 1898, the *Argonaut* got itself disliked by saying that the vaunted "trade with the Philippines" would amount to nothing more than "canned goods and coffins"—canned goods to put into our soldiers' bodies, and coffins in which to bring their bodies back. This has turned out to be true. The boasted "Philippine trade" has consisted entirely of supplies for the soldiers. We regret, however, to say that much of the stuff exported was not sent in tins, but in bottles.

Much water has flowed under the bridges since 1898; much money has been made shipping canned goods to

Manila; much wealth has been amassed supplying our absent soldiers with whisky, gin, and beer. But, outside of these government supplies, we have heard of no increase in the "Philippine trade." If this statement be disputed, we may add that the Manila Chamber of Commerce only last month, in a series of bitter resolutions, declared "there is no Philippine trade."

But stop. We must not forget the Philippine trade in coffins. Ever since 1898, there has been a steady export of coffins, and many a stalwart, sturdy, young American, who went forth full of energy and ardor, on his two feet, has come back cold and rigid, on his back in a box. This, however, was to have been expected. Although the *Argonaut's* prediction made many worthy people very angry, that also was to have been expected.

But an unexpected turn has developed in the conditions of the "Philippine trade." Time was when we were exporting government coffins to Manila; now it seems we are importing them from there. From the daily papers we learn that the body of Mrs. Katherine Keefe was to be interred last week at Holy Cross Cemetery, near San Francisco. As the priest and the mourners were gathered around the grave, one of the sorrowing relatives read, on the end of the casket, the letters "U. S. A."

She spoke to the undertaker about it, but he endeavored to pacify her, and the casket was lowered into the grave. While this was doing, she noticed, on the top of the casket, an inscription reading as follows:

"Sergeant J. Fogarty, 3rd Coast Artillery.  
This casket is the property of the United States Government, and must not be opened under penalty of the law."

This was too much—the casket was hoisted out of the grave, and the body removed to another coffin.

Since this shameful disclosure, there has been a vast amount of explaining all around. But it looks as if the facts were that some one is secretly securing the coffins supplied by the government for our home-coming soldiers, and selling them to thrifty undertakers. One of the worst features of war is not its blood and rapine. It is that it inspires rapacious patriots with the desire to build up fortunes out of their country's armies and their country's woes—"To coin the soldiers' blood for drachmas," as Brutus said. In our Civil War, clever knaves made themselves millionaires by selling shoddy goods to soldiers; others made vast fortunes by furnishing the army with rotten beef. But up to 1898, most of this dirty war money has been made out of the live soldiers; it has been reserved for our Spanish war to see speculation extended to the dead.

When in 1898 the *Argonaut* remarked that our export trade to the Philippines would consist of "canned goods and coffins," we never dreamed that in 1903 part of our import trade from the Philippines would also consist of coffins—coffins stolen from the bodies of men who died for their country.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, a man not given to exaggeration, recently declared that, in his opinion, "the men who have passed off bogus securities on the public have done more harm to American institutions, to American spirit, unity, good feeling, and prosperity than if they had deliberately spread over this land pestilence and fever."

That is, indeed, a bold statement. But when we consider how rotten to the bone, how foul and corrupt, was the Shipyards Trust, regarding which new and startling revelations are being made daily, the judge's utterance seems bold—yet not too bold.

The first developments regarding the trust were bad enough, but these later ones are worse. The first investigations proved to the satisfaction of all impartial

observers that the Shipyards Trust, composed of seven shipyards, and including the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, though capitalized at nearly \$80,000,000, had assets worth not more than \$12,500,000 at the most. Though the Bath and Union Iron Works were paying concerns, the assets of Nixon's Crescent property were "in Nixon's hat," and the Canda Manufacturing Company had never manufactured anything. It is credibly alleged that it was "put into the trust at an extravagant price as a 'favor' to an 'insider'!" The first investigations further proved that bonds and stock issues were voted by boy clerks, who did not know where the shipyards composing the trust were situated—who did not know whether the Union Iron Works was in Maine, California, or Florida.

One of these clerks was one of the persons concerned in the Franklin Syndicate fraud with "520 per cent." Miller, who was sent to Sing Sing for his thefts. It was shown that Schwab sold the Bethlehem Steel Company to the Shipyards Trust for \$30,000,000, when, in fact, it was worth less than \$7,000,000; and then held up the profits of the company, which, Nixon says, wrecked the trust. It was further shown that Schwab made an agreement with Harris, Gates & Co., stock-brokers, that they were to unload \$20,000,000 of his and Morgan's stock at a good round price before any other was offered—an act of commercial treachery difficult to characterize. Many other such facts, disgraceful to all concerned, were brought out in the early hearings before the examiner.

The later hearings—and particularly the publication of a startling series of letters and cablegrams by the New York *World*, one of the few great and unbought newspapers of the metropolis—throw a flood of light over one phase of the affair—the attempted placing of bonds in France. These bonds, it seems, were "underwritten" by Paris financiers. They subscribed \$3,000,000, and it was to be paid in to J. P. Morgan's Paris agents, Morgan, Harjes & Co. But up to the time of the Bethlehem deal Morgan had been hostile, or at least not favorable, to the Shipbuilding Trust. His agents, in Paris, though they were the persons designated to receive the \$3,000,000, had spread unfavorable reports about it. Things were looking bad, the Frenchmen were getting scared. Therefore the Shipbuilding Trust threatened to take business away from Morgan, Harjes & Co. if they didn't shout for the trust. And so Morgan in New York cabled Harjes, in Paris, and Harjes began to beam on the enterprise and to tell the French investors that it certainly was a good thing, "properties valuable," "personnel fine," *et cetera*. But still the Frenchmen held aloof. One thing that disturbed them—especially Baron Rogniat, who had subscribed liberally—was the fact that they had been deceived by a cablegram from the Trust Company of the Republic, in New York, saying that the underwriting there had been "a success." This they naturally took to mean that the entire \$9,000,000 in bonds had been subscribed. And when they found that \$2,000,000 was in fact the figure, their grief was great. The promoters had to explain to Baron Rogniat the meaning of "a success." He was told (this is sworn to) "that it was the general custom among financiers of standing in New York to declare all issues a success, and then peddle out the bonds later." But the Baron remained unconsoled. Bonds in the sum of \$200,000 were set aside to subsidize the French press, but still those who had subscribed the \$3,000,000 refused to come down with the cash. Even threats of legal action proved useless. Out of \$3,000,000, only \$50,000 was collected in cash. Then the crash came, and the game was up.

What a blow has been dealt the reputation of American business men for honesty and integrity, and honor, by the machinations of these



financiers." After this, what foreign investor will believe a New York "financier" on oath? Has not every American security been made more difficult of sale abroad by this great goldbrick game? And what of American investors who have been gulled? What of the feeling of insecurity which has permeated the whole commercial body, menacing our prosperity? Is it any wonder that such men as Judge Grosscup declare that the Morgans and Schwabs "have done more harm to American institutions, to American spirit, unity, good feeling, and prosperity than if they had deliberately spread over the land pestilence and fever"?

All Christmases are divided into three sorts: the snowy, icy, traditional, or chilblain Christmas; the damp, rainy, misty, smudgy, or Webfoot Christmas, which flourishes in Oregon and Washington; and the sunny, skyeey, fragrant, benign California variety. Of these three, the greatest is the last. In San Francisco, on Christmas Day, the sun shone all day long; the sky was blue; unovercoated crowds thronged Golden Gate Park; shirt-waists were comfortable wear; a score of members of an athletic club went swimming in the sea at the Cliff House.

It is natural and laudable that people sorely afflicted should make the most of a poor thing. Who can blame those worthy forefathers who, discovering that a sour climate had fobbed off on them a cross, reprehensible, frosty season as Christmastide, did straightway, in all orthodoxy, decree that, unless snow, wind, icicles, and blue noses were abroad, there was no real, unimpeachable Christmas cheer? But why should their enlightened descendants continue to bawl salutations through sore throats, hug the fire, and bless flannel, as if Bethlehem had been the centre of all blizzards? And those unhappy denizens of the Oregon forest, mist-enveloped, rain-sodden, dripping joyfully, shining moistly, uttering foggy greetings by steaming Christmas trees—can self-delusion go farther than to assert that such aguish festivity is the best? Can these holiday Webfeet, by any watery syllogism, maintain successfully in the eye of their invisible sun that Christmas is a celebration of the forty days and forty nights of the Deluge?

A philosopher of parts once stoutly averred that error was your only true unhappiness, and that the reputed bliss of ignorance was a child's tale. Therefore, the Californian, sun-warmed, zephyr-fanned, cheered to the very innermost cockles of his heart by a radiant sky and verdant soil, may well contemplate with pity, and pity with a feeling akin to contempt, the benighted mortals huddled in great coats or enveloped in mackintoshes and other garments fortified with caoutchouc, who go through the motions of a glad holiday in the interstices of a snow-drift or in the shallows of an aquarium. A frosted toe and a stalled coal wagon may represent to the wretched inhabitant of the zeroed East the scene of glad tidings of great joy; a wet hill, a superincumbent cloud, and the folded hem of a dank trouser will possibly continue for a space to make festive the heart in the mossy bosom of the Webfoot; yet the thrice-blessed Californian, on his vine-clad hill or luxuriant valley, will charitably regret that there has been no Moses to lead the erring to the land flowing with milk and honey.

These general and irrefutable observations have their particular applications within the recollection of the writer. He recalls a Christmas Eve spent in the inglorious altitudes of an elevated station in New York, where some two thousand package-laden sufferers waited under the chilly sizzle of frosty arc-lamps until a profane track crew could extricate from a tangle, a mile long, some thirty icy trains. He remembers, with reminiscent tingling of the ears, the oft repeated assurance of a much-muffled police sergeant that "After all, you'll get away *sometime*," and "There aint no surface cars running, ma'am," and "Hang it, sir, you couldn't walk a block on your legs unless they was a mile long." Christmas weather, indeed! The dastard that had ventured to inject into that crowd a whisper about Merry Christmas would have died under an avalanche of sour looks. Also the imprisoned passengers saw, only too distinctly, into the upper windows of a very respectable tenement across the street, and as the lights faded out behind the dim panes they knew that some of the women and children in there were bitterly mourning the lack of oil, which meant that cold hands couldn't be warmed by hot, smoky lamp-chimneys. Happy season when every man sensible to the circumstances of his fellows must feel like hanging himself on the first Christmas tree he comes across!

Over Oregon and Washington has been dragged the mercurial meteorological felicity. They have missed a day of hair. Beauty has been granted, but no more of sky wherein to see themselves withal. They are damned by the elements, and umbrellas bob up like

poppies in a field. A fair country, i' faith, if a man could but once see it for the mist. And the dwellers therein, Webfeet as they take pride in calling themselves, are not lacking in hospitality or in traditional endeavor to fulfill the character of a holiday when the season appears by the almanac. 'Tis a malignant climate that denies them fruitage to their desires. Jupiter Pluvius sets the pachydermatous foot of humidity upon the delicate flower of merriment.

How incomparably better to drink the dry champagne of California sunshine where the cement of affection does not have to set under water, where the pedal integuments of beauty are not vulcanized, where the coign of coquetry is not an umbrella, and man may mix his metaphors, as his drinks, fearless of the addition of climatic fog to bibulous calenture of the noddle. A sky of azure, sapphire seas, fair hills, and happy folk rejoicing in the sun, careless of thermometer, hygrometer, and barometer: these be more blessed than the raw concomitants of hothouse hilarity enjoyed by the unhappy wights whose wizened mirth crackles over the frozen soil of the Eastern States, or bubbles to the surface of an Oregon marsh.

The outbreaks and escapes at Folsom Prison some months ago led to a change of wardens. "PILE THEM FORTY DEEP," From the proceedings at a recent meeting of the board of prison directors, it is evident that the new warden differs from the old one. It will be remembered that ex-Warden Wilkinson and his officers were seized and used as shields by the convicts, and that the terrified officers ordered the guards not to fire. At their recent meeting, the prison directors asked Warden Yell if there was any truth in the rumors of a threatened outbreak at Folsom. Warden Yell replied that the exact opposite was the case; that his guards are men of great determination; that they are all dead shots; that they are ordered to fire on escaping convicts, even if it endangers the prison officers' hides. He closed his remarks to the prison directors thus grimly:

"If they try to make a break we will pile them forty deep," said Warden Yell.

In addition to the vigor and grimness of this remark, it has a metrical and rhythmical quality. It sounds not unlike the lines in certain of Campbell's poems. It would make an excellent refrain for a ballad for prison reading. We commend it to our local bards. Take "The Battle of the Baltic" as a model:

"There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time."

And build up the ballad on the warden's grim lines:

"If a break they try to make  
In a heap we'll pile them deep,  
We will pile them forty deep."  
Said Warden Yell.

That Caesarian operation, by which Panama was brought to the light of liberty, may be necessary, the doctors think, in the case of the Democratic party, or its travail bids fair to be without issue. For many days the wardens on the watch-towers of Jeffersonian simplicity have been hailed by the anxious commonalty desirous to know whether the policy of the imminent campaign has been born. But the cradle of the campaign issue is empty. The union of Democracy, so loudly vaunted, seems destined to sterility.

Since the Sage of Princeton announced to Dr. McKelway, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and the world, his irrevocable resolve not to stand for a fourth nomination to the Presidency, there has been renewed activity among the lesser fry. Judge Parker, Judge Gray, Senator Gorman, Richard Olney, Senator Hill, nay, even that shrewish tourist, W. Jennings Bryan, have each been transiently installed by the suffrages of the momentarily enthusiastic as leader of the "reunited party." Of these, Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, and Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, "appear" most prominently. The judge, in spite of many years of retirement in the duties of a judicial office, is at this moment considered by many to be the least objectionable. He is characterized, to the unmeasured horror of certain rabid Kentucky journals, as "a man of Cleveland's stamp," eulogized as "of as great personal cleanliness as Roosevelt"; he is thought to be "safe." Yet, amid the chorus raised in his behalf, there pipes the still small voice regretting that Judge Parker stands for nothing in national affairs.

He is "regular," as the fluent slang runs, but regularity in the Democratic sense would be irregularity of a startling kind in the Pickwickian sense. The judge has voted for silver, for protection, and for a gold standard with a tariff for revenue only. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, his champion, remarks, a little wearily, and with the appositeness of a Dogberry: "It will not be neces-

sary every day to point out the availability of Judge Parker. His name has been brought before the country. Friends and opponents are thinking about him. His capabilities will be discovered and debated." The *World*, acknowledging that it will support Parker if nominated regularly, demurs to hasty action; thinks there are other pretty pebbles on the beach. Altogether, the attitude of the Democratic leaders toward Judge Parker is one of polite reserve.

Senator Gorman, on the other hand, evokes lively support and opposition. He is known to be shrewd, and strongly suspected of being astute in the matter of the right hand and the left. But he is, to speak nationally, a cipher. As an agitated Texas paper puts it, "he is peanutty." There is a feeling that his clever manipulation of Maryland in his own interests may prejudice common voters with narrow, non-Marylandish notions of honesty. For Judge Gray, of Delaware, there is still less open support, and Mr. Olney is usually "mentioned" only to be carelessly damned, as tainted with Clevelandism.

Remains Mr. Bryan (Mr. Hearst is no longer considered, apparently). Here is a man and an issue combined. "In Bryan," vociferates the Milwaukee *News*, "the new Democracy is typified. He is the lion-hearted leader. . . . the greatest, strongest, living Democrat." With this emphasis on "living," the *News* continues in a strain of extravagant eulogy. The *News* is almost if not quite alone. But only a few others whisper of Bryan. Some in dread, fearful lest this Bluebeard, who has twice slain the spouse of Democracy, is again to wield the conjugal axe. Sister Anne is on the tower in the person of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, seeking to descry on the dusty road of 1904 the rescuer. Others mourn on the stairs that all that is seen is but sheep for the slaughter. Others pray loudly for some Albany, who, in his victorious course, will touch the Democratic Calphurnia, and make her shake off her sterile course.

In this double quest of a standard and a standard-bearer, the weakness of leading Democrats is being disclosed. It seems but newly to have struck them that opposition to Roosevelt is not the whole of salvation. "We hate this Panama business," is one cry; but neither Parker nor Gorman has lifted up his voice to say what the United States *should* do or *will* do if the Democrats come into power. "Roosevelt is unreliable and spectacular," is another wail. But none of the candidates for the Democratic nomination has ventured to announce what *he* would do. The New York *Evening Post*, which is at present dry-nursing the party, admits this serious lack in the would-be captains of the Jeffersonian hosts, and says, resignedly, "the quest of an artificial political issue is certain to be fruitless," and advises the party to "shoot Republican folly as it flies." Yet, even if the party shoots straight, it looks to most as if for its pains it would have only a Republican issue, and a dead one at that. Therefore, there is a turning of the heads once more to Princeton, and renewed calls for Cleveland, with a hint that he who burst the Democratic firkin and spilled the butter is the only artificer that can repair the damage. "The movement to place a strong man at the head of the government may take a form that will prevail even over Mr. Cleveland's emphatic personal wishes," says the Boston *Post*. "Such a call he can not refuse." And leading dailies echo: "Aye."

Commercial San Francisco faces Nineteen Hundred and Four with confidence, and looks back on the year just past with satisfaction. The feeling of unrest and insecurity prevalent in the East, causing there a more or less marked period of industrial depression, has appeared in San Francisco not at all. The enormous liquidations in stocks, the disaster to the Shipbuilding Trust and other industrial combinations, have affected San Francisco only remotely. The report of the bureau of buildings shows that building operations costing \$16,416,974 were carried out during the first eleven months of 1903, and the total for the year will, therefore, be not far from \$17,000,000. But the building activity is even more apparent to the eye than in the reports. He who walks abroad can not fail to perceive that some of the finest structures in the entire city are now in course of construction. The Fairmont is a hotel structure that, in beauty of site and elegance of appointments, will scarcely have a match in the world. The St. Francis Hotel, on Union Square, will have four hundred and fifty rooms for guests. On the site of the old Tivoli will be a hotel sufficient in size for an equal number. "Castle Law," a hotel to be constructed next year at the corner of Pine and Stockton Streets, will have seven hundred guest-rooms. As for the smaller family hotels and apartment-houses, they are innumerable. And yet the better places still continue to turn people away for lack of room. Office-buildings are filled as soon as finished. Many more huge ones



are soon to be built. The price of real estate continues strong—instance the sale of the Bishop property on Market Street to Herbert E. Law for \$1,000,000, or \$7,000 a front foot—and rents certainly do not lessen. Only last week the rental of property on Market near Fourth was increased from twenty-five to seventy per cent. The south-of-Market district—long a part of the city devoid of office-buildings—now has several which are filling up with a good class of tenants. Chinatown—so long an eyesore—is getting cleaned up and respectable. All straws tend to show that San Francisco is receiving a vast number of people from the East, who are becoming permanent residents. In brief San Francisco's past year has been a great one in her history; 1904 promises yet more.

The report that one hundred and thirty persons have been summarily deported from the "Republic of Panama" for "speaking against the *Transformacion Política Consumada El Glorioso 3 de Noviembre*" makes the President's declaration that the people of the Isthmus "literally rose as one man" seem—well, just a little bit sweeping. There are even more than one hundred and thirty, it seems, who object to being Panamans rather than Colombians. But they are not talking. The deportation of the one hundred and thirty has been, we hear, a "stern lesson." Well for the malcontents just now if they strictly and severely obey the Biblical injunction—"Curse not the king [nor the junta], no not in thy thought . . . for a bird of the air shall carry the voice."

Another touching bit of news from Panama is that, "owing to the perplexity of selecting a vice-president, persons with equal claim and inclination toward the office abounding, and wishing for harmony above all things in Washington, it was decided to have no vice-president at all." There's statesmanship for you! The elections, also, seem to have gone off smoothly. A legislature was elected, which will choose the president, and adopt a constitution. The Panamans must almost be able to convince themselves that they are running the whole show.

Meanwhile, President Roosevelt has been following the precept, "In time of peace prepare for war." The *New York* is on her way to Panama. Troops on this Coast have been notified to be in perfect readiness to depart thence. But that they will be needed still seems extremely improbable.

As for the great question which promises to absorb the attention of the country when Congress convenes—Will the Senate ratify the treaty?—conflicting reports continue to emanate from Washington. It takes sixty votes to ratify; the Republican senators number fifty-seven; the possible Republican defection (Hoar and Hale) is two; the Democrats outspoken for the treaty are two—Taliaferro and Mallory, of Florida; the legislature has instructed Louisiana senators to vote for the treaty; and the doubtful Democratic senators number thirteen. The doubtful ones are, of course, mainly from the South, and the South wants the canal. The South would furnish a large part of the millions in supplies used; it would most largely benefit by the great waterway when it is completed; the South has no scruples about the "rights of secession"; it is temperamentally imperialistic. Therefore, those best informed seem convinced that the treaty will eventually—though after much talk and many wry faces—be ratified by the Senate.

Two, in particular, of the grand jury's recommendations in its final report, are deserving of public approval. The grand jury pointed out that the police judges are too lenient.

The city pays a huge sum for police protection, but the judges make their efforts futile by letting the thugs and thieves go. Out of 956 arrests for battery, 693 were discharged. Out of 366 for violation of lottery laws, 221 cases were dismissed. The maximum fine or penalty for most offenses with which police judges deal is \$500 or six months. The fines actually imposed, says the grand jury, are "generally \$2.50, \$5.00, or \$10.00, rarely exceeding those amounts." In 1882, with a population of 234,000, the arrests for two months were 3,841, and the fines aggregated \$15,471. This year, with a population of over 400,000, the arrests numbered 5,821, but fines amounted only to \$4,527.50. The courts cost \$64,500 to run during the year, and the fines aggregated \$22,886. Such facts can only result from catering to the criminal class (who, unfortunately, have votes), and the remedy suggested is a change in the law providing for the appointment of judges by the mayor at a larger salary than they now receive, in order to attract more capable men to the places.

The other matter adverted to by the grand jury is the mobbing of non-union business houses by union men, evidently inspired by the all-too-familiar but disgrace-

ful scenes enacted in front of a restaurant on Market Street last week. The grand jury justly says:

While not desiring to interfere in any way, shape, or form with labor organizations or other institutions, which, when properly handled, may be beneficial to the country and to our honest mechanics, we do most earnestly insist that law and order must prevail in our fair city, and all attempts to interfere with the rights and privileges of any man must be promptly stopped and severely punished.

There may be just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but few of them come to San Francisco. Or (to be more correct) the fish may be good fish when they are caught, but not when they are eaten. Will it be believed when we say that for a period of three days and nights, from Thursday evening, December 24th, when the polyglot fishermen of San Francisco returned from their fishing for Christmas, no more fresh fish came to San Francisco? During this period our polyglot fishermen devoted themselves to the innocent joys of intoxication and murder. On Sunday night, December 27th, recovering from their debauch, they put forth again, and on Monday afternoon San Francisco once more had fresh fish—that is, as fresh as we ever get it (which is but indifferent fresh). That a large city, situated between an ocean and a bay, should for three days depend upon stale fish seems peculiar, but it is true. 'Tis true, 'tis peculiar, and most peculiar 'tis, 'tis true. Aye, it was pitiful, dined the whole city full, fish they had none!

Senator Depew vouches for the statement that it has been thirty-six years since New York had a national convention. He thinks it about her turn. And now that Chicago has been decided upon for the Republican convention, the sentiment in favor of New York as a meeting-place for the Democrats seems to be growing. John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House, declares he would "be perfectly willing to see it go there." Representative Cooper, of Texas, says he is "heartily in favor" of New York. Other prominent Democrats express similar opinions. The main trouble with New York as a convention city is that in summer it is hot. But Slayden, of Texas, who evidently knows his New York, subtly remarks that "New York offers greater facilities for getting out of heat than any other. Within an hour after the adjournment of the convention for a day, the delegates and officials could be at some seashore resort." It almost seems as if the gentleman from Texas had used a needless euphemism in the course of his remarks. Why not come right out and say that after the convention all the delegates will head straight for Coney Island?

An issue of seven millions of dollars in Philippine bonds will be required to pay the friars for their lands in the Philippines, sale of which has recently been consummated. These bonds, it is announced, will draw four per cent., and will be redeemable after ten and within thirty years. They will be issued within sixty days. The land purchased from the friars amounts to about three hundred and ninety-one thousand acres, and it will be the policy of the government to sell it in small tracts to Filipinos, giving preference to present tenants. From the funds thus derived the bonds will be redeemed. The heads of the religious orders concerned have expressed dissatisfaction with the smallness of the price agreed upon, but the fact doubtless is that eighteen dollars an acre, the sum paid, is a good round price for property to which the friars' real title was doubtful. The Pope is reported to have been "highly delighted," exclaiming: "It is the best Christmas-box I could have had." Most of the friars have already left the islands for more healthy parts of the world. For, somehow or other, the poor Filipino *hombre* has a deadly hatred for the sort of opulent "spiritual benefactor" who toils not, but exacts of him his utmost farthing for the support of "the church"—not to mention other matters.

Something people seldom think about is the cost to the municipal government of giving them a chance to vote. Registrar Walsh's recent report to the board of election commissioners contains some facts which will be indeed surprising to most. He reported:

That the total expense of the primary on August 11th was \$9,560.84, or 36½ cents per vote cast; the special bond issue elections for proposed improvements and Geary Street road acquisition cost together \$19,121.68, or 36½ cents per vote; and the municipal election of November 3d cost \$61,810.28, or \$1.03 per vote. Total cost of all elections, \$90,492.80.

The California Promotion Committee reports that it has induced the Weather Bureau to post the temperature record of San Francisco daily on bulletin boards in one hundred and sixty-eight cities.

## OUR CITY THROUGH PARISIAN EYES.

A French Editor's Experiences of Life in San Francisco—His Comments on Southern California—Frank Remarks About Our Multi-Millionaires.

The Paris *Figaro* has lately been publishing letters from one of its editors, Mr. Jules Huret, who is traveling in the United States. Many of the letters are largely about things familiar in our mouths as household words. Still, Mr. Huret's surprise over the methods of working in our City Hall, even if familiar, is not without its interest:

I visited (he says) the City Hall and other municipal buildings. The law courts in the City Hall are rather remarkable, to a Frenchman. The proceedings take place in a very happy-go-lucky fashion. The stenographers take depositions, pleadings, judgments, etc., and every five or ten minutes leave their desks and go to a phonograph, into which they recite their notes, the machine subsequently repeating them to a typewriter. All deeds, mortgages, etc., must be preserved in the Hall of Records; they are written with what are called "book-type-writers," very complicated machines, adapted to every size, style, and thickness of book. In one of the offices I saw about a score of men and women working these book-type-writers.

I went into several courtrooms. All of them had rubber mats on the floor, to muffle the sound of feet. In every courtroom there was a canister of water and a drinking-glass, out of which everybody drank. In every corner I saw enormous spittoons. During the court proceedings the judges were dressed exactly like the other people—not, as with us, in gowns. They listened to lawyers, clad in sack-coats, who talked to the judges in conversational tones with their hands in their pockets.

In one courtroom I was present at the trial of a divorce case. The wife was a tall, elegantly dressed, and rather pretty woman. She was seated face to face with the man whom she was trying to divorce, and both of them were chewing gum. When she was asked as to her complaint she replied that her husband would give her no money, that he had beaten her several times, and that he frequently came home drunk. Her husband attempted to refute the charges, but did not succeed. In a few minutes the judge decided the case against the husband. America is the paradise of women, and the judges always believe the wives. California is certainly a paradise for women who want a divorce; while in New York there is but one cause for divorce (adultery), in California there are six.

Mr. Huret was much struck with the catalogues in our public libraries:

These catalogues are on parchment bands, rolled around cylinders which are turned with a crank. The authors' names are inscribed in alphabetical order, with signs indicating the shelves where the books may be found. There is a cylinder for each letter of the alphabet. Thus you can find a book in two or three minutes. In our National Library, in Paris, it sometimes takes an hour and a half to find a book.

Mr. Huret went to the public schools and was much surprised at the seriousness and gravity of the children:

Their faces seem like those of grown-up people; the little girls seem even more serious than the boys. Most of the girls are pretty; some, although very young, have figures like those of grown women. All of them are well dressed, and some handsomely dressed. Among these latter I was shown some who were the children of workmen.

What struck me most in the educational course was the extreme importance given to the most minute facts of United States history. It makes us Europeans smile to hear the word "history" applied to the short and simple existence of the United States. The names of completely unknown generals, and of events almost equally unknown, spangle the pages of the school-books; these names pour from the mouths of the school-mistresses and school-children as if they were the names of Caesar, Alexander, or Napoleon; they talk of their insignificant dates as if they were like those of the Crusades or the French Revolution. This is partly due to an organized effort to create in this newly hatched and very mixed population a sentiment of patriotism. I asked the school-mistress if she had ever observed any drawbacks in the co-education of the two sexes. She was so surprised at my question that it was evident she had never thought of it.

She spoke to me of the individuality and self-possession of the scholars, and said: "In order to show you how well balanced these children are, I will give the signal for an alarm of fire."

We went out into the corridor. Here she blew a big whistle. Immediately a boy left his seat, advanced, and took his place by her side; his duty was to act as aid-de-camp—to run hither and thither, and to transmit her orders. Simultaneously, half a dozen other boys, as by prearrangement, went and opened certain windows, to ascertain and report where the fire was. As these windows were being opened, I heard the sound of measured footsteps. I turned, and saw long lines of children marching in ranks, two by two, with measured steps down the stairs. As fast as one troop passed the doors of Classroom A, Class B would emerge and follow them. Thus they descended without the slightest sign of excitement or alarm, until finally many hundreds of children were all drawn up in line in the street facing the school-house. All of this was conducted with measured tread to the sound of a drum, and the vast building was evacuated inside of four minutes. Again the whistle blew, and the hundreds of children went back to their seats and resumed their work.

"As the children never know when the alarm is for a genuine fire," said the school-mistress, "they would go out just as calmly for a genuine alarm."

He goes on to remark on the high prices paid to mechanics in San Francisco. He says that bricklayers get from five to six dollars a day, car-conductors three dollars, policemen one hundred dollars a month, and so on. But what seemed to amaze him most of all are the fees of the San Francisco physicians. He gives them as follows:

Medical visits to the patient's residence, \$10; medical certificate, \$20; death certificate, \$50; consultation having a legal significance, \$500; operation on the skull, \$150; fracture, \$500; ligation of arteries, \$500; operation on a tumor, \$500; trepanning, \$500; touching an abscess with a bistouri, \$50; reduction of a slight fracture of the finger, \$50; removing a foreign body from the ear, \$50. These prices are fixed by the Medical Society of San Francisco, and I copied them from the last official report of that society.

One of the novelties that fell under Mr. Huret's eye is what he calls "boycottage":

I was passing one evening up Market Street, the thoroughfare of the city. In front of a restaurant a man was walking up and down with a sign printed



letters, saying: "Workingmen, do not patronize this restaurant. It is an unfair place." I endeavored to ascertain the cause of this boycott, and was told that the cooks and waiters were non-union, and, therefore, the union had boycotted the place. For several days I passed this restaurant, the boycott continued, but at the expiration of less than a week the restaurant-keeper capitulated.

Mr. Huret made the usual trip to the Cliff House, makes the usual remarks about the seals and the Seal Rocks, and expressed the usual opinion of the "vast Pacific," all of which we will spare our readers. In the olden golden days of the Cliff House, he would have been taken to "The Cottage"; now, on his return, he was taken to the French restaurants. He was much struck by the *cabinets particuliers*—the private dining-rooms:

In the Eastern States (he says), the prudish law forbids these private rooms. If you wish to receive several friends in an intimate little dinner, you will be given a private room, but the door must be left open. But the French have brought to California a certain tinge of liberalism in manner, despite the great scandal which it has given to the Puritans.

Mr. Huret's remark about the "open door" recalls the fact that years ago, in Delmonico's, the composer Offenbach gave a little dinner in a private room. After coffee was served, Offenbach bade the waiter go out and shut the door. The waiter went out, but would not shut the door, which nearly resulted in a fight between him and the insulted *maestro*.

Among the gentlemen whom he met in San Francisco, Mr. Huret names a few:

Prince Poniatowski, well known to Paris as a *boulevardier*, has become here a man of affairs of the first water. He is one of the board of directors of a leading San Francisco bank, and has created in the Sierra Nevadas a railway costing several millions. He is allied by marriage with the richest family in San Francisco, the Crockers. He lives with his charming wife and adorable children in a *château* at Burlingame, situated in the midst of a wild yet charming country, from which one sees the Bay of San Francisco and the Pacific Ocean. He took me to the Pacific-Union Club, the richest in the city. He pointed out to me the old pioneers who founded San Francisco, among them D. O. Mills, a septuagenarian, one of the richest men in the United States. I was also taken to the Bohemian Club, where the young and vivacious element of the city may be found.

Mr. Huret goes to visit the universities, both at Berkeley and Palo Alto. He is struck by the beauty of Berkeley's site:

It sits at the foot of a hill, amid groves and avenues, and is girt with ancient oaks. It looks out on the Bay of San Francisco, with a splendid view through the Golden Gate, which opens upon the infinite Pacific Ocean. At sunrise it is a dream—there is nothing more magnificent. But, aside from its wonderful natural beauty, the university at Berkeley looks to me like all the other universities in the United States. They are all exactly alike—the buildings, grounds, classrooms, and classes.

Mr. Huret goes to Palo Alto, and describes the Stanford buildings. He expresses some surprise at the extremely intimate nature of the relics to be found there, and wonders whether Californians are impressed or amused by them. He winds up by saying:

But, probably, no one smiles at this domestic museum, this curious collection, nor at this bronze group of the entire family. The Americans are peculiar. As all this is surrounded by walls of marble, as tens of millions have been expended here; above all, as the sense of what is ridiculous is almost unknown in this practical country, it is probable that the Californians genuinely admire it all, just as the Bostonians are proud of their "historical museum of United States."

The tone which Mr. Huret adopts in these criticisms is calculated to make the average American's blood boil. To say that we have no sense of humor is preposterous. We have always made fun of the French. Do they not eat frogs and snails? That a Frenchman, with a Franco-Gallic history behind him of two thousand years, should sneer at our one-century span, may not be a matter of wonder. But think how much more important our history has been than that of the French! Then fancy any Frenchman pitying Boston—it would make the average cold Bostonian hot with anger. But he is leaving San Francisco, so we will go with Mr. Huret to Southern California. Of Los Angeles he says:

Southern California has an ideal climate. Its winter resorts and summer watering-places are the most agreeable in the world from the climatic standpoint. There are plenty of hotels where you can live at a very high price and feed on atrociously cooked food, but that is the case nearly all over America.

Los Angeles is a modern city. Fifty years ago there were only two thousand inhabitants, now there are over a hundred thousand. Even to-day, in the main streets of Los Angeles, one may see lofty buildings, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, while beside them are mangy shanties almost falling down.

Mr. Huret was pleased with the residence quarter of Los Angeles, which he describes at length. The profusion of flowers in winter and the many beautiful shrubs and trees amaze him. So with Pasadena—he is struck by the beauty of this favored place. The only unpleasant note in his account is of a "hold-up" on the electric railway between Pasadena and Los Angeles which took place the day before he traveled over it, in which all the passengers were robbed and one young man who resisted was murdered.

He describes with great frankness the guests, their manners, and customs in the winter resorts of Southern California:

At these hotels (he says), you see a special society—men between fifty and sixty, with their wives and daughters, or no young or middle-aged men at all. This crowd is not an interesting one, but they are very carefully dressed. In the evening, all the men wear dinner-jackets or evening coats, and the women wear some gorgeous gowns.

One evening, while in the grand hall of the hotel blazing with electric lights, I was pointed out Mr. John D. Rockefeller. This man is said to be the wealthiest of all the millionaires, that is the richest in the universe. His net worth is estimated at more than four milliards of francs. That four hundred million dollars in United States money registered in his name at the treasury. The Standard Oil Company pays him each year in dividends twenty million dollars.

In addition to that he is one of the wealthiest owners in American railway stocks. Forty years ago, in 1863, he did not have a thousand dollars. He was a poor salesman in Cleveland, Ohio. He began studying up the petroleum situation, made several fortunate speculations, and to-day he is the petroleum king. If he wishes to make a present of a few millions to his friend Harper, president of the University of Chicago, all he has to do is, with a stroke of his pen, to mark up by a cent the price of petroleum.

In this hotel, one evening, as we were sitting at table, a friend pointed to me the potentate. Before leaving France, I had read in the papers that Mr. Rockefeller was a walking cadaver; that he was bald, gaunt, and leaned on a walking-stick; that he had eaten no solid food for six years, and that the only way he was fed was by means of artificial nutriment. I found that this was an error. Rockefeller is a man of lofty stature, and of a large, hony frame. His shoulders are only slightly stooped. He marches without a stick, and has a firm tread. He is only sixty-four years old. True, he is not handsome. You could not find a single spear of hair on his shiny skull, nor upon the thin and hony face with its prominent cheekbones and its red skin. He has a long nose, jutting out between two little black eyes with a hard, sharp look in them. Thin, almost invisible, lips are firmly compressed over a prominent chin. He gives one the impression of great force. Under his silk skull cap he seems like an old monk of the Inquisition, such as one sees in the Spanish picture-galleries.

Seven o'clock sounds, and every body hastens toward the dining-room. I do not lose sight of the magnate. As he goes along he salutes Frick, of Pennsylvania, Carnegie's partner, who, I am told, is the brainier of the two. He salutes Mr. Lincoln, son of the great Lincoln. He salutes Mr. Marshall Field, a tradesman of Chicago, who has made five hundred millions [probably francs—Eds. ARGONAUT].

Then Mr. Rockefeller takes his place at a table near mine. I am thus favored by chance, and I am going to see the petroleum king perishing of hunger in the midst of plenty. He is seated with his family at a large round table. With him are his wife, a thin, ugly, little woman in a pink gown; his son, a young man of twenty-five, clean shaven, with gold-framed eye-glasses, and with his pomaded hair straightly parted in the middle; his daughter-in-law, with a long nose and a pointed chin; one of his daughters, dark-complexioned, tall, insignificant looking, and very dowdily dressed. It seems that he has refused to give any of his daughters more than fifteen millions when they got married. The last of the party is the family doctor, a tall, florid-faced man with short whiskers like rabbit's ears.

After Mr. Huret's extremely frank details concerning Mr. Rockefeller's table companions, he secures facts concerning his table manners:

Mr. Rockefeller did not perish of hunger this particular evening, for he ate of every dish that was served to him. Heaven only knows how he did it, for the cookery was something atrocious. When my multi-millionaire had quitted his table, I questioned his waiter-girl. It seemed to me that he had eaten everything, but I wanted to be sure. The waiter-girl said:

"Yes, he eats everything, and he has a mighty big appetite, too. He eats like everybody else, but he drinks milk, and he eats lots of crackers."

"Crackers," explains Mr. Huret, "are a sort of dried biscuit, found on all American tables, as well as butter and ice-water."

The young woman to whom I was talking was a tall, well-shaped, handsome girl, with red cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"A rich man like that ought to be very generous to a nice girl like you," said I.

She burst out laughing. "He came here from Pasadena," she replied, "and the Los Angeles papers said that he left the Hotel Green without giving the servants anything at all. He hasn't given me anything yet."

"Would you like to change places with him?" I asked. Again the waiter-girl burst out laughing: "No, indeed. He hasn't any hair. Still, if he had any hair, I might consider it. But no, I wouldn't."

And such is Rockefeller. A poor waiter-girl in a hotel doesn't envy him, and neither do I.

After dinner, the entire gathering seated themselves in rocking chairs. I conversed a few minutes with Mr. Frick. He is fifty-four years of age, of Swiss origin, arrived here without a cent, and to-day is worth about fifty millions of dollars. He has eighty-three coal mines, in which eleven thousand miners work, without counting two thousand coke furnaces. He told me that in a single year he turned out three hundred and thirty thousand cars of coke, which, placed end to end, would extend from London to Persia.

Mr. Frick was talking for a little time with Rockefeller, while near them were Lincoln and Marshall Field. It was quite a quartet of capitalists. Concerning Rockefeller's son, Frick said to me that he was "very keen" (*très fin*), looking out for future trusts to organize.

The French writer moralizes on these multi-millionaires:

What will become of these dynasties in a hundred years? Curiously enough, these heroes of future legends excite no interest around them. Is it affectation, or is it simply indifference? At this moment Rockefeller is walking around with his hands in his pockets, howing to old ladies, lace-capped, and nobody pays any particular attention to him. And I am probably the only one who remarks his coarse shoes, his flat shirt, his stand-up collar, his white cravat, his dinner-jacket; and when he turns, I see behind his nude head, on each side of the occiput, in the shadow of his flaring ears, two enormous excrescences whose significance I ask of the phrenologists; while awaiting their explanations, I will call them the bumps of millions.

A little dance is being arranged in the social hall. Rockefeller, seated in a window opening, is looking at the dance. Still keeping my eye on him, I got a friend of his to talk about him, and this is what he said:

"Rockefeller should be worth to-day about seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The Standard Oil brings him in about twenty-five millions a year. He is a man of regular habits. He goes to bed at ten o'clock sharp every night. Every year, on the third Thursday of May, he leaves New York for Cleveland, always by the same train. He remains there until September, returns to New York, goes to Lakewood, and then comes to California by the Southern route. He is very fond of golf and all open-air sports. He has a good appetite, eats everything, and drinks milk merely because he likes it. He doesn't care much for building, but he buys vast areas of land. He is devoted to gardening, and likes laying out lawns, parterres, and beds of flowers."

"He is said to be miserly?"

"Miserly? Nonsense. He has given thirty millions to the University of Chicago, but he will not give tips to servants, because he believes they are wrong. He pays what he owes, but will pay no more. He devotes as much thought to the expenditure of twenty dollars as to the expenditure of twenty millions. He is practically out of business. He is assisted by his son, who is a first-class business man."

At this moment ten o'clock began striking from the big clock at the end of the hall. Rockefeller took out his watch, verified the time, made a sign to his wife, and started for the elevator. He was on his way to bed before the clock stopped striking ten.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.

Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the heard,  
Sorely—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! Caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their heads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers,  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy his last! Oh, the old man gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
"Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead!  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

How! how! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul! could this decay,  
And he swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars from heaven down-cast  
Like red leaves he swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!—Henry W. Longfellow.

### The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;  
Toll ye the church-hell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.  
Old Year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above,  
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,  
And the New Year will take 'em away.  
Old Year, you must not go;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his humpers to the brim;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.  
Old Year, you shall not die;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I have a mind to die with you,  
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
Every one for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro;  
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands before you die.  
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone,  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Step from the corpse and let him in  
That standeth there alone.  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.  
—Alfred Tennyson.



## WHEN PATTI SANG IN '84.

Her Appearance in San Francisco Twenty Years Ago—How the Town Went Wild—Her Musical Rival—Not a Dramatic Singer—Her Amusing Stage Death.

Adelina Patti's return to this Coast will be a few months short of twenty years since her first visit here. It was in March, '84, that Colonel Mapleson brought out Mmes. Patti and Gerster to San Francisco, and made one of the record trips of his life.

Up to that time, none of the world-famous divas had been heard here, although Italian opera, as rendered by itinerant Mexican troupes, had always been extremely popular. A few months prior to Patti's appearance on this Coast, Emma Abbott had had a very successful season of opera in San Francisco, and had been cordially accepted as a singer of standing by a public that had heard none of the great divas, and had, therefore, no established standards.

Then came Patti, the fame of whose phenomenal voice, piquant Italian beauty, intolerable caprices, Nicolini love-affair, gorgeous jewels and gowns, and rejected rank, was as far reaching as Occidental civilization; and the town promptly went mad. All who could raise the wherewithal rushed to see and hear the musical phenomenon of the century. Even that seasoned veteran, Colonel Mapleson, was amazed at the eagerness with which people rained dollars for the privilege of hearing and seeing the diva. It was estimated that, with the inflation of prices caused by speculators in opera tickets, the people paid sixty thousand dollars to get in on the opening night. An incident that happened in the Grand Opera House on one of the Patti nights, will give some idea of the popular determination to hear Patti at all hazards. A woman who had endured the long wait in the line, extending around the Mission Street corner and along Third to Market, entered the dress circle on an admission ticket, and established herself on one of the aisle seats.

A policeman approached and, after trying persuasion, took an imperative tone in his attempts to dislodge her. On the woman's refusing to budge, the policeman said, "Then, madame, it is my duty to remove you." "If you lay a finger upon me," replied his fair interlocutor, "I will scream fire!"

The policeman turned his gaze upon the huge, waiting house, upon the packed galleries and the well-dressed mob below, and silently and thoughtfully withdrew.

During this season, Patti realized the prevailing excitement, and while she did not sing her best at the earlier performances, she rose to the occasion in the matter of dress, and wore as many of her famous jewels as she could conveniently carry at one time.

The opera chosen was "Traviata," and during the first act and later in the ball scene, Patti was a moving mass of diamonds: she wore mammoth solitaires, a girdle, a sparkling fan-chain, massive bracelets, glittering ornaments in the hair, shoulder-clasps, and the famous necklace, with its rivière of huge sparklers. Thus bedecked, she was one gorgeous blaze of splendor, and fully satisfied her audience from a spectacular point of view. But, strange to say, people in the mass out here did not then know a great voice when they heard it. Many, not realizing the limitations of the human voice, expected impossibilities. They failed to realize that the great range, wonderful flexibility, and faultless tone production constituted the marvels of Patti's voice, the power of which has been excelled by vocalists of less fame.

Furthermore, Patti's lack of histrionic ability was as a cold douche to the enthusiasts, who expected a great vocalist to match her fame by the depiction of great passion. This Patti could not do. She is essentially the butterfly by temperament, histrionically, at least—her shrewdness in financial affairs scarcely according with the usual acceptance of the butterfly nature.

Mme. Etelka Gerster, her sister prima donna in the troupe during this eventful season, was not only lyrically, but dramatically, an artist of potent charm. Although unable to match the more famous singer in beauty, she charmed those more exacting ones who were, through the limitations of Patti's temperament, left unmoved by her surpassing art. Hence arose a rivalry between the two singers, which was warmed to white heat by San Francisco partisans, who took up the cudgels and did battle for their favorites. The city resolved itself into two camps, and people went to extremes in their advocacy, both sides saying foolish things that they stuck to afterward through thick and thin. To this day, scars of the battle are left, and one occasionally hears the old cry renewed. Patti and Gerster developed into active foes, and never toured together again. Patti, indeed, declaring that Gerster's voice had the evil eye.

Viewing the conflict in the light of after years, the Patti-ites may be declared to have had decidedly the best of it, since Patti retained her voice long past her prime, and in her sixty-first year is still deemed worthy the financial attention of a shrewd impresario. Mme. Gerster, on the other hand, lost her voice one year subsequent to her appearance here. At the age of thirty, her career was over. She failed, however, to find domestic peace in her retirement, the bursts of temper to which she was subject ending in madness, and finally death. Yet, during her brief career, Etelka Gerster swayed the souls of men, while Patti only reached the ear. Patti could bewitch one kind, but not all kinds of

listeners. There were those who declared that her portrayal of Annetta, in "Crispino e Comare," contained incomparable witchery, brilliancy, and charm. To others it seemed merely the faded coquetry of maturity. They pronounced the kittenish wiles to be overdone and unalluring, and enjoyed her matchless singing coldly, missing some saving grace that might have enabled it to find its way to the heart.

Patti, on a later tour, revived "Semiramide." Scalchi was the contralto of the troupe, and those who heard the opera will never forget the blending of those two wonderful voices in the famous duet. On the other hand, there was sardonic amusement expressed at Patti's acting, especially at the moment when Semiramis falls in the death agony from the blow inflicted by Arsace, her son. Patti, the luxurious, who hated heroics and loved her ease, had for this scene a rug and cushions provided, to which she slipped down deliberately and comfortably in sections, ignoring the necessity of a dramatic fall.

Perhaps one of her finest moments, dramatically speaking, was in the final act of "Faust." It has been said, indeed, that it was during a season of "Faust," in Paris, that Nicolini broke up the conjugal peace of the Marquis de Caux, and that the suspicions of Parisians were first excited by observing that Patti really acted during the love scenes in the garden. However that may be, her first real appearance in the opera before a San Francisco audience failed to impress many of her most fastidious hearers, who thought that a fussy, fluttered Marguerite, with the backward glance of a coquette, gave little evidence of the mood of the dreaming girl when she first met the gallant against whose supernatural power her maiden purity was powerless.

Yet, in the final act, when Marguerite's voice soars higher and higher, leaping from key to key as a struggling soul pluming its wings for flight, there was, or seemed to be, an exaltation in those glorious notes that one looked for oft and vainly at other times.

Perhaps Patti's dramatic weakness lay in the fact that she could not forget herself. When, one night, during one of the San Francisco seasons, a crazy crank, in a malevolent attempt to blow up the theatre, set off a loudly explosive bomb, scattering sparks and frightening the house to its feet, Patti, in the dress of the mad Lucia, tip-toed out from the wings laughing and unafraid, and shaking her finger reprovingly at those indiscreet admirers who, she thought, had let off their ebullient enthusiasm with the aid of gunpowder.

Patti charmed all who met her socially. She had the gift of seeming to favor particularly each one she talked with, and was a dangerous person for the newspaper scribe to meet. Henceforth he was her knight. As for men about town, who met her at dinners, they ranged themselves under her banner at once and forevermore.

In 1895, after some years of retirement from the operatic stage, Patti returned to Covent Garden, and showed that her voice, though it had gone off considerably, was still wonderfully well preserved. It was at that time it was examined by the great throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, who pronounced it to be the most wonderful throat he ever saw, and the only one in which the vocal chords were in perfect condition after many years' use. The eminent specialist thought then that there was no reason why they should not remain so for ten or twenty years to come.

### A "Perpetual Mayor."

An interesting personage is Mayor Ashley, of New Bedford, Mass., who has just been elected mayor of that municipality for the tenth time. He is called the "perpetual mayor." His party is called the Ashley party, and the opposition is so small or so thoroughly disorganized that it amounts to nothing. The mayor is a problem. He is not a reformer, yet he manages to hold the city and its vote in the hollow of his hand year after year. He has created the park system, built the sewers, has fought the corporations, has forced them to pay for their privileges, compelled the trolley company to grant three-cent fares to workmen at certain times of the day, and he is for license, the saloon, and a wide-open town. License or no license is the great issue in Massachusetts under local option, and each year when the vote is taken the liquor sellers quake. The critics of the mayor say that his administration has the saloons "where he wants them," and there is hint of license fees not recognized by the statutes. The mayor spends his \$3,000 salary in gifts for the poor, and many people admire the good management of a man with practically no private fortune who can live at the rate of \$10,000 a year.

It is reported from New York that contracts will soon be let for the erection on lower Broadway of the tallest building on earth. It will have five stories below the street, forty stories from the entrance to the top floor, will be surmounted by a sixty-foot tower, and will have a total height of six hundred and fifteen feet. Henry C. Frick and Bird S. Coler are the prime movers in the enterprise. The building is estimated to cost, when ready for occupancy, \$4,500,000, while the site will cost \$5,000,000. The structure will be called the "Broadway-Cortland." It is expected that it will be completed November, 1904. The foundations will rest on the bedrock, eighty feet below the surface of the street.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, has completely recovered from his recent illness, his excellent constitution and healthy habit of open-air exercise (especially swimming, at which, like Byron, he excels) having stood him in good stead.

Professor George W. Hough, of Northwestern University, has been notified of his election as associate member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. Professor Hough is regarded as the greatest living authority on the planet Jupiter, and has discovered more than six hundred double stars.

Joseph Chamberlain, the British "man of the hour," presents sharp contrasts to the average type of British politician. In this he is like Disraeli. In a land of "flanneled fools at the wickets," Mr. Chamberlain never takes exercise. In a land of hereditary wealth and power, he derives neither from his family. Gladstone and other statesmen were famous scholars. Chamberlain was a poor student in the dead languages. Chamberlain is perhaps thought of by those who have not seen him as a middle-aged man. He is in his seventieth year.

William Cogswell, the noted California portrait painter, died at Pasadena on Thursday, December 24th, aged eighty-four years. Mr. Cogswell was one of the pioneers, coming to California in 1849. He was the founder, nearly twenty-eight years ago, of the Sierra Madre Villa. And has painted the portraits of many notable people. His painting of President Lincoln hangs in the Green Room of the White House at the present time, and his portrait of General Grant and his family was formerly an object of interest in the executive mansion. His portraits of Lincoln and McKinley hang in the State Capitol at Sacramento.

For the present there is no prospect of the ranks of the English bar being invaded by women. The way to a counsel's seat in the law courts has been closed by the lord chancellor against Miss Bertha Cave, an enterprising lady, who desires to become a practicing barrister. Miss Cave appealed against the decision of the benchers of Gray's Inn, who declined to allow her to join the society for the purpose of being called to the bar, to the court consisting of the lord chancellor, the lord chief justice, and Justices Kekewich, Wright, Walton, Farwell, and Joyce. But the judges held that there was no precedent in Miss Cave's favor, and refused to reverse the decision of the benchers.

According to London *Truth*, Victor Emmanuel the Third, of Italy, is probably one of the least kindly of European monarchs by temperament and disposition, but he is more clever than most of them, and makes a better monarch than a good many of his brother-sovereigns. In person he is homely, in manners he is somewhat awkward, and in company he is shy. He detests the dreary tomfooleries of a court. He is exceedingly well read, and interests himself in both science and literature, but he has not the royal gift of saving a few handy words to those with whom he converses. He loves his wife. She is his constant companion, and the smiles and blandishments of other women have no influence over him. His court is the most democratic in Europe.

Auguste Rodin—about whose works in marble and bronze one of the great artistic controversies of the last century raged—has been elected to the presidency of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, filling the place left vacant by the death of Whistler. M. Rodin has in his time shared the fate of all great innovators. He has in turn been rejected by the juries of the great annual exhibitions, derided, laughed at, and declared a madman. Unlike Mr. Whistler, he did not fight his battle with his pen, but steadily continued to pursue the aim he had set himself from the first. To-day he is one of the few modern artists to whom the title of "master" has been given during their lifetime. One enthusiastic nartisan exclaims: "As there are three names preëminent in etching—Rembrandt, Méryon, and Whistler—so there are three sculptors whose names mark epochs in the history of art—Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Rodin."

"Will the gentleman please be seated in the aisle," thundered Speaker Cannon, the other day, as he was trying to restore the House of Representatives to order. His predecessors have usually requested gentlemen in the aisles to take their seats, but Mr. Cannon, in his more emphatic manner, unwittingly commanded them to drop to the floor where they were. Not since Thomas B. Reed's first appearance as Speaker has the House had in that office a man of such vigorous individuality as Mr. Cannon. Other Speakers of the House have regularly used somewhat stilted phrases in their requests for order, such as "Cease conversation" and "Retire to the cloakroom," when they have really meant in the vernacular, "Keep quiet." Mr. Cannon is restoring the idiom as fast as possible. Unlike his predecessors, he does not bow profoundly to the secretary of the Senate when that functionary comes into the House to make announcement of the Senate's action. The story is told that, when the new Speaker's coaches informed him that he must make a great bow, he answered that he did not bow to the United States Senate, and he would not to any of its secretaries.



## THE RED GIBBET.

How the Witch of La Balme Was Avenged.

Toward the close of day the snow ceased falling, the wind suddenly veered into the north, and its gusts cut like blows from a switch. Night fell; the silver light of the winter moon flooded the sky, lit up the ermine helmets of the Vabre and of Baffignac, and was reflected from the ice-covered rocks of the gorge which overhung the raging Agout.

Just as the door of a wayside inn opened with a great rattling of chains, and the landlady stepped out on the threshold, a horseman rode around a turn in the road, and stopped in front of the door of the village inn, his horse snorting with terror. The woman hastily summoned a servant, while the traveler, dismounting, exclaimed, brusquely: "Hollo! Here's Joue-en-Fleur! Wine and a fire, my good woman! Tell your boy to give my horse a hountiful supper, and to see whether he is not wounded in the flank."

"Holy Mother!" cried Thiébaude: "what a plight you are in, *seigneur*! Your corselet and sleeves and even the knot on your sword-hilt, are dyed with blood and dirt!"

"May Astaroth choke every beast of them!" shouted Amalric. "They have ruined my best doublet. I look more horrible than the Vabre butcher!"

Angry and crestfallen, the *reister* laid his heavy gun on the table, and sat down before the roaring fire—a genuine Christmas blaze. Half a dozen carousers, sitting at one end of the room, resumed their interrupted game of cards, whispering timidly to each other, as if they stood in awe of the new-comer. When his steaming drink was set before him, Amalric related his adventures to the hostess.

"It is a bright night, to be sure, on account of the moon. But what a road, *ventre de lézard*—chasms, torrents, precipices, snowdrifts, and, in the ravines, all the wolves in Cevennes, fiercer and sturder than the Calvinists! After I left Vahre, they contented themselves with following me, watching for a misstep of my horse. Near Therondel, I had to slacken my speed a little, as it would have been suicide to travel fast. Then a famished creature leaped on Argant's back and I had trouble in getting him off; I had to use my dagger. And look at the *tourteaux* on my doublet! At a distance, one would take me for Guillaume de Montneller's herald!"

Some of the players, leaving their game, had drawn near the fireside. One of them even ventured to raise his voice and question the formidable *reister*.

"Monseigneur, do you think it would be unsafe to go to Alhigier to-night?"

"You would certainly never reach the end of your journey, whether you traveled on foot or on horseback. Stay here, if you value your rustic hides; Joue-en-Fleur can save your midnight mass for you."

"Isn't your lordship going to order a *battue* soon for the famished beasts?"

"The first one will be called before the Epiphany; all the wolf-hunters of the neighborhood will then be summoned."

"But if monseigneur would condescend to put himself at the head of our *rabatteurs* to-morrow—"

"Silence, knave! I hunt with you? See those cowardly faces, Joue-en-Fleur!" exclaimed Amalric, with insulting contempt. "Is there a man here who could pass the Red Gibbet at night without dying with fear?"

A thrill of terror passed over the audience; heads dropped; no one replied.

"The Red Gibbet!" exclaimed the hostess, crossing herself; "but it is—"

"Occupied! I know that very well! It was about a week ago—wasn't it?—that we hung the old witch of La Balme, that old hag who practiced witchcraft and howled every one's fortune at him."

"L'Armassière?" queried Joue-en-Fleur, crossing herself again, and glancing furtively toward the door, which had just opened and closed noiselessly.

"Exactly! At this season she will keep for a long time, and will serve as a scarecrow on the Ferrières road. Yesterday Argant shied and nearly threw me into the Agout under the old hag's hooked nose."

"Seigneur Captain," a trembling voice was now heard to say, "I dare go to the Red Gibbet!"

The *reister* started in surprise, and turned fiercely upon the speaker; he was a youth, almost a child, whose large, dark eyes shone out from his pale face with an expression of perfect fearlessness. "Here's a whelp of a dangerous sort!" cried the captain. "Does he come here often, Mistress Thiébaude?"

"No, monseigneur."

"Who is his master? Does any one here know him?"

"We took him in to-night for the first time," stammered Thiébaude, under the compelling influence of the boy's magnetic glance. "We never saw him before."

"Come here, my bold fellow. Where do you come from?"

"From the forest of Montagnole."

"But before that?"

"From the caves of Anglès."

"What did you get that hang-dog look? Have you been poaching on our lands?"

"I have no other trade, captain."

At this unexpected reply, so quietly made, a stupor fell upon all in the room; Amalric himself was disarmed by the boy's audacity.

"*Ventre-Mahon!*" he growled, half laughing and half angry; "you shall enter my service. My war page let himself get hung at La Salvetat. Do you want his place? But, braggart, are you truly willing to go to the Red Gibbet to-night?"

"I am."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"How shall I know it?"

"I will wait for you there, since you are to pass that way in an hour."

"The wolves will leave nothing of you except your carcass."

"You might lend me your gun."

"So you know how to handle that plaything, do you? Let me see you load it, you rascal."

The boy smiled, confidently; he grasped the heavy weapon with the dexterity of an old soldier; to the officer's surprise he unloaded it, then reloaded it, all the manœuvres being so manifestly familiar to him that Amalric could not help showing his admiration.

"If you can shoot the gun as well as you load it," he cried, "it would not be pleasant to be your target! At forty paces you must be able to blow the kernel out of a nut, or the brains out of a trespasser."

"Easily, monseigneur."

"And at the first shot you could bring down the most nimble game, I'll wager."

"Dozens of your hares could bear witness to that, monseigneur," replied the young poacher, strangely lent on a provocation as bold as it was uncalled for. This was the master-stroke. The drinkers exchanged glances of consternation and terror at the furious expression on the face of the *Seigneur de Vabre*.

"Viper!" he shouted; "you shall join the old woman on the Red Gibbet, with a cravat of hemp, just like hers!" He rose as he spoke, and stood threateningly over the boy, who made no effort to avoid the soldier's raised fist. Amalric paused in astonishment at this defiance. "Why do you confess all this to me, you robber?" he asked at length, inwardly pleased at such a display of courage. "I like brave hearts; you suit me perfectly. Here's the gun; wait for me out there. If the wolves press you too hard, climb up on the arm of the gallows; the old witch will keep you company. I'll warrant she'll not be talkative, but if her presence annoys you, send her into the Agout with a kick!"

The boy became livid; his lips trembled and his eyes fairly blazed. He grasped the gun offered him, and without a word went out into the clear, frosty night.

"By Hercules!" cried Amalric: "there's a man for you, you cowards! That's what I call having a heart in one's breast and blood in one's veins."

One of the peasants now ventured to offer a reply, which somewhat disturbed the adventurous cavalier. "To be sure, monseigneur! But there's a Spanish musket, too, which you will probably never see on your rack again."

"What do you mean? Do you think that that young rascal—"

"It was a clever way for him to get firearms. At any rate, the gun is in skillful hands, as your wild boars will know to their cost."

Amalric, half credulous, now swore like a pagan. But where could he go to search for the robber? He drank his hot wine, and no one dared risk exasperating him further. When he was well warmed, he wrapped his cloak about him, leaped into his saddle, and rode away in the moonlight. Reassured by his departure, the other guests resumed their carousal, while Thiébaude anxiously listened for sounds outside.

Amalric rode along at a brisk pace over the snow already hardened by the intense cold. The moon shone brightly in the pale sky. The roaring and rushing Agout flowed rapidly along. The continuous, mournful howling of wolves, repeated by the echoes of the mountain, sounded like a lament over the buried landscape. The horse, not yet recovered from the fright received from the Therondel wolf, shied at every isolated bush and every dark turn in the road. Guided by a hand of iron, he fairly flew along the dangerous precipices.

Being unarmed, Amalric anxiously scanned the dark hedges among which the road wound about on the mountain-side.

To reassure himself, he whistled the air of an old Venetian march, not without many false notes, however. His horse, growing more and more excited, would certainly have broken the neck of the musician, if the latter had persisted in his efforts.

To repress the impatience which devoured him, the captain next evoked the images of the two women he was soon to meet: one, a beautiful blonde of the Flemish type; the other, a charming brunette. With these two noble dames he was to take communion at the chapel this Christmas Eve, and afterward feast at the board of the wealthy Azais de Ferrières, the greatest baron in the country. With soldierly stupidity he repeated to himself the gallant remarks which he intended to address to these beauties; he had learned them for the purpose from the Seneschal de Castres, who made pretensions to being a wit, and who was much better equipped with platitudes than with ideas.

In spite of his application, Amalric could with difficulty keep before him the vision of the two profiles. In their place all his misdeeds—hangings without trial,

rapine, and violence—rose before him like so many ghosts. The gibbets which dotted the highways for leagues around bore witness to his summary way of dealing with offenders.

But, recently, the sorceress of La Balme had predicted that he would himself hang on the last gibbet he had set up on the Ferrières road, and he had summarily hung her to the tree, without any fear of her supernatural prowess.

He certainly would not die by hanging; he, the brave soldier, whose glance alone terrorized the mountaineers of the region. But he was not so sure that, some fine winter's night, during one of his frequent expeditions, always for a wicked purpose, an ambuscade of outraged peasants would not leave his lifeless body by the wayside. And what a sinister night the present one was, to be sure; how thoughtlessly he had allowed himself to be disarmed by a poacher, a mere child at that! A thrill of fear passed over him. As he rode around a turn in the road, the Red Gibbet loomed up before him.

An exclamation escaped the *reister's* lips as he recognized the vagabond of Luzières perched on the ghostly tree, the moonlight reflecting from the shining metal of the gun he held in his hands. He had not for a moment believed that the boy would keep his word; the surprise he felt was mingled with joy at the thought of not being alone in the icy waste.

"So you are here!" he exclaimed. "A brute of a peasant back there took you for a thief; you might shoot him for practice at big game. It is settled then. You are to be my page and the chief *arquebuisier* of my company. Has my musket been of use to you in keeping off the wolves?"

"Not yet, monseigneur," replied the boy, trembling with cold, doubtless.

"Were there no animals on the road?"

"There were many, monseigneur, with eyes like blazing furnaces. They followed me up, without daring to touch me; I walked along singing at the top of my voice, beating the measure with the click of the musket."

"An excellent way of keeping the cowards at bay; a shot would have been better, however."

"I saved that for something better."

"What?"

"You shall soon see, monseigneur."

"You must be cold up there on your perch; you should have warmed yourself up by giving the brutes a taste of saltpetre and lead."

The boy clambered down, and walked slowly toward the captain. "I could not hit the wolf I wanted to kill."

"Which one was it?" questioned Amalric, looking about as if expecting to see glaring eyes.

"A large one that I don't want to miss."

A gust of wind cut the captain's face so sharply that he swore a great oath, and exclaimed: "Jump on behind and we will go. I will take you with me to Ferrières, since you are henceforth to be in my service; if I leave you here, nothing will be left of you by to-morrow. If the old wolf you have in mind comes near us, I give you permission to kill him at once."

"Let him die then!" exclaimed the boy, taking sudden aim at the captain. A sharp report broke the silence of the night. The *reister*, struck in the heart, fell heavily in the snow.

The boy then grasped Argant's bridle and fastened it securely to a strong root. With granite firmness, he climbed upon the gibbet. Leaning out over the gulf, he uncoiled a rope which was wound around his waist, and tried to fasten it to the body hanging there, to draw it toward him. As he worked, he murmured: "You shall be avenged, grandmother, and you shall be buried in consecrated ground. I told Thiébaude this night that you would be avenged before the dawn."

But even as he spoke, the body of the woman, so long exposed to cold and storm, dropped to pieces, and, falling from rock to rock, at last disappeared in the tumultuous waters of the Agout.

Just at that moment a bell rang out, not far away; its clear music resounded through the still air like a prayer winging its flight above. Other bronze voices replied in the distance, celebrating the Nativity which promises to the humble blessings to be realized, and to the wicked a chastisement for their iniquities. The vagabond, leaning over the gulf, made the sign of redemption; then, descending, he went up to the body of the soldier, which was already stiff.

Approaching howls warned him to hasten with his task. He dragged the corpse to the gibbet, and, by means of a slip knot, drew it up the beam lately occupied by the other corpse. It swayed to and fro in the moonlight in a sort of funeral dance; the gibbet creaked and a pack of wolves rushed out from the hedges, attracted by the scent of blood.

Crazed with terror, Argant kicked vigorously at his agile foes. One of them had already sprung into the saddle, and was about to close his jaws on the charger's neck, when, swinging the musket around, the boy broke the beast's neck with a terrific blow; then, mounting the horse, he gave his life into the keeping of the terrified animal's instinct. The noble creature sprang away like an arrow in the direction of the Luzières, followed by a pack of howling wolves; the captain's body swayed in the moonlight, while the silvery bells of Ferrières sent their joyous Christmas peals down through the echoing valley.—Translated from the French of P. B. Gheusi by H. Twitchell.



## KING EDWARD GOES VISITING.

Special Mark of Favor Shown the Roxburghes—  
Brewers and Brewers—The King's  
Special Woman Friend.

The interest of King Edward's visit, this week, to Lord and Lady Iveagh is in no way decreased by the fact that among the guests, in a large and distinguished house-party to meet his majesty, are the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh. It is the first house-party at which the now famous young couple have appeared. There was some doubt at first whether it would do for the Iveaghs to have them before the king had entertained them, for he has first choice of, and at, everything and everybody. But it so happened that his own time was so filled up till the end of the year that he could not have them, and so, when Lord Iveagh (as is the custom) submitted the list of guests who, it was proposed, should be invited to meet his majesty, the king himself inserted the names of the young duke and his American bride.

From an English point of view, this is a great honor, and is regarded on the present occasion as a mark of special favor. Surely, the lines of Miss May Goelt, that was, have fallen in pleasant places. However, the duke himself has always been one of the king's particular favorites, and it was natural that his wife should be allowed to share her husband's distinction in this respect. Indeed, the whole party is made up, with one or two exceptions, of the king's own special set of intimates—his cronies, in fact, if one may apply such a term to "such a lot of swells."

First of all, there is Mr. Balfour, the prime minister. He is not exactly a man after the king's heart. He doesn't play bridge. But King Edward never loses an opportunity of advancing the social prestige of his premier.

The Earl and Countess of Howe are another pair of the king's particular friends, as are also the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry and the Earl and Countess of Cadogan, and they are all of the party at Elveden Hall, Lord Iveagh's splendid seat near Thetford, in the County of Norfolk. So also is the Countess of Dudley.

I need not say that the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel is one of the guests. Beside being a beautiful woman, Mrs. Keppel is bright and witty, and it is said that no one can entertain and amuse the king as she can. It is well known that King Edward is easily bored, and by nothing so much as a talker. Of course, no one can exactly talk to or before him. Conversation with him must consist (apparently) of answering his questions. However, the answer can be made longer than he likes, and it is related that, for his many breaches in this respect, he has a wholesome dread of Senator Chauncey Depew, whose after-dinner oratory, in its labored epigram, taints his ordinary conversation. But Mrs. Keppel, of course, is a woman, and Depew is a man. With King Edward, that means a lot, for there is a deal of the old-school gallantry in him that is fast dying out in Englishmen of the present—more's the pity. But she, somehow, never tires him. No one can make him laugh so often or so genuinely as she. Therefore, it is not surprising that no house-party "to meet the king"—no function, in fact, which he honors by his presence—is considered complete without her. Mrs. Langtry in her youth was much the same with him. I believe it an open secret that Queen Alexandra has not such an admiration for Mrs. Keppel as the king has.

There are some very old-fashioned, strait-laced people in high society—people like the Percys, for example, of the Northumberland family—who are a bit scandalized at the king's going so much to stay with brewers. A while ago he went for a visit to Lord Burton, the head of the Basses, and actually started the brewing of a vat of beer. The total abstainers were fit to be tied over this. Now, it is Lord Iveagh, one of the heads of the Guineesses, with whom he is staying. However, he can't start a vat of stout, for the brewery of this famous porter is in Dublin, and so the temperance people are not worrying over it. But the Guineesses are of distinctly higher class than the Basses. Although the stupendous fortunes of Lord Iveagh and Lord Ardilaun, the two heads of the family, have come from stout, the Guineesses have been gentry for generations. Before the brewery was made into a limited company, the family was content to live in Ireland. But Lord Ardilaun got his peacage in 1880, and Lord Iveagh in 1891, and then the two came over and settled in England. It was then that Lord Iveagh purchased Elveden Hall. It is a magnificent house, in a magnificent estate, the house having been built in 1870 for the late Maharajah Duleep Singh who, for many years, was one of the close friends of Queen Victoria—in fact, one of the "tame rabbits," as the intimate friends of royalty are called. People say that, now, a man who plays bridge well, and doesn't mind high stakes and losing them—other things being equal, of course—is pretty sure of inclusion within this charmed circle of favor.

To show what a grand house Elveden must be, I will mention the Indian Hall, which has

recently been completed in it. It is in the centre of the house, and is of Carrara marble. It consists of a domed chamber, with an apse added to it. Twenty-eight large columns carry the superstructure, and there are three large galleries. It is entered through three hampered copper doors of quaint pattern, and is about eighty feet long by forty wide, being forty-five feet high. It has an oaken floor for dancing, and the entire construction has occupied a hundred and fifty men for between four and five years. Its cost has been many hundreds of thousands of pounds. And yet Elveden is but one of Lord Iveagh's seats. When one's doctor orders one to drink stout, one can do so with satisfaction in thought that it will help the Guineesses to pay for luxuries like this. COCKRAIGNE.

LONDON, December 12, 1903.

## Rabelais and Boccaccio in Boston.

Three of the leading booksellers of Boston were last week found guilty in the municipal court of having sold or having had in their possession obscene literature, on complaints made by the Watch and Ward Society. A fine of one hundred dollars was imposed in each case, the defendants being Walter H. Knight, Richard Lichtenstein, and William L. Palmer. George A. Moore, treasurer of the historic Old Corner Bookstore, who was arrested with the others, was discharged on the ground that the books seized by the Watch and Ward agents belonged to the Old Corner Bookstore Corporation, and not to one of its officers. The books involved in the case, the defense contended, are classic, and are to be found in public and in many private libraries. The case will be carried to higher courts.

In passing upon the case, Judge Wentworth said that the defendants had made no denial of having sold the books objected to; and the only question, therefore, upon which he was called to pass was whether or not certain passages in the books complained of by the Watch and Ward Society were as objectionable as alleged. One of the books, he said, had already been passed upon by Chief Justice Field, who had said that some of its pages made objectionable reading. He thought that the government had made out its case, adding that in reference to the selling of such books as were complained of the statute does not give much leeway; and the penalty is a maximum fine of \$1,000 or a minimum fine of \$100. He would, therefore, impose the latter fine. The books concerned were the "Decameron," by Boccaccio; the "Heptameron," by Marguerite of Navarre; and the works of François Rabelais.

## Local Holiday Numbers.

The holiday numbers of the local dailies and weeklies are out, and pressmen, printers, and engravers are taking a rest. For weeks before Christmas, printing presses whirled night and day, and photo-engravers nearly lost their wits in keeping up with the work that was thrust upon them. The result justifies the rush and hurry. The holiday annuals combine color, fiction, illustration, and statistics that cover nearly every phase of California life, and form a good index to our progress.

Even with their swift presses and necessarily hurried work, the dailies made a creditable showing. The *Examiner's* Christmas number contained many reproductions of famous religious paintings, printed as well as could be expected on the grade of paper used by a daily, and they were supplemented by a volume of reading matter that, in its variety, let no reader lack something of interest. The *Call* makes a specialty of well-printed half-tone cuts, and in its offering to its holiday readers it rather surpassed itself. Using a better grade of paper in its supplement than the other dailies do, it is able to give its pictures something like their full value. The *Call* has adopted the policy lately of publishing many short stories in its supplements, and the selection for the year's big number was very good.

The *Chronicle's* big issue is the one that comes out on New Year's Day. It is essentially a California number, being devoted largely to the industries and progress of the State. The one this year, it is announced, will be a perfect encyclopedia of information, containing statistical and other matter relating to every California product. One notable feature is a symposium, participated in by well-known people, as to what population the State could sustain. The illustrations form a pleasing addition to the text, which, by the way, is not all statistical. Fiction and other lighter matter also have place in this excellent annual.

The local weeklies, while smaller than the dailies, make more pretensions to a highly finished product. They are all printed on heavy-coated paper, and colors are employed freely and with good taste. It is hard to say whether the *News Letter* or *Town Talk* has the better cover, while the *Wasp* leads in the variety and number of its reproductions from photographs that illustrate the most interesting phases of life in California. On the other hand, the *News Letter*, while its illustrations are fewer in number, has obtained far better results in the printing of them; and *Town Talk* has rather spread itself on verse, having many contributions, well worth reading, from local writers. It has several stories, too, and

many good illustrations, while its regular departments are more extended than usual. The *News Letter* has somewhat retrenched in this line, making up in stories, verse, and descriptive articles. The *Wasp* runs largely to descriptions, printing one long story.

The *Mark Hopkins Institute Review of Art*, published by the San Francisco Art Association, comes out with a special Christmas number, interesting as to reading matter, and beautiful as to illustrations. The recent photographic salon is reviewed, and there is an article on the art side of the St. Louis Exposition, with special reference to the work done for it by Douglas Tilden, the sculptor. L. Maynard Dixon contributes a number of his vivid frontier sketches. Several paintings are beautifully reproduced.

Los Angeles is not behind in this matter of holiday issues. The *Express* published an eighty-page annual, in which the advantages of Southern California are set forth attractively, both in articles and illustrations. It is broadly representative of Southern California, and is a complete index to the charms of the Southland.

In Oakland, the *Tribune* won honors, with a number containing many notable photographic reproductions in a special supplement, printed on high-grade paper. A full-page map of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and Point Richmond, showing the recent changes and developments, was a striking feature.

Some of the country papers also made Christmas the occasion of special editions. The *Pleasanton Times* came out with pages of pictures, illustrative of the best features of the town, and the *Haywards Review* published a handsome edition, on book paper, with a colored cover, and filled with matter and pictures that set forth the attractiveness of Haywards.

## Some of the President's Characteristics.

The President, says a writer in the *New York World*, takes more physical exercise than any other man in Washington. His favorite enjoyment is to go horseback-riding and to get somebody to go with him. If the friend can't ride very well, the President is fond of dropping back a bit, and then riding up at a hard gallop and shouting a cowboy "Whoopce!" at the top of his voice. He does this to Senator Lodge very often, and Lodge hangs grimly to the pommel of the saddle while the President laughs.

The President is very sensitive to newspaper criticism. He lectures reporters severely when they print anything he does not like. He thinks nothing should be printed in administration papers that is in any way incompatible with his dignity, whether the story is true or not. He has had two reporters removed from their assignments within the last two years for printing things he did not like. He wrote personal letters to the editors about these reporters, too, and both of them had printed true stories. Similarly the President is fond of praise. He likes to read nice sentiments about himself in the newspapers. He is not so great a newspaper reader as President McKinley was, but he patronizes the press-clipping bureaus, and pores over the clippings every day. President Roosevelt is generous with his confidences. He will tell his friends anything, and then bind them not to reveal what he has said. This makes it inconvenient sometimes for newspaper men who go to see him, for the President tells the same thing to everybody, and often the story gets out when the man to whom it was told originally must hold it in confidence or break his word.

The President gets angry easily. He says harsh things to those who run afoul of him. When he gets excited he can use triangular words with anybody. When he isn't excited his favorite words of emphasis are "By Godfrey!" and "By Jove!" The President is a very hearty eater. His appetite is prodigious. He likes a bottle of white wine with his dinner. He drinks very little besides that. The President says he is "de-light-ed" fifty times a day. He is "de-light-ed" to see you, "de-light-ed" to hear you are well, and "de-light-ed" everything else.

Mr. Roosevelt always starts his speeches the same way. He says "Ladies and gentlemen," and "you, Sons of Veterans," or "you" something else, or "you" thus and so. He likes to pick out a man in his audience and talk to him. He did this at Syracuse when he opened the State Fair, picking out a Grand Army man, and addressing him exclusively for five minutes, much to the embarrassment of the Grand Army man. Mr. Roosevelt is not an attractive public speaker. He generally reads his speeches from printed slips, and keeps close to the text. He writes and dictates fluently, and has an especial fondness for the word "very," which is sprinkled through his public addresses and documents and his private correspondence.

The President's enthusiasms are violent, but not long-lived. He always wants to do everything himself. He takes a hand in all arrangements, and gives orders about the most trivial affairs. He formerly had no compunction about saying things about his enemies. Now he thinks it is as well to say nothing, if nothing good can be said. His actions in the last two years have been mainly directed by the chart of 1904. He is sharp and stern with

his subordinates, dictatorial and severe. He sometimes makes a joke, but really has a poor sense of humor. His jokes are generally sad. Witness the famous Secretary Shaw joke, when he told Shaw, during the coal-strike settlement, he would send him "back to de mines (Des Moines)." Shaw comes from Iowa, you know. The President lectures senators and representatives at times as if they were school-boys. He calls them up to the White House, and lays down common statements of fact as if they were new discoveries by himself. He thinks in conventional lines, notwithstanding his reputation for originality. He is platitudinous.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Chicago Chronicle:

A new book on Spain gives vivid scenes of daily life in the land beyond the Pyrenees. "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is a series of pen-sketches taken on the wing, showing the brighter and darker life of Spain as seen in a passing glance. The author does not affect to touch upon religion, politics, or revolutions. He visited many interesting cities and picturesque places, saw the hotels, railways, theatres, operas, bull-fights, and somewhat of the social life. He describes not only the Spain of to-day, but enters a little into the history of the people so far as it relates to their present characteristics. For instance, speaking of the strange mixture in the Spanish character, he shows how its peculiarities are probably due to the blending of strange blood.

Mr. Hart propounds the question, "Can there be any connection between the marked degeneration of Spain and the abuse of tobacco in Spain?" He brings much good argument to bear in the affirmative answer to the question. To the wines of Spain he is more friendly. The book is handsomely bound in two shades of brown, with gilt decorations. It has many full-page half-tones, and there are illustrations and facsimiles in the text.

## The Outlook:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, may find place on that shelf which contains Colonel Hay's "Castilian Days," Miss Bates's "Highways and Byways in Spain," Zimmerman's "Spain and the Spaniards," and Daviller's "L'Espagne," but it will come after all these. It is very well for an American newspaper correspondent to visit Spanish cities and to describe life as he sees it from his hotel; it is quite another thing for a man to sojourn in foreign capitals, and not only in them, but in the towns and in the country, to learn to know not merely the people on the streets but the people in the houses, and then to dip beneath the surface of their lives. That is truer observation.

## Brooklyn Eagle:

In "Two Argonauts in Spain," Jerome Hart kills two fond legends with a single blow. He says Spanish women are ugly and don't wear mantillas. . . . The travel stories are entertaining, and the book, both in binding and illustration, does credit to San Francisco. Mr. Hart, by the way—it is illustrative of his predilection for the perverse—attributes the decline of Spain to cigarette smoking.

## Los Angeles Times:

A charming book is "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart. Nobody, nowadays, who travels, omits to write a book about his journeyings. Many of these hooks are finely illustrated, because the average traveler is a kodak fiend; most of them are badly written for various reasons—chief of which is that, like some of the average author's early photographic efforts, small and insignificant objects (generally himself and his friends) occupy the foreground and show up disproportionately large, while the country itself, its scenery and inhabitants, form a hazy background, much out of focus. "Two Argonauts in Spain" is a happy contrast to volumes of this sort—an unassuming little book, which, in brief sketches, gives the reader a greater insight into actual conditions in Spain than many thick volumes do. The author has seized on salient features of nature and society with great discrimination.

## Pittsburg Dispatch:

Jerome Hart's volume of travel, "Two Argonauts in Spain," gives snapshots of Iberian life. The journey was not a leisurely one, hence the book telling about it is written in a light vein.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; illustrated.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Notable Biography.

Austin Dobson's short life of "Fanny Burney" is one of those rare works of biography fitly described by the word "enjoyable." It has life, color, charm, vivacity. Dobson paints for us the very spirit and genius of the times. It is a book without a trace of pedantry, an iota of affectation.

From the embarrassment of riches in the way of interesting and amusing phases of life and character portrayed, it is difficult to choose. But we are particularly struck by this: how small the audience of an English novelist was in the last decades of the eighteenth century; how few opinions constituted fame.

"Evelina" was written by Fanny Burney when she was twenty-six, and published anonymously. It was printed in three volumes, and the author received £20 for it—"accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise for its magnificence." The first notice appeared in the *London Review*, and was three lines long. Yet it was not unfavorable. A longer, but not long, review a little later appeared in the *Monthly Review*. It was highly flattering. Then came the *Critical Review* with the longest notice of all, comparing the author to Richardson. Dr. Johnson, the great man of the day, by this time was reading the book, and protesting that there were "passages . . . which might do honor to Richardson," whereas the author "danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation." Sir Joshua Reynolds found "Evelina" so interesting that he sat up all night to finish it, and subsequently declared he would give £50 to know the name of the author. Richard Brinsley Sheridan "expressed the highest admiration." Burke, the great Burke, paid his unequivocal tribute. And all the lesser lights of the time joined in the chorus of praise. And yet—and yet—less than two thousand copies of "Evelina" were sold during the twelvemonth, the first two editions being of five hundred, the third of a thousand copies. That, in those days, was pronounced a wonderful success. Novelists of to-day may thank their stars that they did not live in the time of Johnson and Sheridan and Garrick, and try to earn a living by writing fiction.

Mr. Dobson's captivating book is almost as interesting in that it gives a picture of the major and minor celebrities of the time as it is in that it sympathetically portrays a sprightly and lovable personality. Even those who have no poignant interest in the author of "Evelina" will appreciate the skill with which Mr. Dobson has drawn his background—a background in which the figure of Dr. Johnson looms darkly and grandly.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

## A Spinster's Musings.

In a tiny volume, with the very well-chosen title "My Old Maid's Corner," Lillie Hamilton French has outlined the complete records of an old maid's tastes, musings, aspirations, and disappointments. For her especial old maid is not of the bachelor-maid type. She loves the sight of love and married lovers. She is as frank about the secret disappointments of matured maidenhood as she is concerning the matronly airs and arrogances of her married friends.

It is probable, however, in spite of the determined optimism of the old maid in her sunny corner, that the wistful, minor note in her musings will impel some belated maiden still lingering sadly in her latter thirties to pluck up resolve and charge the enemy once more. For, after all's said, the old maid's sovereignty extends only over the books, brasses, and birds that make her corner cheerful. In her heart of hearts she admits that with all her independence, she is putting the best face possible on the cold fact that she has missed woman's happiest vocation—in failing to reign over a little quondam of home affections and mutually shared family interests.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A handsome new edition of "Phenixiana, or Sketches and Burlesques," just issued from the Appleton press, recalls the fact that Senator Hoar, in his autobiography, classes George H. Derby, better known as John Phenix, among the famous Concord men. Derby tended store in Concord, and amused the future senator in his boyhood by cutting wonderful paper figures of birds and animals. "Derby did not get along very well with his employer," says the senator. "He would lie down at full length on the counter, get a novel, and was then very unwilling to be disturbed to wait on customers. If a little girl came in with a tin kettle to get some molasses he would say the molasses was all out, and they would have some more next week." "Phenixiana" needs no introduction to California readers.

Max Görgy, who gained the world's attention with his stories of Russian tramps and with whom he consorted, is now a wealthy man. He gives luxurious dinners

at his sumptuous town house in Moscow, and dispenses generous hospitality at his splendid estate on the Volga. The correspondent of a London paper adds that in Moscow it is said that he has forgotten the days and the ideas of his poverty-stricken youth.

In his recent speech at Dumfries, Mr. Morley incidentally mentioned that he had a new book on the stocks, or at any rate, in his mind. "One of these days," he said, "I shall use my recovered leisure to show the blunders and the follies into which able and clear-headed men have fallen upon the greatest subjects."

Professor Charles S. Sargent, whose new work on "Trees and Shrubs" is now in course of publication, has spent the summer in Siberia, studying the flora and fauna of that country. He is accompanied by John Muir.

It is reported that Mrs. Wiggins's most popular new story, "Rebecca," reached its one hundredth thousand in the first two months.

A recent fire in London destroyed one entire edition of the "Reminiscences" of Sir F. Burdett, the editor of *Punch*.

The occupation of the reviewer—particularly of the reviewer of contemporary fiction—is (says the *London Outlook*) one of the worst of the "dangerous trades." It is one of the worst, because white lead and phosphorus kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, while the constant reading of modern fiction is able to destroy all simplicity and sanity and moral and intellectual health.

Spain is making preparations for the celebration on a grand scale in May, 1905, of the tercentenary of the publication of Cervantes's immortal work, "Don Quixote." It is to be an international affair, and the programme will include the unveiling of a statue of Cervantes, an academic fête, a mediæval tournament, and a bull-fight. A dramatization of "Don Quixote" will be played, and Sir Henry Irving will be invited to take the part of Don Quixote, in the principal theatre in Spain.

Rear-Admiral Sebley was recently interviewed and divulged three important facts. Two (in answer to a question) are: "If I were nominated for the Presidency I would not accept. If elected, I'll be damned if I would serve." The third is literary. He said he was writing a book which would deal strictly with the facts of his service in the navy of nearly forty-five years. He remarked, further, that he did not believe there would be any more long wars, and that there was scarcely any country but the United States that could now stand the expense of a big war for longer than a year.

Mr. Wheatley, the secretary of the London Society of Arts and the editor of the famous edition of Peeps, has written a book on mediæval London, which will be published next year in the Mediæval Town Series. For the same series Cecil Headlam is writing on Oxford; Miss Marriage on "Avignon"; Miss Noyes on "Ferrara"; and Oliphant Smeaton on Edinburgh.

The *London Daily Mail* "views with alarm the striking increase in the number of books by American authors published here (England). The American invasion is assuming proportions that must attract attention and provoke amusement. And simultaneously there is a falling off in the number of English books produced in America. It is in part the result of a genuine literary revival in America. For one author ten years ago there are three now, and they are 'dumping' on us their surplus wares! When American writers abound proportionately to English writers, we tremble to think what our case will be. We shall have to look to Mr. Chamberlain for help."

New York *Town Topics* remarks that "the question how far the publisher of a periodical may draw on his back numbers in presenting ostensibly fresh material is not debatable, and it does seem like a confession of weakness—or else economy—to find in the Christmas number of *Harper's Weekly* several illustrations that have graced the pages of the same publication before. . . . But perhaps it is excusable on the ground that they are the most interesting in the number."

## The Century for January.

The wreck of the ferryboat *San Rafael* has evidently furnished Jack London with the idea for the opening chapter in his novel "The Sea-Wolf," which begins in January *Century*, and masterly "copy" has he made of it. Local color is there galore. We hear of a friend named Charley [not Andrew] Furseth, who "kept a summer cottage in Mill Valley, under the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais," and who in winter read "Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to rest his brain" and "in summer toiled in the city." We get a description of a fog on the bay, with some notes on navigation by a red-faced gentleman. There is a thrilling study in the psychological processes of men and women in a ferryboat wreck. And then our gentleman-writer hero finds himself aboard a sealing schooner bound for the north, helpless, like the crew, in the hands of an amazing person named Wolf Larsen. If a good beginning is indeed half the battle, then

"The Sea-Wolf," which will run through the year in the *Century*, promises to be the strongest of the several strong books which Mr. London has written.

In other respects the January *Century* is notable. The leading article is a study, by Othon Guerlac, of the French Chamber of Deputies, with excellent drawings by André Castaigne. Under the title, "An American Palace of Art," Sylvester Baxter describes Mrs. Jack Gardner's famous "Italian Palace," near Boston, and several of the notable paintings there are reproduced. "Ekai Kawaguchi's Narrative" of a journey in Tibet is another striking feature, and special mention needs to be made of Maurice Maeterlinck's essay, "Our Friend, the Dog." Brief articles on current topics are "The New Element, Radium," by Ernest Merritt; "Radium and Radioactivity," by Mme. Salodowska Curie, discoverer of radium; and articles on immigration, by Senator Lodge and Commissioner Sargent. Space is lacking to mention all the articles, but the Thackeray letters, a humorous "Wee McGregor" story, and animal fables by Ernest Thompson Seton, must not be passed unnoticed.

## Mr. Lang "Wants to Know."

"Can any American archaeologist," writes Andrew Lang, "certify me as to whether the Calaveras skull really did turn out to be a humorous imposture? An eminent authority, indeed, tells me that Bret Harte settled the question, but you can not 'vanquish Berkeley with a grin,' nor wind up an antiquarian dispute with a ballad." Off hand, the *Argonaut* can throw just this much light on the question: The poem, "Post-Pliocene," in a book by W. Frank Stewart, published in 1869, has this note: "Recently, in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, while some miners were sinking a shaft, a petrified human skull was found in the post-pliocene rocks, at a depth of nearly two hundred feet from the surface. This rare specimen is now in the possession of Professor Whitney, formerly State geologist of California."

## New Publications.

"Shorter Poems of Tennyson." Published by the Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

"Plant Physiology," by George James Peirce, Ph. D. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"The African Forest and Jungle," by Paul Du Chaillu. Profusely illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Fundamentals of Child Study," by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick, B. S., M. Ph. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life," by Clara Louise Burnham. Illustrated. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

"The Master Rogue," by David Phillips. Profusely illustrated by Gordon H. Grant. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"The Story of King Artbur and His Knights," by Howard Pyle. Profusely illustrated by author. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50 net.

"The Natural History of Selborne, by Gilbert White." Edited with notes by Grant Allen. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. A new edition. Published by John Lane, New York.

"The English Dance of Death." From the designs of Thomas Rowlandson. With metrical illustrations by the author of "Doctor Syntax." New edition. Two volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Jumping Frog, in English, then in French, then Clawed Back into a Civilized Language, by Patient, Unremunerated Toil," by Mark Twain. Profusely illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.00.

Is reading an effort? We can make it a pleasure for you.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in the *Argonaut* can be obtained at

ROBERTSON'S  
126 Post Street

## AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York.  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

## HERE IS A CHANCE

If you are seeking a lucrative, income investment, as well as a delightful rural home, within two hours by rail from San Francisco, we beg to offer ten thousand acres covered with magnificent timber, embracing a charming foothill valley. It has a lake, trout streams, picturesque scenery, and ideal conditions. We offer it in lots to suit, where values will soon double.

CHARLES W. COE & CO.

Real-Estate Brokers

78 and 79 Auzerai Building  
SAN JOSE, CAL.

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gift top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address:

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter St., S. F.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE,  
President.

T. T. DARGIE,  
Secretary.

For Present Time  
For Future Time  
For All Time  
**ELGIN**  
TIME

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Now Who Did Write "Infelix"?

An old but ever interesting question is up again, thanks to Adrian H. Joline's "The Divisions of a Book-Lover," and the epistolary zeal of several English gentlemen.

As is well known, there have always been doubts whether Adah Isaacs Menken was really the author of a small volume of verses, entitled "Infelix," and in particular of one striking poem in it called "Infelix." The Menken was a famous actress and beauty, who, thirty odd years ago, created a huge sensation in this country by appearing in the play "Mazeppa," attired in flesh-colored silk tights, simulating complete nudity. Thus clad she was bound to the back of a prancing steed, which climbed a miniature mountain in the rear of the stage. After the play had been seen at all the "principal cities" of the United States, the actress went to England, and there "Infelix" appeared.

The book was dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens. It has a facsimile letter of Dickens's prefixed to it. The author was a friend of Charles Reade and many other eminent persons. Not only is there a picture of the actress leaning upon the bulky form of the elder Dumas, but one with the poet Swinburne looking down upon her. Not only was she at one time the wife of John C. Heenan, the prize-fighter, but of Orpheus C. Kerr, the poet, and of others unnamed. No wonder there were those who suspected she had "help" with her poems from some of her distinguished friends, lovers, or husbands.

But when the Peter Gilsey collection of letters, pictures, and bibelots was sold in New York last spring, it was vaguely reported that documents were found showing that the Menken really did write "Infelix." Upon the truth of this, doubt is now thrown by a Mr. St. John-Brenon, who relates, in a London paper, how "Mr. Hotten told him that Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne helped to see the volume ['Infelix'] through the press," thus gently insinuating that Swinburne wrote the poems. This idea, however, is combatted by Ellis H. Ellis, who writes to the same journal:

Many book-collectors make the above assertion, and apparently Mr. St. John-Brenon has fallen under the spell of this popular error.

John Camden Hotten has been dead some years. Mr. Swinburne is still living; he might be asked to "own the soft impeachment." Be this as it may, I am impelled to tell you the sum of my knowledge concerning "Infelix."

When Adah Isaacs Menken was playing Mazeppa at Astley's Theatre I went to see her, and met John Thomson, then an old friend of several years' standing (who was afterward dramatic critic of the *Dispatch*). After the play we walked over to the Albion to supper, when we talked of Menken, and Thomson told me that he was "helping her with her poems." I verily believe that John Thomson wrote every line of them; he was just the man who would sink himself in an act of gallantry to a woman. Adah Isaacs Menken could not write "Infelix."

Here appears something definite, but the matter is again wrapped in haze by the further fact appearing that, at this time, John Thomson was the private secretary of Mr. Swinburne! Now who did write "Infelix"?

## One of Sala's Jokes.

In his "Records and Reminiscences," Sir F. Burnand says that shortly after he succeeded to the editorial chair of *Punch*, Sala wrote a parody of the "Notes" which he was himself contributing to the *Illustrated London News*. It was attributed to the editor, and friends who knew Sala's short temper were anxious, not, as it soon seemed, without reason. At the Beefsteak Club, Sala politely asked for the author's name. "I can not give it," replied the editor, "without his permission." "It is a personal attack on me," said Sala, apparently waxing wroth. Peacemaking friends suggested that any popular author's style was fair game. "I join issue," replied Sala. "Burnand ought to have rejected it." So the debate went on, growing hotter and hotter. When Sala declared that when he was younger he would have pulled the nose of any one who attacked him, and the editor replied that if Sala really wished to carry out his threat he had the matter in his own hands, it seemed that a crisis had arrived. "I can!" exclaimed George, rising up excitedly, "and will." Every one jumped to his feet. It seemed as though he were going to assault me there and then! What was their surprise at seeing George, first with one hand, then with the other, wring his own nose, and murmuring humbly "I apologize," drop down abashed into his seat.

## A Certain Apostle and Mr. Gladstone.

In a recent "literary letter" Andrew Lang remarks that he has not read Morley's life of Gladstone, "not desiring to bring sorrows back to mind." Evidently he refers to the Gordon affair. For he continues: "It does not seem to be an established fact that Mr. Gladstone attended two theatres, or even one,

when the news came of Gordon's death. Probably his well-known dislike of military matters prevented him from giving much heed to the whole affair, and the blame ought to have fallen rather on his colleagues than himself. But he was blamed. A distinguished scholar and soldier, seeing Mr. Gladstone's portrait in a picture gallery, murmured, automatically, 'Judas!' A lady, a stranger, asked: 'Sir, did you mention one of the Apostles?' 'Yes, madam,' answered my friend. 'Then I have the pleasure to agree with you.'"

## The Kaiser as a Press-Agent.

When the government authorities in Germany convicted Lieutenant Bilsle, of the German army, of the charge of libeling his superior and commanding officers "by the publication of writings in a peculiarly offensive and damaging form, and also of a breach of service regulations," and sentenced him to six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the army, they had no intention of making the offending lieutenant a rich man. Yet that is what has happened. The novel, describing garrison life and morals in the German army, and portraying the officers as harsh and brutal, has been republished outside of Germany and one hundred thousand copies have already been sold. The Vienna publisher reports that he can not keep up with the orders. Despite the government inhibition, it is being largely sold in Germany. So great has been its effect that public opinion is forcing the reform of abuses pointed out, and the Kaiser finds himself in the position of having, by his unwise course, magnified the book's effect a thousandfold.

As racy a war of words as ever fought on paper, has been going on over Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men," published in his new volume, "The Five Nations." A contributor to *Forest and Stream*, who also writes verses and is a sportsman of no small pretensions, but is lost to fame through the ill-starred cognomen of Brown, goes into a spasm of horrified surprise over Kipling's characterization of a Maine "log-jam." Under the heading "Spurious Writings About Angling and Nature," he makes a furious arraignment of the poet for almost every kind and degree of violation of truth in the verses. "The Feet of the Young Men"—the most violent diatribe, it is said, that has ever appeared in the columns of *Forest and Stream*. Others join in the assault. The cudgels of defense are taken up by Mr. Kipling's friends, and the wordy war waxes warm.

## GOODYEAR'S "GOLD SEAL" RUBBER GOODS THE BEST MADE



Ladies' Rain Coat.

Mackintoshes and Raincoats

For Men, Women, and Children. Any size, any quantity.

Rubber Boots and Shoes

Rubber and Oiled Clothing

Rubber and Oiled Goods

(FOR SPORTSMEN)

Fishing and Wading Boots, Hunting Boots and Coats.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. Pease, Pres.  
F. M. Shepard, Jr., Tres.  
C. F. Runyon, Sec.

573-575-577 Market St.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Bixler's Physical Training in Penmanship.

the BOOK for ALL the people ALL the time, in ALL vocations.

The only successful self instructor in easy, rapid, legible writing for 20 years. Price \$1.00. A three-months' mail course free with each book; short time only. Sample BUSINESS PENMAN free. Professor G. BIXLER, Madison and Ogden, Chicago, Ill.

In addition to its regular superior news service

## THE SUNDAY CALL

is now publishing the latest and best novels complete in two or three editions.

HALF-HOUR STORYETTES—the choicest obtainable.

Then there is the Comic Supplement, which is really funny.

A Puzzle Page for the children.

Something good for everybody, and, in addition to all these, the PICTURES—real art products, ready for framing. It all goes with the regular subscription price.

Daily and Sunday delivered by carrier, 75 cents a month.

## Ahoy!

If you want to read a story that will tingle your nerves and make you smell salt water, read

## "The Sea-Wolf"

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild"

which begins in the January number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

It opens in San Francisco Bay—the hero picked up from a wrecked ferry-boat by a schooner bound for the sealing grounds off Japan—and the schooner goes, too, and the hero with her, whether he will or not. The captain is the "sea-wolf," a big Scandinavian, Wolf Larsen, and of all the strange mixtures of brutality and self-culture you ever read about, Wolf Larsen will stand at the head. He is one of the most tremendous characters in fiction, and this novel, "The Sea-Wolf" is going to be

## The Great Magazine Serial of the Year

Try the January Number. Buy it on a news-stand, or better yet, subscribe for a year and get the whole story.

You can subscribe to The Century for a year beginning with the January number (containing first chapters of "The Sea-Wolf") and you can have the superbly illustrated numbers for November and December, 1903, FREE OF CHARGE, and thus begin the volume and BEGIN EVERY SERIAL. Two free numbers with a year's subscription from January, 1904. Price \$4.00. Mention this offer in Argonaut and remit to

THE CENTURY CO, Union Square, New York

AHOY! TAKE ME ASHORE! A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU TAKE ME ASHORE!



BEGINS IN THE JANUARY CENTURY

Besides "The Sea-Wolf" the January Century will give you

## An Article on Radium

Written by its discoverer, Mme. Curie.

## An Article on Lhasa, the Forbidden City of Tibet

Written by a man who lived there for months.

## A Capital "Wee Macgregor" Story

"Wee Macgregor's New Year's Eve at Grandpaw Purdie's"

## Elliott Flower's Story

"The Unexpected Strike."

## Roy Rolfe Gilson's Story

"The Illusionist."

## Ernest Thompson Seton's Fables

With his own illustrations.

## A Splendidly Illustrated Article on the French Chamber of Deputies

With pictures by Castaigne.

## A Splendidly Illustrated Article on "An American Palace of Art"

The first complete authorized pictorial and literary record of Mrs. Gardner's famous Museum in Boston.

## A Remarkable Study of the Dog by Maurice Maeterlinck

And Other Good Things





It begins to look as if Mr. Fitch, the most prolific, the most popular, and the most freely criticised of American dramatists, was passing on to a new stage of development. There was a time when his methods seemed fixed; but no one stands still. Mr. Fitch's dramatized funerals and functions, his weddings and his bridge-parties, have served to point the pen of many a satirist. In "The Climbers" and "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," however, there was a distinct improvement. The characterization gained in positiveness, the comedy in fineness and ease, the dramatic movement in value.

In "The Girl with the Green Eyes," Mr. Fitch shows still more clearly the results gained from a steady endeavor to master an art. In this he wholly refrains from his pernicious habit of pushing aside the main current of the story to make way for the side eddies whose foam and froth do not affect the forward trend of the drama.

The story, on the face of it, hears apparent improbabilities. Young men with fine family connections and assured social position seldom commit bigamy as lightly as Jeff Tillman. Brides who are adored by their husbands are not given to committing suicide in their honeymoons. Yet so deftly has Mr. Fitch woven his threads into the main fabric that the story assumes probability, firmness, and cohesion.

The dialogue is excellent, witty in places, succinct, and has a tone of genuineness, showing a grateful freedom from the bathetic sentimentality which aroused a sense of revolt in "Nathan Hale," "Captain Jinks," and even in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." The latter play, which was of sufficiently late date to make many of Mr. Fitch's partisans feel hopeless for his development, is far out-distanced by "The Girl with the Green Eyes." One does not drop thoughts of this play with one's outdoor wrappings on coming home. It will arouse plentiful discussion and argument, especially between husbands and wives. There is too much tangle in the story to bear telling, besides which a play should always unfold itself without previous knowledge on the listener's part. But the title discloses its main idea.

Poor girl with the green eyes, what a destiny is yours! I know, many of us recall, her self-torturing counterpart. And poor, poor husband! Luckless bridegroom, lover of peace and amity; you have introduced a firebrand into your household, fondled a skyrocket to your heart; a skyrocket attached to a fuse that is always burning, and that requires perpetual stamping out.

These two rôles were rendered with absolute sincerity, with perfect comprehension, by Ida Conquest and Robert Drouet. You could not pick a flaw in the impersonation of either. Mr. Drouet is exceptionally gifted in his ability to express perfect earnestness and self-forgetfulness in his manner. He was not Robert Drouet, but Jack Austin, the best and manliest of fellows, loving his wife with extreme tenderness, even while stung and outraged into a little exhibition of marital sternness; perplexed and saddened by the weight of the responsibility dumped upon him from the shoulders of a weaker man. Who would have believed that Clyde Fitch could have painted this situation with such simplicity and sincerity?

As for Ida Conquest, it needed just her physical and mental fineness and delicacy to fitly portray the type of green-eyed girl. Jinny Austin required youth, winsomeness, brightness, refinement, and lovingness to palliate her sin. For jealousy is really a sort of inflamed egoism. It does not require a warm heart. The self-absorbed, even the cold, are oftener jealous than those of quick and deep affections. The unlovely trait is in reality an uncanny insistence of the green-eyed one's right of priority over all other claims. Jinny would be jealous of her children if she were ever unlucky enough to have any. To Jack, they would prove a salvation. Many a man or woman married to a keg of gunpowder has found relief from the lurid flashes of conjugal love in the calmer joys of parental affection.

Ida Conquest endowed Jinny with all the charm that she needed, and her jealous rages, with their pite of hysteria, her sudden punishments, her terror of remorse, her self-abasement, were given with the stamp of truth. Her frailty of appearance emphasized the frailty of the young wife's agonies, and her plausibly plausible her dramatic solution in her life caused by the tangle of love. The pardon is just, and justly.

fiable. Yet, when the curtain rings down, one sighs in pity for poor Jack. For nature is too much for us. Even the tragedy that she barely escaped could never cure the green-eyed girl. Cowlicks, an ear for music, birthmarks, green eyes, whatever we are born with, follow us in greater or less degree to our graves. There is facial surgery, to be sure, but soul surgery is a different thing, and Jinny, through her own heated imaginings, must inevitably, like Othello, be washed in the "steep down gulfs of liquid fire," that flow from jealousy.

The company, as a whole, is of first-class quality. Grace Henderson shades a slightly humorous rôle with the appropriate humorous spirit, and Mrs. Whiffen and Mr. William Tooker are a realistically lovable couple of parents. The youngster who plays Susie has unusual intelligence, and absolutely declines to be a marionette. Rose Flynn and Frank Dekum, although thoroughly conscientious, especially the latter, are a little out of pitch. In the nose to nose colloquy on the sofa in the first act, it really looked as if those useful organs would meet, so strenuously did the young couple preserve a facial contiguity. This almost nosing of each other by stage lovers is a new trick, I have noticed, and a distressing one. It suggests cross-eyed discomfort, rather than yearning love.

The tourist scene was Clyde Fitch all over. It was excellently done, and instead of forming a frivolous interruption, gave atmosphere to the scene in the Vatican, and added a highly amusing episode.

The comfort of the public has been well considered in remodeling the new Tivoli, which is roomy, spacious, and comfortable. But while they were about it, what a pity not to have placed the entrance at the side instead of at the back of the auditorium, so as to prevent that too familiar and thoroughly dreaded winter draught between the stage and the rear doors, which is so successful in keeping people at home during the cold weather. For one of the familiar sights during entr'actes on winter nights is the turning of remonstrant beads, and the shivering of distressed backs when attentive ushers loop back curtains for the exit of thirsty pilgrims, who must not be discommoded even to the extent of pushing portières aside. The result is that the blast from outdoors plays freely and continuously on those who remain seated, and who carry home a lugubrious harvest of catarrh, influenza, and lumbago.

This, however, is merely another detail illustrating the foolish good-nature of the San Francisco public, which is so accustomed to having its comfort steadily ignored that it is filled with placid surprise when it is considered, as in the case of providing a smokers' section at the Tivoli. That one innovation will draw to the theatre a certain contingent who have heretofore habitually avoided it because of a physical inability to remove a crop of smoky hair with their garments and hang it by a window to air.

I wonder if managers realize that the discomforts of draughty, unwarmed auditoriums causes them to lose a certain percentage of their receipts every winter. Pretty girls will suffer in heroic silence under their chiffons, but the old girls of forty, with rheumatic backs, the old boys of fifty with thinning locks and bald scalps, recall the playful winter zephyrs sporting through open entrances, shake their heads, draw up cosily to the fire and stay home without one pang.

"Ixion," however, is no loss to matured tastes, being the usual Christmas spectacle, "cuddled and congregated for the amusement of young and old children." There are occasional concessions to the adult intellect—such as Ferris Hartman's "All Right." I wonder if the children—young and old—are not awestruck by the superiority of grown-up standards when listening to this gem of poetry and song.

For the rest, it is what a world-weary youth of nineteen stigmatized as a "kid show." Children, apparently no more than six or seven years of age, have important rôles, and wink and swagger, and utter tough sentiments and slangy jokes in their baby voices. Such things mislike me, but no doubt the family purse waxes fat thereby.

The spectacular part of the show has been well looked after, and the piece opens with picturesque effect. Priestesses—presumably—revolve in graceful poses under rosy lights in time to Tchaikowsky music; till-legged but well-drilled Cupids dance in dell of undulating shadows; whether cloud or wave caverns one can scarcely say, and it doesn't really matter. The *pièce de résistance* is the dance in the vineyard of Bacchus, a really beautiful effect being gained by costuming each separate group in colors appropriate to the wines of California, which gives the dance its name. The general effect, when all the garlanded groups are gathered beneath a bower of the Bacchic vine, revolving in a sort of May-pole dance and interweaving long, leafy grape-studded strands, is like an autumnal festival, with its riot of gorgeous coloring; as to the other costumes, they might not be amiss in adding a six-inch ruffle to Ixion's tunic, and suppressing Minerva's kaleidoscopic legs under a pair of bloomers. The other gods and goddesses are draped voluminously and splendidly begilt with yards of tinsel.

What they say or sing does not matter very much, going out of one ear as speedily as it enters the other. "Ixion" is for the children first, last, and all the time, and no doubt they find its splendors of color and tinsel the alpha and omega of spectacular beauty.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### "Monna Vanna" in New York.

The New York *Sun*, in speaking of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," recently produced in German in New York, says, in part: "The veriest prude could find no fault with this production of 'Monna Vanna,' for the woman's cloak was, as a matter of fact, a far more ample gown than is ever shown on an opera night. To be sure, she announced that that was all she had on, but the audience had to take her word for it. 'Monna Vanna' needs great actors to make it a great play. The long speeches which make such delightful reading for the library grow vastly monotonous when they are delivered, as they were, without any variety of expression or vocal light and shade. The settings were fair, but the lighting was most inartistic, the whole second act being played in such a dim light that it was impossible to see the actors' faces. The illuminated view of Pisa in the distance looked a good deal like Luna Park. There was a large audience, but not nearly as much enthusiasm as the usual first night at the Irving Place evokes."

A new comedy, by Leo Ditrichstein, entitled "Harriet's Honeymoon," was presented in Philadelphia recently, with Mary Mannerling in the leading rôle. The critics gave much praise to both play and actress, saying that it is a better vehicle for Miss Mannerling's talent than she ever before appeared in. The story is of a young American couple who quarrel while on their wedding journey in Europe, and meet with many amusing adventures before they become reconciled.

According to the dispatches, the son of Balfe, the composer, has made an appeal for assistance. He hopes to secure money enough to buy a barrel organ on which he can play his father's compositions in the streets.

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Paul Gerson begs to state that, in response to numerous requests, he will on January 31 open a JUVENILE DEPARTMENT in connection with his School of Acting, and has secured the services of a teacher of experience, specially qualified for this work, Miss Lillian E. Muscio. One of the features of the department will be a dancing class in charge of Signora Matildita. In order that each one may have his or her proper time and attention, the class will be limited to twenty-five. Mr. Gerson will give his personal attention to every pupil. For terms, etc., call or address The Juvenile Department of the Paul Gerson School of Acting, Native Sons' Building, 414 Mason Street. The fourth of the series of matinee performances by students of the school, will take place at Fischer's Theatre, Friday afternoon, January 20th. A brilliant programme will be presented. The school will be assisted by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, this institution hereafter joining its artistic interests with the School of Acting.

### LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

EVENINGS AT 8:15

### BURTON HOLMES

MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.

COURSE A—"Yosemite," Tuesday, January 12th; "Yellowstone," Thursday, January 14th; "Grand Canyon," Saturday, January 16th; "Alaska I, The Fjords," Tuesday, January 19th; "Alaska II, The Klondike," Thursday, January 21st.  
COURSE B—"St. Petersburg," Wednesday, January 13th; "Moscow," Friday, January 15th; "Siberia," Monday, January 18th; "Peking," Wednesday, January 20th; "Seoul, Capital of Corea," Friday, January 22d.

Sale of course tickets begins next Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Special

Thursday evening, January 7th, 1904, at 8.15, and Monday afternoon, January 11th, at 2.15. Positively farewell tour.

### MME. ADELINA PATTI

(The Baroness Cedersdorm.)

Direction Robert Grau, Incorporated. Management Marcus R. Mayer. Signor Romualdo Sapio, Conductor.

Prices, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, and \$6.00. Sale of seats will begin at the box-office of the theatre Monday morning, January 4th.

By order of the mail orders, accompanied by money order and addressed to H. H. Campbell, Treasurer Grand Opera House, will be filed in the order of their receipt, and seats assigned as near the desired location as possible. Steinway piano used.

### HOT AND HANDY

TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

### TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

### The Ocularium

HOLIDAY GIFTS  
EYE-GLASSES  
OPERA-GLASSES  
KODAKS

And Other Useful Articles

Henry Kahn & Co.  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

#### IXION OR THE WHEELMAN

The mythological musical extravaganza in three acts, that is the talk of the town.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Proscenium and mezzanine box seats, \$1.00. Seats on sale two weeks in advance.

Beginning Monday, January 11th—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning next Monday, January 4th, second and last week, Charles Frohman presents Clyde Fitch's best comedy.

#### THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES

Only matinee Saturday.

Special—Sunday night, January 10th, Alberta Galatin in Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

Monday, January 11th—Mrs. Langtry.

### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar."

BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, January 4th, the picturesque drama of romance,

#### A LADY OF QUALITY

By Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend.

Evenings 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 15c to 50c.

Monday, Jan. 11th—*The Moth and the Flame*.

### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors.

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week of Monday, January 4th, the greatest of spectacular melodramas,

#### MONTE CRISTO

by Alexander Dumas.

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees 10c, 15c, and 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Week of January 11th—*The Moonshiners*.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning next Sunday matinee, January 3d, the pipe dreamer.

#### JOE KELLY

and thirty others in the big musical cut-up,

#### THE HEAD WAITERS

Prices—Evenings, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, and 50c. Matinee Saturday.

Sunday matinee, January 10th—The sensational drama, *In Convict Stripes*.

### Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 3d. A big new show! Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller; Dumitrescu, Van Auker, and Vanerson; Charles and Minnie Savan; Charlotte Guyer George; The Tobins; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deaves' Merry Manikins; Ernest Hogan and Mattie Wilkes; the Orpheum motion pictures; and reproduction for one week only, of Joan Haden's "Cycle of Love."

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

### Fischer's THEATRE

Sixth and last week of

#### I-O-U

The record-breaking musical comedy.

Prices—Evenings, 75c, 50c, and 25c. Matinees, 50c and 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Monday, January 11th—*The Beauty Shop*. An incomparable production of a strictly local burlesque.

### RACING

#### New California Jockey Club

#### OAKLAND TRACK

Commencing Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6

Races start at 2.15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12.00, 12.30, 2.00, 1.30 or 2.00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking. First meeting at Oakland Track is from November 14th to December 12th. At Ingleside from December 14th to December 12th. Trains leave the track at 4.15 and 4.45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

### REMINGTON

Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street San Francisco



STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Conquest's Success.

Although Ida Conquest had played the leading part in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" but four times before she appeared in it at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. She won a star's honors, and fulfilled all that could be expected of her. She took the part almost at a moment's notice, Miss Clara Bloodgood being suddenly called away by the serious illness of her husband, William Laimbeer. She left the company in Michigan. The other players came on to San Francisco, and a telegram was sent to Miss Conquest, then in New York, to join them here. This play of Clyde Fitch has scenes calling for both emotional and comedy work, and Miss Conquest thoroughly proved her versatility. Robert Drouet, too, is excellent as the husband and the whole company is adequate. Mrs. Langtry, "the Jersey Lily," comes to the Columbia on January 11th in a repertoire of plays, including Percy Fendall's modern comedy, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." The advance sale of seats begins Thursday morning.

The Patti Concerts.

It has been definitely decided that Mme. Patti's concerts will be given at the Grand Opera House. She will sing at two concerts, the first being held on the evening of the 7th of January, and the second a matinee on the 11th. Accompanying her are Mlle. Rosa Zarnes, violinist; Mlle. Vera Margolies, pianist; Wilfred V. Rigo, tenor; Claude A. Cunningham, haritone; Anton Hegner, cellist. Signor Romualdo Sapio is the conductor. Mme. Patti, who is accompanied by her husband, Baron Cederstrom, will arrive on January 6th.

One Week More of "I-O-U."

Next week will be the sixth and last week of "I-O-U," the musical comedy at Fischer's Theatre. It will give place on January 11th to "The Beauty Shop," written by J. C. Crawford, a local newspaper man. Like "I-O-U," it is a musical comedy, and will be in three acts, "entirely local" in color, and it is even claimed that it has an ingenious plot that is coherently unfolded despite the exactions of an elaborate musical and spectacular setting. There is a chorus of fifty, which will be seen in a number of novel stage groupings. "The Beauty Shop" will introduce some new leading people, among them Miss Helen Russell, a stately beauty, said to have an unusually good soprano voice, and John Peachey, a London baritone singer, from whom great things are promised. There are sixteen musical numbers in "The Beauty Shop."

"A Lady of Quality" at the Alcazar.

The Alcazar management is generous to its patrons in the matter of putting on a diversity of good plays. "A Lady of Quality," to be presented next week, is by Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend, and is the picturesque, romantic drama in which Julia Arthur created such a sensation a few years ago. In the Alcazar production, Adele Block will have the rôle of Clara Wildairs, played by Miss Arthur. It typifies a proud, reckless, and dignified girl, and Miss Block is expected to do some fine dramatic work in the part. The romantic costuming, clash of steel, and tragic intensity will give a fine opportunity to James Durkin, who is to play Sir John Oxen. John B. Maher will be the chaplain, George Osborne will have the part of Sir Christopher, and the rôle of Anne Wildairs will be filled by Frances Starr. On January 11th, "The Moth and the Flame," by Clyde Fitch, will be presented.

The Tivoli's Spectacle.

The Tivoli Opera House's present attraction, "Ixion; or, The Wheelman," affords an opportunity for great spectacular effects. There are also some beautiful ballets, and every accessory to a gorgeous extravaganza. "Oh! Be Careful," "Never Again," "When the Gentle Breezes Blow," and "When Jupiter Leads His Own Brigade," are among the musical numbers that have caught on. It will run one week longer, and will be succeeded by "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a new comic opera.

A Complete Change.

The Road Show leaves the Orpheum after this week, and next week there will be a complete change of hill. The headliners are Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller, favorites here. They have just returned from Australia, and will present a short musical comedy, "An Election Bet." The modern circus of the best class will also contribute to the bill, Dumitrescu, Van Auken, and Vannerson doing flying acts on triple horizontal bars. Charles and Minnie Sa-Van offer a sketch, "A Comedy of Mishaps." Charlotte Guyer George comes as a well-recommended contralto. A novelty will be given in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Deaves's "Merry Mannikins," an amusing marionette performance. Joan Hayden's "Cycle of Love" will return for one week before going on the circuit, and Lotta and Belle Tobin will offer a lot of

novelties. Ernest Hogan, Mattie Wilkes, and company will appear for their last week in a change of specialties, and the latest things in hiograph pictures will be shown.

Comedy at the Grand.

The comedian, Joe Kelly, will appear at the Grand Opera House next week at the head of his company in the musical comedy, "The Head Waiters." He plays the part of Imaginary Thomas, an opium devotee, and is said to be extremely funny. The play claims nothing but a great power to amuse, being full of songs, dances, and specialties. There are thirty-five people in the cast, among them Dolly De Vyne, Franz Hayford Inman, Marie Roslyn, Edna Wellington, Charles Burkhardt, Lew Kelly, William A. Inman, Bert Wainwright, Jack Vincent, Pierce and Roslyn, and others. They will be at the Grand one week, to be followed by "In Convict's Stripes."

"Monte Cristo" at the Central.

The Central Theatre begins the year with a revival of a most picturesque and sensational drama—"The Count of Monte Cristo." It is an extravagant story—that of a young man of humble birth, who conquers all obstacles and becomes one of the richest and most powerful of men. Dumas let his imagination have full sway when he wrote this immortal romance—though there are those who say that the main idea of the story was inspired by his own early struggles. However that may be, the novel has been made into a drama that furnishes great scope for scenic effects, and the Central Theatre management announces that nothing will be lacking in this regard. The part of Edmond Dantes will be played by Herschel Mayall, who will have an opportunity to do his best work. Eugenia Thais Lawton will be the Mercedes.

An Ibsen Performance.

"Ghosts," the Ibsen play that has created so much discussion in the East, will be given one performance at the Columbia Theatre. The date is Sunday evening, January 10th, and the leading part, Mrs. Alving, is taken by Alberta Gallatin, who has received the most favorable notices in the East. The play is a particularly strong one, full of subtle force, and "Ibsenesque" to the last degree. Seats go on sale Monday morning.

Burton Holmes to Lecture Again.

Burton Holmes's illustrated lectures will be resumed at Lyric Hall during January. Five lectures will be delivered, embracing different parts of the world visited by Mr. Holmes. An Eastern paper, speaking of Mr. Holmes, says: "Mr. Holmes's pictures this season are the finest he has shown. They are, as Mr. Holmes in one of his own linguistic ecstasies might say, supremely and incomparably beautiful, with a beauty such as kisses the heaven-touching mountain tops at the sunset hour—or words to that effect. In fact, to quote Mr. Holmes more precisely, we can apply to his great colored photographs the words he bestowed upon one of the scenic marvels of the Yosemite: 'There is,' he said, 'nothing to say of this supremely beautiful cascade except that it is wondrously beautiful.' As in seasons past, the lecturer accompanies his stereopticon triumphs with pleasant, unassuming, chatty description of places and people."

Henry Miller and Charles Frohman have signed contracts by which the actor will be starred for five years by Mr. Frohman, beginning this winter. New plays will be presented twice each season. Miller will appear in San Francisco every summer, and will also play in Paris, Vienna, and other Continental cities.

Homer Davenport, who recently left the employ of the Hearst papers, had a cartoon in the New York World of December 23d.

A Salvini Incident.

The late Alexander Salvini was once playing "Hamlet" in a small Wisconsin town. The theatre was the crudest of structures, and the stage had been contrived for the occasion by the simple device of elevating a platform on four posts. When the grave-digging scene was reached a draught of cold air blew up through the aperture in the stage, and not only caused the grave-diggers' teeth to chatter, but played freaks with their garments.

Salvini, entering with Horatio, heard from the grave only a strange jumble of words hitten in pieces by the First Clown's clicking teeth. But when he saw the loose garments of the workmen flapping jocularly in the breeze, the irrelevant sight was too much for him, and laughter checked his speech. He tried to say, "Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at grave-making?" but he had to turn his face away from the audience and laugh, while the grave-diggers carried the scene along with much fuss of occupation with pick and spade till Hamlet had recovered his gravity.

Winifred Goff, who sang with the Southwell opera company at the Grand Opera House a few years ago, is now appearing in New York and Brooklyn in grand opera given in English.

Dividend Notices.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.**—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.**—For the half year ending with December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Streets.**—For the six months ending December 31, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. Dividends un-called for are added to the principal after January 1, 1904. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

**OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, December 28, 1903.**—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1903, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1904. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Market Street.**—For the half year ending December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and twenty-one hundredths (3.20) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street.**—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1904. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1904. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

Has declared a dividend for the year ending December 31, 1903, of 5 per cent. on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 8 per cent. to stockholders, free of taxes.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus...\$ 2,398,758.10  
Capital actually paid in cash...1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1903...34,819,895.12

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1903...\$33,041,290  
Paid-Up Capital...1,000,000  
Reserve Fund...247,657  
Contingent Fund...625,154

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital...\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital...300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits...200,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1903...4,128,660.11  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK, President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP...\$600,000

Charles Carpy, President  
Arthur Legalliet, Vice-President  
Leon Bocquetaz, Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital...\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve...1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits...\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital...\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets...4,734,791  
Surplus to Policy-Holders...2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
411 California Street. Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital...\$13,000,000.00  
Paid Up...2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund...300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over...100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."  
A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.  
Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.  
Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SV

Are you going to make a Will ?

If so, send for Pamphlet to

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus...\$1,288,550.43  
Total Assets...6,415,683.87

ADDRESS:

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

San Francisco, California



## VANITY FAIR.

Sydney Brooks says that, so far as he knows, New York is without a single ladies' club which aims at being to a woman what a man's club is to a man. "In London," he continues, "there are seven or eight well established, select, and admirably managed clubs of this description—the Alexandra, for instance, the Empress, the Victoria, the Green Park, and so on. All of these clubs are in the West End, side by side with their masculine rivals, and the usual qualification for membership is 'eligibility for presentation at H. M.'s Drawing-Room.' The Victoria, which aims mainly at supplying a town house and a permanent town address for country members, goes a little beyond this in restricting itself to 'gentlemen of no profession or calling.' The subscription to these clubs strikes an American as wonderfully moderate. I think \$50 entrance-fee and \$50 subscription is the highest. The average, perhaps, is from \$30 to \$35. For this a woman may get all, or nearly all, the conveniences that a man derives from his clubs. The appointments, of course, are more delicate and better cared for, but the general mechanism is the same—the same dining and reception rooms, and, in the majority of clubs, the same smoking-room. At the best ladies' clubs a member may also find a bedroom. The Alexandra, for instance, has ten, and can also accommodate three ladies' maids, and the Green Park has six."

Jacob French, who writes about Japanese geisha-girls in a current magazine, declares that the stories of "the most unheard of orgies" told by "imaginative glohe-trotters" are "grossly false." "If these travelers," he continues, "saw such revolting sights among the homeless haridans and wastrels of seaport towns, they should have been more accurate in designating them, for these wretched mortals were not geishas." Mr. French thinks that "as the pagan society of Japan is organized, the geishas are simply indispensable." Since "the wife as a social unit is completely submerged, it follows that others of her sex must take her place socially, and in this office the geisha-girls play an important rôle. No matter how gay or even wanton the Japanese husband may be, his wife must remain leal and devoted to him. If she does not, he divorces her without much ceremony and with no alimony. When he fares forth socially, he does not take her with him." Therefore, the geishas "serve as social substitutes for those wives, sisters, and daughters who are not allowed to be present at a dinner-party in a Japanese nobleman's home, much less in a tea-house." The writer admits that "no small number" of the geishas are to be "ranked among fallen women," but not all. Their usual function is to lend life, color, and gaiety to social gatherings. "At a dinner in a 'tea-house' for four guests, you would want, if you adhered to conventions, four *maikos* (apprentices) and two geishas, for, say, three hours; and the repeat if elaborate and in a first-class resort, including tips and everything, would cost about seven dollars. The geishas are not only engaged to entertain at tea-houses and private dinners given by noblemen, but they are often invited as companions to enliven box-parties in the theatres. In that way, again, they act as social substitutes. And, however loose may be their talk, the geishas are always modest in their actions." The geishas also occupy a large place as a commercial factor. A wholesale merchant who wishes to sell a large bill of goods invites the prospective buyer to a smart dinner with several pretty geishas. "Nearly all the important merchants have a geisha in their employ at a monthly salary." And politically," says Mr. French, "the geisha is a connecting link, a sort of Mme. de Pompadour, between the commonalty and the ruling powers."

An American woman resident in a Paris hotel, bitterly complains that she loses "twenty four hours out of each week saying good-morning and good-evening to the men, women, little children, and dogs about her," after the elaborate fashion of the French people. "If you encounter the same person twenty-five times in the same day," she says, "you must each time smile rapturously, pause, at least shake hands if you do not kiss, ceremoniously inquire how he or she is 'going,' and ceremoniously bid him or her *au revoir* at parting. Not only every man and woman expects this, but all the little children toddle up to you, shake hands, and exact the same amount of ceremony. Then every well-regulated French family has a dog who more than likely occupies a chair and cuts off a plate beside you at the table, so that it is considered churlish if you do not also stop and tell the dog *bon jour* and *au revoir* a dozen times a day, pausing to take the paw which he is prettily taught to extend to you. When the washerwoman brings home your linen, there are, at least five minutes spent in ceremoniously greeting and parting from her. In the operation of receiving and paying for your year's exchange *mercies* and *pardons* more than ten times. Any other serving or tradesman who comes to do busi-

ness with you throughout the day you similarly receive with *bon jour*, *monsieur*, and *au revoir*, *monieur*, and you thank him and beg his pardon as often as you can possibly get the words into the length of time he has to stay. Then the servants regularly employed about the house are eternally appearing and demanding *bon jours* and *pardons* and *mercies*. This last word is so constantly in use among the French that it keeps up a sort of hissing sound which disturbs American nerves a little until one grows accustomed to it."

"In writing, the language becomes even more awful than the spoken form in its consumption of time and patience. I shudder to think what would be the figures resulting if the cost of French politeness were to be investigated and stated in economic terms. Does your dentist give you an appointment, he writes that 'Dr. — will have the honor to receive Mme. — at such and such hour.' Do you send a postal-card to the Bon Marche, ordering some samples of embroidery silk, you receive in response a letter in which Mme. Veuve Aristide Boucicault et Messieurs Fillet Ricos Lucet et Cie. beg to inform you of the great pleasure and honor you have done them in commanding samples of embroidery silk; they beg you kindly to accept the same, which they have the happiness to present to you inclosed, and, in concluding, they further beg you agreeably to accept the assurance of their most distinguished sentiments. Your milkman, rendering your monthly bill, asks you to 'kindly accept, madame, the expression of our earnest regard.' This from your milkman, and your dealings with butcher, baker, coalman, proceed on the same basis of polite ceremony. If you are writing a note to your landress, you begin by addressing her as 'Madame,' and when you have prayed her to be so amiable as to return the three stockings and six handkerchiefs which she has unhappily withheld the week past, you conclude with some sort of conveyance of your 'most distinguished sentiments.'"

Indecency in the dress of women was the theme of the Rev. Dr. Joseph McMahon, in a lecture in New York the other day. "In the most degraded days of France," he declared, "the gowns of women were not nearly so low, so given to falling away, as is considered good form in society now." Then he described the dress of the French Revolution as "unspeakable." And he went on to intimate that history will again repeat itself in our land and day. "We know the style of costume that existed in France. It does not bear description here, although in the social world it is tolerated and even considered good form. There is a mere pretence of being covered—a mere pretence. Go out into public places, down among the Christmas shoppers, and you will find ladies wearing costumes fitted only for the drawing-room, the *salon*, the opera, or at most for a carriage. What does it indicate? A lack of balance. It shows an extravagance that borders on the criminal. When the philosopher studies this he finds no idea of impropriety, no sense of immodesty or sensuality in the wearer in many cases, but he finds always that slavish condition that can not long last with immunity. Such dress dulls the modesty, lessens true womanliness, initiates a propensity to sensuality. It is introducing, one by one, modes which are blowing out the light of decency."

Another clergyman who is concerned over women's ways is the Rev. Moreau Dix, pastor of Trinity Church, New York, who says: "I am sick at heart over the women. Man used to regard woman with such reverence. When I was a boy all boys of generous spirit looked up to her. In these days the women have come down to our level; they were womanly, and now they are ceasing to be. Nowadays they talk like men, and do all things that men do. If there is anything that men despise it is a mannish woman. All this comes from leaving the womanly things of life and invading the sphere of men. Woman should never vote or he doctors, lawyers, or ministers."

The news that the 1903 vintage of champagne has been a complete failure will strike dismay into the hearts of the British diner, says the London *Mail*. It is true that no immediate lack of this popular wine is to be anticipated, but the hotel and restaurant keepers and the wine merchants are making a not unreasonable use of their opportunity, and are putting up the price of the earlier vintages.

England has a National Mouse Association, with two hundred members, who support a paper devoted entirely to the breeding of mice, and hold an annual show, with a challenge cup offered for the champion mouse. At the Walthamstow Fanciers' Show, recently, there was a mouse section, in which there were many entries in competition for the four prizes. Several of the mice exhibited were valued at fifty dollars. Some very beautifully marked, novel colored, and dainty little mice were among the exhibits. In judging, marks were given for well-shaped heads, large bodies, ex-

ceptionally good marking, length of tails, color and brilliance of eyes, and tameness. Mice come to maturity in about ten weeks, and start breeding at about three months. The proper way to handle a mouse is to lift it by its tail.

Judging from the following advertisement in the *Irish Times*, the servant difficulty can not be much felt in Ireland. Domestic help of any kind must be cheap, if there is any chance of obtaining the services of a lady with all these qualifications at thirty dollars a year: "A young lady help wanted, not over thirty; nothing menial; servant kept; must know how to cook, and be good at needlework; treated as member of family; preference to one out before; replies to state age, copy reference, and enclose stamp; nice part of Dublin; 10s. per month given and laundry. Address," etc.

He never did: *Hamphat*—"My poor, old Uncle Richley is dying. Years ago he told me if I became an actor he would disown me." *Critchick*—"Lucky dog! You'll come in for a nice fortune, won't you?"—*Ex.*

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

Tesla Bricquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
December 23d.....	66	44	.00	Clear
" 24th.....	60	32	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	58	48	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	60	46	.00	Clear
" 27th.....	60	46	.00	Clear
" 28th.....	58	46	.00	Clear
" 29th.....	60	46	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, December 29, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	2,000	@ 99	.....	100
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 113	113	
North Shore Ry 5%.....	1,000	@ 100½	.....	101
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 107½	107	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	10,000	@ 108- 108½	108½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	1,000	@ 107½	107	107½
S. V. Water 6%.....	26,000	@ 106	106	
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley W. Co Street R. R.....	392	@ 38¾- 39	38¾	39¾
California St.....	30	@ 200	199	
Presidio.....	10	@ 40	38	41
	POWERS.		Closed	
	82	@ 62½- 63	62	65
	SUGARS.		Closed	
	15	@ 44½	44½	45
Honokaa S. Co.....	335	@ 12½	12½	13½
Hutchinson.....	10	@ 9½		
Makaweli S. Co.....	10	@ 23	23	
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.		Closed	
	25	@ 3¾	3¾	4
Central L. & P.....	20	@ 8¾- 9	7	10
Mutual Electric.....	70	@ 64½- 67	64	65
	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed	
	40	@ 140	.....	141
Alaska Packers.....	35	@ 91½	91	92
Cal. Wine Assn.....	60	@ 5	.....	5½
Oceanic S. Co.....				

The business for the week was small. The water stocks kept steady, with no change worth mentioning.

The sugars were in small demand, less than 370 shares changing hands at fractional declines.

San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 70 shares about held its own in price, closing at 64 bid, 65 asked. The company paid a dividend of \$2.50 per share on December 24, 1903.

The Stock and Bond Exchange adjourns from Thursday, December 31st, 1903, to January 4th, 1904, at 10.30 A. M. call.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

## A. W. BLOW.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

## A. W. BLOW &amp; CO.

Tel. Bush 24 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## BONESTELL, RICHARDSON &amp; CO.

## DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping, 401-403 Sansome St.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

**FLORIDA WATER**

THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

**GEO. GOODMAN**  
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF  
**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schilling's Patent.  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.  
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

Every genuine Hartshorn shade roller has the autograph signature of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Ask your dealer for the

**IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.**  
No tacks required to attach shade.  
WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets ..... \$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 5710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## THE

## Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, tells a new story of Marion Crawford, the novelist. According to Mr. Yeats, a lady asked Mr. Crawford if he thought that anything he had written would live after he had gone. "Madame," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, delighted in telling that while in France he was standing on a country road admiring the landscape, when he noticed that the peasants who were passing doffed their hats to him. This attention was very flattering, until he discovered that he was standing in front of a roadside statue of the Virgin Mary, to which the peasants were showing their customary reverence.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young harrister, told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses: First, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness; and finally, of "my brother Fred."

President Roosevelt has the reputation of telling every visitor who is admitted to his presence that he is "de-light-ed" to see him. A New York literary man, while waiting for an audience with the President, scornfully expressed his disbelief of this habit. He looked chagrined when he returned from the audience, and to a friend's inquiry as to whether President Roosevelt had expressed himself as "de-light-ed," he replied in disgust: "Yes—he said it four times in the four minutes I was with him."

The fondness that some people have for contact with notables is not always shared by the notables themselves. It is told by the late Baron Huddleston that he once tried to obtain a seat next to a duke at the table d'hôte in a hotel where both were guests. That this proximity to the great man might be brought about, the haron gave the waiter a sovereign. The servant proved a traitor, and an explanation being demanded, he confessed that the duke had given him two sovereigns not to give the haron the coveted seat.

The editor of a Paris paper, recalling what Zola had done for Dreyfus, called upon the novelist to have him review the unfortunate captain's book, the history of his troubles. The visitor found him at the big table in his library, doing his day's work. "Review Captain Dreyfus's book!" he repeated, when the proposition was made to him. He got up and ambled round the table—a short man, with a stomach and no presence—grunting at intervals. Finally he said: "Why should I review his book? He never even read mine."

The list of silent great men is a long one. Especially is this true of noted warriors. Wallenstein, Wellington, Von Moltke, Grant, Marlborough, Charlemagne, Hannibal, Caesar, all gave their orders in as few words as possible, and demanded like brevity from their subordinates. It is said that Marlborough never allowed more than a minute for a verbal report, and it is told of Von Moltke that when an aid-de-camp brought a written message that France had declared war, the great general simply ordered it filed in the "second pigeon-hole on the right, first tier." In that pigeon-hole were complete plans for the successful campaign that followed.

Sir Tatton Sykes, who was in San Francisco recently, revealed the fact in Chicago that he carries water from England with him on his travels, having supplies from home reach him by express at the different cities he visits. At the Chicago hotel which sheltered him, he caused a protest from the waiters by carrying a spirit lamp into the dining-room with him and making his own tea at the table. His supply of English water was exhausted one Sunday morning, and until an express package containing several five-gallon bottles of distilled London fog arrived, late in the afternoon, Sir Tatton was the most perturbed man in the hotel. "You Chicagoans have heastly water," he said; "I heard of it before I came here."

Governor Taft, who sailed from Manila for the United States on December 23d, has worked one decided reform there: he has instilled a spirit of democracy, accompanied by handshakes, instead of bow-tows. When he went to the province of Bulacan to inaugurate a local civil government, he was attired in a suit of light linen instead of in the gorgeous hahlments that the Filipinos expected to see him wear. He was met by the presidente of Malolos, who, hristling with dignity, medals, decorations, and gold braid, was waiting to greet Taft with befitting dignity. The presen-

tation was made, and before the presidente could utter a word of his elaborate welcome, Taft grabbed him by the hand, and, with "How d'ye do? Glad to see you," nearly wrung it off. It made such an impression upon the local ruler that he discarded his gaudiness for plain linen clothing, and gave the "glad hand" everywhere he went, in imitation of Governor Taft.

The advantage of beginning a career at an early age is shown by the precocity of Edward Penfield, the designer and illustrator—that is, if Mr. Penfield is to be believed. It is told of him that he was once showing a piece of his early work to a friend, who, knowing that Mr. Penfield is yet under forty, asked, in astonishment, at what age he began to study art. With seeming reluctance, Mr. Penfield gave the following explanation: "When a baby, I was left in a basket at the door of the Art Students' League. They took me in and gave me a bottle of Chinese-white and water. I cried for more, and so they set me to work."

Princes—even crown princes—are not all free of parental rule. Kaiser Wilhelm believes in the iron hand in household as well as in state affairs, as Crown Prince Frederick William has found to his discomfort. The Kaiser dislikes horse-racing, especially steeple-chasing, and forbade the crown prince to indulge in the sport. He disobeyed, and the punishment inflicted by his royal father was the young man's confinement to his room. The crown prince's inclinations toward disobedience are probably hereditary. The Kaiser was a small and saucy hoy at the time the present king and queen of England were married, and was an interested spectator of the ceremony. He was also a rather noisy one, so the Duke of Connaught, his uncle, administered a quiet but forcible spanking. The future kaiser did not whimper, but sliding quietly to the floor, he closed his teeth on the calf of his uncle's leg with such energy that he drew blood.

Newspaperdom relates a story of a new reporter on a sensational New York daily, who one day called up his chief by telephone for instructions as to what he should do. It was in the days when the yellow-journalism craze was at its height, and the battle for "news" was fierce. The city editor asked the reporter to hold the wire a minute till he saw if he had anything to be looked after in that section of the city. Then these instructions came over the wire: "Summers, a prominent, wealthy, young fellow named Stuart was up in the West Side police court for drunkenness this morning. He pleaded to have his name kept out of the newspapers for fear that his mother would hear of it. She has heart trouble, and he says the shock would kill her. Go over to her house at—West Seventy-Second Street, and tell her about it. See if you can't kill her. We need news." Click. He hung up the receiver. But fortunately the lady was in Syracuse.

Actors and actresses do not always allow for the fact that "property" weather does not invariably agree with the thermometer. Beer-hoim Tree tells that once, when he was playing before a New York audience, the scene represented intense cold. Mr. Tree's lines called for remarks upon the frigidity of the atmosphere, and as he delivered them he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped from his face the perspiration that had been induced by the heavy fur overcoat he was wearing. Kathryn Kidder made an equally ridiculous error once. She had the part of a worker in a laundry, and was busily engaged in ironing when a stray cat walked onto the stage. Miss Kidder, to give a touch of domesticity to the scene, picked up the cat, petted her, and put her down on the nearest place at hand. Suddenly there was a ripple of laughter in the audience, and Miss Kidder instinctively looked for the cat. She saw her curled up sleeping where she had put her—among the irons on the supposedly red-hot range.

## Our Beautiful Language.

A boy who swims may say he's swum, but milk is skimmed and seldom skum, and nails you trim, they are not trum.

When words you speak, these words are spoken, but a nose is tweaked and can't be twoken, and what you seek is never soken.

If we forget, then we've forgotten, but things we wet are never wotten, and houses let can not be lotten.

The goods one sells are always sold, but fears dispelled are not dispoled, nor what you smell is never smoled.

When young, a top you oft saw spun, but did you see a grin e'er grun or a potato neatly skun?

## The Perfection

of a pure, rich, unsweetened condensed milk is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is always available for every use, which raw milk or cream is devoted, and is far superior to the average quality of either. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Tale of a Martyr.

Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddle  
Studied hygienic twaddle,  
Till she got it in her noddle  
That she couldn't live on food—  
And she used to sit and ponder  
On the happy Over-Yonder  
Where the hosts angelic wander,  
And on such things she would brood.

Nothing not by art digested  
Miss Sophronia molested,  
And she got herself infested  
With the cerealitis fad.  
Till the little wit created  
In her skull evaporated,  
And her common sense was slated  
To go slumping to the bad.

She ate hay and wheat and barley,  
She chewed soap-nuts small and gnarly,  
With a steak she ne'er would parley,  
Nor with solid stuff like that;  
But she stuck with grim persistence  
To her predigested existence,  
And she fought with firm resistance  
All temptation to get fat.

So in course of time she grew to  
Be a part of what she's chew to—  
Ready Oats she ate at 2:02  
And Aseptic bran at 4;  
At just 5 she'd eat her dinner  
Of Dust-Corn (that was a winner!).  
As she kept on growing thinner  
She aseptized the more!

Well, this tale must have an ending,  
And it is no use pretending  
That the end we are intending  
Is a triumph, for it aint;  
Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddle,  
With her hygienic twaddle,  
Through eternity will toddle  
As a predigested saint.

—Baltimore News.

## The Norsk-Nightingale.

Speak yentle—it ban better far  
To rule by love dan fear;  
Ef yu speak rough, yu stand nice chance  
To get good smash on ear.

Speak yentle to the coal man—he  
Ban easy to get mad;  
Ef yu ant getting any coal,  
By Yinger, dat ban bad!

Speak yentle to poleesman, tu—  
Ay know lie ban mean pup;  
But vat's the use to taling him  
Ven yu skol get locked up?

Speak yentle to the alderman  
Ven he ban feeling bine,  
And maybe, ven he turn gude trick,  
He skol whack up with yut!

Speak yentle to your lady friends  
And give gude lots of hunk,  
Ef yu skol lak to getting chance  
To put yure clothes in trunk!

Speak yentle to Yim Yeffries, tu,  
Ay tank dis ban gude hunch—  
Den yu ant need to put yure face  
On Maester Yeffries's punch!

Speak yentle everywhere yu go,  
An people skol forget  
That yu ban watching for gude chance  
To vinning every bet!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## The Grafters Seven Stages.

All the world is graft,  
And all the people in it merely graftiers  
Whose hopes are set on public offices,  
And one man in his time gets many snaps  
If he can pull the wires. At first the heeler  
Doing the dirty work his boss lays out,  
And then the party leader in his precinct,  
Delivering the vote as he may think  
His interests demand. And then appointed  
A member of some board where he has power  
To vote on contracts and secure a rake-off  
For his own profit. Then a member  
Of the State legislature, or perhaps  
A candidate for mayor or for sheriff,  
Seeking to be "honored by the people"  
And to spread his graft. And then on Congress

He cocks his weather eye and pulls the strings  
Until, with polished manner and well-clothed  
He stands before the public as a "statesman"  
And works the mileage racket and gets  
In on the ground floor when big deals are  
planned

By Wall Street gentlemen. The Senate next,  
Where, dignified, he dozes at his desk  
And dreams of public lands which he may use  
To benefit himself or let his friends  
Have for their private gain; post-offices  
He hands around to those he thinks may help  
Him when the "grateful people" are implored  
To "honor him" once more. Last graft of all,  
A public sinecure somewhere for life,  
When he's too old to mingle with the boys,  
So he may still keep one hand in the crib  
And sink down through the unrelenting years  
Sans work, sans care, sans everything but graft.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
St. Louis..... Jan. 9 | St. Paul..... Jan. 23  
New York..... Jan. 16 | Philadelphia..... Jan. 30  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Haverford..... Jan. 9, 3 pm | Friesland..... Jan. 23, 1:30 pm  
Noordland..... Jan. 16, 9 am | Merion..... Jan. 30, 8:30 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Mesaba..... Jan. 9, 9 am  
Memnonia..... Jan. 16, 9 am  
Minnetonka..... Jan. 23, 9 am  
Minneapolis..... Jan. 30, 3 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion..... Jan. 23 | Dominion..... Feb. 27  
Canada..... Feb. 6 | Canada..... March 12

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Vaderland..... Jan. 9 | Zealand..... Jan. 23  
Kronland..... Jan. 16 | Finland..... Jan. 30

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic..... Jan. 6, 10 am | Cedric..... Jan. 27, noon  
Celtic..... Jan. 13, 2 pm | Majestic..... Feb. 3, 10 am  
Teutonic..... Jan. 20, 10 am | Oceanic..... Feb. 10, 1 pm

## Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric..... Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 17  
Cretic..... Feb. 4, March 3, March 31

## Boston Mediterranean Direct.

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic..... Jan. 16, Feb. 27, April 9  
Canopic..... Jan. 30, Mar. 12  
Republic (new)..... Feb. 13, Mar. 26  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Coptic..... Friday, Jan. 15  
Gaelic..... Wednesday, Feb. 10  
Doric (Calling at Manila)..... Saturday, Feb. 15  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904  
America Maru..... Monday, January 25  
Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, February 17  
Nippon Maru..... Tuesday, March 15  
(Calling at Manila.)  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Jan. 6, 1904, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ahamedia, for Honolulu only, Jan. 9, 1904, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

## COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.  
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.  
Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat—greens, grays, black, and red; most striking artistic for a very moderate outlay. See Kirk, Geary & Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, and Mr. John Wilson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Gowan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gowan, and Mr. Thomas Haskins, of the diplomatic service, who is stationed at Pekin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathro Burton, daughter of Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., who was formerly inspector-general of the Department of California, and Lieutenant George Morris Lee, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., son of General and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee.

The date for the wedding of Miss Louise Heppner, daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Wilson, and Mr. Milton E. Unger, is set for January 11th.

The marriage of Miss Isabel McKenna, daughter of Justice McKenna and Mrs. McKenna, and Mr. Pitts Duffield, will take place at the home of the bride's parents in Washington, D. C., at noon on January 6th.

The wedding of Miss Grace Maynard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Maynard, and Lieutenant Edward Philip Tompkinson, H. M. N., took place Tuesday morning at the home of the bride's parents, 1241 Leavenworth Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Bours.

The marriage of Mrs. Lena A. Underhill, daughter of Judge George W. Schell, and Mr. Henry Guest Dickson, of New York, took place last Saturday at the residence of the bride.

Mrs. Charles W. Slack will receive on Tuesdays in January at her home, 2224 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick gave a dance and "winter picnic" at her Jackson Street residence, on Tuesday evening, in honor of her niece, Miss Helen Bowie, and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith. Others present were Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Alice Sprague, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Dorothy Gittings, Miss Anne Worcester, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Grace Martin, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Gerald Buckley, Mr. John Polhemus, Mr. Lloyd Robbins, Mr. Edwin McAfee, Mr. Cary Van Fleet, Mr. Frank Glass, Mr. William Horn, Mr. William Collier, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Ferd Reis, Mr. Athole McBean, Captain Kilburn, Dr. Pressley, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Allen Wright, Mr. Hamilton Bowie, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Redick Duperu, Mr. Robert Greer, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, and Mr. Bayard Moulder.

Mrs. William J. Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton will receive on New Year's Day from four to six. Assisting in receiving will be Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Katharine May Dillon, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Florence Bailey, and Miss Bessie Wilson.

A tea was given last Sunday afternoon by Mrs. William B. Wilshire and Miss Jane Wilshire, in honor of Mrs. Wilshire's niece, Miss Clara Carpenter, of Los Angeles. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Carpenter, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Lucy King, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Cole, and Miss Florence Cole.

A tea was given by Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton on Saturday last in honor of Mrs. Dutton's sister, Mrs. Henry Macfarlane, of Honolulu. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William Lindsay Spencer, Mrs. John G. Clark, Mrs. Earle E. Brownell, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck.

Mrs. James Follis gave a children's Christmas party for her young son, Master Ralph Gwin Follis. About twenty children were entertained.

Mrs. Gerrit Lansing gave a luncheon at the University Club on Tuesday. Others at table

were Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. J. J. Moore, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Perris Coleman, Miss Mabel Toy, Baroness Nugent, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Miss Alice Sullivan, Mrs. Seward W. McNear, Miss Charlotte Lally, Mrs. Burns MacDonald, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Miss Borel, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Florence Gibbons, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Frank P. Wilson, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Adam Grant, Miss Amy Porter, Mrs. Hilda MacDonald Baxter, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mrs. S. Parker Currier, and Mrs. Warren Clark.

A hop was given on the evening of December 23d by the Bachelors' mess at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

A luncheon was given by Mrs. John F. Boyd at the University Club on Thursday in honor of Mrs. D. D. Colton.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence, 2885 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Bernice Drown.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington gives a tea on January 1st, at which her youngest daughter, Miss Marion Huntington, makes her formal debut. Those who will assist in receiving are Miss Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, Mrs. Morton Gibbons, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Minnie Rodgers, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Helen Murison, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Kathryn Herrin, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Helen Ingram Baily, and Miss Elsie Dorr.

Mrs. John Charles Adams gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Malcolm Henry. Covers were laid for nearly a hundred.

Mr. James D. Phelan will give a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on January 5th, in honor of his niece, Miss Alice Sullivan.

Mrs. Silas Henry Palmer will receive on the second Friday in January at her residence on Washington Street and Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wright Downey will receive at their new residence, 2537 Van Ness Avenue, on the second Friday of each month.

A tea will be given by Miss Amy Gunn on Friday, January 1st, in honor of Miss Elsie Dorr.

A tea will be given by Mrs. George Gibbs on Saturday, January 2d, in honor of her niece, Miss Kane.

A reception was given by Mrs. Thomas Darragh on Sunday afternoon for her niece, Miss Mabel Bacon, of Santa Barbara. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Redmond Payne, Mrs. Oscar Beatty, Mrs. Gustavus Brown, Mrs. William Spencer, Miss Alice Sprague, and Miss Gertrude Dutton.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood will entertain many friends on New Year's Day at her residence at the corner of Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street.

Miss M. E. Callaghan gave a luncheon at her Pacific Avenue residence on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. D. D. Colton, of Washington, D. C. Others at table were Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. James Irvine, Miss Mollie Phelan, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. Pettigrew, Mrs. W. W. Deamer, Miss Florence Mullins, Miss Kate Mihan, and Miss Helen Pettigrew.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at her residence, 1117 Hyde Street, in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Others at table were Mrs. Lyman Colburn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Dr. and Mrs. John G. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsay Spencer, Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., Mr. Emerson Warfield, and Mr. Frank Owens.

Mr. John F. Harrold recently gave a dinner in New York at his apartments in the Hatfield House in honor of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. Others at table, most of whom are California writers, were Mr. and Mrs. Emery Pottle, Mrs. Frank Norris, Miss Geraldine Bonner, Mr. Gelett Burgess, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mr. Edward Leventritt.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young give an extravaganza, "The Colorado Belle," written by Mr. Will Irwin and Mr. Ernest Simpson, at their residence on New Year's eve. Among those in the cast were Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Lucie King, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Pearl Landers, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Charles Shea, Mr. William H. Smith, Mr. Dick Hotelling, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Joseph Rosborough, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Burbank Somers, and Mr. Emerson Warfield.

The grandest view of Central California is from the top of Mt. Tamalpais, which overlooks the bay and its cities, the ocean and the coast, both north and south. The ride up the crookedest road in the world is extremely picturesque, and the Tavern at the top of the mountain is a famous hostelry, visited by hundreds of tourists.

## The School of Design.

The California School of Design, which closed for the Christmas vacation with an unusually large attendance, reopens for the second term on January 4th. Arrangements have been made for a series of lectures on the history of art, which, combined with the regular lectures on anatomy and on perspective, will render this department of the school very attractive. Another development of the school will be a normal course for the benefit of those students who desire to prepare themselves for the profession of teaching. This extension will prove valuable, not only to art students individually, but to the educational interests of the State as well.

## The San Mateo Hunt Meets.

The meets of the San Mateo County Hunt during the month of January will be: Saturday, January 2d, Crossways; Wednesday, January 6th, kennels; Saturday, January 9th, Tanforan; Wednesday, January 13th, polo field; Saturday, January 16th, Belmont; Wednesday, January 20th, Milbrae Dairy; Saturday, January 23d, Crossways Farm; Wednesday, January 27th, Laurel Creek; Saturday, January 30th, Burlingame Club.

Joseph B. Crockett, long connected with the gas and electric light business in San Francisco, died of heart trouble on December 24th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, at San Mateo. Mr. Crockett was a native of St. Louis, was fifty-three years of age, and had been a resident of California since 1859. He went into the gas business immediately upon his arrival here, and up to two years ago, when he was forced to resign on account of ill health, was at the head of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company. For many years he was president of the San Francisco Gas Light Company. He is survived by a widow, Mrs. Caroline M. Crockett; a daughter, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott; and three sisters, Mrs. J. T. Grimwood, Mrs. Kate Ritter, and Miss Emma Crockett.

The White Star Line, already celebrated for eclipsing records as regards size of steamers, recently launched another palatial vessel—larger even than the *Celtic* and *Cedric*—now running in the Atlantic trade. It is called the *Baltic*, and is from Harland & Wolff's yard, at Belfast. It is the largest and, in many respects, the finest vessel afloat; her great size making it possible to add improvements even beyond the other vessels of this type, in which the shipbuilder's art has already obtained such a high standard of excellence. The dimensions of the *Baltic* are as follows: Length, 725 feet 9 inches; breadth, 75 feet; depth, 49 feet. Her gross tonnage will be nearly 23,000; her capacity for cargo about 28,000 tons, and the displacement at her load draft about 40,000 tons.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has promised to edit a number of the *Chaparral*, the funny paper of Stanford University. Full control will be surrendered to him by "Ike" Russell, the under-graduate editor, and for a brief time early next semester the learned president will hold the weapon of josh and ridicule in his own hand. Those who have already promised to assist him are Professor Albert W. Smith, head of the department of mechanical engineering; Dr. O. L. Eliott, registrar of the university; and Associate Professor A. G. Newcomer, of the department of English. Dr. Jordan himself writes as humorously as he speaks, and the general idea is that there is something good in store for the under-graduates.

The Italian publisher, Sonzogno, who recently offered a \$10,000 prize for the best opera, took special precautions that it should not go to a German. Humperdinck, who was one of the judges, complains that the German manuscripts were not sent to him, but to an Italian who does not understand a word of German! The result was that among the fourteen operas designated as worthy of note not one was by a German. In the manuscripts submitted to him, Humperdinck found very little merit. One thing that struck him was the evidence in most of the scores that the "Veristic" school of Mascagni and Leoncavallo has had its day; their works no longer serve as models.

The highest salaried woman at the Pension Bureau in Washington, D. C., is Miss Annie Shirley, whom Commissioner Ware has promoted to a place which pays \$1,800 a year. Only one other woman has received so large a salary. Miss Shirley was appointed a clerk in the bureau about twenty-five years ago. During the greater part of her service she has been attached to the office of the chief clerk. For many years she has made up the bureau pay-rolls.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

## Holiday Suggestions.

Hat orders. Eugene Korn, Knox agency, 746 Market Street.

# Pears'

The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.



## The American Gentleman's Whiskey



HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

## C. H. REHNSTROM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILOR AND IMPORTER

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO.

The Old Reliable  
**ROYAL**  
BAKING POWDER  
ABSOLUTELY  
PURE  
There is no substitute



## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.



Deserve your confidence. They have never failed—won't fail now. Sold by all dealers. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid, free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.  
Detroit, Mich.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

### OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. James Flood and a party of friends will spend two weeks hunting on Mr. Flood's ranch in the southern part of the State.

Mr. Oliver Dibble will leave New York early in February for San Francisco, where his marriage to Miss Katherine Du Val will take place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gray spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney at the Whitney ranch at Rocklin.

Mrs. Francis Carolan is expected back from New York in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant have returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Grace Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels have gone to San Diego, where they will spend the New Year holidays.

Mrs. Allen Lewis, of Portland, Or., is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, at her residence on Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett, who recently returned from a trip to Japan, expect to spend the next two or three months in Cuba. They will leave here in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister were in New York last week.

Mrs. William F. Herrin and Miss Herrin were in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa have returned from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden were guests at the Hotel del Monte during the week.

Miss Naloni Jones, niece of Mrs. A. F. Dixon, who has been spending some weeks at the Mare Island quarters of Commander and Mrs. Dixon, has returned to her home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Elliott spent the holidays with Commander F. A. Holmes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Holmes at Mare Island.

Dr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles and family are sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs returned last Saturday to New York.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, who is at present traveling abroad, will return to New York in January.

Mr. Emil Bruguière has returned from New York, where he has been arranging for the production of his opera, "The Three Kings of Corea."

Mr. Charles Shea, of Harvard, is the guest of Mr. Charles de Young.

Miss Adah Howell is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Clinton, wife of Captain George Clinton, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort Bliss, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have been in Santa Barbara during the week.

Judge W. W. Morrow, accompanied by Mrs. Morrow, has returned from Washington, D. C., where he attended a two days' session of the Carnegie Institute, of which he is the trustee representing the Pacific Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothschild have gone to New York, where they will remain for the winter.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Houghton have been sojourning at the Hotel del Monte. Mrs. Prescott Sawyer is spending the holidays with Judge Frank Allyn and Mrs. Allyn, of Tacoma.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her son, Mr. Frederick Hotaling, are at Frankfort-on-the-Main, whence they will go to Italy.

Mrs. Helen Hecht has returned from Europe, after an absence of several years.

Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman have been recently in Berlin.

### A New Club Organized.

San Francisco is to have a new club, to be known as "Jefferson Square Club," from its location in the Pioneer Automobile Co.'s building, on Golden Gate Avenue, opposite Jefferson Square. One of the chief features will be a number of bowling alleys, some of which will be reserved for ladies between the hours of two and four. The dining-room will be large, and each table will be provided with a telephone. It will have a seating capacity of one hundred persons. Private dressing-rooms and lockers will be provided for both ladies and gentlemen. Members' automobiles will be stored free of charge. Among those who will be members are Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Henry D. Morton, Mr. R. M. Davis, Major Rochester, U. S. A., Mr. Charles C. Moore, Mr. E. E. Stoddard, Mr. Milton Bremner, Dr. Birdsall, Dr. Howard Morrow, Mr. Edward J. Hammer, Mr. Roy Welden, Mr. Harry Ward, Mr. James Bender, Mr. Albert Bender, Mr. Frank Kerrigan. The opening of the club will take place on January 10th.

Gentleman—"You can't work on account of paralysis! Nonsense, you look as strong as I do." Tramp—"Well, ye see, boss, it's paralysis of de will dat I am troubled wit'."—*Town and Country.*

—MAKE NO MISTAKE, KENT, SHIRT TAILOR, 121 Post St., cuts fine-fitting Shirt Waists for ladies.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

### Army and Navy News.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., arrived Monday from Honolulu, where he has been inspecting the military defenses.

Lieutenant-Commander I. S. K. Reeves, U. S. N., has been detached from the *New York* and ordered to his home to await orders.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempf, U. S. N., retired, and Miss Cornelia Kempf have returned from their visit to Texas, and are for the present at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been appointed chief of staff of the Division of the Pacific.

The United States steamer *Mohican* will arrive at San Francisco about January 14th for a two months' stay.

Lieutenant Charles H. Fulton, Philippine Scouts, will proceed from San Francisco to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and report to the commanding officer, General Hospital, for treatment.

Captain David M. King, U. S. A., will make three visits of inspection per month during January, February, and March to the works of the California Powder Works at Santa Cruz and Pinole.

Lieutenant H. A. Herbert, U. S. N., who has been convalescing at the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, has gone on a three months' sick leave.

Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., detail officer of the Bureau of Navigation, will leave Washington for San Francisco next Tuesday to take command of the new protected cruiser *Tacoma*, now receiving finishing touches at the Union Iron Works.

Mrs. Gafen, wife of Lieutenant Nelson Gafen, U. S. A., arrived in San Francisco this week en route to the Philippines.

Jerome Sykes, the well-known actor, died in Chicago Monday, after a four days' illness, of pneumonia. He had been playing the leading part in "The Billionaires," and his final illness came through being thinly clad in an amateur performance at a dinner he gave to his company on Christmas eve. Sykes was one of our best light opera comedians. He was last seen in San Francisco eight years ago, when he appeared with the Bostonians.

The celebrated painting, "Constance de Beverly," by Toby Rosenthal, which belonged to the collection of the late Irving M. Scott, has been placed on exhibition at the Hopkins Art Institute through the courtesy of Mrs. Scott. Two other paintings lent by Mrs. Scott are J. G. Denny's "Drifting" and "Gypsy Camp," by A. Van der Venne.

The main event at the Ingleside track this week is the New Year Handicap, for two-year-olds and upward, to be run on Friday, January 1st. With \$60 to start, \$10 to forfeit, ninety-eight entries, and \$2,000 added, the purse will be a large one and worth fighting for. The racing will change to the Oakland track next week.

### A Happy New Year.

That is the greeting which one hears on every side these days. Happiness for the year to come is the thing that all desire, and the greater the regard for your friend, the greater happiness you wish for him. Happy homes form centers for the dissemination of happiness. Several wise people have discovered lately that as happy a home as one can find, with none of the vexations of tradesmen or of servants, is the Hotel del Monte. Under new plans and new management, arrangements have been made at this resort for the special accommodation of families. Three San Francisco households, well known in society, have gone down there recently to spend several weeks, and there are several families from far away who have been there several months. It is getting to be the popular thing, this life at Del Monte—and the exercise and recreation that come from golfing, driving, and riding are bound to bring health and happiness.

## Tourist Policies

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes wherever it may be in any part of the world.

Applications can be obtained at the office, or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd

C. F. MULLINS, Manager,

416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANO  
308-312 F  
San Francisco

## COCKTAIL FACTS

About 90% of the Cocktails now drank are either Manhattans or Martinis; no good bar-keeper uses any bitters but "English Orange" in making them. The "CLUB COCKTAILS," Manhattans and Martinis, are made as they should be with English "Orange Bitters," are properly aged and are better than any fresh made cocktail possibly can be. A fresh made cocktail is like a new blend of any kind, unfit for use. Age is what makes a good Punch, age is what makes a good Cordial, age is what makes a good blended whiskey, age is what makes a palatable sauce, and above all age is what makes a good cocktail. These statements can be verified by any reputable blender.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.

400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.



## California School of Design

MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART.

Drawing, Painting, and Modeling,

Decorative Designing, Wood Carving.

DAY CLASSES, NIGHT CLASSES, AND  
SATURDAY CLASSES.

For terms and courses of instruction apply to the assistant secretary, Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, California and Mason Streets.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

### Educational.

Miss Harker and Miss Hughes'  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Prepares for college, also special courses. Exceptional advantages in music and drawing. Tennis and horseback riding. Limited number in home.



Oregon. Portland.  
St. Helen's Hall

Has a Normal Kindergarten training class in connection with its Academic Department. Separate residence. Two-year course. Model kindergarten. Provides practice work. For details address ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

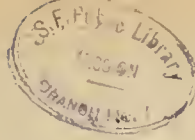


BUSINESS  
COLLEGE,  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.









# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1400.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 11, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Special Eastern Representative—E. Kat. Advertising Agency, 230-234 Temple Court, New York City, and 317-318 U. S. Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beames Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Year Behind and the Year in Front—Events that Have Made 1903 Memorable—A Period of Peace—Outlook for 1904—Will Prosperity Continue?—The Democratic Nominee—Gorman and Parker Coming Up—Gray, Olney, Hearst, Cockrell—Whispers of Cleveland—How Stands Hearst?—A Straw Vote of Congressmen—Our New Year "Carnival"—Gay Times for Hoodlums and Trulls—The Law Suspended—Elastic Etiquette—Jokers Who Resent Jokes—Not Revelers by Nature—Telephones in the Country—Easy Touch With the World.....	17-19
CURIOUS WAYS IN PANAMA: "Great, Gaunt, Beastly Birds"—The Admiral of the Navy—A General Who Looks Like a Twelve-Year-Old—"Volunteers" Tied With Ropes.....	19
JACKSON'S MORAL SCRUPLES: A Story of Expiation. By Marguerite Stabler.....	20
NEW YORK'S RICH GROWING POOR: Financial Stringency Among the Extravagant—Gotham's Women Talk of Nothing But Clothes—Children Follow Their Bad Example. By Geraldine Bonner.....	21
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	21
NEW YORK "PARSIFAL"—"MAD": Gotham Goes Wild Over Wagner's Music-Drama—Six Thousand People See the First Production—A Grand Scenic Triumph—The Critics Disagree—Art and Money.....	22
THE PORTS AND PANAMA: "Uncle Sam Cogitating"; "Battle Hymn of the Panama Republic"; "A New Pike County Ballad"; "The Isthmus: A Vision." by Clinton Dangerfield.....	22
GREAT FIRES IN THEATRES: The Cause of the Iroquois Fire—Those Fatal Steps—Paris Opera Burned Five Times—The Charity Bazaar—Other Great Fires.....	23
NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR MAKERS: Editors Little Known—Hearst's Failure to Down the "News"—James Gordon Bennett a Striking Figure—Ogden, Laffan, Ochs, and Pulitzer—Manufacturing Advertising.....	23
VERSES FROM RECENT BOOKS.....	24
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	24-25
DRAMA: Varied Attractions at the Orpheum—"The Count of Monte Cristo" at the Central. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	26
STAGE GOSSIP.....	27
VANITY FAIR: The Increase of Divorces—Stringency of Divorce Laws in Europe—Queen Victoria's Strict Rules Regarding Divorces—Carmen, Whistler's Model, Sells His Effects—Many Letters and Sketches Among Them—His Family's Extensive Purchases—Cards Announcing the Stork—Queen Alexandra's Taste in Lace—The Vatican Collection—Styles in Coiffures—Thousands of Tons of Hair Imported—How American Women Ruin Their Hair.....	28
STORYTTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Disraeli Defines a Lawyer—Wellington's Nonchalance—Farming to Feed Horses—The Duration of Eternity—Phil May's Bargain—Herbert Spencer's Device—An Oriental Prince's Gallantry—Mr. Nolan's Choice—A Letter of Indignation—Mark Twain's European Breakfasts.....	29
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Furor Scribendi"; "Ycyosyo Takagawa, etc."; "The Difference"; "A Tragic Calendar".....	29
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	30-31
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	32

After all, 1903 was not an eventful year as history counts eventfulness. There were no wars, though many rumors of wars. In Macedonia, Turks and Christians continued, during the summer, a spasmodic albeit sanguinary warfare that at one time threatened to set Europe aflame. But winter's cold proved a peace-

maker. Hostilities have ceased. Spring will doubtless bring new "troubles in the Balkans." Japan and Russia have for months been on the verge of war, but 1903 has ended without bloodshed in the Farther East. From Colombia come rumors of resistance to the course of the United States on the Isthmus, but that it will amount to nothing is the universal belief. While 1903 opened with European warships about Venezuelan shores, the year ends with a peaceful decision from The Hague court on one point at issue. The long-standing Alaskan boundary dispute was amicably settled. The vexatious questions arising over the friar lands in the Philippines have likewise been adjusted. Only the petty kingdom of Serbia has seen a dynasty overthrown—extinguished—and another set upon a bloody throne. The Karageorgevitchs are no more.

More important, perhaps, than these political changes and adjustments has been the advance in science, commerce, and industry during the year. In Germany, electric cars have been successfully operated at the speed of one hundred and thirty and a half miles an hour. Radium opens a new world for research to physicists and chemists. Edison replies to the question put, "What will be the most important development of the coming year," with the single word "Radium." The development of the automobile has gone on apace. An expert writer on the subject gives us a striking illustration of this revolutionary advance when he shows that the automobile, by reducing one-half the space occupied by a vehicle, by doubling its carrying capacity, by multiplying its speed twice or thrice, has increased the width of the streets fourfold by increasing the possible bulk of traffic within the same area. Failure to meet expectations has to be recorded of the wireless telegraph, whose value for commercial purposes is almost nullified by the seeming impossibility of preventing interference. Still, some progress has been made. But the domain of the air yet remains unconquered, despite Professor Langley's valiant endeavors.

As for the industrial conditions in the United States, mills in the East are reported to be opening their doors, giving rise, in some quarters, to the belief that the slight period of depression there is ending. That is the general hope, but opinions differ. J. Ogden Armour, Edward F. Swift, Henry Siegel, Henry Clews, and C. Studebaker, among others, express their belief that the prospect for prosperity in 1904 is good. Marshall Field, on the other hand, expresses the opinion "that the improvement, if any, will be very slow." Probably it is dangerous to predict. But certainly the past year has been in the main prosperous. The foreign commerce of the United States amounted to \$2,500,000,000. Agricultural products were valued at \$3,200,000,000. Evidence of national wealth lies in the fact that \$138,000,000 for pensions was voted by Congress without a dissenting voice. Cuba and Porto Rico are prosperous. Governor Taft, in his farewell address at Manila on December 24th, declared that "the condition of the archipelago is now more favorable than at any other time in its history." In reviewing our national progress, mention should be made of the unprecedented immigration, numbering a million souls. The passage of the Cuban Reciprocity Bill is an event of importance.

The Iroquois Theatre fire is too poignantly fresh in mind to need more than mention.

Abroad, a movement toward protection in England, the expulsion of religious orders in France, the growth of socialism in Germany, are worthy of remark. Still another blot on the dark record of Russia is the Kishineff massacre.

At the head of the year's dead must stand Herbert

Spencer, a man who made upon the world a profound impression. After him came Mommsen, the historian, Lord Salisbury, the statesman, Leo the Thirteenth, and William Hartpole Lecky. Lesser names are Whistler, Stoddard, Henley, Abram S. Hewitt, Frederick Law Olmsted, Phil May—a very small and undistinguished list.

In literature and art, probably most will agree with the dictum that the level of achievement has been high, the average good, the outlook sanguine, but that there has been a singular dearth of truly great world-figures. Never has public interest in intimate studies of the individual man been greater. Witness the enormous output of biography and the serious novel.

The year 1904 begins with a sudden quickening of interest throughout the nation in the election of a chief executive. Soon the battle-cry will sound, and the Republicans will decide whether Theodore Roosevelt shall be their nominee, and the country will decide whether he shall be their President. Nineteen hundred and four will also see in this country a great exposition, commemorating the Louisiana Purchase, which bids fair to be a triumphant success.

And in conclusion many will agree with the hope that Joaquin Miller picturesquely expresses—though we may not share his confidence—"that the one most important achievement of the new year may be the burning and blowing up of all battle-ships by the agreement of all nations at The Hague."

Every so often the hoodlum and his female companion "USHERING IN" occupy temporarily the seats of honor THE HAPPY in San Francisco. This interregnum of NEW YEAR. boisterous buffoonery, this vacation of the ten commandments is known, in the delightful diction of the newspaper reporter, as "the New-Year's Eve Carnival," as "Fun and Festivity Ushering in the New Year," or, more modestly, as "Society at Play." The inaugural rites consist in calling out the police reserves, doubling the watches at the fire-engine stations, obscuration of the timid respectable, and a general laying in of provisions of exhilarating nature by restaurants, toddy-shops, and grills. The gleaming after the festival is done by the street sweepers, police courts, ambulances, the morgue, and other institutions of like hilarious and jovial character. Then the hoodlum, the harlot, and the undesignate drunk, evaporate, volatile spirits of mirth that they are, from the pavements of Market Street; the tablets of the law are once more erected in public places, and this city relapses into its ordinary and becoming respectability.

It involves a nice question of etiquette to decide whether a man who would justly resent an insult to his wife at 6 p. m. December 31st may even verbally remonstrate at 9 p. m. with an unwashed and befuddled gent who persists in sticking a tin horn into the uxorial eye. Theory and practice differ. By the often eulogized rules of the Merry Masque, what is meat at six o'clock may or may not be fish at nine. To resent a blow on the ear, a toss of muck in the face is manly before dinner, and will invoke the executive energy of a policeman in its aid if done decently. But after dinner on this day a man must not only smile upon the fist that smites, but grin companionably upon the unclean lips that seek to ravish the chaste kisses of his wife.

A blast in the ear from a horn may at one hour lead to recrimination; sixty minutes later it is a Merry Prank. The ribaldry unheard for three hundred and sixty-four days outside of bar-rooms is bawled on the street the evening of the three hundred and sixty-fifth and theoretically women must smile with their escort for this is a Merry Quip. So much for theory.



practice, the size of the jester as compared with that of the jestee is a factor not to be left out of the reckoning. In spite of the easy laws of Momus there be certain sour, lean, crusty souls who demur to having their daughters' arms pinched and empurpled by vivacious pot-gallants, who frown upon the introduction of the easy familiarity of the Barbary Coast into the presence of wives and sisters, and who will growl surlily when an eye is put out by the projection of a handful of gutter filth. The objections of these marplots, these killjoys, are they not written in the books of the police and the hospitals?

But the strangest thing about this New-Year's jollification, this (reportorially) Merry Revel, is the fact that the Bacchanals themselves are fickle, prone to sudden heats, apt for brawls, trenchant in demand for redress of insult. That gentle soul who has just playfully marred the cheek of beauty with a piece of iron wire is oddly enough ready to resent any attempt at an equal interchange of courtesies. The trull, rejoicing in her transient association with published virtue, is, too, inclined to forget the rules of this peculiar festival, and resume the manners and speech and eke the combative activities of her class. The mad spirit, the joyous infection of joviality, my masters, seems to become in its heartiest devotees merely an influenza of spleen. The stream of frolic will break upon the rocks of fragmentary propriety. The gent can not wholly forget his gentility, and the sales, cook, wash, and frailer ladies are subject to spasms of belligerent respectability.

The fault for all this ungentle behavior lies not individually with the participants, be they respectable, unrespectable, or unspeakable, but with the wordy, underbred effusiveness of certain mouters of heard tales, mongers of infallible imbecilities, who think in their fat fashion that happiness is made by a recipe. These erudite doctors refer ponderously to Venice and Paris and Rome and New Orleans. There's fun for you! That's the way to have a *reel* good time. But somehow the recipe won't work, the ingredients won't mix. The trouble is that the San Franciscan of sorts, like any other Anglo-Saxon, was never built to endure insult under any name, guise, or garb whatever, and he is too ready to institute an impromptu deathbed scene with anybody who tries him. Further, and mostly, every true American prefers to beat his own wife. He objects to another assuming this marital office, even for the promotion of festivity.

Gradually, very gradually, indeed, the stars in the Democratic sky are coming out, their magnitudes are being determined and calculations made of their respective distances from the coveted nomination for the Presidency of the United States. The conclusions put forth by the *Argonaut* in the last few weeks, tentative as they professedly were, are so far supported in an exhaustive investigation by the *New York Times* that it is with assurance that some statistics are given relating to the preferences of the Democrats for this year's race. Roughly speaking, the following facts are solidly proven: Gorman and Parker are nearer the zenith, Gray and Olney are going to be factors, and William Randolph Hearst is providing free telescopes with which to view the brilliancy of his rising planet. Nebraska alone remembers Bryan. It is further hinted at, quite plainly by certain observers, that New York will name the candidate at the last.

Twelve senators and thirty representatives have signified to the *Times* their faith in Arthur Pue Gorman as first choice, two senators and twenty-nine representatives are outright for Judge Parker first, the whole Missouri representation is for Senator Cockrell, and three congressmen are for Mr. Hearst and three for Judge Gray. Seventeen senators and sixty-seven congressmen look wise, but will not commit themselves. These are the figures given by the *Times* as a result of a poll of the Democratic members of Congress. A set of inquiries addressed to prominent Democratic politicians in every State would at first sight seem to corroborate fully the views of the statesmen in Washington; but on consideration there are displayed eccentricities worth a note. In this less select poll, Gorman and Parker run neck and neck with intimations that Parker is stronger. Hearst moves up a peg. Olney and Gray are coming forward as favorite sons. Congressional sentiment for Judge Parker and Senator Gorman is conditional on the indorsement of either by the New York delegation. Few come out flatfooted, as does Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and say, Gorman is the man. Throughout the State politicians there is much the same feeling, growing stronger as one goes south from Maryland, a sort of shading of the eyes—when an occasional whisper of Cleveland. For Mr. Olney it is reported New England will stand solidly, and of course Delaware sings the praises of Judge Gray, of Coal Strike Commission fame. Missouri

seems united for Cockrell, Governor Garvin, of Rhode Island, Mayor McClellan, of New York, and Senator Bailey, of Texas, are "mentioned."

All this is plain and above board. The naked eye comprehends it. But there is a mystery, a riddle, almost a prodigious phenomenon abroad. How stands William Randolph Hearst? Is he really in the running? Will he eventually be "considered"? Are the head-lines of his four papers quite correct? Is Mr. Hearst exactly justified in always coupling "The President of the United States and William Randolph Hearst" on every front page? Are there genuine services to the country behind his modest displays? Does the longest leased wire in the world reach the White House? Is the God of Battles on the side of red ink, boilerplate, and subsidized sirens of sensationalism?

First, it may be remarked that Mr. Hearst tacks a union label to his Democracy. He swears he is not made by a trust. He is more than willing to spend his money for the labor organizations. Yet the big leaders seem to mistrust these professions, or their efficacy, or their justice. In New York State they declare that Mr. Hearst is "active," that he has gained "some support in other States, but does not appear to have made much headway in his home State." Arkansas, whose representation in Congress apparently has never heard of the apostle of himself, nor thinks of any one in connection with the nomination but Gorman and Parker, is yet said by the sages of Little Rock to favor Hearst "as the best candidate, because it is believed here he can carry New York." In Nevada, Florida, Wisconsin, and South Dakota, and here in California, local wiseacres have predicted that the delegations to the National Democratic Convention will be instructed to vote for Mr. Hearst. Yet remains the fact that but three congressmen have ventured to advocate the choice of Mr. Hearst. It is possible that his own clamor has darkened the ears of wisdom. He swears by Nix and Pix that he is the idol of the people. His editors bow down and worship. He has assumed already some of the prerogatives of divinity. And notwithstanding all this the headheaded warhorses of the Democratic party shy at him. He is, as the *Argonaut* said last week, apparently not recognized, not "considered" by the chiefs. Remains to be seen whether the new party he is trying to form along the lines of the old democracy will take shape of power, whether Mr. Hearst can journalize himself into the nomination.

A strange, shocking, but apparently true, story of the miscarriage of justice is contained in a number of the *Manila Times* which has just reached us. It seems that three malefactors were sentenced to be garroted at Amulung, Cagayan Province, on October 31st. The garrote is the ancient Spanish and Portuguese instrument of death. The victim is placed on a stool with a post or stake behind to which is affixed an iron collar controlled by a screw passing through the post; this collar is made to clasp the neck of the victim, and is tightened by the action of the screw. Under the queer mixture of laws Spanish and American in force in the islands, it appears that the garrote is still used to carry into effect the extreme penalty of the law. In this case, the executioner was a Bilibid official who had never before operated the garrote. However, he thought himself able to make it effective. He followed the Spanish tradition, which has it that death requires eight minutes, and that the bodies should be left in the garrote four hours. But nevertheless, three hours after they had been removed and laid out on a floor, after a surgeon had certified to their death, after the judge had given the seal of judicial approval, some constabulary officers, coming in, found three of the men alive and asking for water. It was given them; they were unbound; and two of them were removed by friends. One finally died. Two fully recovered. Regarding the legal status of these men the *Manila Times* says:

The victims who survived the official execution are legally dead. In a court of law it will not be permitted to impeach the records of their execution. Their rights and privileges before the law are ended. They can not sue, be sued, marry, own property, vote, or exercise any of the rights of a citizen. Neither will they be held accountable for their acts. If arraigned for depredations it will only be necessary to rest on the court record of their death. The men may now watch the administration of their estates and the scramble of their legal representatives to succeed them in worldly possessions. They may attend the marriage celebration of their respective widows and congratulate the stepfathers of their children.

Whether or not this is strictly true, the case is certainly a singular one. Unfortunately, too many people are so constituted that they feel a secret satisfaction at the escape from death of these murderers—just as they are shocked that the negro criminal at Auburn, the other day, should have had to suffer six separate electric currents before he was killed. We

would rather say, Let the brute suffer. Did he consider the suffering of the man whom he killed, his wife and children? Then why sorrow that he suffers in his turn? We are not concerned that the deaths of poisoners and stranglers and human butchers should be absolutely "painless" as some good and pious people think they ought to be. And in any event, repeated electric shocks to cause death ought to be less repellant to sensitive folk than some of the scenes that have been enacted at the gallows. The tearing of the head from the body by the fall has happened more than once, especially in the case of heavy men. Sometimes the rope has broken, and the criminal, half dead from the first jerk and fall, has had to be carried back and hanged again. In this State, some recent figures show that, since 1891, fifty persons have been legally hanged. All were men. Thirty-eight were whites, six Chinese, two Indians, and two negroes.

Apropos of murders and murderers, in Vermont the trial of a woman for murder, attended with most extraordinary circumstances, has just ended with a verdict of guilty. This woman, Mrs. Mary A. Rogers, killed her husband to gain five hundred dollars of insurance money, and be free to marry again. In company with her paramour and a woman friend, she enticed him to a secluded spot at night; pretended a loving reconciliation; took advantage of his joy to tie him with a rope on pretense of showing him a trick; finally bound him so that he was helpless; and then applied chloroform to his face until he was dead. Yet there are those who would insist upon "an absolutely painless" death for this incarnate fiend. For our part, we hope it takes, not six, but sixteen, shocks to kill this Mrs. Mary Rogers.

Elsewhere in this paper is printed an article on great fires in theatres—their appalling number, their frequency, the recommendations for theatre construction by experts, etc. In this place we have but a word to say, and it is this: It is infinitely better absolutely to prevent fires than to provide means to check them when started. Asbestos curtains, wide aisles, lots of sprinklers, are good, but no fires are better. There can be no fire unless there is fuel. *And there need be no fuel for fire on any stage.* The wooden floors, the wooden furniture, the scenery, the ropes, fabrics of every kind, even the curtains, can be made absolutely fireproof by proper treatment with chemicals. If there is nothing burnable there can be no fire. Why should not every scrap of material on the stage be made incombustible? Costs too much? It is the answer of a knave. What is the use of building an "absolutely fireproof" structure like the Iroquois, when into it are piled such a heap of tinder as the stage and its fittings now are? Provide no fuel for fire in theatres, and such frightful disasters as that which has wrung a nation's heart and darkened the dawn of a New Year can never again occur. It can be done.

The hounds of war strain at the leash in the Far East. What are the deciding factors in the great contest, if it comes? First, the armies. Russia has an army of 3,000,000 men. It can be swelled to 7,500,000 by calling out the reserves. Japan's regular army is 200,000 men; it can be swelled to 632,000, perhaps to a million. Second, Russia's navy is twice the size of Japan's. But it is divided. Some ships are in the Baltic, some in the Black Sea. The two fleets now in Asian waters are nearly equal. Japan's is known to be efficient. Regarding her fleet, as her army, Russia preserves a policy of secrecy. Japan has the advantages of coaling stations, great docks, and fortified shipyards for repairing her greatest vessels. Japan is a nation of patriots, and can strike quick. Russia is more or less unwieldy. She is said to have 200,000 troops in Manchuria, but the real number is unknown. A single line of railroad stretches from Russia proper to Manchuria for the transportation of troops. It is a poor railway. Japan's spies in Manchuria, effectually disguised as Chinese workmen, may succeed in wrecking many a train. So really the spectacle of pygmy Japan opposing giant Russia is not so funny as it seems. Still, the overwhelming numerical disproportion remains. As for the sinews of war, both countries lack for ready money. Russia's public debt is \$3,300,000,000, and the year's report shows a deficit. Japan's debt is \$279,000,000. Japan has only \$25,000,000 in cash on hand. These are the chief factors that will decide a single-handed contest. But the possibilities for international complications are infinite. Will China sit supine and watch Japan fight her battles? Or will her armies join with Japan's? Will France, then, by the terms of treaty, come to the aid of her ally, Russia? Will England, then, join Japan in the war as the Anglo-Japanese treaty provides that she must in the

AGAIN, THE  
DEMOCRATIC  
NOMINEE.

THE GARROTE,  
THE NOOSE, AND  
ELECTRIC CHAIR.

THE  
IROQUOIS  
DISASTER.

IF JAPAN  
SHOULD  
FIGHT.



event that Japan is attacked by two powers? What was the real meaning of that singular meeting of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the uncle of the Czar, and the Emperor of Germany in the forests of Goehrd, recently, where they went hunting—wild boars, it is said—and doubted? These are pertinent questions. The gratifying and highly satisfactory feature of the whole matter is that the likelihood of the United States being drawn into the conflict is very small. Our commercial interest in China is comparatively slight. We are fettered by no secret alliances. The orders to our fleet are to preserve strict neutrality. Aloof and unfearful we shall watch the fray.

But recently we heard how the Shipbuilding Trust, of infamous memory, set aside \$200,000 in bonds to subsidize the French press. This week we have to record the fact that Mr. Daniel J. Sully, of New York, knows a trick worth two of that. Sully is the Cotton King. He it is who is reputed to have made \$10,000,000 by cornering cotton and forcing the price to fourteen cents. Naturally, sale at that high figure is a trifle slow. Retailers are not buying any more than they can help. So Mr. Sully evolved a scheme to "educate the people" up to paying twice as much for a thing as they did before. He proposed to raise a fund of \$250,000 among cotton spinners "to influence" the American press. He himself would contribute \$150,000. His plan was (1) to get write-ups in magazines of large circulation and influence; and (2) to send broadcast through the "Associated Press service" "authoritative personal interviews" telling people how it was that fourteen-cent cotton was really dirt cheap. One of the most interesting paragraphs in the circular sent out to the cotton spinners tells them that the plan is "neither new nor untried." To prove it, Mr. Sully declares that silver-mine money won for Bryan his substantial support in the campaign of 1896; that the country was brought to accept the Dingley tariff schedules by the same means; and that Sir Thomas Lipton was only a successful advertiser. Unfortunately for Mr. Sully, his circular fell into the hands of the New York *World*, which promptly published it—and cotton fell several points. Also, the Cotton King had to apologize abjectly to the Associated Press for his reference to them. Mr. Sully wanted publicity for cotton; he got it; but it was an overdose.

Panama has been the absorbing topic in Washington this week. McComas and Lodge, in the Senate, have defended the President's course, while Morgan has been lavish with vitriolic criticism, and Gorman has continued to introduce obstructive resolutions. Morgan practically accuses the administration of bribing Reyes, and says our course is "a national scandal that would disgrace Turkey." The President has sent to Congress a special message defining his course, and offering further facts regarding diplomatic negotiations that have taken place. Meanwhile, commercial bodies throughout the South are petitioning their senators not to obstruct but to ratify the Panama treaty. Not only the Louisiana legislature but the Mississippi senate has instructed its senators to vote for the treaty. The treaty will undoubtedly be ratified.

Eugene E. Schmitz as a labor candidate for governor is the old-new news that comes from the convention of the State Federation of Labor at Fresno. We hear that Mr. Parry is telling the delegates that the mayor is receiving letters from all over the State urging him to run, and stating the writers' belief that he can be elected. At this writing, the convention is still in session, and it will not be quite clear whether those who favor labor unions engaging in politics or those who frown upon the idea have the upper hand until the smoke of battle clears away. The election to the presidency of Harry Knox is a triumph for the politicians.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs on Monday submitted to the Senate a one-hundred-page report recommending the confirmation of Brigadier-General Wood to be major-general. Eight of the committeemen concurred in the report (six being Republicans and two Democrats), and Scott, Republican, and Black, Democrat, disapproved. In the matter of the three-thousand-dollar silver service, the majority report declares that "in the mere fact that General Wood accepted gifts from the Jai Alai Company there is nothing to be criticised," and in the matter of the article attacking Brooke, which Runcie alleges Wood instigated, the word of Ray Stannard Baker and Wood is accepted

and Runcie discredited. Though it is understood that Senator Hanna and perhaps others will make speeches, on the floor of the Senate, against Wood's confirmation, it seems to be generally conceded that his nomination will eventually be confirmed.

We clip from the Chicago *Record-Herald* a display advertisement of the Santa Fé. Reduced from scare-heads to plain type it runs like this:

CLIMATE IN CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN DIEGO.  
 California or Chicago?  
 Temperature in Chicago, December 13th: Morning, —13 degrees; noon, —8 degrees; evening, —3 degrees.  
 Temperature in San Diego, December 13th: Morning, 52 degrees; noon, 61 degrees; evening, 59 degrees.  
 In Chicago—Snow, ice, and a raw lake wind.  
 In California—Sunshine, flowers, and soft airs of summer.  
 Why not change now from winter to summer? The journey from snow to roses can be made in less than three days on the California Limited, etc.

The particular thing we desire to point out about this advertisement is that not only was the temperature of a highly satisfactory sort at San Diego, but some 450 miles northward at San Francisco the temperature was practically the same. The maximum at San Diego, as stated by the Weather Bureau, on December 13th, was 62 degrees; at San Francisco, 54, a difference of only 8 degrees. The minimum temperature at San Diego on the same date was 50 degrees; at San Francisco, 48 degrees. Such are some of the wonders of the California climate.

### CURIOUS WAYS IN PANAMA.

"Great, Gaunt, Beastly Birds"—"Jeff," the Admiral of the Navy—A General Who Looks Like a Twelve-Year-Old—"Volunteers" Tied With Ropes.

The "special correspondents" that the metropolitan dailies have sent to the Isthmus have dispatched to their respective journals some forty columns of description and chronicle. Most of it is rather dull, considering the opportunity, but "F. C.," in the New York *Evening Post*, presents some graphic and interesting pictures of life "on the eighth parallel of latitude." Here is his survey of the physical conditions:

Except between Colon on the Atlantic side and Panama on the Pacific, there is no land communication. The brooding, unexplored forest presses close to the canal cuttings and the railway—the one trail across this forty-mile neck. To enter the bush anywhere from it one has to send men ahead with machetes to cut a way to pass the body through. At the two ends of this iron and lignum vitae trail are gathered some Americans, Spanish, a few Germans, and many negroes. Colon is scarcely half as big as Tompkinsville, L. I., and Panama is not a third the size of Long Island City. Nothing lies between one settlement and the other, except scattered palm-thatched shacks and flimsy, French-built, tin-roofed bungalows. Heat, rain, exile, solitude, disease, death; malaria in the plowing of the soil, foulness in the water, fever in the bite of a mosquito, alligators open-mouthed in the rivers, great, gaunt, beastly birds floating always above on watch for something to die so they may eat—in such a setting, under the glare of a fierce sun, against a silent wilderness full of mystery, character comes out sharply defined. Some day Colon may be the Port Said of the Western Hemisphere; but not yet. Its people now are consuls, railway officers, engineers, brakemen, small merchants, and Jamaica negroes.

The great men of the "Republic of Panama" are rather odd characters. Witness this description of the admiral of the navy:

For the time being, the admiral of the Panama navy is General H. O. Jeffries. "I am not a swashbuckler," he declares, and he hates to be thought a soldier of fortune. The moment the revolution was declared he was selected as the one man fit to take command of Admiral Varon's converted frigate, the *Twenty-First of November*, and go out and chase the Colombian gunboat *Bogota*. On sea as on land he has been in numerous battles. Once he went out guerrilla fashion, and took a gunboat named *Taboga*. There was a British ship near by, and she hauled up.

"You are a pirate," was the hail of the Britisher. "Come aboard."

"M-m-m," answered Jeffries. "You come aboard here. It's safer."

And when they boarded him he had so much champagne popping at their elbows that when he said he would pay six thousand dollars to the vessel's owners they forgot their errand.

Jeffries was born in New York, in East Sixteenth Street. Before he was of age he began to operate in ward politics, his earliest service being on behalf of the assembly candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt. No American has been in more revolutions; he is the "Jeff" referred to in Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," but he does not like the distinction. "I lent Davis mules in Honduras, where I was boss of everything, and he should have treated me better," he says, sadly.

Here is a lifelike portrait of a Colombian general:

General Huertas [who took twenty-five thousand dollars to capitulate to the revolutionists] is about the size of a twelve-year-old boy. He has been a soldier since he was nine years old. Many soldiers of Colombia are scarcely old or big enough to carry a gun without staggering under it. The recoil is likely to knock them over, so when fighting they brace themselves against a tree, or lie flat upon the ground. "They are very good fighters," the mayor of Panama assures me: "they can glide through the bush when a man can not, as easy as serpents." In New York they would be arrested by the Gerry Society (I am speaking literally, trying for no ef-

fect); and if they worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania or the cotton mills of the South it would be a scandal. Huertas was one of them. He has no fear; but he has no education beyond that of the camp-fire and battle-field. He now commands the Panama army of one thousand eight hundred men.

"F. C." tells this story of how the Colombian governors of Panama got money to carry on the semblance of government:

Every member of the present Junta was among the company of twenty-three Conservatives of Panama called together by Governor Alban a few years ago.

"Gentlemen," he said, when they assembled in the Yellow Room of the Palacio del Gobierno, "the Conservatives need fifty thousand dollars. I will withdraw while you arrange the matter."

Retiring, he summoned his soldiers, and placed a cordon around the building. Returning to the Yellow Room, he was met with protests.

"There are soldiers all about this house," he replied. "Before you pass through them you will subscribe fifty thousand dollars." Again he withdrew; and when he returned the paper had been signed.

These subscriptions were prettily called "voluntary subscriptions." Sometimes, if one of the eventual contributors was obstinate, he was made to take chili sauce and salt water. The suffering from this is so shocking, one is assured, that "when the man recovered he was fit for treason." At any rate he was in a receptive mood for suggestions of secession, and only bided his time.

An amusing story (a joke on a pawnbroker is always amusing) told of Alban is the following:

Two sisters came to him to seek the release of their brother from prison.

"Bring me four hundred dollars," he answered them, "and he can go free."

The girls sold all their jewelry, but could raise only three hundred dollars. "I must have the full four hundred dollars," he insisted. The girls borrowed the other one hundred dollars of a usurer, and returned with the money.

"Ah, I thought you could get it," he remarked. "How did you do it?"

They showed him the receipts for the jewelry; they showed him the contract with the usurer.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Ten per cent. a month?" He sent at once for the usurer.

"You took the jewels of these girls, giving them only three hundred dollars, and then you charge them ten per cent. a month on the other one hundred dollars? Bring those jewels to me. Bring also their contract to pay." When the usurer came back Alban gave the jewels to the sisters, tore up the papers, sent the money-lender back to his pawnshop, wrote out a full pardon for the brother of the girls, and kept the four hundred dollars as punishment to the usurer.

Soldiers as well as money were obtained by peculiar means. Merrill A. Teague, another correspondent, declares that:

There are in existence to this day notes written by recruiting officers to camp commanders which run like this: "I am sending you a squad of fresh volunteers. Please return the ropes at once, as I may be able to send you another squad of volunteers to-morrow or the day after."

Evidently our sanitarians will have their work cut out for them when they start in to make the Isthmus healthful:

In Panama city poisonous vapors from decomposing refuse mix with the dampness of the atmosphere (underclothing in your room is wet if exposed to air at night), and are inhaled with deleterious effects. There is a sewer, but it is unventilated. Tides or winds drive its gases out into the city air, and into dwellings. There is no up-to-date plumbing, house drainage, pipe ventilation, etc. Even careful attention to personal habits is not a safeguard; for the three sisters of Superintendent Shaler, of the Panama Railroad, died this year from yellow fever. This is communicated by mosquitoes, and every time you are bitten you have lugubrious fancies about your end. If you catch the mosquito and examine him, the cognoscenti say, you can tell whether he is "loaded" or not. About seven days after he has bitten a fever patient he becomes bloated and yellow and "loaded"—and dangerous.

Another pretty picture of "life on the eighth parallel of latitude":

At present there is only one shower-bath on the Isthmus. You might run out naked into a torrential rain, if you do not mind getting a possible chigger in your toe, red bugs on your legs, or a rosamanna under your skin. This last causes a swelling like a carbuncle, which has to be treated with a scalpel. One of the American canal commissioners got one in his ear.

It will surprise most people to learn that parts of the Isthmus, inhabited by the San Blas tribes of Indians, are as unknown as interior Africa before Stanley:

About all that coast traders know of the San Blas tribes is that they drink Chigi rum, that unfaithfulness in women is punished severely, that a man may have as many wives as he can sustain, and that when a maiden marries she prepares herself by sitting for days in her half cellar, half thatch house while the bridesmaids pour salt water over her. Meantime, her betrothed has invited his friends to a dinner and carouse lasting over several surrises.

One of the *caciques* of these tribes recently visited Panama to pay allegiance to the new republic:

He wears, on diplomatic missions, a uniform that would make a Haytian general envious. It is from the most telling caps, coats, and boots of all armies. He had heard rumors of an invasion from the Colombian side; and he had come to request the minister of war to provide his people with "one shotgun and plenty ammunition." With such an armament, he explained, he could kill off the whole force of invaders if they tried to pass his country, for the trail leads through a narrow defile, and he could pick them off one by one. A shotgun was preferred because it would be for wild game afterward.



## JACKSON'S MORAL SCRUPLES.

A Story of Expiation.

It was Holy Week in Taos, where the religion of civilization is engrafted on the practices of barbarism—rank, riotous barbarism. The pueblo is Indian, but within sight is the Mexican hamlet of Los Ranchos de Taos, where the low Truchas Mountains bend in and shut away all outside influences so completely it might be still under the old Mexican dominion. The Indians, who have become somewhat Mexicanized, have, without losing any of their own tribal traits, acquired the religion and some of the superstitions of the Mexican race; the result being an unwholesome complexity. But some of the Indian women, who by a happy chance combine the best features of both races, are almost beautiful in their rigid symmetry of outline, and it was one of these straight-limbed, dark-eyed, brown-skinned beauties who saved Jackson's life.

When Jackson's party had prospected the lower ridge and turned toward the river, Jackson, with his usual pig-headed obstinacy, had elected to retrace his course on a lower level. So, without much regret on either side, they had made a division of the "grub" and parted at the foot of the mountain. And it was in blasting a prospect in this mountain that Jackson had met with his accident. The Indians who had passed him had no respect for a man with his leg blown half away, so, after lying several days with scant food and no shelter, he decided his only course was to make an exit from so inhospitable a world. Accordingly, while his strength still served to accomplish it, he reached for his knife and ran his fingers caressingly along its edge. But even as he did so, trying to imagine what it might be like to step out unbidden into the dark, a fleet-footed young thing, with startled, fawn-like eyes, stopped in her flight and looked wonderingly at the man on the ground. The man watched her, too, as she stood looking at him, and stayed his hand. His mind was somewhat clouded by the fever and pain, but a feeling came over him that if those black eyes would come back and look at him again in that way he might not be in so great a hurry to make his exit. After thinking it over he decided to wait and see if they would come back. It was a thousand pities, he had felt at the time, that a man of his prowess should be forced to sneak out of the world in this ignoble fashion.

Then, after many hours of weary waiting, when the shadows began to lengthen and the air to grow cool and the pain in his foot to grow less, the bushes parted, and sure enough the same black eyes bent down and peered at him till the darkness fell between them and cut her off.

That was the beginning. The end was fore-ordained. With a woman's quick eye she saw what was needed, and the next night Jackson had double rations and a braided mat to sleep under. The knife was put back in his pocket, and the next time it was taken out it was used by a pair of strong brown hands to strip off the inner bark of a tender sapling and to dig up healing roots and herbs. And when his leg was well enough to admit of his being moved, it was Nita who found a shelter for him, and Nita, black-eyed, strong-limbed Nita, who bore him on her own strong young shoulders and laid him on a couch of soft branches. And again it was Nita who brought water and provisions to keep up his strength, and charms and potions to keep the fever out of his leg.

Where Nita came from or to whom she belonged Jackson never troubled himself to ask. He accepted her devotion as a natural compensation for the weeks of disability he was forced to endure because of his misfortune. And Nita the while, with the passionate devotion of the Mexican nature and the stolid fidelity of the Indian, watched over him, bound his leg with soothing herbs, and accepted his grunts of satisfaction when she pleased him, and his curses when, in dressing his wound, she hurt him, with the same dumb devotion in her black eyes.

After several weeks of careful nursing and plenty of nourishing food, Jackson began to feel his strength returning, and with it a wild desire to be up and away. This enforced inaction had whetted his determination to strike the vein they were prospecting for, and to his delight, the leg he had thought injured beyond hope, proved, when the rude splints were taken off, to be as straight and useful as ever. As soon as he began to feel able to push on again and connect himself with the world beyond the mountain, Nita's care was no longer necessary to him. Then he resurrected from some hitherto unsuspected source in his nature a moral compunction that had not disturbed him in the least when he lay sick and helpless in Nita's hands.

One evening, as he sat watching her deft brown fingers weaving reds and browns into a mat, he tried to speak to her as if he had not planned out the whole dialogue days before.

"Bonita," he said, pointing to the mat.

"Mucia," she answered, in an ecstasy of happiness at his approbation. She raised her great black eyes that had grown deep and earnest since he had known her, and her clear, straight outlines stood out against the sunset sky like a young Greek goddess done in marble.

Jackson suddenly found himself at a loss for further words, and realized he had set himself a difficult task.

It would probably be better to "slope" some night and let her find it out for herself; but this new-born sense of moral responsibility would not let him rest at that, so with a highly virtuous air he continued in his broken Spanish: "This is not right, Nita. *Malo, malo, Nita mio.*"

The brown fingers stopped their braiding, and the eyes widened in apprehension. How could she have displeased him?

"This is not good, I tell you," he went on. "This is a sin. You better to home, Nita. You not *mi mujer*, this is not *bueno*," he explained, with a comprehensive wave of his hand that included the little shack she had made so habitable for him and the happy life it had sheltered. "I have to go back over the mountain where I came from; so you be a good girl, Nita, and go home."

The mat dropped to the ground, and the brown figure cowered in the dust as the import of his words slowly dawned upon her mind. As for the sin, that didn't matter so long as she had him.

"*Me voy contigo*," she pleaded. Whenever he was ready to go across the mountain she was ready, too.

Jackson set his teeth. This thing had to be settled, and she might as well be made to understand to-night. The primitive nature, he told himself, did not feel poignantly, and as soon as he was gone she would forget.

"I can't take you with me over the mountain; it would be a sin, I tell you," he repeated, gruffly.

This, then, was the reason—it would be a sin. Her mind grappled with the argument. He could not take her with him because she was not his wife. But he had never asked her to be his wife, and she could not have let him die alone with no one to take care of him. Jackson felt his spine stiffening with conscious virtue as he proceeded. "Now you go home, Nita, and be good, and don't make a fuss about it, and by and by you will forget all about me."

Go home and be good! She could not go home. But if she had been good, she reasoned, if she had not taken care of him and worked for him, if she had left him alone to die of his wound, then she would have been good.

During the next few days Jackson was bored to death by Nita's weeping and moaning. Like all men, the thing in the world he most dreaded and quailed before was a woman's tears, even though he had been the cause of them. He had hoped her Navajo stolidity would spare a "scene," but instead she gave herself up to her wailing as assiduously as if it had been a death dance; until at last, yielding to the force and eloquence of his persuasions, she had slipped away as unceremoniously as she had appeared.

And now it was Holy Week in Taos, and Jackson's thoughts were for the time diverted from his own problem in moral ethics by the doings of the Order of Penitentes.

In the little shack, with his limb comfortably bound, Jackson had known little of the life of the natives, and, with his customary indifference to everything outside his own orbit, had never cared enough to ask what the Penitentes were; but there was not one detail of the life he had lived since his lot had been cast among them that his dusky neighbors did not know. And now that he no longer had Nita for a go-between, it did not take him long to find he was held in anything but a friendly light by the natives.

When, after the first day of Nita's absence, Jackson fully realized she was gone, and that he was alone with no one to look after his wants, he began to wonder what had ever possessed him to disturb matters as they stood. The next day he found his foot, without the cooling herbs and careful dressing, was not as well as he had supposed it to be; the necessity of foraging for himself also was not so agreeable as having his wants anticipated. By the third day he discovered his present condition was unendurable, and began to long for Nita to come back, and, recalling her devotion during all the weeks that had passed, had no doubt that she would come.

But while Jackson sat alone in his doorway straining his ears for every rustling twig or hastening footstep, the little group of Penitentes in the Morada welcomed silently the new candidate who came slowly toward them, not dreaming this was to be the cause of the rigors of the order being thereafter forbidden to women. During the days of rigid fasting and scourging that followed there was scarcely a sound uttered, and the little band kept close in the Morada until Holy Thursday, the day for the final purification, came.

In their black-face masks and white sacrificial garments, the Penitentes, all weakened by loss of sleep and long fasting, prepared for their pilgrimage to the cross on the hillside. Their last rite in the Morada had been to lacerate their backs with sharp pieces of metal, which started the blood to flowing freely. As the penitential file began to move, it was preceded by a tall man carrying a huge wooden crucifix, a trio of tom-tom players, and a boy winding a sort of rude flute. In the hands of each Penitente was placed, as he emerged from the Morada, a long scourge of braided yucca fibre ending in a thick fringe, which, at the first sound of the flute and tom-toms, he began to wield with all his strength as the penitential file wended its painful way toward the Hill of Calvary.

Under the torture to their quivering flesh the Penitentes reeled and staggered, but kept a rhythmic time with the dismal music, and the bleak night wind that whistled across the barren hills, and cut into the

aching gashes of the naked backs, bore the mockery of the tom-toms over the mesa to the little shack under the hill.

Onward toward the cross the file continued, weary and faint from loss of blood, but still plying the scourge which was now clotted with blood that made the fringe into knotty ropes. A few of the women began to falter. Penance and fasting had so weakened their bodies, their spirit, too, began to fail. One who had started among the first, and whose energy in the Morada had been noted by all the others, was soon seen to flag under the stress of the heavy climb. Little by little she began to lose ground. Those who had been far behind her at the outset now passed her and left her toiling on alone. Finally she was the last one in the procession, her footprints marked in blood, but she kept on desperately, knowing that every bleeding step was bringing her nearer the cross and the expiation of her sin. Once, as the air grew black about her, she stumbled and fell, and in accordance with the rules of the order could not be succored, but seeing with half-blinded eyes the cross was not yet reached, she rallied her failing powers, and with a dogged desperation started on again. The cross must be gained, for therein lay her only hope of expiation.

Round and round the hill in ever varying circles the penitential file wound. The last fainting Penitente marked the distance, as nearly as her failing senses could discern, to two more turns when the goal would be reached. She was now several paces behind her neighbor, staggering and muttering to herself and unable longer to ply her scourge. Dark wavering shapes arose out of the chaos around her, their hideous height towering between her and the cross. When she threw out her arms in a wild appeal toward the holy summit of the hill, the shapes faltered and fled back into the darkness, but when she looked again the cross, too, wavered and disappeared in lurid blotches of red.

One more round was thus slowly and painfully made, and now only the last and smallest circle of all remained. If she could summon strength enough to crawl the rest of the way she might still reach the cross. Her darkening mind circled about the one thought, keeping time with the tom-toms, "If I can only reach the cross—if I can only—"

But the rigors of her fasting, the scourgings, the remorse that had been preying on her spirit, over-matched her powers. *Madre di Dios!*—she was sinking! Almost within reach of the cross, just in sight of her expiation, and left dying on the outskirts of the last circle, her sufferings all in vain and her cause lost!

With a moan she dropped, almost at the foot of the cross, but with her sin still upon her. She threw out her arms in a last appeal and fell across the long, black shadow that stretched its inexorable arms above her while the procession wound on without her.

Jackson, having given up all hope of Nita's return, had, by some ironical chance of fate, chosen that same night to set out for the mountain. As he slipped out of the shack he turned for a half amused, half regretful, glance behind him at the braided mat left unfinished on the floor, the rude crucifix on the wall, and the poor contrivances toward little creature-comforts devised by Nita's deft hands; then slung his knapsack, and started off.

Guided by the sounds that came in fitful gusts across the mesa, Jackson turned to the direction of the Hill of Calvary. The tragedy was over. All but one had reached the cross and received absolution for their sins.

On the outskirts of the crowd a little group bent above the form of the fallen Penitente. With reverent fingers some one removed the mask from her face, and the flickering light of the torches revealed the agonized, distorted features of Nita, fleet-footed, strong-limbed, black-eyed Nita, no longer beautiful, but torn and bleeding, in the hope of expiating her sin in order that she might be worthy to follow the Gringo over the mountain; her features emaciated almost past recognition, and her countenance not stamped with the seal of peace death often leaves.

With a quick glance, Jackson saw that Nita was dead. With another glance into the faces before him he saw that the sooner he was on the other side of the mountain the better it would be for him. The long months of banishment he had undergone had been irksome to him, and he was heartily glad to be able to get away. He might still be in time, he hoped, to meet his party somewhere near the line.

Exulting in the strength that came from Nita's long and careful nursing, he threw back his shoulders, filled his lungs with long, deep draughts of the cool night air, studied the heavens a moment, then took his bearings, and struck north.

The last faint notes of the tom-toms, playing now a triumphant strain, reached him as he descended the farther slope of the hill. With the sounds came also the picture of Nita as he had first seen her, and Nita now lying dead and friendless under the black shadow of the cross. A moment he stood irresolute. Then with a shrug, he shook off whatever thought may have prompted the action, as he muttered to himself: "What the devil did the little fool want to make such a fuss about it for!"

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1904.

Horace G. Burt has resigned the presidency of the Union Pacific Railroad, and will make a tour of the world. It is probable that Edward H. Harriman will succeed him.



## NEW YORK'S RICH GROWING POOR.

Financial Stringency Among the Extravagant—Money Orgies are  
Ceasing—Gotham's Women Talk Only of Clothes—  
Children Follow Their Bad Example.

I made mention in my last letter how the cry of "hard times" was going up from many sources where good times had lasted so long that the beneficiaries had begun to think they were to last forever. Now that the coffer is not piled high with money, good measure, pressed down, and running over, a sort of aggrieved surprise has taken possession of people, and one hears an amount of "poor talk" that makes one feel as if the complainer was short of carfare and did not know where to get the wherewithal to pay the wash bill.

It will do the New Yorkers good to have to try a little economizing. The class that has been hurt by the drop in stocks is the class that, during the last fifteen years, has advanced from the stage of a few thousands a year to that of a few thousands a month. As may be imagined, they took to the change like ducks to water. It is these people who have been putting up the price of everything in New York, transforming the simply elegant life that previously distinguished the rich Gothamite, and making it the spectacular orgie of money-spending that we all hear so much about in the daily press.

They are the people who have assisted in raising the wages of servants because, rather than take trouble with their domestic domain, they will pay anything to get capable employees who will take the whole matter off their hands. They are the people who have set the fashion of refurnishing their houses every few years, of demanding as necessities articles of rare worth which, until recently, were regarded as only the prerogatives of millionaires. And they are, above and beyond all, the people who have set a standard of dress of such amazing extravagance that the rich American woman has come to be a byword and a reproach even in the booths of Vanity Fair.

No women in the world spend such sums of money on their clothes as the wealthy New Yorkers have been doing in the last ten years. The great *couturières* of Paris are said to manufacture two kinds of dresses; one an inexpensive and elegant kind for the French *grandes dames*, and the other a kind of florid gorgeousness and sensational cost for the American women and the Parisian *demi-mondaines*. Here in New York these women have run the prices of clothes up to nearly double what was paid before their husbands began to grow rich. Perhaps in their early married life they lived in a suburb, and paid fifty to seventy-five dollars to a local dressmaker for their best gowns. That was twenty years ago. Now they go to the best places on Fifth Avenue, and pay from two to four hundred.

The dressmakers, with their fingers on the pulse of their public, have kept on lifting and lifting their prices. They educated their patrons up to paying fifty dollars for an unlined blouse that you bought in Paris or London for fifteen. They sent them to their own especial *corsetière*, where one had a corset made for thirty dollars which one could get duplicated at the Frenchwoman's round the corner for ten. They trained them to the subtle extravagances of "hand-made tucks," of lingerie so fine that only the most proficient *blanchisseuse-de-fin* could wash it. The milliners joined in the chase of the flying dollars, and where fifteen dollars was once a reasonable sum to pay for a hat, forty and fifty were asked. Every article of dress rose in proportion, and with the rise in prices the woman's demands for a still choicer daintiness of apparel rose with it. Everything must be made to order, everything must be made by hand. Thus, and thus only, could she escape the competition of the shop-girl, and feel with satisfaction that if she only looked a little more elegant than her rival on the surface she was a great deal more so underneath.

It would be difficult to form any real estimate of what such women spend on their wardrobes per annum. We all remember that the President's wife was reported to have said she spent three hundred dollars. Personally I am under the impression that she was misquoted. If she had said five it would have been all right and quite possible. There are thousands of women now in New York who are fittingly and stylishly fitted out on five hundred a year. But they are not of the "hand-made tucks" variety; they don't get their clothes from abroad; they wear one set of furs for three seasons; and they use what real lace they possess in places where it shows.

The other day, a girl of my acquaintance told me that one of the most brilliant young matrons of what the newspapers call "The Smart Set," had informed her that no woman could "be in society" and dress on less than five thousand a year. I imagine that this is about the sum the well-dressed woman, who is not particularly extravagant, has to spend. It seems a good deal, but when you come to figure out her expenses you will see it is quite modest. If she goes to the best milliners early in the season her hats will cost her from twenty-five to fifty dollars apiece; her gowns from one hundred and fifty to three hundred; her furs three or four hundred more. Her made-to-order shoes and slippers will be ten dollars a pair; her corsets twenty-five dollars; her silk petticoats from twenty to thirty. As for her lingerie, that will easily run up toward the thousand mark. All things

considered, the five thousand dollars is a small amount for her to get along on, and the young matron who thought it sufficient must have been a bit of a financier.

From this, onward and upward, any amount can be spent, and has been spent until this year, when the extinguisher was put on many innocent pleasures. One very fashionable and beautiful young woman, whose name constantly figures in the "society columns," told a man of my acquaintance that she "could not get on on less than sixty thousand a year." He thought the sum excessive, and asked her how she managed to spend so much money on her personal adornment. She thought a moment, and then replied: "Well, real lace on my underclothes gets away with a good deal of it."

As might be imagined, dress is an absorbing topic of conversation among women of this kind. A female stranger can have three recommendations to their society—to play a good game of "bridge"; to know a good recipe for losing weight; and to have discovered a new dressmaker. No women in the world are more preoccupied with their clothes. They perpetually talk about them. With some it has assumed the engrossing proportions of a fixed idea. You can work the conversation round on Chinese music and the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and in a few skillfully engineered sentences they will switch it back on to the advantage of shirring over pleating and the enduring beauties of chiffon velvet.

It is hardly necessary to say that their society is not intensely interesting, unless you happen to have the same bee in your bonnet. If you at the moment are wondering whether shirring or pleating will make you look smaller round the hips, then seek their company, for they will know all about it, and their dictum will have the value of expert opinion. I often wonder what they talk to men about. There are men who appear to take an interest in such esoteric subjects as the proper trimming for skirts and the cut of bodices. But they are scarce, not half enough of them to go round among the ladies, whose interests are bounded on the north by the dressmaker and the south by the milliner. One of them sat near me at a dinner, the other evening, and she entertained the man beside her with a long and exhaustive account of her system of dieting. It was evidently a good system, for she was as "thin as a June shad," as the fishermen say.

The younger girls, and even the little ones, brought up in this atmosphere, develop exactly the same mental trend. The children of such households talk knowingly of styles and costumes long before they are in their teens. It is a most unfortunate thing, as they are constantly bright and promising, and in different surroundings would grow up intelligent and charming women. But as they hear nothing else talked about they come to think their clothes are the most important feature of their lives. I was waiting, the other afternoon, at a friend's house for the chatelaine to come downstairs. Her little girl—twelve years old—appeared upon the scene, and sitting cozily down beside me on the sofa, began to examine my costume with an exploring eye that I found quite disconcerting. I tried to engage her in diverting conversation, but she was not interested. After looking me carefully over, she suddenly nestled affectionately nearer, and said: "Don't you just adore little tucks?"

The best thing that could have happened to these people is a loss of money. They were losing their heads. Luxury was eating into the better part of them like an acid. Not that they have had the sort of "spell" which makes it necessary for them to "go West" and start afresh. They are still in their brownstone fronts, with a retinue of well-trained servants and a long list of invitations for the Christmas season. But there has been a sudden check in the gorge of money-getting, and a corresponding pull-up in the orgie of money-spending. Especially in the matter of dress has there been a necessity to consider the dollar. The craze for expensive clothes has had to be conquered, anyway, for a time. Instead of Russian sables they buy serviceable Persian lamb; the real lace that didn't show has been replaced by good imitations. They complain as much about these deprivations as an East Side family might if they had to live on lentils and have meat only once a week. But, after all, the point of view is purely a matter of what one has been accustomed to. GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 30, 1903.

Captain Frederick Pabst, president of the Pabst Brewing Company, died at his home in Milwaukee on January 1st, at the age of sixty years. Pulmonary edema was the cause of his death. He was a native of Thuringen, Saxony, and came to America with his parents in 1848. He first worked in a hotel for five dollars per month and board, then as a cabin-boy on a steamer, finally becoming part owner of a ship. In 1862, he married a daughter of Philip Best, a brewer, entering business with his father-in-law, and laying the foundation of an immense fortune.

Mr. Yerkes, the Chicago street-railway magnate, has formulated and promulgated the following rules of conduct: "The worst fooled man is the one who fools himself." "Have one object in life. Follow it persistently and determinedly. If you divide your energies you will not succeed." "Have no regrets. Look to the future. The past is gone and can not be brought back."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Edward has conferred knighthood on James Knowles, formerly editor of the *Contemporary Review*, now editor of the *Nineteenth Century*.

It is rumored that a marriage is being arranged between King Alfonso and his cousin, Princess Maria del Pilar, daughter of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria and Infanta Maria de la Paz. Princess Maria del Pilar was born in 1891, and is therefore only twelve years old. King Alfonso is seventeen years of age.

Secretary of State John Hay still continues quite ill with bronchitis. Mr. Hay's throat gives him trouble every winter, and the present attack, while not at all serious, is the most stubborn he has had in several years. Unless it gets better soon he will visit Thomasville, Ga., the climate of which place has hitherto proved beneficial.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson recently observed his eightieth birthday anniversary. He is in perfect health, and says he is happy as a school-boy. The venerable author told his friends that he was especially grateful for two things—that he is not rich and that he has had the health and habits to earn an honest living in literature.

Anthony Comstock, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, is seriously ill at his home in Summit, N. J. His illness is the result of injuries he received in attempting to arrest a doctor on a charge of disseminating obscene literature. Mr. Comstock on that occasion was taken to his home with three broken ribs and bruises all over his body, received in a tussle with the physician.

For the first time in its history, the Royal Society of England has bestowed its "honorary reward" on a woman. The Sir Humphrey Davy gold medal and the honorary reward, considered of equal importance, were recently given by Sir William Huggins, the president to M. Pierre and Mme. Sklodowski Curie, respectively. Mme. Curie, in 1898, received the Gegner prize of three thousand eight hundred francs from the Paris Academy of Sciences, and also holds the Berthelot gold medal of the Academy. She is by birth a Pole, and the newly discovered substance, polonium, was named by her in honor of her native land.

Miss Annie Connell, of Council Bluffs, has filed a suit in the United States court against the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Omaha for thirty thousand dollars, alleging that she had been forced by the authorities at the convent to do such work that she was a physical wreck. Miss Connell was formerly a member of the order, but some time ago secured a special dispensation from the Pope to withdraw from the society. According to her petition, Miss Connell became a Sister of Mercy in 1891, receiving the name of Sister Mary Luigi Gonzaga. Although delicate, she says, she was required to scrub floors and do other hard manual labor in the convent, and her health gave way. She says she was often forced to work eighteen to twenty hours daily.

Five years ago Queen Wilhelmina was crowned at Amsterdam amid fervent demonstrations of a popular enthusiasm astounding to those who until then had regarded the Dutch as the most reserved and phlegmatic among nations. Now, it is said that the least observant traveler may perceive that Queen Wilhelmina is no longer the idol of her people. Her marriage is not regarded as an unqualified success. Prince Heinrich is unfortunate in not possessing the winning manner. He is still a stranger in a land very definitely adverse to anything German. When the royal pair recently opened parliament, some of the spectators did not even lift their hats as the queen passed. Queen Wilhelmina, since her dangerous illness, is changed and pale, in sombre contrast to the bright smiles and healthful aspect of her girlhood. The murmur of growing anxiety as to the national future is everywhere audible. All Holland sighs for a direct heir to the throne, and discusses the subject incessantly. The idea of becoming Germanized is abhorrent.

During a joint discussion at Hope, Ark., by the three candidates for governor, a fight took place between Governor Jefferson Davis and Judge Carroll D. Wood. Governor Davis spoke first. He called Judge Wood "a traitor." Judge Wood objected. Resenting the objection, the governor seized his gold-headed cane. People interfered, and so the governor went on with his speech and finished it. Subsequent proceedings are thus described in the sheriff's affidavit: "The parties on the stage began to mix around. I saw Governor Davis jerk his walking-cane from Senator Jobe. Then Judge Wood made toward him and shoved Judge Bourland out of the way. Bourland then clinched Judge Wood from behind. Mr. Ward was also by the side of Judge Wood, having hold of his left arm. Davis then struck Judge Wood over the head and shoulders of Mr. Ward, hitting Judge Wood twice, once on the head and once on the cheek. I think he struck three blows, but only two took effect. Judge Wood made a lunge, freeing himself from Bourland and Ward, and grabbed the stick from Davis and made at him, and struck him one blow, which Davis warded off with his arm." About this time, the sheriff ceased to observe, and began to act, and the fight was over. But the head of Judge Wood was "all buggy."



## NEW YORK "PARSIFAL"—MAD.

Gotham Goes Wild Over Wagner's Music-Drama—Six Thousand People See the First Production—A Grand Scenic Triumph—The Critics Disagree—Art and Money.

Richard Wagner's music-drama, "Parsifal," produced in New York on Christmas Eve for the first time outside of Bayreuth, had the advantage of more preliminary advertising than ever fell to the lot of any other play presented in this country. At Bayreuth, where it has been played for years in the Wagnerian theatre, it has been the magnet for pilgrims, some of them music-lovers, others curiosity-seekers. They spread its fame and made it fashionable. About a year ago, the announcement was made that "Parsifal" was to be given in New York. The statement created a ripple of excitement. This grew into something of a wave when the widow of Richard Wagner brought suit to prevent the performance. What the suit lacked in sensationalism was skillfully supplied, until, by the time the courts had decided that the play might be produced outside of Germany, and the newspapers had gotten into full swing, an overwhelming tidal-wave of excitement swept not only New York but the whole East, and reached even the borders of the country.

Newspaper discussion is essential to the success of a public function, and Herr Conried, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, where "Parsifal" was given, could not complain of any lack of aid from the press. Every paper of any note in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston gave it columns each day, printing and reprinting every scrap of news that could be collected regarding every phase of its production. They wrote of it editorially, some treating it gravely, some in a jocular vein, some in phrases touched by satire. They coined such words as "Parsifalitis," "Parsifalage," and "Parsifallers." They interviewed every musician, critic, and manager of note. They told the plot, printed some of the music, and pictured the stage settings. Solemn correspondents, with a full realization of their responsibility to the public, told what they thought, or thought they thought, of "Parsifal." Truly, the man who coined "Parsifalitis" was justified.

As if all this were not enough, the ministers began a crusade against the play, denouncing it as sacrilegious, Bishop Burgess becoming so excited as to denounce it as a presentation of a sacred theme "hy painted actors upon a painted stage." Dr. Parkhurst lent his voice to the pretty general ministerial condemnation, and few there were among the gentlemen of the cloth who gave the play their approval. Lecturers joined in the general clamor. One of these had bet four thousand dollars that "Parsifal" would not be produced in New York. His lectures brought him two thousand dollars, leaving him a heavy loser. Then, too, the Gerry Society took a hand in the affair, and insisted that the forty boy-choristers from Calvary Episcopal Church should not sing—but they did sing, by reason of Mr. Conried's apparent acquiescence in the society's demands. The youngsters were smuggled in while the Gerrites were not looking.

The question of dress was another theme for hysterical discussion. The play began at five o'clock, continued until seven, then, after an intermission of one hour and forty-five minutes, was resumed, finishing at half after eleven. To go in afternoon dress was all right—but six o'clock, the time for the change to evening dress, came in the middle of the first act. It was impossible to change then and there, though some sartorially irreverent wit suggested that the ladies' gowns might be false-fronted, and instantaneously changed, by the pulling of two or three pins, into after-six attire; while the gentlemen could easily provide themselves with large shears, with which the fronts of waistcoats could be hacked to the proper depth, and coat-tails made to assume claw-hammer shape at the transformation hour. But even this merry wag could not suggest any solution of the headgear problem, nor tell how one who did not care to adopt his suggestions was to rush home at seven, eat dinner, shift into evening attire, and return to the theatre in an hour and three-quarters. The result of the dress discussion was that, many authorities having been interviewed, each of whom looked upon the matter in a different light, their diverse suggestions were adopted, and the effect was mixed. Most of the men in the orchestra seats appeared in the conventional evening clothes, some in the balconies wore frock-coats, others came in cut-aways, and still others dared to face their fellows in tweeds. Women, for the most part, wore matinée dresses. Some had on very elaborate afternoon gowns. Many of them—and many of the men, also—changed their costumes at home during the first intermission. Several ingenious gentlemen came in overcoats buttoned to the chin, and promptly at six o'clock opened them to reveal the full glory of after-dark attire. Out in front of the theatre, two young men, strangers to each other, one in a frock-coat and the other in evening clothes, came to blows over which was properly decked.

It is not surprising, that, after all this publicity and discussion, six thousand people should have paid nine hundred dollars for the privilege of witnessing the performance. The box-office receipts were larger than upon any other occasion, except the opera per-

formance that was given in honor of Prince Henry. The crowd, however, was easily handled by a force of thirty-five policemen.

A brief word about the plot of "Parsifal." The theme of the story is the Holy Grail, a cup supposed to have been used by the Saviour at the Last Supper, and to have caught some of His blood when He was crucified. It is guarded by a number of Knights of the Holy Grail, appointed by Titirel, chief guardian, who has built a fitting shrine for the sacred vessel, and who can be kept alive only by an occasional sight of the cup. Klingsor, a magician, tries to join the ranks of the knights, but is repulsed. Out of revenge, he has a siren, Kundry, tempt the Grail knights in order that they may relinquish their vigilance and allow him to secure the cup. Titirel, aging, gives the custody of the cup to his son, Amfortas. He is waylaid by Kundry, yields, and Klingsor, stealing his spear, wounds him with it. The wound remains an open sore, that can be healed only by a touch from the spear that Klingsor has stolen. Each time that the Grail is uncovered, Amfortas nearly expires of agony. It has been decided that this spear can be recovered only by a "guileless fool," and Parsifal, having killed a swan, a bird held sacred by the knights, is looked upon as nothing else; consequently he is appointed to bring back the spear. He does so, resisting Kundry's blandishments. He restores the spear, is appointed Grail keeper, and uncovers the cup. The opera is extended far beyond this point, but the critics pronounce the remainder of it irrelevant, and the repetition of the uncovering scene a cheap anti-climax. It was at the end of the first act, when communion was administered the knights, that the grandeur of the opera reached its height, and the audience was the most impressed. It was a scene of magnificent, awe-inspiring beauty, all the resources of the stage-manager's art having been concentrated toward eclipsing any stage effect ever before produced. The effort was successful. Despite Bayreuth traditions, applause broke out.

As to the merits of the play, the critics are divided. Bennett, of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, while hardly discussing the quality of the drama, shows his own feelings by his description of the effect it had on the audience. "'Parsifal' stunned New York and humbled it," he writes; "the most arrogant and the smartest city in the world was made reverent." Some of the papers glorify it with an air of doing what is expected of them. The New York *World* speaks of it as having "much tedious music, with moments of exquisite melody." The *Commercial Advertiser* frankly says that "the whole effect of 'Parsifal' in performance on the stage is artificial and remote. Gone is that splendid and firing spontaneity that sweep Wagner and his hearers through 'Tristan.' . . . He had the capacity of self-deception, and he deceived himself when he wrote 'Parsifal.' . . . It is fundamentally undramatic, in that everything is foreordained." This critic pronounces most of the music either commonplace or a rehash of other Wagner operas. "None the less," he says, "the music of 'Parsifal' has its splendid moments, above all moments of solemn exaltation and rapturous aspirations. . . . In places it seems to be an instrumentation of quieter, subtler, more transparent and poetically idealized beauty than Wagner has ever attained before."

Nothing could be much more bitter than what Mr. Henderson, of the New York *Sun*, has this to say of "Parsifal":

The child of Wagner's artistic decrepitude. It is a descending in inspiration, a ritardando in invention. . . . It is a most imposing pageant set to unimposing music. . . . Wagner fired heaven once with the immolation of Brunnhilde. The light on the Holy Grail is white and cold. . . . The scene has inspired pages, but on the whole it is almost one long, faint echo of Wagner's greater works. Siegfried vainly strives to animate this Parsifalian puppet of renunciation with the blood of his themes. Cloudlike shreds of "Tristan and Isolde" struggle to put sunset tints on this pallid sky. All is copying, futile, without inspiration, without novelty—a hotch-potch of the old marketable materials, made over with constructive skill, but without sincerity.

Another critic who refused to fall under the spell of "Parsifal" is James Huneker, who says:

The work smells preeminently of the lamp. It lacks spontaneity. Its subject is extremely undramatic. . . . Never has Wagner so laboriously built a book. It is a farrago of odds and ends, a very dust-urn of his philosophies, beliefs, and prejudices. . . . Verily, Wagner was in the twilight of his constructive powers when he schemed the poem, though he was never so sane as to the commercial potentialities of an undertaking.

Likewise, there is a division of opinion as to whether or not the New York production was better than the annual presentation of the play at Bayreuth. Some insist that in New York it lacked the reverential aspect, but was better scenically; others hold the opposite opinion. David Belasco says that Bayreuth was surpassed, but Walter Damrosch distinctly disagrees with him. The only united voices of praise are for Miss Ternina as Kundry, and Alois Burgstaller as Parsifal—and even for them the praise is slightly qualified. Anton Van Rooy as Amfortas, Robert Blass as Gurnemaunz, and Otto Goritz as Klingsor share the fate of the opera as to criticism. But all unite in saying that it was the greatest stage spectacle even seen in this country. Manager Conried received over two hundred and fifty telegrams of congratulation, and innumerable floral offerings.

It is unlikely that "Parsifal" will be played outside of New York, but it will have seven more performances there—on January 14th, 21st, and 28th, and on February 4th, 11th, 16th, and 26th.

## THE POETS AND PANAMA.

Uncle Sam Cogitating.

Ef Johnny Bull owned Panama  
Would I be thar with ships and sich,  
Preparin' fur to dig my ditch  
An' eggin' on my friends to war?

Ef William, Emperor by God's grace,  
Owned a square foot in that 'ere clifne  
Would my marines be markin' time  
Round there or in some other place?

Ef in that picturesque morass  
John Crapeau in profoundest peace  
Was croaken uv the Marseillaise  
Would I go pokin' round the grass?

Wall I dunno, I reckon not,  
But these 'ere chaps are small ye see  
An' they just know how big I be  
An' what a critter I'm when hot.

Traditions? Huh? an' treaties—bosh!  
In this free land it's might that's right;  
An' I'm jest dyin' fur a fight,  
Fur I'm almighty naouw, b'gosh.

—New Haven Register.

Battle Hymn of the Panama Republic.

From no mountain height of freedom  
Was our glorious flag unfurled,  
And we sought no grandstand plaudits,  
Firing shots heard round the world.  
Times have changed since gory heroes  
Of their fights for country bragged;  
Mid no war shouts rose our standard,  
But our courage never flagged.

For we sat in secret conclave  
When we built us up a state,  
Sons of freedom, cool and cautious,  
Subtle, keen, and up to date;  
Laid our wires with skill artistic,  
Planning 'gainst untimely slips.  
With much faith in business methods  
And an uncle who has ships.

No long list of dead and wounded  
Glorifies our virgin scroll,  
Though against the constitution  
We set out for freedom's goal;  
But we've shown how modern heroes,  
Free from wild, unseemly hate,  
Can, without undue excitement,  
Build republics while you wait.  
—Read in the House by Congressman Williams.

A New Pike County Ballad.

[With apologies to the author of "Little Breeces,"]

"He don't go much on religion,  
In the White House there ain't no show;  
But he's got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
As I guess them Dagoes know.  
He ain't no saint—them Presidents  
Is all pretty much alike—  
A keerness man in his talk, is be,  
But he knows the time to strike.

"No man high-toneder could be found  
To preach of actin' on the square,  
But the way he follers a Christian life  
Is to grab his own no matter where.  
The Democrats may rezoloot,  
And the yaller-bellies raise a yell,  
But if one of 'em teches Panama,  
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell!

"Some cravens said the ship of state,  
Was tearin' along right on a snag,  
With a secretary squat on her safety-valve—  
But, lord, they clean forgot the swag!  
He seen his canal, a dead-sure thing,  
And he went for it less'n half-cock,  
And the French had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed they'd get their stock."

—New York Evening Post.

The Isthmus: A Vision.

Since the first the two vast continents arose,  
Bearing their dark-faced peoples, did this chain  
Of soil mock at the ocean's foamy strength,  
And angry tides beat on its shores in vain.

The dark-faced peoples faded, for there came  
The conqueror, in whose resistless hand  
Lay north and south, his wondrous dream fulfilled,  
His the young splendors of each mighty land.

But yet that bar, that slender bar, that drove  
His great ships tryst with distant seas to keep,  
While, fretting hoarsely on the Isthmus' sands,  
The voice of deep called vainly unto deep.

Then the gay Queen of Europe mustered bosts  
And bade them cut the bar, and poured her gold  
Into their laps; the Isthmus kept their bones,  
Their quick flesh blended with the Isthmus mold.

And the Old World said drearily: "Let be!  
We are but human and the earth is strong,  
Drive the wide fleets down through the Southern seas—  
We must endure what has endured so long!"

Then, in the beauty of her flawless youth,  
Columbia cried: "The sons whom I have bred  
Grasp at the throat of Failure, and shall win  
Where other men lie impotent or dead."

"Safely the golden cargoes shall pass through,  
Far from the jagged capes with perils fraught;  
And I shall watch the wondering nations turn  
Wide eyes on this great work by my sons wrought."

O mighty trust! I saw it justified;  
Snapped was the barrier, the great floods set free,  
Wave leaped exultantly to wave and marked  
A glorious marriage for Eternity!

—Clinton Dangerfield in *January Century*.

The number of deaths in New York from pneumonia during 1903 was 9,691, a greater number than died of any other disease. There were nearly 65,000 cases, and nearly half of them occurred during the winter months. Consumption has taken second place in New York in the list of fatal diseases.



## NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR MAKERS.

Editors Little Known—Hearst's Failure to Down the "News"—James Gordon Bennett a Striking Personality—Ogden, Laffan, Ochs, and Pulitzer—Manufacturing Advertising.

Who is Victor Lawson? It may be doubted if the average reader of these lines is ready on the instant with an accurate reply. And yet Mr. Bowles, editor of the *Springfield Republican*, one of the ten most influential newspapers in the United States, remarked in a recent public address: "I undertake to say that the man who is doing the greatest amount of good in the United States to-day is Victor Lawson, editor and proprietor of the Chicago *Daily News*."

Perhaps the statement is an exaggeration. But at any rate the mere fact that the man of whom it could be made is less well known to the average person than Carrie Nation or Prophet Dowie indicates how slight is the public's knowledge of the personalities that control the great newspapers of the country and exercise an incalculable influence upon our national life.

Mr. Lawson is to-day Mr. Hearst's chief competitor in Chicago. Hearst went into Chicago with the intention of "doing up" the *Daily News*. That paper, on the contrary, has grown and expanded in the face of Hearst's competition, and to-day doubtless has the largest circulation in its history. It is claimed that during November 7,491,967 copies of the *News* were sold and paid for at regular rates, and through the regular trade channels. That is a circulation of 312,165 copies daily—a tremendous one. Yet Mr. Hearst's *American* has neither pined nor died. It flourishes. And the explanation seems to be that Hearst's journal has actually created a class of readers. He has drawn few readers from the *News*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, or *Journal*; he has rather given a paper to those who before he invaded Chicago had none, read none, but who were mutely hankering for something good and yellow. It speaks very well for the morals of Chicago as a city that so clean a paper as Mr. Lawson's should have achieved so notable a success. Mr. Bowles describes Lawson "a high-minded, honest, and modest Christian gentleman." (That sounds like a joke.) His newspaper reflects his personality. It is maintained on clean and wholesome lines in its advertisements as well as in its reading matter. It is an afternoon paper; sells for one cent; runs to amusement and instruction in its editorial columns; and is independent of political or business alliances. The *Daily News* has made Mr. Lawson a rich man, but "he is not a candidate for the Presidency," and does not pose as a philanthropist.

"Modest Christian gentlemen" may be very useful persons in the newspaper world, but their personalities, the way the world is constituted, do not excite the liveliest interest. Far more remarkable a journalistic figure is James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York *Herald*—the only man in journalism who by preference edits his paper from the far end of the Atlantic cable. During the thirty years he has been master of the *Herald*, he has dropped into his New York office once every two or three years. His latest visit—three days long—was last month. Everything was ready for him—it is always ready for him. It is said that when he sits down to his desk after years of absence he is in instant and familiar touch with the most minute details of the vast organization which he directs. Why he prefers to live in Paris nobody knows. But he is no less master of the *Herald* abroad than at home. Wherever he may be, he is that great journal's sole proprietor, editor, manager—and inspiration. He directs affairs in their minutest details; the minutes of the editorial council in the *Herald* office are cabled him; the heads of all departments report to him; he knows who writes every "feature," every editorial, and who suggested it; he writes editorials himself and cables them; the business as well as the editorial policies are his. Indeed, it is said that Mr. Bennett is the largest patron of the Commercial Cable Company. James Creelman, a few weeks ago, wrote for the *World* a sketch of Mr. Bennett's personality, in which he said:

In spite of his sixty-two years, Mr. Bennett looks young. His tall figure is as thin and sinewy and aristocratic as ever. He moves with the alert lightness of a boy. His hair and mustache are whitening, and there are tiny wrinkles about the eyes, but the eyes themselves—great graynesses—are bright and keen, and there is a healthy glow in his lean, brown face. Time has not lessened his nervous energy nor diminished his enthusiastic interest in events. He is as keen about the latest news as the most anxious reporter in his service. He walks with the same old erectness, his white hair, tanned skin, and powerful features giving him a curious air of distinction.

Certainly a striking figure. His latest enterprise, as reported a few days ago, is to lay out and adorn a large park in New York to the memory of his father, James Gordon Bennett, the elder.

The best-known figure in New York journalism is of course Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*. But his fame was gained in politics rather than in journalism. Since the death of Godkin, the editor of that aloof, cynically brilliant sheet, the *Evening Post*, is Rollo Ogden, a "reformed" clergyman, who continues the policies of the *Post* with considerable vigor. The *Sun*, now that Paul Dana is out, thrives under the editorship of William M. Laffan, of whose personality, like that of Ogden, little or nothing is known by the general public. There is still not a little truth in the saying of the New York young lady that she didn't read the *Sun*, for it made vice so attractive, nor the *Post*, for it made virtue so repulsive. The *Sun*'s columns contain more gen-

uine fun than all the other New York papers combined. The pet epithet that the *Sun*'s enemies apply to it is "the Laffanstock." It is almost alone among newspapers in still employing hand compositors instead of typesetting machines. And it uses pictures but very sparingly. The proprietor of the *Times*—the "All-the-News-that's-Fit-to-Print" paper—is of Jewish Adolph S. Ochs not only controls the *Times*, but the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and a Chattanooga paper. All seem to be succeeding—better, perhaps, than the London *Times* since it fell into the hands of those banker Jews, the Rothschilds. It is said that the price (one cent) of the New York *Times* does not cover the cost of the white paper used.

This is also true of the New York *World*—another monument to the genius of men of Jewish race—which, beginning in a debauch of sensationalism, has grown more virtuous with age, until now it is only faintly streaked with yellowness. At all times it has been independent, aggressive, fearless, and on the people's side of every question. Its success is all the more remarkable in that its editor, Joseph Pulitzer, has lost his health and sight, yet still directs the *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. As General Taylor put it on the occasion of the later paper's twenty-fifth anniversary last month, "With one foot firmly planted in the great metropolis of the South-West and the other firmly planted in New York, Mr. Pulitzer appears to us a veritable journalistic Colossus of Rhodes." When he bought the *Dispatch* in 1878 at sheriff's sale, for \$2,500, it had a circulation of 987. To-day, its circulation is 120,000, and the anniversary number contained 160 pages and 603 columns of advertisements—the largest amount of advertising ever contained in a single copy of a newspaper.

It is this growth of the advertising department of a newspaper, necessitating the issue of a huge, bulky journal, that has so largely changed the character of newspapers. A newspaper, nowadays, really ranks as a manufacturing concern. It is said that eighty-five per cent. of the revenue comes from advertising. One newspaper proprietor is even quoted as describing the news and editorial part of his journal as "the by-product"! The advertising is the thing! Such being the case, it is not to be wondered at that millionaire business men with no journalistic training embark in "the advertising manufacturing business." But the situation has its drawbacks. For instance, when so strong is the influence of "business interests" that three or four of the leading newspapers of New York seemingly enter into a conspiracy to minimize the importance of such revelations of fraud and trickery as those in the case of the Shipbuilding Trust.

## GREAT FIRES IN THEATRES.

The Cause of the Iroquois Fire—Those Fatal Steps—Paris Opera Burned Five Times—The Charity Bazaar—Other Great Fires.

There have been theatre fires occasioning greater loss of life than that in Chicago, but certainly none more horrible and strange. The property loss was but \$20,000, yet 591 persons are dead; the plush on the seats of the upper balcony was barely charred, yet the dead bodies of women and children were piled twenty deep in the passageway.

Described in the fewest words possible, the salient facts as they have gradually been sifted out seem to be these: There were 1,800 people, mostly women and children, in the Iroquois Theatre at the matinée performance of "Mr. Bluebeard," when an inadequately protected flood light set fire to a linen curtain. An attempt was made to lower the asbestos curtain, but a fixture used for a special feature of the show prevented its being lowered. In a moment, two gas tanks on the stage exploded, and at the same instant the door in the rear of the stage was blown open or thrown open, creating a draft under the partially lowered asbestos curtain, and a blast of burning gas, hot air, and flame roared outward, passing over the heads of those on the lower floor, but enveloping those in the balcony and gallery with black fumes, smoke, and flame. The lights went out. A terrible panic followed. Those not suffocated by the smoke and flame trampled each other to death in the passageways. In particular, at the left exit of the balcony, where there are three small steps, there was found a pile of more than two hundred dead, crushed, trodden under foot, but not burned. In the darkness, the steps could not be seen, and the first ones fell; others stumbled over them; soon a barrier of human bodies was erected.

So far as now known, the chief cause of the disaster was the failure of the asbestos curtain to work. Contributing causes were the absence of exit signs, though they could not, even in any event, have been seen in the Stygian darkness; the lack of stage sprinklers, though it is not pretended they could have put out the fire; the fact that there were no fire-alarm boxes in the building; the fact that the skylights over the stage were shut, which prevented the normal escape of flame and smoke from the stage; the steepness of the balcony aisles; the sticking of some of the doors, though it is true that most of those who lost their lives never reached them; and the fact that the fire escapes had no lower ladders, which undoubtedly cost many lives.

In view of the terrible part those three small steps

played in the disaster, it is interesting to note that, more than twenty years ago, Eyre M. Shaw, of the London fire brigade, writing of "Fires in Theatres," declared that passageways should be "quite free from steps at any point where a crush is likely to take place. Even the smallest steps," he wrote, "are more or less unsafe." His words seem almost prophetic. Inclined passages instead of steps were what he recommended. Another of his recommendations, carried out, it is believed, in only one large theatre in the world, is a system of perforated pipes running under the seats through every part of the house. This system is employed in the Munich Opera House, and though it would not, perhaps, have absolutely prevented loss of life in the Iroquois fire, the calming effect on the crowd of the many streams of water might have been great. Other regulations that the best authorities on theatre construction agree should be insisted upon are simplicity of exits, prohibition of the sale of standing room, the division of the crowd into different sections passing out at different doors, and avoidance of the meeting of streams of people at right angles, or at an angle approaching a right angle. After the burning of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, in 1881, it is said that an ordinance was adopted requiring that every theatre in the city should erect an iron curtain to be lowered at every performance as a guarantee to the audience that it is in perfect working order.

But though after every theatre fire, there is talk about more stringent regulations, it seems usually to end in talk. The list of theatre fires is a long and appalling one, and the worst fires have occurred in recent years—showing that theatre-builders and managers learn little from experience.

Take Paris as an example. The Paris Opéra has burned five times—in 1763, 1781, 1788, 1871, 1873. The first fire was at mid-day; the theatre was empty. The second, in 1781, broke out ten minutes after the end of a performance of Moline's "Orphée." The theatre, which held 2,500 persons, was empty of spectators, but women dancers, half dressed, were forced to flee into the street. In 1788, the Opéra was again burned during the daytime; in 1871, the Communists burned it; in 1873, a fire broke out at a quarter after eleven, and the building housing the Opéra was burned to the ground. Yet from these five fires, Paris learned little, for ten years later came the disastrous fire in the Opéra-Comique, where 200 people lost their lives. The freaks of fire in this case were very curious. An eye-witness, writing at the time from Paris, says: "Press-doors were burned away in the wardrobe-room, and the costumes hanging on the racks were, in many instances, hardly injured. All the seven ladies who were found in a heap at the foot of the staircase, unburned yet asphyxiated, were dressed in black."

A little over ten years later, came the destruction of that great and historic playhouse, the Théâtre Français, the fire starting from a defective chimney in the shop of a pastry-cook. It was just before the performance, and only one life was lost, that of Mlle. Henriot, an actress. Seven years later, Paris was visited by another frightful catastrophe, the destruction by fire of the Bazaar de la Charité. Here, as in the Iroquois Theatre fire, more persons were trampled to death than burned. "There were," says one of the witnesses of the fire, "twenty-one women and six men who had fallen in a heap one on the other; they were coated with smoke; their clothes, their hair, were intact; not a strip of lace was torn; not a buttonhole had been torn; the uppers of the boots were without damage." It was in this fire that the beautiful Duchess d'Alençon, the famous Duchess de la Torre, and Marquise de Gallifet were burned to death, as were many others of the bluest blood of France.

Elsewhere in the world theatre fires have been no less frequent and disastrous. In 1811, the theatre at Richmond, Va., was burned to the ground, and 300 people were killed and wounded. In 1833, the Lehmann Theatre at St. Petersburg was destroyed, and 800 persons were trampled to death. In 1863, the cathedral at Santiago, Chile, was destroyed, and 600 (one report says 2,000) women and children were burned to death. A few years later, the theatre at Leghorn, Italy, was destroyed; 100 were burned to death and 300 injured. In 1876, Conway's Theatre at Brooklyn was destroyed; 283 persons were burned to death, and many hundreds were injured. In 1881, the Ring Theatre at Vienna was destroyed; 450 persons were burned to death, and many hundreds were injured. In 1882, the Victoria Hall at Sunderland, England (it was the occasion of a children's festival) was destroyed; 183 children were burned or trampled to death, and many hundreds were injured. In 1883, the Ferroni Theatre in Berditscheff, Russia, was destroyed; 430 bodies were found, 100 were missing, and many hundreds were injured. In 1887, the theatre at Exeter, England, was destroyed; 166 persons were burned to death, and many hundreds injured. In 1888, the theatre at Oporto was destroyed; 240 persons were burned to death, and many hundreds injured. Since the middle of the last century, 732 theatres have been destroyed by fire. M. Maurat de Pourville says that in the years 1867 and 1868 alone fifteen theatres, valued at between sixteen and seventeen millions of francs, were burned. Between the years 1876 and 1888, 141 theatres were destroyed, 149 damaged, causing loss of life of 2,215 persons, wounding 748.

The public memory is short, disasters are soon forgotten—until the next time.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Une Chronique Scandaleuse.

Scandal about kings and queens and other blue-blooded folk seems nowadays to be finding its way into print rather extensively. "The Memoirs of Mme. Vigee Lebrun" is but just translated. "The Memoirs of a Contemporary" proves to be the story of an adventuress. "The Private Lives of William II and His Consort" is just out in the East, and already creating a sensation. The "Creevey Papers" is ranked in interest with the "Life of Gladstone."

Thomas Creevey was born in 1768, entered Parliament in 1802, died in 1838. In his voluminous papers, one-fiftieth of which are now published in two volumes, he throws little light on his origin. Perhaps he did not know it. He was supposed to be the illegitimate son of some distinguished personage. He was poor, but happy; had no possessions but his clothes, his friends, an inexhaustible fund of humor, good sense, and good spirits. The greatest folk of England were glad to have him at their tables. He knew everything that went on, and set it all down in black and white. He was a friend of the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth, and writes that it was in 1804 that:

The prince began first to notice me and to stop his horse and talk with me when he met me in the streets; but I recollect only one occasion and that in the succeeding year, that I dined at Carlton House. On that occasion Lord Dundas and Calcraft sat at the top and bottom of the table, the prince in the middle at one side, with the Duke of Clarence next to him; Fox, Sheridan, and about thirty Opposition members of both houses making the whole party. We walked about the garden before dinner without our hats. . . . during dinner he [the prince] was very gracious, funny, and agreeable, but after dinner he took to making speeches, and was very prosy, as well as highly injudicious. He made a long harangue in favor of the Catholics, and took occasion to tell us that his brother William and himself were the only two of his family who were not German—this, too, in a company which was, most of them, barely known to him. Likewise, I remember his halloaing to Sir Charles Bamfylde at the other end of the table and asking him if he had seen Mother Windsor [a notorious procuress] lately.

Creevey pays a generous tribute to the prince's sobriety, saying:

I never saw him the least drunk but once, and I was myself pretty much the occasion of it. We were dining at the pavilion, and poor Fonblanque, a dolorous fop of a lawyer, and a member of Parliament, too, was one of the guests. After drinking some wine, I could not resist having some jokes at Fonblanque's expense, which the prince encouraged greatly. I went on and invented stories about speeches Fonblanque had made in Parliament, which were so pathetic as to have affected his audience to tears, all of which inventions of mine Fonblanque denied to be true with such overpowering gravity that the prince said he should die if I did not stop. In the evening at about ten or eleven o'clock, he said he should go to the ball at the castle, and said I should go with him. So I went in his coach, and he entered the room with his arm through mine, everybody standing and getting upon benches to see him. He was certainly tipsy, and so, of course, was I, but not much, for I well remember his taking me up to Mrs. Creevey and her daughters, and telling them he had never spent a pleasanter day in his life, and that "Creevey had been very great."

Another interesting figure that appears in Creevey's pages is Warren Hastings. Sheridan had won fame by his speech against Hastings, but when the ex-governor-general returned from India, there was much scurrying to cover. Creevey writes:

[Sheridan] lost no time in attempting to cajole old Hastings, begging him to believe that any part he had ever taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself, etc., upon which old Hastings said with great gravity that it would be a great consolation to him in his declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more public; but Sheridan was obliged to mutter and get out of such an engagement as well as he could.

Of Wellington, Creevey was at first suspicious. He thought he was blundering in Spain, and exclaims:

Oh, how glad I am that I had no hand in making this madman Wellesley preside over the destinies of this country, to sacrifice the thousands of brave lives that he will assuredly do.

Passing over the very interesting accounts of the troubles of the dukes and princes with their mistresses and wives we come to Creevey's extraordinarily vivid picture of the morning after Waterloo. The authenticity of the following conversation with the Iron Duke is amply confirmed by other writers:

"It has been a damned serious business," he [Wellington] said. "Blucher and I have lost thirty thousand men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blucher lost fourteen thousand on Friday night (at Ligny), and got so damnedly licked I could not find him on Saturday morning, so I was obliged to fall back to regain my communication with him." . . . He repeated so often "It was so nice a thing—so nearly run a

thing, that I asked him if the French had fought better than he had ever seen them do before. "No," he said, "they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vineira (in 1808)." Then he said: "By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there."

One more anecdote of Wellington, full of his characteristic profanity. Mr. Creevey addressed this question to Wellington:

"Well now, duke, let me ask you, don't you think Lowe a very unnecessarily harsh gaoler of Buonaparte at St. Helena? It is surely very disreputable to us to put any restraint upon him not absolutely necessary for his detention." With his usual expletive, Wellington replied: "By God! I don't know. Buonaparte is so damned intractable a fellow, there is no knowing how to deal with him. To be sure, as to the means employed to keep him there, never was anything so damned absurd."

We have only touched upon the surface of what is indeed a remarkably intimate, interesting, and apparently truthful picture of troublous times.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

With the beginning of a new year there is always a lull in the book trade. Some publishers will do little or nothing until February, or even the early spring. Others, however, find that the very slackness of the season immediately after Christmas is favorable to the launching of new books, because of the lesser competition. Among these are the Macmillans, who now choose this period of the year for bringing out their long-promised new novel by Winston Churchill, though the exact date of its publication has not yet been decided. Among the more serious works that are announced for the spring season a prominent place must be given to the reminiscences, respectively, of Carl Schurz and of Moncure D. Conway.

One of the first novels of the new year will be "The Deliverance," Miss Ellen Glasgow's new romance of the Virginia tobacco fields.

The Macmillan Company will bring out next month "The Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java," by Dr. Clive Day. This is said to be a careful study of all phases of the subject. It is particularly interesting, in view of its bearing on the administration of this country in the Philippines.

The publishers have on their January list volumes III and IV of the "Harriman Expedition," on the "Glaciers" of Alaska, by G. K. Gilbert, and on "Geology, Minerals, and Fossils, Plants, and Animals," by various writers, each with over one hundred illustrations, many of them in color.

That bridge is "on the grow" in this country is shown by the fact that the agents in America of Badworth's "Laws and Principles of Bridge" have recently ordered by cable from London four successive editions of the book.

The late Mr. Henley exalted the automobile in a splendid way in his poem, "Speed." Now Mr. Kipling is reported to have been inspired by the same mechanism to write some verse parodies which he will call "The Muse Among the Motors." The poet, by the way, has gone for his usual winter visit to South Africa, where he still has the home provided for him by Cecil Rhodes.

John Morley's visit to this country next October—if he holds to his intention—to deliver an address at the opening of the Technical College at Pittsburg, will be his first visit to America in nearly thirty years.

The Scribners are bringing out a new edition of Fielding's works in eleven octavo volumes under the editorship of Dr. James P. Brame, of Edinburgh. The edition is a reissue of the Bickers edition. The text is that of the quarto edition of 1762. The "Essay on Nothing," originally published by Fielding, but not represented in his collected works, is included. Arthur Murphy's essay on Fielding's life and genius is also included.

The most interesting portion of Herbert Spencer's autobiography, that relating to the period when his character and opinions were under formation, is said to be singularly complete; but so scrupulous was his regard for truth that he insisted upon submitting important sections to authoritative friends, such as John Morley or Professor Huxley, and this diffusion and invitation of others' impressions are expected to make the editor's task more than usually difficult. One authority is quoted as saying that two or three years are likely to elapse before the publication of all the material regarding his life and work that Mr. Spencer put on paper for the benefit of posterity.

It is reported from London that the demand for Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is unprecedented in the history of political biography. It is there the best-selling book, despite its steep price, ten dollars and fifty cents. Messrs. Macmillan had their resources taxed to cope with even the requirements of the retail trade. "A remarkable sight," said

the manager, "was presented by the score of vans driving away filled to their uttermost with 'Gladstones'!" Nine thousand copies, weighing a hundred tons, were dispatched to their destinations in the course of a few hours. Many of the orders were from men of distinction—embassadors, great lawyers, soldiers, divines, and a considerable sprinkling of masters of public schools.

Major Martin Hume is to write still another volume on the matrimonial transactions of historic royalty. It will appear under the title of "The Wives of Henry VIII." In the meantime, Major Hume is revising "The Courtship of Queen Elizabeth." "The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots," the latest of his books, was reviewed in these columns recently.

General Lew Wallace (says the New York Sun) is in town, hale, hearty, vigorous as though merely a survivor of the Cuban war instead of a veteran of the Civil and the Mexican Wars. Possibly the one hundred and ten editions of "Ben Hur," and dramatic gold mines originating in that self-sowing hardy perennial, may have had something to do with keeping the author young.

The memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt, long awaited with interest and certain to furnish entertaining reading, are at last nearly completed. Mme. Bernhardt has always been much amused by the cartoons inspired by her personality and her rôles, and has made a collection of them. Report has it that liberal extracts from this collection will be included in the illustration of her memoirs.

"Parsifal," in its new English poetic version by Oliver Huckel, has reached its tenth thousand, say the publishers.

## VERSE FROM RECENT BOOKS.

## Riches.

The far sweet rosy distances,  
The snow peaks lone and high,  
The sweep of softer hill, the firs  
That climb and touch the sky;

The rippling laughter of a brook,  
A flower-scented rain,  
A drench of liquid gold let loose  
At sunset on my pane;

The purple splendor of the night  
Wherein Orion's three  
Flash constant messages; the frog  
That murmurs to the lea;

The wash of waves, the song of birds,  
The red fall of a star,  
The pale green mist upon the sea—  
These all my riches are.

—Ella Higginson in "The Voice of April-Land."

## We Two.

We two and the wind and the rain.  
We see no more the trees against the sky.  
Nor any more the ruddy light that glowed  
Within the ruts along the stony road.  
What matter? it is only you and I,  
Till day shall come again—  
We two and the wind and the rain.

We two and the children of men.  
Ah, how they chatter in the market place,  
Coining their heart blood into greasy pence  
For wine and myrrh, and apes, and frankincense!

What matter? life must run along apace,  
Till death shall come, and then—  
We two and the children of men.

—Herman Knickerbocker Field in "Random Verse."

## The Wind Seems Kind To-Day.

The trees nod east, the trees nod west;  
The wind seems kind to-day, most kind;  
It lulls the little leaves to rest.  
The trees nod east, the trees nod west;  
Do you suppose it has a quest?  
Has something definite to find?  
The trees nod east, the trees nod west;  
The wind seems kind to-day, most kind.

—Edward Salisbury Field in "The Quest."

## He Does Not Know.

On the warm brown sand of the beach they sit;  
The tall grass shades them, as, whispering low,  
It bends to the breeze that is saying to it,  
"He does not know—he does not know!"

The lake lies calm in the glad sunlight,  
And the waves that ripple and ebb and flow,  
Call—call, till they fill her soul with fright  
Lest he hear their calling, "He does not know."

He does not know! and the sweet hours glide  
Down the pitiless west where all sweet hours go;  
And the hope that was born at the dawn has died,  
And the night has come—and he does not know.  
—Marian Warner Wildman in "A Hill Prayer."

Sir Walter Besant's novel, "Armored of Lyonesse," was mainly concerned with an artistic "fraud" who rose to social eminence on the work of his collaborators. "And there are instances to-day," says the London Mail, "of titled people who have bought the work of unknown writers and palmed it off as their own. It is easy indeed for any one with a little money to spare to become an author. This sounds cynical, but it is true."

We consider other things  
than profit in our business.  
This is one of the reasons  
why we are always busy.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

## ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in the Argonaut can be  
obtained at  
**ROBERTSON'S**  
126 Post Street

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter St., S. F.

## HERE IS A CHANCE

If you are seeking a lucrative, income investment, as well as a delightful rural home, within two hours by rail from San Francisco, we beg to offer ten thousand acres covered with magnificent timber, embracing a charming foothill valley. It has a lake, trout streams, picturesque scenery, and ideal conditions. We offer it in lots to suit, where values will soon double.

## CHARLES W. COE &amp; CO.

Real-Estate Brokers

78 and 79 Auzerai Building  
SAN JOSE, CAL.

## GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

## ARTIFICIAL STONE

Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.  
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

## ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political. Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1042.

## REMINGTON

Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

THE LATEST STYLES IN

## CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

**HOT  
AND**

**HANDY**

**TESLA BRIQUETTES**

Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**

Phone South 95.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street, Telephone Main 266.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Complete Works of Frank Norris.

Few are the authors who, dying ere they reached forty, have been honored by a sumptuously bound edition of their works within a year. Yet here are "The Complete Works of Frank Norris"—a *de luxe* "Golden Gate" edition, printed on "Strathmore Paper" with the widest of margins; bound with buff buckram backs, blue paper sides and label, and gold tooling; illustrated; and limited to one hundred sets. Truly, the fame Frank Norris had won during his life seems to grow and expand now that he is dead. There is no doubt but that Mr. Norris made a deeper impression upon English readers and upon the East than ever he did in the West, where much of his best work was done, and where he laid the scenes of many of his books. As usual, a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Glancing through these seven sumptuous volumes, noting the many powerful passages, such as the desert fight between Marcus and McTeague, the failure of Jadwin, the battle in "The Octopus," the regret grows poignant that the man who did so well was not spared to do better when Time had added poise and mellowness to his indubitable strength and earnestness. Not all of Mr. Norris's work is included in these volumes. For some of his early stories—stories of which no writer need have been ashamed—the curious reader must turn to the files of the *Argonaut*.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

## Valuable Works on How to Live.

Three books written by Horace Fletcher, who is well known to readers of this journal, have recently been issued from the press. Their titles are as follows:

"The A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition" (462 pages); price, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.14.

"The New Menticulture; or, The A-B-C of True Living" (310 pages); price, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.12.

"The New Glutton or Epicure; or, Economic Nutrition" (324 pages); price, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.12.

Of these, "The New Menticulture" is now in its fortieth thousand. The others are new books, and are devoted largely to physical problems as the first is to mental. Mr. Fletcher has laid down certain rules for living, which have met with the approval of both medical men and laymen. His books are well worth the reading, and those who are disturbed, either in mind or body, may find much profit from their perusal.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

## What Authors Authors Like.

The London *Academy* has been asking prominent literary folks to name two books published this year which they have read with interest and pleasure. Austin Dobson responds: "During the year I have looked into many books for a purpose, and seen accounts of others; but I have read for pleasure nothing but 'Séville's Letters,' and some novels of Scott." Sir Francis C. Burnand says that in order to have the question answered properly at the end of a year it should be asked at the beginning. Edmund Gosse will not commit himself to any two books, but questions "whether any of the new books I did not read can possess more ingenious originality or a finer grace than Mr. Henry James's 'Life of W. W. Story,' which I did read." Morley's "Gladstone" has the first place in the replies of Frederic Harrison, Mrs. Craigie, Robertson Nicoll, W. L. Courtney, and Sir Gilbert Parker. Both H. G. Wells and Joseph Conrad put "The Ambassador," by Henry James, first. Mr. Conrad also mentions Mr. Wells's "Mankind in the Making," but Mr. Wells, ever dealing in mystery, puts "Said, the Fisherman," by Marmaduke Pittblat, second. Both Mrs. Craigie and Clement Shorter liked Tallentyre's "Voltaire." Sir Norman Lockyer, F. R. S., has a catholic taste, his two books being "Wee Macgregor" and Dr. Wallace Budge's "Gods of the Egyptians." E. V. Lucas favors Conrad's "Typhoon." Other favorite books are Trevelyan's "American Revolution," Pollock's "Popish Plot," Dobson's "Fanny Burney," Myer's "Human Personality," Burton's "English Porcelain," Collingwood's "Ruskin Relics," Kipling's "Five Nations," and Hammond's "Charles James Fox."

## A Million-Dollar Advertising Scheme.

After expending over one million dollars in advertising the sale of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" on the installment plan, the London *Times* closed the biggest advertising scheme ever run in the British press on December 20th. Henceforward the encyclopedia can be purchased only through booksellers at more than twice the price. This long series of huge and costly press advertisements (says the London correspondent of the *Sun*) now form an integral portion of British humor, having given birth to jests varying in length from a one-hundred page volume to a two-line paragraph, while it is long since any after-dinner speech was com-

plete without some reference thereto. The *Times* made an effort on the last day to bring in the waverers and establish a record in telegraphic advertising. Thousands of persons throughout the kingdom having obtained specimen pages, etc., but not having given a final order, had been registered carefully, and one hundred and thirty thousand of them were sent telegrams admonishing them to write or wire, as "subscriptions are coming so rapidly that immediate action is your only safe course." Hundreds of orders were received in answer to the telegrams.

## The Dialect Typewriter a Boon to Authors

"Novelists whose output has been lessened by the necessity of tediously writing dialect stories will hail with joy an invention just patented by a Portland man," says the *Oregonian*. "Briefly, the new machine may be described as a dialect typewriter. The letters are so arranged that the operator writes as if using ordinary English, and the story appears in dialect. A simple shift-key alters the dialect, from negro to Scottish, Irish, German, Swedish, Bohemian, Bowery, Chinook, pidgin English, Bostonian, and historical-novelish."

"The surprising thing about the invention is its simplicity. Suppose the novelist is writing a negro dialect story. He strikes the letter 'I' on the keyboard. It is written 'Ah.' Shifting the key to Irish, the same letter is reproduced as 'Oi.' Shifting to Dutch, it is written 'Me.' The thing is ludicrously obvious, and thousands will wonder how they were stupid enough to miss it."

"The inventor has already received orders from several noted writers of fiction. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in ordering a machine for each of his twelve stenographers, writes: 'I wish I had known of your invention before beginning "Sir Henry Morgan-Buccaneer." Your sailor attachment, combined with the historical-novelish, would have expedited my work very materially. I look forward to at least ten books a month with the aid of your device.'

"William Dean Howells says: 'In writing "Letters From Home," your Bostonian keyboard would have been a welcome aid. Hitherto the trouble and difficulty of the work has kept me from attempting dialect stories, but now I contemplate writing an Irish and a negro story.'

"Miss Margaret Horton Potter 'wishes to order three machines with historical-novelish attachment only.'

"Owen Wister says: 'Please send three machines with cowboy attachment as soon as possible. Your idea is great. Keep up the lick.'

"The inventor has also received the following suggestion: 'Mr. Richard Harding Davis presents his compliments to Mr. B. U. G. Inventor, and begs to inquire if there is any possibility of obtaining a typewriter that will write in gentlemanly language only, with no possibility of slipping into vulgar speech.'

## Two Game Literary "Sports."

*Imprimis*, John Davidson writes a book entitled "A Rosary."

November 21, 1903—The reviewer of the London *Saturday Review* avers that Mr. Davidson, in this book, wrongfully attributes to Tennyson the quotation "the screaming wave."

November 28th—Appears in the *Saturday Review* a letter from Mr. Davidson challenging the correctness of the reviewer's statement, and offering to wager "one guinea" that he is wrong.

"We take his bet,—Ed. S. R."

December 5th—Appear many letters from various persons affirming that their knowledge of Tennyson supports the editor in his contention.

December 12th—Mr. Davidson capitulates and "begs to enclose one guinea."

## Christening Children and Naming Books.

The problem of christening children, it appears, is a very small one compared with the question of the proper name for a book. The titles of some recent popular novels have often undergone extraordinary evolutions in order to reach the final satisfactory stage. "Jude, the Obscure," was first entitled "The Simpletons," a name which gave place at the very last moment to a later and better title, for during its appearance in serial form it was known as "Hearts Insurgent." Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" was at first in the author's manuscript "Charlie Bell," and later "Charley Steele"; and "The Lane That Has No Turning," by the same author, was until the time of its going to press called "The Golden Spoon." "Lady Rose's Daughter" was in manuscript "A Woman of Talent."

## The Differences of Critics.

How literary doctors disagree is neatly exhibited in a report to the minister of public instruction and fine arts of France concerning the "French Poetic Movement from 1867 to 1900," the reporter or author of which is the poet Catulle Mendès. Under the heading of "Bibliographic and Critical Dictionary," M. Mendès gives after each name short ex-

tracts from the various criticisms of the poet from his first publication to the latest. The result of the comparison is astounding. For example, Saint-Beuve's judgments of the 'sixties have been confirmed by the public and time in scarcely a single case. Who is wrong? Swinburne writes a French sonnet over the tomb of Théophile Gautier, "throning" him with the gods and opining that "his sepulchre is built of light." But common-sense Emile Faguet, of the present-day French Academy, is positive that Théophile Gautier will perish entire, being "a man wonderfully endowed as to style, with only a foundation wanting—without feeling, quite as he was without ideas!"

Adelaide Hanscom, a photographer of this city, is the first to attempt the illustration with photographs of the Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām. As yet Miss Hanscom has but two or three photographs which please her sufficiently to set before the public to represent the beginnings of a set of perhaps a dozen plates which she has in mind. To find a model is difficult; to find expressive garments is even more difficult, and to pose the model properly, the most difficult of all. Therefore the work progresses slowly. The artist is quoted as saying: "I hope to have Joaquin Miller pose for some of my studies."

Are we indebted to France for our literary style and the improvement in our literary form observable in the last two decades? Mrs. Margaret Woods, in an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century*, seems to think we are. She declares that "it is familiarity with French, not Latin, that is most likely to help a man's style to clarity, charm, and the force which comes of directness." This is a hard saying.

## New Publications.

"Shipmates in Sunshine," by F. Frankfort Moore. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Little Joan," by John Strange Winter. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.25.

"The Blood Lilies," by W. A. Fraser. Illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"Children of Men," by Bruno Lessing. Illustrated. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Pa Gladden," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. Eight illustrations. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Count Falcon of the Eyrie," by Clinton Scollard. Illustrated. Published by James Pott & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Father Marquette," by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

"The Strife of the Sea," by T. Jenkins Hains. Illustrated. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

"A Touch of the Sun, and Other Stories," by Mary Hallcock Foote. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"The Making of Our Middle Schools," by Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph. D. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"The Web," by Frederick Trevor Hill. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Life of John C. Calhoun," by Gustavus M. Pinckney. Illustrated. Published by Walker, Evans & Cogswell Company, Charleston, S. C.

"The Gentleman from Jay," by George William Louttit. Illustrated. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; \$1.25.

"Dr. Lavendar's People," by Margaret DeLand. Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"The Chasm," by Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Shoes and Rations for a Long March," by H. Clay Trumbull, army chaplain. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50 net.

"Aunt Jimmy's Will," by Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated by Florence Scovell Shinn. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Old Paths and Legends of New England," by Katharine M. Abbott. Profusely illustrated from photographs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.50.

"The Tenement House Problem: Including the Report of the New York Tenement House Commission of 1900," by various writers. Edited by Robert DeForest and Lawrence Veiller. Profusely illustrated from photographs. Maps and diagrams. Two volumes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$6.00 net.

## NO DUST WHILE DANCING

Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax sinks into the wood and becomes a part of the beautifully polished dancing surface. It makes no dust, does not rub into lumps or stick to the shoes. Just sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

## Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

FOR THE COMING AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY AND ABOUT CALIFORNIA AND THE UNITED STATES BY THE YEAR 1910

SEE STORY ENTITLED

"Mundane" in the new monthly  
**THE KEY**

For sale at 10 cents a copy at COOPER'S, 776 Market Street; and J. TAUZY & CO., 221 Kearny Street.

For subscriptions apply to

**THE KEY**

407½ Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

Miss Harker and Miss Hughes'  
**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Prepares for college, also special courses. Exceptional advantages in music and drawing. Tennis and horseback riding. Limited number in home.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS  
INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.  
2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.  
3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.  
4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

Bixler's Physical Training in Penmanship.

the BOOK for ALL the  
people ALL the time,  
in ALL vocations.

The only successful self instructor in easy rapid, legible writing for 20 years. Price \$1.00. A three-months' mail course free with each book; short time only. Sample BUSINESS PENMAN free. Professor G. BIXLER, Madison and Ogden, Chicago, Ill.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

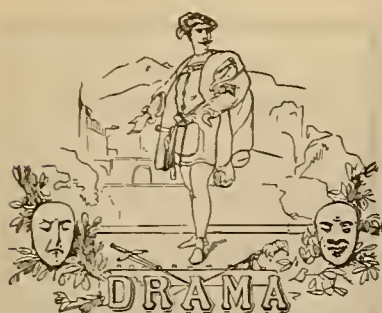
Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Mont

PARIS, FR





The play of "Monte Cristo" rightly belongs to that epoch of enjoyment that lies between the ages of ten and twenty. There are, it is true, many who are perennially in their teens concerning the illusions of the drama, but he who is early emancipated from the stage thrills inspired by shivery music, dim dungeons, and midnight assassinations, perceives with a smile the absurdities of this lightning *résumé* of Edmond Dantes's long and labored scheme of vengeance.

As for the many and manifest absurdities of the novel, that is a different thing. They are palliated by the grace, vivacity, and inexhaustible and opulent imaginativeness of the author. Dumas is a masculine Scheherazade in his faculty for inventing endless, ingenious, and highly dramatic ramifications to the main thread of his ever-fascinating narrative. How impossible, yet how delightful, to find the peasants and sailors of the first book transformed to elegant Parisian nobles in the second. How fabulous, yet how entrancing, the story of Dantes's prison tutelage under the Abbé Faria, and his subsequent transformation into the inscrutable and super-elegant noble, Monte Cristo, who dazzled Paris by his magnificence, and baffled all holders by the mystery of his origin. A charming fairy-tale, truly, for adults; who can resist it? What man's imagination is proof against that conception of a long-sustained and terrible wrong avenged by a long-sustained and terrible punishment?

Dumas was indebted to his African descent for the childlike love of display which caused him to embark with such ardor upon the task of describing the magnificence of Monte Cristo, the Nuhian slave of that king of nabobs, his snuff-box made of a hollowed emerald, his carriages that were always whirled into incredible swiftness by the fastest pacers in Paris, his attendants that silently and swiftly obeyed him at a signal—this last a luxury that the genial Frenchman never knew, as his perpetual *bonhomme* made him a mere figure-head of authority in the palace he reared during the heyday of his prosperity.

But one can read in the pages of "Monte Cristo" all the dreams that Dumas strove to realize: a limitless fortune that enabled its possessor to dispense endless and magnificent favors; the society of the most brilliant and fashionable people of the day; sumptuous palaces fitted with all the gorgeous minuteness of appointments that the connoisseur both in luxury and in art demands as his inalienable right. Details flow as spontaneously as water to show this love of costliness in detail. Some dandy lights his Manila at a "rose-colored taper burning in a splendidly enameled stand"; Monte Cristo ascends "the velvet lined steps of his splendid carriage"; the floors are covered "with the richest carpets Turkey could produce." The walls hung "with broadcated silk of the most magnificent designs and texture." At Monte Cristo's banquet, there was served "every delicious fruit that the four quarters of the globe could provide." There were "rare birds retaining their most brilliant plumage; enormous fish, spread upon massive silver dishes; together with every wine produced in the Archipelago, Asia Minor, or the Cape."

How these splendid superlatives dazzle us, as they flow from that ardent and glowing imagination. We are only half taken in, for the hard-headed side of our fancy jeers when Dantes befools with his wigs and false whiskers the prefect of police; when the victims of his vengeance meet and greet him, concentrate their attention upon the most talked about figure in Parisian society, and know him not at all, until, in the hour of death, he flings aside his wig and is instantly recognized by the terrified moribund. And yet, even while we smile, the fancy is led captive, for none but the miser, the ascetic, or the clod is quite proof against all this Arabian Night's magnificence.

"Monte Cristo" offers the usual resistance of the famous novel to dramatic form; and yet so striking are the leading events of the story that their dramatic significance can not be entirely sacrificed even in melodrama. Yet, as I have said, the play belongs to the teens epoch, although James O'Neill made his fortune with the piece, sacrificing his artistic career thereby. For "Monte Cristo" does not call for high-class acting. It calls for a handsome dummy, Monte Cristo, a hero of melodrama. Noirtier a lightning-change artist; Villefort the stereotyped heavy villain. Danglars a cheap John

rascal, Caderousse a Punch-and-Judy comedian, Fernand a stage automaton. And the splendid old Abbé Faria, the man of courage and iron resolution, who, unassisted, devoted the labors of years to cutting a passage to freedom through the hard-bound cement, the scientist who studied, the inventor who planned and fashioned the implements with which the author wrote his histories, the scholar who trained and educated the rough sailor to be the polished and tempered weapon of vengeance, this splendid conception becomes in the play a cross between a hale of hair and a bore. The audience coughed and fidgeted, and shuffled its feet while the dying abbé zealously endeavored to concentrate in a ten-minute interview with Dantes, details with which Dumas filled half a book.

The transition of all concerned to an areaded Parisian *salon*, the brocades, the silk stockings, the uniforms, and the orders of the men, the starched solemnity of the women, the dismal dignity of young Albert, the calm effrontery of the elegant Monte Cristo while presenting his letter of credit to his banker in the *salon* of a mutual friend, all this is pleasingly reminiscent of the self-assured improbabilities of the earlier drama. They still please the taste that is always in its teens. And lucky, perhaps, for many of the toilers who seek the relaxation of theatrical illusion that it is so.

They will find at the Central Theatre that Eugenia Lawton is handsome and picturesque as Mercedes; that Herschell Mayall is a fine-looking, clear-featured, and fairly imposing Monte Cristo. That makes a very good start. The rest of them are no great shakes, although Georgie Woodthorpe plays La Carconte in the prescribed manner, and George Webster had such a royal good time mouthing the periods of Noirtier that the audience found a reflected joy in the performance.

There is one scene of unfeigned delight for the cynic—the closing one in the play. Monte Cristo has just pierced with his sword the body of the Comte de Morcerf. The latter falls dead, when Mercedes and Albert advance, and, without a glance at the fallen father and husband, with radiant smiles arrange themselves gracefully in the embrace of Monte Cristo, and the curtain falls on this united trio of feeling hearts. This, assuredly, was not Dumas's Monte Cristo, who permitted himself moments of compunction at each separate consummation of his hoarded vengeance.

The timidity that follows as an inevitable reaction after the horror aroused by the Chicago holocaust, has doubtless affected the attendance at the theatres all over the country this week. One who was present at the first matinee performance of "The Girl With the Green Eyes" counted but twenty-five present in the orchestra circle. In the orchestra itself, the attendance, while fair, was not up to that usually attracted at matinee performances, especially considering the interest of the play and the excellence of the players.

At the Orpheum, on the contrary, at their first evening performance, the attendance was as usual; perhaps because men, who are less impressionable than women, constitute the major portion of Orpheum audiences.

The bill is but so-so this week, its principal feature being a renewal of Joan Haden's "Cycle of Love." This "musical art maze," as its getter-up terms it, is a highly ornate, elaborate, and rather ingenious series of tableaux, to each one of which a musical exposition is presented by the fair originator. Miss Haden is a handsome young woman, who wears gowns trimmed with gold embroidery and electric lights. Her vocalizing needs polish, but as the eye is aimed at rather than the ear, the musical accompaniment is a mere detail.

The figures in the tableaux, which represent a series of well-known paintings concerning the baby god and his arrowy darts, are impersonated by a pretty woman in classic dress, and a minute child, clothed in pink fleshings, and carrying Cupid's implements of mischief. The names of the artists whose paintings are thus suggested are given, and as they are a Gallic group—Bouguereau being included among the number—the pictures have a Frenchy, fleshly prettiness. It is true they suggest valentines, flames and darts, and pierced hearts, and the countenances of the painted Cupids in the transformation drops are reminiscent of mumps; but the whole affair, with its pretty women, its pink Cupid, its shadowings of lights, and its tableau effects forms a pleasing interlude to the usual mélange of comic acrobats and acrobatic comedy.

Charles and Minnie Sa-Van give an amusing act of very clever acrobatics. Mr. and Mrs. Deaves's "Merry Manikins" please the body of the house, that laughs with the childlike enjoyment of its forebears at the wire-strung antics of these little stuffed puppets. Since no less a personage than George Sand was wont to amuse herself with dramatizing puppet plays, they need not blush for their primitive tastes. The interest the famous Frenchwoman felt in this subject was revealed in "The Snowman," whose hero, it will be remembered, earned his salt by his skill in manipulating his finger puppets and improvising dialogue for the amusement of

festive gatherings, whether of nobles or peasants. So deeply did George Sand delve into the subject, and so thorough a knowledge did she display of this branch in miniature of the mimic's art, that readers of her biography are not surprised to discover that this many-sided woman, tireless in play, as in work, amused herself by reviving the lost art, and made a specialty at one time of entertaining her friends and family by a digital skill and quickness of improvisation similar to that of the hero of "The Snowman."

The manikins at the Orpheum, however, are almost up to date, and researches into the amusements of feudal days will find a discouraging modernness about their cake-walks and coon-songs.

Charlotte Guyer George is a contralto who needs to open her contracted throat, relax her stiffly posed arms, warm up her imagination, and sing true; for with all her faults she has a quality of voice that might make it worth while.

The rest of the bill I did not see. An "unbleached American" came next, and one must be either child or man to live through and enjoy the hodgepodge of coon-songs, jaw thrusting, and peculiarly primitive African humor presented by this popular exponent. As it was, having heard him before, I basely abandoned the post of duty and fled.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Two New Plays.

Augustus Thomas's new comedy, first called "The Parson and the Pugilist," then changed, because both parsons and pugilists objected, to "The Other Girl," has been successfully presented in New York. It tells of a foolish girl who tried to elope with a pugilist, and has many complexities and complications, all successfully worked out. The New York *Commercial Advertiser's* critic, in writing of the comedy, says: "The plot moves leisurely in Mr. Thomas's usual fashion. . . . His invention is unusually fertile, and he pauses often for some little humorous digression, glancing backward or forward. Yet no one of these digressions is irrelevant or obscuring."

Clyde Fitch's new comedy, "Glad of It," produced at the Savoy Theatre, does not seem to be so successful. The New York *Mail and Express*, remarking that Mr. Fitch does not need money, wonders why he wrote it, while the *Evening Post* says that "the audience was largely made up of friendly persons, who strove hard to make a little applause go a long way. Mr. Fitch calls his play a comedy, but this must be a joke. There is no word in the language that exactly fits it, because it is in scarcely any sense a play. There are scenes in a department-store, upon the stage of a theatre, and upon the piazzas of a country boarding-house, in all of which a number of deplorably vulgar persons talk after the manner of their kind. But play there is none." The critic says that the people in the cast tried their best to make something out of nothing, and mentions Miss Phyllis Rankin, formerly of San Francisco, as one who did excellent work.

## Warren Apartments

S. W. cor. Post and Jones Sts.

Two eight-room apartments now vacant. Passenger and supply elevator service. Artistically finished. Sun in every room. See janitor on premises.

Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., Agents

218-220 MONTGOMERY STREET

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Special

Monday afternoon, January 11th, at 2.15, positively farewell San Francisco appearance.

MME. **PATTI**  
(The Baroness Cederstrom.)

Direction Robert Grau, incorporated. Management Marcus R. Mayer. Signor Romualdo Sapio, Conductor.

Prices, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, and \$6.00. Out of town mail orders, accompanied by money order and addressed to H. H. Campbell, Treasurer Grand Opera House, will be filed in the order of their receipt, and seats assigned as near the desired location as possible. Steinway piano used.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

EVENINGS AT 8:15

## BURTON HOLMES

MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.

COURSE A—"Yosemite," Tuesday, January 12th; "Yellowstone," Thursday, January 14th; "Grand Canyon," Saturday, January 16th; "Alaska I, The Florida," Tuesday, January 19th; "Alaska II, The Klondike," Thursday, January 21st.

COURSE B—"St. Petersburg," Wednesday, January 13th; "Moscow," Friday, January 15th; "Siberia," Monday, January 18th; "Pekin," Wednesday, January 20th; "Seoul, Capital of Korea," Friday, January 22nd.

Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Al Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

**The Ocularium**  
Eye-Glasses  
AND  
Spectacles  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

## TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinées every Saturday. Last times of  
-- **IXION** --

Beginning Monday, January 11th, first production in San Francisco of

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**  
A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, January 11th, matinee Saturday only.

**MRS. LANGTRY**

Supported by the Imperial Theatre Company of London, in Percy Fendall's modern comedy.

**MRS. DEERING'S DIVORCE.**

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, January 11th.

**THE MOTH AND THE FLAME**  
Clyde Fitch's strongest play.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday 15c to 50c.

Monday, January 18th—The brilliant comedy, Mrs. Jack.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning to-morrow matinee, B. C. WHITNEY presents the play of the period,

**IN CONVICT STRIPES**

Four acts of laughter and tears. Filled with human interest.

Sunday matinee, Jan. 17th—One Night in June.

Usual popular prices. Matinée Saturday.

## CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week of Monday, January 11th, matinees Saturday and Sunday.

**THE MOONSHINERS**

An idyl of the Virginia mountains.

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of January 18th—A Break for Liberty.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 10th. Sumptuous vaudeville: Howard Thurston; Wallino and Marinette; Asra; White and Simmons; Dumitrescu; Van Aiken, and Vannerson; the Sa-Vans; Charlotte Guyer George; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischers THEATRE

Next Monday night, an entirely local musical farce,

**THE BEAUTY SHOP**

Full to the brim with original novelties. Our "all star cast," and first appearance of Miss Helen Russell and Mr. John Peachey. Seats now on sale.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE—Special

Sunday, January 10th, one night only, limited tour of ALBERTA GALLATIN

and her New York cast in Ibsen's

-- **GHOSTS** --

First time in San Francisco.

"The greatest work of the greatest living dramatist."

—N. J. Sun.

Monday night, January 11th—Mrs. Langtry in Mrs. Deering's Divorce.

## RACING

New California Jockey Club

**OAKLAND TRACK**

Commencing Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**

Races start at 2.15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30 or 2.00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4.10 and 4.45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

## HUNTER WHISKEY

A Pure, Old, Mellow Product.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Mrs. Langtry's Return.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Mrs. Lily Langtry, who, on Monday night, will begin a fortnight engagement, with matinees on Saturdays only. It has been nearly eighteen years since Mrs. Langtry was on this Coast, and in the long interim she is said to have become a comedienne of the first rank, as well as an emotional actress of considerable power. Her first appearance here will be in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," a modern society comedy, in which the "Jersey Lily" has a comedy part. The play is in three acts, and is by Percy Fendall, a rising English playwright. It had a run of several months at Charles Frohman's Savoy Theatre, in New York. The plot revolves about Mrs. Deering, who tries to win back her husband after having divorced him for no particular reason. Mrs. Langtry will be supported by her Imperial Theatre Company, of London, which includes Frederic Truesdell, Harold Mead, Stephen French, Thomas Thorne, John Doubleday, Felix Edwards, Victor de Kraly, Katherine Stewart, Ina Goldsmith, Helen Amory, Leila Repton, Mollie Griffin, Eunice James, and Nellie Malcolm. "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" will be given during the first half of Mrs. Langtry's engagement, and announcement as to her repertoire thereafter will be made later.

## A Local Burlesque at Fischer's Theatre.

This is the last week of "I-O-U" at Fischer's Theatre. Next week, "The Beauty Shop," a new burlesque by J. C. Crawford, a local newspaper man, will be given. It is said to have a coherent plot, and tells of the adventures of a Chicago woman, who, having married, robbed, and deserted an honest German, comes to San Francisco. Here she marries again, and is picked up by a speculative Hebrew, who starts her in the business of making unsightly people beautiful. The beauty shop does not prosper, so the Hebrew tries to obtain financial assistance from a Chicago visitor, the manager of a pretzel trust. He is the woman's first husband, and her efforts to conceal her identity, also to keep the knowledge of her past from her second husband, lead to some amusing complications. The scenes of the first and second acts are laid in the beauty shop, and the third is located on the ocean beach near the Cliff House. The author's aim has been to make the book and lyrics fit the people at Fischer's. Helen Russel, soprano, and John Peachey, baritone, will make their first appearance here in "The Beauty Shop," and William Kolb, Max M. Dill, Allen Curtis, Ben Dillon, Georgie O'Raney, the Althea sisters, and other favorites will be in the cast. The management has gone to much expense in the matter of costumes and scenic effects. Each of the sixteen musical numbers introduced are pertinent to the passing situation.

## Mme. Patti's Second Concert.

A large and brilliant audience greeted Mme. Adeline Patti at her concert at the Grand Opera House on Thursday night, the house being completely filled. The next and last concert will be given on Monday afternoon, January 11th, at 2:15 P. M. It is a curious fact that Patti has never particularly turned her attention toward the classic operas, the only rôle of that character which she ever essayed being Zerlina in Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Masters of singing will no doubt attribute to this fact the preservation of her voice. At Monday afternoon's concert Patti will be supported, as on last Thursday night, by Miss Rosa Zamels, violinist; Wilfred Vrigo, tenor; Claud A. Cunningham, baritone; Anton Hegner, the cello-virtuoso; and Miss Vera Margolies, pianist. Signor Romualdo Sapia, Patti's chosen conductor, will direct the concert, which will be almost a repetition of that given on Thursday evening.

## A Civil-War Opera at the Tivoli.

Next week, the Tivoli Opera House will stage "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a comic opera new to San Francisco. It is by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, and deals with the Civil War. The plot is based on a case of mistaken identity, and combines fun and serious situations; there is also a well-developed love-story. The music is said to abound in blended themes of the North and South, and is dramatic as well as tuneful. Wallace Brownlow will appear as Johnny, and Arthur Cunningham will have the rôle of General Allen. Ferris Hartman will be the ne'er-do-well, Jonathan Phoenix, while Edward Webb is expected to excel as Uncle Tom, a faithful old slave. Eugenia Barker will make her first appearance as Cordelia, and Bessie Tannehill, Anna Lichter, Annie Myers, Nettie Deglow, and Frances Gibson will have prominent rôles.

## Miss Gallatin in "Ghosts."

Alberta Gallatin, who will be seen as Mrs. Alving in Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts" at the Columbia on Sunday night, has been a most successful leading lady with such stars as

Mrs. Fiske, Thomas W. Keene, E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield, and Joseph Jefferson. She has also starred alone for two seasons as an independent attraction. For her starring tour in "Ghosts," Miss Gallatin has surrounded herself with a company every member of which has been selected with special care as to his or her fitness for the part to be portrayed. There will be but one presentation of "Ghosts."

## The Alcazar Offering.

"The Moth and the Flame," a Clyde Fitch satire on polite manners and social problems, will be the attraction at the Alcazar next week. There are two striking scenes in this play—the children's costume-party, at the home of a great society leader, and the fashionable church wedding at St. Herbert's Chapel, prefaced by the assemblage of the chattering, frivolous guests. "The Moth and the Flame" has not been seen here since the original Keely-Shannon production. James Durkin will have the juvenile rôle, and the rascally Fletcher will be portrayed by Luke Connors. On January 18th the Alcazar will present "Mrs. Jack," by Leo Dichinstein, author of "Harriet's Honeymoon," in which Mary Mannering has scored a success.

## "In Convict Stripes" at the Grand.

The week's play at the Grand Opera House will be "In Convict Stripes," a stirring melodrama of South Carolina. The play contains a heart-interest story, and is lightened by much comedy. A realistic reproduction of a Southern convict camp is given. The company will be headed by Vivien Prescott, announced as a young actress of much ability. She will appear as Mag, a New York waif. Her support includes Hattie Laurent, Minnie Pearl, Alice Leslie, Baby May, Jack Ellis, Archie K. Christie, J. A. West, A. W. Reynolds, J. Arthur O'Brien, Willis L. Holmes, Hiram Cornell, Louis Culhane, and W. La Rue. At the Sunday matinee, January 17th, "One Night in June," a dramatic story of life in old Vermont, will be presented.

## New Features at the Orpheum.

Howard Thurston, the illusionist, known as "the man who mystified Hermann," will make his first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum next week. This eminent prestidigitateur is ever practicing and experimenting in search of novelties, and his act is very elaborate. Another promising announcement is Walino and Marinette, Austria's grotesque dancers; Asra, Europe's latest sensational juggler, will present a distinct novelty in his work with billiard balls and on a billiard table; Frank H. White and Lew Simmons will present an old-fashioned negro act entitled "Get in de Band Wagon," full of the essence of Old Virginia. Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller have reserved for their second and last week their most successful comedy, "His Wife's Hero," written for them especially by George Cohan. The other hold-overs are Charles and Minnie Savan, who will continue their "comedy of mishaps"; Charlotte Guyer George, the contralto, who will be heard in new selections; Dumitrescu, Van Auker, and Vannerson, the triple horizontal-har performers; and the Orpheum motion pictures.

## Burton Holmes's Travel Talks.

The first of the illustrated lectures by Burton Holmes will be given on Tuesday night at Lyric Hall. The subject will be "The Yosemite." Mr. Holmes was fortunate in the time of his visit, as he spent the first two weeks of July in the valley, and was able to secure some very clever and amusing pictures of the Fourth of July celebration there. The photographs and moving pictures turned out very fine, as the conditions for photography are particularly favorable at that season. Among the motion pictures to be shown are the "Vernal Nevada" and other falls, and some views of Niagara will be shown by way of comparison. There will be a great many of the motion pictures, including the

"Crazy Caravan," taken on the style of the "Crazy Canal Boat," which created such a sensation at the lecture on Sweden last year. To those who have never visited the beautiful valley, the lecture and pictures will be a revelation, while to those who have had the good fortune to make the trip, it will prove a welcome reminder of the beauties of California's famous park. On Wednesday night the subject will be "St. Petersburg"; on Thursday night, "The Yellowstone"; Friday night, "Moscow"; and Saturday night, "The Grand Cañon of Colorado." Seats for all the lectures are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices being \$1.00, 75, and 50 cents for reserved seats. The audience is requested to come promptly, as the hall will be darkened during the lectures, making it impossible to seat the late-comers. The lectures will begin at eight-twenty.

## A Virginia Mountain Play.

As may be gathered from the title, "The Moonshiners," the play to be given at the Central Theatre next week will deal with the troubles between revenue detectives and makers of illicit liquor. The scene of the melodrama is the mountains of Virginia, the scene of many a contest between government officers and moonshiners. The people combine to deceive the inspectors, and are often successful. In this play, though, one of the illicit stills is broken up, after many thrilling adventures. There are unlimited opportunities for scenic effects. The Central's new comedian, Thomas Shearer, will appear as Eph, the African. Mr. Shearer has been in stock companies in the East, and last year headed his own company.

## A German Performance.

At the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, January 24th, the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble, the organization which appeared some weeks ago in "At the White Horse Tavern," will play a sequel to this comedy under the title of "Als ich Wiederkam," which is the work of Blumenthal and Kadelburg, the authors of "Im Weissen Roessl." The success which attended the Alameda Lustspiel's former production was such as to awaken considerable interest in its work, and the announcement that another performance is to be given will doubtless bring out German theatre-goers in force.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Paul Gerson begs to state that, in response to numerous requests, he will on January 1st open a JUVENILE DEPARTMENT in connection with his School of Acting, and has secured the services of a teacher of experience, specially qualified for this work, Miss Lillian E. Muscio. One of the features of the department will be a dancing class in charge of Signora Matilda. In order that each one may have his or her proper time and attention, the class will be limited to twenty-five. Mr. Gerson will give his personal attention to every pupil. For terms, etc., call or address The Juvenile Department of the Paul Gerson School of Acting, Native Sons' Building, 414 Mason Street. The fourth of the series of matinee performances by students of the school, will take place at Fischer's Theatre, Friday afternoon, January 29th. A brilliant programme will be presented. The school will be assisted by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, this institution hereafter joining its artistic interests with the School of Acting.

## Dividend Notices.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 to 6 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after January 1, 1904. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS.—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors.—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Igo. Steinhardt, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1903.....\$33,041,390  
Paid-Up Capital.....300,000.00  
Reserve Fund.....247,657  
Contingent Fund.....623,156

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-President.  
ROBERT WATT, Cashier.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. VEECH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors.—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 232 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK, President.  
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Vice-President.  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.  
Directors.—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy, President.  
Arthur Legallet, Vice-President.  
Leon Roqueraz, Secretary.  
Directors.—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers.—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....4,734,791  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco. Manager Pacific  
411 California Street. Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid-Up Capital.....2,500,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,  
Secretary and General Manager.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SA

**Are you going to make a Will?**

If so, send for Pamphlet to

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY**

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43  
Total Assets.....6,415,683.87

ADDRESS:

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

San Francisco, California



## VANITY FAIR.

The style of coiffure now in vogue demands a larger supply of hair than falls to the lot of most women, and, in consequence, the trade in human hair this year is unusually heavy. "Since the revival of the pompadour style of dressing women's hair and the use of the 'rat,'" says a recent dispatch from New York, "there has been a tremendous increase in the importation of human hair. It is estimated that one hundred tons of hair, valued at three millions of dollars, have been received at New York this year. This does not represent half the expense the style has entailed upon women, for it has given an impetus to the hair-dressing business. Three times as many New York women now patronize hair-dressers as did a few years ago. With women of fashion, the hair-dresser is looked upon now as a necessity. The hair-dressers say this is a great country for their business. The women of America have less hair than the women of Europe. The quality is about the same, but there seems to be something in the climate of the United States, or in the habits of the people, that is not conducive to women's hair growing as luxuriantly as abroad."

In relation to the statement that American women have a relatively small quantity of hair, an authority on the subject has this to say: "American women as a rule do not have abundant hair because they habitually mistreat it. With them a becoming coiffure is the first consideration, and in securing that they ignore the commonest rules for the proper treatment of the hair. Until very recent years the daily manipulation of the curling-irons was a part of every woman's toilet, with the exception of those endowed by nature with fluffy, waving locks; and the curling-tongs have ruined many a fine suit of hair. The continual application of extreme heat checks the secretions of oil in the scalp, and in time, when the oil glands cease their functions, the hair becomes thinned in quantity and rough and dry in texture. Another fruitful source of trouble is too frequent washing. Hair is better without being washed. That does not mean that it must not be cleaned, but the agent employed should not be water. What should be used is a cleaning preparation or hair tonic, mixed for the purpose, with a little oil as one of the ingredients. Oil carries off dirt better than water does, and a few drops rubbed on the scalp once or twice a week will keep it in a clean and healthy condition. The hair itself needs a thorough brushing daily to remove the loose dust. A five-minute massage of the scalp every morning is also both cleansing and invigorating. Women with whitening locks are obliged to resort to frequent shampoos to keep at bay the ugly yellow tinge that only water and strong alkali will bleach out, but the growth of the hair suffers in consequence. Most girls wash their hair two or three times a month. The hue is thus brightened a little and a becoming fluffiness is gained, but the natural oil is checked and the scalp in time loses its health and vigor. The present fashion has banished crimped and curling locks, and substituted instead the crisp masses of hair which frame the wearer's face like an aureole. Beneath the luxuriant tresses that are in evidence, 'rats' are employed to give substance to the structure. Another method of stimulating a dense growth, more popular because it dispenses with the use of false hair, is termed 'ratting.' This consists in roughening on the reverse side the locks that surround the face by combing them 'the wrong way,' thus converting them into a tangled mass. This serves as a 'stuffing' for the pompadour, which is then brushed into a state of glossy perfection over the roughened hair beneath. It is needless to say that such treatment is injurious in the highest degree. It is as destructive to the texture of the hair to comb it 'the wrong way' as it would be to a butterfly's wing to rub it up. So long as women flagrantly abuse their hair in these different ways, they must not expect the abundance and beauty of texture easily attained by proper treatment."

While the number of divorces in this country has assumed large proportions, some nations of the Old World still refuse to permit divorce within their borders. The former prime minister of Italy, Signor Zanardelli, a professed atheist, some time ago presented to the national legislature a bill providing for the addition of laws of divorce to the code. But so fierce was the opposition which the projected measure excited that it has been definitely withdrawn from the programme, "in deference," it is explained, "to the overwhelming sentiment against the proposed law." In Italy, in 1901, the entire number of demands for that judicial separation between husband and wife, which is admitted by law of the land, did not exceed 1,800, that is to say, one in every 100,000 inhabitants. The total number of separations granted by the courts in 1901 amounted to 728. Of these separations, 444 were arranged by mutual consent between husband and wife, while less than 100 were based on charges of in-

fidelity and desertion. Official statistics show a similar condition of affairs in Spain and in Portugal, the only other countries in the world where laws of divorce do not exist. This absence of any law of divorce from the statute book of Italy, Spain, and Portugal is a point to which the attention of every American woman marrying a citizen of one or another of these countries should be drawn before she confers upon him her hand. For once wedded there is no release of a legal character save death. No American tribunal can grant her relief that would be regarded as valid in the Old World, and divorces obtained in the United States by American women who have married foreigners, making their homes abroad, are of no legal account on the other side of the Atlantic. In Austria, the laws providing for divorce are of an extremely restricted nature. In Russia, so reluctant is the Synod to grant the dissolution of a marriage that divorces are exceedingly rare, even among the rich, who alone can afford the heavy fees demanded by the ecclesiastical authorities, while among the masses they are entirely unknown. In England, during all the earlier part of the last reign, divorces were far more difficult to obtain than they are to-day. In fact, the dissolution of a marriage entailed so much trouble and expense that it was only the very rich who could afford to indulge in such a luxury. Queen Victoria, up to ten or fifteen years before her death, resolutely declined to receive at court any woman who had figured in a divorce case, even in the rôle of an innocent and ill-used plaintiff. But public opinion did not support the queen, and toward the last she became more lenient toward divorcees, several of whom were received at court, while others still were admitted to the honors of private presentation. To-day but little remains of the old-time rigor formerly manifested toward women who had figured in divorce cases either in England or in Germany, in France, in Scandinavia, or in Switzerland. Indeed, divorce is fashionable and frequent in all the monarchical countries of the Old World, save Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and in a minor degree Austro-Hungary and Russia.

No French ball this year is the news that comes from New York. No Parisian gaiety at the Garden, no *décolleté danseuse* dexterously removing a top-hat with her toe as a finishing touch of grace to a *pas seul*. None of the decorous riotousness under a police inspector's eye for which this annual dance of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie was noted. It bids fair to be a dull season for art. Time was (says the *World*) when the "French ball" deserved its celebrity as a social institution unique of its kind. It marked the climax of a season's dissipation for the callow youth, the sight of the sirens there and the memory of cold bottles provided him with memories of juvenile "real-devilishness" sufficing for a lifetime. What though the dancers were engaged for the occasion and the wickedness prearranged as per schedule? Were not these merely the calumnies of the *blasé*? The college boy, at any rate, found it the real thing, and the fame of its wickedness was abroad in the land from Skowhegan to Tomhstone. Now it is no more.

In conformity with the custom that has existed for a century, President and Mrs. Roosevelt inaugurated the social season at Washington by a reception on New Year's Day. Electric lights and floral decorations made the White House very beautiful, and from eleven o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, visitors were received, six thousand seven hundred and eleven being greeted by the President and his wife. Thirty-five countries were represented by the diplomats who were greeted. Members of Congress, the members of the United States Supreme Court, justices of the Court of Claims, of the District Court of Appeals, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, officers (active and retired) of the army, navy, and marine corps, and the District of Columbia National Guard, were received. Lieutenant-General Young led the army officers, accompanied by General Chaffee. The officers of the navy were led by Admiral Dewey. Sir Henry Irving, the actor, was among the guests, and was the mark of especial consideration from the President, who had several minutes' conversation with him. The reception was thoroughly democratic, the President refusing to put any time limit upon it. The Marine Band of sixty pieces furnished music during the reception.

The Princess Mathilde, only daughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, died in Paris on January 2d, at the age of eighty-three years. Her death was hastened by a fall, last July, at her château at St. Gratien, near Paris. Her thigh-bone was broken by the accident, bringing about a gradual decline. Ex-Empress Eugénie and Princess Clothilde were with her shortly before she died. Princess Mathilde was born at Trieste, and was the daughter of ex-King Jerome Bonaparte of Westphalia, and of his second wife, Princess Caroline of Wurtemberg. Her father, a

spendthrift, became indebted to Anatole Demidoff, a Muscovite millionaire, who demanded and was granted Mathilde's hand in return for a cancellation of the debt. Their married life was very unhappy, on account of Demidoff's brutality, and in 1844, they were separated. Princess Mathilde moved, in 1846, to Paris, where she spent the remainder of her life. She established a *salon*, which was the gathering place of all the brilliant people of the French capital. Her house in the Rue de Berri was a museum of art treasures. She was an excellent artist, exhibiting many paintings in the Paris Salon.

Whistler's favorite model, Carmen, recently sold at auction in Paris souvenirs which she said that James McNeill Whistler had given her, receiving something like eight thousand dollars for the trifles. A dozen rough sketches of herself, nude, draped, and in compositions with others, nocturnes, sunsets, and love letters to herself all fell under the hammer. The model says that some of the pictures were given her, and that she picked the others out of Whistler's waste basket. This may be true and it may not be true. All of Whistler's associates (says the Paris correspondent of the *Sun*) well remember the tales of light-fingeredness which he used to relate in his inimitably humorous way. And Whistler knew her best of all. She posed for him during fifteen years. Illustrated catalogues of the sale were sent all over Paris, and some went into foreign countries. One found its way into the home of the late Mr. Whistler's family in London, and to them is Carmen indebted for the good prices received. The fact has come to light that their representative was to buy up all the letters at any cost. Only three or four *billet-doux* had been auctioned off at closing time, but all were sent off in bulk two days later to England. The letters brought from two dollars to four dollars and fifty cents, according to their length and ardor.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
December 30th.....	56	48	.00	Cloudy
" 31st.....	56	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
January 1st.....	54	48	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 2d.....	54	46	.00	Clear
" 3d.....	52	44	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 4th.....	56	44	.00	Cloudy
" 5th.....	56	46	.00	Clear
" 6th.....	56	44	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 6, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	4,000	@ 99	98½	100
Los An. Ry 5%.....	3,000	@ 112½	112½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000	@ 114½-115	114½	
North Shore Ry 5%.....	9,000	@ 98-98½	98	100
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	31,000	@ 105-107½	104½	105
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	37,000	@ 117-117½	117½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	5,000	@ 104½-104¾	104¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	10,000	@ 107-107½	107½	107½
S. V. Water 6%.....	34,000	@ 106	106	106½
S. V. Water 4%.....	2,000	@ 99½		100
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	1,000	@ 98½	98	
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	20	@ 40		41
Spring Val. W. Co.	236	@ 38½-39½	39	
		SUGARS.		
Hawaiian C. S.....	100	@ 44-44½	44	44½
Honokaa S. Co.....	115	@ 12½	12½	
Hutchinson.....	953	@ 8-8½	8	
Makaweli S. Co.....	55	@ 23½	22½	23½
Pauahau S. Co.....	5	@ 14	14	14½
		GAS AND ELECTRIC.		
Mutual Electric.....	10	@ 10	8½	
S. F. Gas & Electric	80	@ 64-64½		64½
		MISCELLANEOUS.		
Alaska Packers.....	360	@ 136-139½	136½	137
Cal. Fruit Cannery.....	10	@ 94	92½	95
Cal. Wine Assn.....	20	@ 93½	93½	94½
Oceanic S. Co.....	10	@ 4	4	5
Pac. Coast Borax.....	27	@ 167	167	

The market has been quiet in all lines. Spring Valley Water on small transactions sold up one-half point to 39½.

Alaska Packers on sales of 350 shares sold down four points to 136, closing at 136½ bid, 137 asked.

The sugar stocks were traded in to the extent of 1,200 shares, at fractional declines.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and sales of 80 shares were made at 64 to 64½, closing at 64½ asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## Look at the Brand!

# Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The FINEST in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

**Gluten-Free Grits and  
BARLEY CRYSTALS,**  
Perfect Breakfast and Desert Health Cereals.  
PANSY FLOUR for Breads, Cake and Pastry.  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book of sample, write  
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In discussing lawyers, one day, Disraeli wittily remarked: "Everybody knows the stages of a lawyer's career—he tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest."

At Waterloo, Lord Anglesey was standing close to the Duke of Wellington when he received his wound. Lord Anglesey turned to the duke, and said: "By G—, I have lost my leg!" "Have you? By G—!" said the duke, still gazing at the battle.

"Farming? I know what it is," declares Representative Fred Landis, of Indiana; "father and five of us boys used to work all the year round to raise stuff to feed five horses. Finally two of the horses died, and that enabled Charley and myself to get away from the farm and come to Congress."

"Eternity," said the country exporter, who wanted to make things clear, "is forever and forever, and five or six everlastings on top of that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity, it would still be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

The all-night and next-day habits of the late Phil May, the artist, have furnished material for many a story. Joe Tapley, the singer, tells that he came across May one night, and heard that the latter had not been to bed for four nights and days. He remonstrated, and May said: "Never mind, Joe, we'll make a bargain; don't you lose any sleep on my account, and I promise that as soon as I feel tired I'll go to bed!"

Herbert Spencer used in his later years to pay visits to Grant Allen, between whom and himself there existed a great friendship. On one occasion he came provided with two curious objects tied behind his ears. These excited the curiosity of the company. Their purpose was soon disclosed, for whenever the conversation took a turn which did not interest him he pulled the things over his ears, and so obtained silence within himself. He called them ear-clips.

The women of New York have been making much of Prince Mohammed Barakatullah. Recently he delivered a lecture before the Professional Women's League on the standing of the Mohammedan women in their own country, and touched upon the subject of polygamy. After his lecture, one of the ladies became personal, and asked him: "Prince, would you be contented with one wife?" "Madame," declared the Oriental, "I never had a desire for more than one until I met the American women."

Mr. Nolan had received a long tongue lashing from Mr. Quigley, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor by a prompt use of his fists. "But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Nolan, dubiously, "and look at the size of him." "Sure, and you don't want folks to be saying Terry Nolan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend. "Well, I dunno," and Mr. Nolan gazed mournfully about him; "I'd rather that than to have them saying day after to-morrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"

In all of his accounts of European travel, Mark Twain expresses his dissatisfaction with the cooking there, and in his "Tramp Abroad" he devotes more than a page to a list of the good things he will get upon arriving in New York, supplementing it by a description of a real American beefsteak that would make Thackeray, famous as is his panegyric on the juicy tenderloin, turn in his grave. From all accounts, the American humorist has not modified his opinion of European chefs. It is said that, on leaving for his recent visit to Europe, he confided to Senator Depew: "Rather than eat those European breakfasts, do you know what I'll do? I'll nail a piece of cuttle-fish bone up on the chimney, and every morning I'll hop up on the mantel and pick at it with a tin bill. It will be just as filling and much cheaper than a European breakfast."

A member of Parliament in Australia recently received from an indignant constituent, who had asked him in vain for a "billet" (a job in politics), the following unique letter: "DEER SIR: You're a dam fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or for the money either, but I object to bein' made an infernal fool of. Soon as you was elected by my hard-working friends a feller wanted to bet me that you wouldn't be in the house more'n a week before you made a ass of yourself. I bet him a Cow on that, as I thought you was worth it then. After I got your note sayin' you declined to aakt in the matter I druv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' told him he had won her. That's or I got by howlin' meself borse for you. You not only

hurt a man's Pride, but you injure him in business. I believe you take a pleshir in cuttin' your best friends, but wate till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the Ear, where the huteber cuts the pig. Yure no man. Yure only a tule. Go to hel. I lowers meself ritin' to a skunk, even tho I med him a member of Parliament."

An incident in the life of Paganini comes from Liverpool. The great violinist was visiting friends in the suburbs of that city, at the house of a lady whose religious ideas were severely strained by her guest venturing to play on the Sabbath day. "Vy," asked the musician, "eef ze Sabat mos be so holie that nosing mos be done at all, vy does Proveedence permit ze leetle birds to sing on dat day, and ze leaves of ze forest to clap zeir hands for joy, making ze rustling music, and ze vaters of ze great deep to sound zeir mysterious harmonies?"

It seems that the crop of anecdotes about James McNeill Whistler will never be exhausted. One of the latest is to the effect that one day Whistler entered the atelier of his class in Paris, and found that a red background had been arranged behind the model. At once he directed something of a duller tone to be substituted, and he scraped the red paint off the canvas of one of the pupils, putting in its place another background. But the red would show through. He scraped, studied, and worked laboriously to get something that pleased him. The rest of the class surrounded the easel and eagerly watched the master. He looked up finally, and said: "I suppose you know what I am trying to do?" "Oh, yes, sir," they all chorused. "Well, it's more than I do," he replied, grimly, and left the place.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR

Ycyoyosu Takagawa, Etc.

There was a great swell in Japan,  
Whose name on a Tuesday began—  
It lasted through Sunday  
Till twilight on Monday,  
And sounded like stones in a can.

—Harvard Lampoon.

## Furor Scribendi.

Mother's got the writing fever,  
Father's had it for a year,  
Sister's "daffy" on the subject,  
Brother says the pen's his sphere.

Uncle's always planning essays,  
Aunt is busy making rhymes,  
Grandma's writing "Recollections";  
My! but these are learned times!

Niece is editing a paper,  
Nephew's got the sporting page,  
Cousin's got the social column;  
Writing! Writing's all the rage!

Cook has quit to write up menus,  
Housemaid—she skipped out to-day,  
Says that she can write a novel  
Just as good as Bertha Clay.

Coachman says he's sick and tired  
Holding reins for other folks,  
He's resigned—he's found his mission—  
Going to write up funny jokes.

Seamstress left to write up fashions,  
Washerwoman winks her eye,  
Says that she can scribble poems  
While the clothes are getting dry.

Teacher's writing nature sketches,  
Lawyer's making legal notes,  
Politician's filling volumes  
On the crime of buying votes.

Everybody, everybody  
Ramping after fame and pelf—  
Gosh! I, too, have caught the spirit,  
Going to turn a scribe myself!

—Leslie's Monthly.

## A Tragic Calendar.

Jan-et was quite ill one day;  
Feb-riple troubles came her way.  
Mar-tyrlike she lay in bed;  
Apr-oned nurses softly sped.  
"May-be," said the leech, judicial,  
"Jun-keet would be beneficial."  
Jul-eps, too, though freely tried,  
Aug-ured ill, for Janet died.  
Sep-ulchre was sadly made,  
Oct-aves pealed and prayers were said,  
Nov-ices with many a tear  
Dec-orated Janet's bier.—Life.

## The Difference.

Man wants but little beer below  
When eating à la carte,  
But when it's table d'hôte, he wants  
It all, right from the start.

—Yale Record.

## The Old Camper

has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers, and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea, and chocolate.

## "I Says," "He Says," and "She Says."

Some forty years ago New Yorkers were noted for the purity and simplicity of their English. Now all that is changed. Long ago a New Yorker would tell the oft-repeated sad story as follows: "On my way home last evening I met John Smith. He invited me to go to the theatre with him. I told him I had promised my wife to be home for supper, but he would take no excuse. We talked the matter over, and at last he prevailed upon me to go with him. We enjoyed ourselves at the theatre, and had a good time when the play was over. Reaching home in good spirits, I found my wife in a very bad humor. She was still angry this morning. I'm afraid she will never be herself again."

In these days of progress he tells it, or rather says it, thus:

"Pegging for my flat last evening I found myself up against John Smith."

"Hands up," he says.

"What for?" I says.

"For the show," he says.

"No," I says. "Can't go," I says. "I promised my wife," I says, "to be home for supper," I says.

"How old is Ann?" he says.

"Cheenuts!" I says.

"Rats!" he says, "you can see your wife every night," he says, "but you can't see a show every evening," he says.

"Chase yourself," I says.

"Not much," he says. "You're pinched!" he says.

"Well, all right, I says, 'I'll go,' I says.

"So we took in the show, and took in some more when it was over. Close-hauled on the reach, I managed to fetch the shebang. My wife, she says, 'Where were you?' she says.

"At the show," I says.

"You're the show," she says.

"Come off!" I says.

"You're a brute!" she says. "Git out of my sight!" she says.

"Take the 'L' road!" I says. Then she made a dive for the broomstick.

"Now if she went for the gun or the carving-knife, I'd have gone up to bed, but when she started for the broomstick, I knew there was something doing. So I ran downstairs and across to Molloy's."

"What's the matter?" he says.

"I'm between a stone fence and a dog's nose," I says.

"I guess you'd better take the stone fence," he says.

"All right," I says.

"Better than a broomstick," I says.

"Oh, oh," he says, "I tumble," he says.

"You've been thar?" I says.

"You bet!" he says.

"Then he gave me the stone fence, and after that gin cocktails galore."

This is no exaggeration—it's just what he says. He always says "he says" or "I says" at the end of everything he says, except when he says "she says."—*IV. in the New York Sun.*

Knows one that hasn't: "The Hawville Clarion," remarks the Hickory Ridge *Missionary*, "wants to know 'if microbes ever suffer from brain fog.' We can answer the question in part, anyhow. The microbe that edits the Hawville *Clarion* never suffers from it. He hasn't any brains to be fogged. We are always glad to be able to shed information for the benefit of the ignorant."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why she was worried: "I wonder who that woman is whose hat is on crooked," said a man on the back platform of a street-car. "That's my wife," said Mr. Meekton; "she's bothered to death for fear she won't get to her 'Don't Worry' Club in time to attend the election of officers."—*Washington Star.*

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining tables at which sit a dozen students. One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it, and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"—*Youth's Companion.*

## Digestion for Dyspeptics.

Messrs. Farwell & Rhines, of Watertown, N. Y., are making an offer that is of interest to every dyspeptic or sufferer from diabetes, constipation, etc. They will send on application a free sample of their noted cereals, which are manufactured especially with view to their possibilities of ready assimilation by the most delicate digestive organs. Messrs. Farwell & Rhines are manufacturers of "Gluten Flour," "Special Diabetic Food," "K. C. Whole Wheat Flour," "Barley Crystals," and "Gluten Grits." No invalid who is interested in the vital question of "What May I Eat?" can afford to tamper with any other flours. Find which is suited to your case, and try it.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 805 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHEROKEE—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Louis, Jan. 9, 11 St. Paul, Jan. 23  
New York, Jan. 16 Philadelphia, Jan. 30  
Philadelphia—Queensdown—Liverpool.  
Haverford, Jan. 9, 3 pm Friesland, Jan. 23, 1.30 pm  
Noordland, Jan. 16, 9 am Merion, Jan. 30, 8.30 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba, Jan. 9, 9 am  
Menominee, Jan. 16, 9 am  
Minnetonka, Jan. 23, 9 am  
Marquette, Jan. 30, 3 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion, Jan. 23 Dominion, Feb. 27  
Canada, Feb. 6 Canada, March 12

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA ROTTERDAM.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Statendam, Jan. 19 Rotterdam, Feb. 2  
Amsterdam, Jan. 26 Sloterdijk, Feb. 16  
Steering only. \* Freight only.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.  
Vaderland, Jan. 9 Zeeland, Jan. 30  
Kronland, Jan. 30 Finland, Feb. 6

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Celtic, Jan. 13, 2 pm Majestic, Feb. 3, 10 am  
Teutonic, Jan. 20, 10 am Oceanic, Feb. 10, 1 pm  
Cedric, Jan. 27, noon Celtic, Feb. 17, 6 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cynric, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 17  
Cretic, Feb. 4, March 3, March 31

Boston Mediterranean Direct  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic, Jan. 16, Feb. 27, April 9  
Canopic, Jan. 30, Mar. 12  
Republic (new), Feb. 13, Mar. 26  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Coptic, Friday, Jan. 15  
Gaelic, Wednesday, Feb. 10  
Doric (Calling at Manila), Saturday, March 5  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.  
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904  
America Maru, Monday, January 25  
Hongkong Maru, Wednesday, February 17  
Nippon Maru, Tuesday, March 15  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Jan. 9, 1904, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Jan. 21, 1904, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Feb. 11, 1904, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.  
MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.  
Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., Everything in Photography, 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.  
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—168,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—145,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium, mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk. Colors—greens, grays, black, and red; most artistic for a very moderate outlay. Kirk, Geary & Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Duffield-McKenna Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Isabel McKenna, daughter of Justice Joseph McKenna and Mrs. McKenna, to Mr. Pitts Duffield took place in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday. Father Ward Buckley, of St. Matthew's Roman catholic church, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by her sisters, Miss Marie McKenna and Miss Hildegard McKenna, and the groom's attendant was Mr. Edgar Mills. Mr. Devie Duffield and Mr. Kenneth Duffield acted as ushers. Among the guests who witnessed the ceremony were President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and Mrs. Fuller, Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay, Admiral George Dewey and Mrs. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Miss Kohl, Captain and Mrs. F. B. McKenna, of St. Louis. After their return from their wedding journey in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Duffield will live in New York.

## The Searies-Ayers Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Ayers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor P. Ayers, to Mr. Denis Searies took place on Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, 2127 California Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Clappett. Miss May Ayers, the bride's sister, served as bridesmaid. Mr. Frank King was the best man, and Mr. Hubert Mee and Mr. Isaac Upham acted as ushers. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served, at which, in addition to the bridal party, those at table were Miss Mary Ayers, Miss Ruth Merrill, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Edith Simpson, Mrs. Muscoe Garnett, Miss Edna Dickens, Miss Lucie King, Miss Wanda Brastow, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Muscoe Garnett, Mr. Charles Merrill, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. Joseph King, Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. Frank King, and Mr. Isaac Upham.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna May Burdge, ward of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, and Mr. Bernard Pacheco Miller, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adeline Smith, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Smith, to Mr. John A. Percy. The wedding will take place about the middle of February.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, to Mr. John Wilson will take place on the evening of February 10th at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., is to be the matron of honor, and Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss California Cluff, and Miss Pearl Landers will be bridesmaids. Mr. Richard Hotelling will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Bernice Drown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Drown, to Mr. Samuel Boardman will take place on January 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Emma Wallace Rutherford, to Mr. Philip Kearny, on Saturday afternoon, January 23d, at four o'clock, at St. Thomas's Church, New York City. After the wedding ceremony a reception will take place at the Fifth Avenue home of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker. The wedding journey will be in Europe.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton gave a luncheon on Monday at her residence, 824 Sutter Street, at which she entertained Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing, Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh, Mrs. William Lindsay Spencer, Mrs. Charles Kindelberger, Miss Genevieve Huntsman, Miss Etelka Williar, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Agnes Buchanan, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Edna Middleton, and Miss Maylita Pease.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of his niece, Miss Alice Sullivan. Others at table were Miss Mollie Phelan, Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Helen Bowie, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Helen Pettigrew, Miss Watkins, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Miss Florence Callaghan, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Dean, Miss Mullen, Miss Ada Sullivan, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs.

William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mrs. J. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. H. McL. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. J. H. Mee, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. R. McK. Duperu, Mr. Harry Oelrichs, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Dr. E. Zeile, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Philip Paschal, Mr. Clarence G. Follis, Mr. Sydney Salisbury, Mr. John Zeile, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. E. W. Howard, Mr. Archibald Harrison, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Mr. J. C. McKinsty, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, and Lieutenant Joseph V. Kuznik, U. S. A.

An informal tea was given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her residence, 2040 Broadway, last Sunday afternoon. The guests were the Baron and Baroness von Horst, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Lieutenant Fuchs, Mr. Philip Paschal, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

A reception, their first for the season, was held by Mrs. Horace Davis and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King at the residence of Mrs. Horace Davis, 1800 Broadway, on Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Norris King Davis. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mrs. A. L. Whitney, Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. Willis Davis, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Mrs. James Hogg, Mrs. Earle E. Brownell, Miss Beaver Ella Morgan, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Lina Cadwallader, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Mary Josselyn, and Miss Helen Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith received at "Arbor Villa," Piedmont, on New Year's Day. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Marion Smith, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Mae Burdge, Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss May Coogan, Miss Florence White, Miss Jacqueline Moore, Miss Carolyn, and Miss Anita Oliver.

Mrs. George Boardman held her first "at home" on Tuesday at her Franklin Street residence, Miss Bernice Drown being the guest of honor. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Mrs. James Otis, Miss Stella Salishury, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Stella Kane, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mrs. John W. Carey, Mrs. Guy Eddie, Mrs. Henry W. Poett, and Miss Newell Drown.

Mrs. Josephine Norris de Greayer gave a luncheon at the University Club on Saturday last in honor of Mrs. MacLean Martin and Mrs. D. D. Colton, who expect to leave soon for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson gave a tea at her Steiner Street residence on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Bernice Drown. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Drown, Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, and Miss Stella Kane.

Miss Mollie Phelan gave a dinner at her Valencia Street residence on Friday evening, January 1st. Covers were laid for a dozen guests.

Mrs. George Gibbs received a large number of friends last Saturday at her residence, 2622 Jackson Street, in honor of Mrs. T. S. Kane and Miss Stella Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell and Miss Whittell have sent out invitations for a dance to be given at their residence, 1155 California Street, on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering will receive on Saturday, January 16th, from four to seven, at their residence on Larkin Street.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a tea on Tuesday at her residence, 1117 Hyde Street, in honor of Mrs. Henry Macfarlane.

Mrs. William Henry Smith and Miss Smith, of 1116 Pine Street, have sent out cards for the afternoon of January 22d, from four to six.

Mrs. Austin Sperry will give a large tea on Saturday, January 16th, at her Pacific Avenue residence, in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Jr. Those receiving with Mrs. Sperry will be Mrs. Austin Sperry, Jr., Mrs. Horace Sperry, Miss Mary Sperry, Miss Bada Sperry, Mrs. A. S. Simpson, Miss Simpson, Mrs. Andrew Simpson, and Miss Simpson, of Stockton, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. George Oulton, Miss Buckingham, and Miss Grace Baldwin.

Lieutenant Victor C. Lewis, U. S. A., will give a leap-year tea at the Presidio on Sunday evening. He will be assisted in receiving by Lieutenant C. E. Brigham, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. C. Nicholls, U. S. A.

Mrs. William Lindsey Spencer will give a tea on January 15th in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Mrs. Christian Reis will give a luncheon on Thursday at her residence, 825 California Street, in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Walter Damrosch is now conducting symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall, Philadelphia.

## Wills and Successions.

John M. Bradbury, executor of the estate of his mother, the late Mrs. Simona Bradbury, has filed in Los Angeles his final account and petition for distribution. The property, valued at six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is to be divided in equal shares between the sons and daughters—Simona Bradbury, Rosario Winston, Minerva Polk, Louisa Bradbury, and John and Lewis Bradbury—and includes the Bradbury Block, the Tajo Block, and other real estate situated in Los Angeles, Alameda, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco, and San Diego Counties. There are also other holdings in Texas and Kansas.

Mrs. Clunie, widow of ex-Congressman Thomas J. Clunie, is opposing the petition of Andrew J. Clunie, brother of the deceased, for a distribution of the estate. Realty worth about two hundred thousand dollars, and located at Sacramento, was bequeathed to Mrs. Clunie. She claims that the property, which is worth one million dollars, was community property, of which she is entitled to one-half. A claim against the same estate has been made by the Navarro Investment Company for forty-two shares of stock in the Pacific Coast Redwood Company, alleging that the stock, though appraised as part of the Clunie estate, was simply held in trust for them by Clunie.

The estate of Peter J. Tormey, the recently deceased drug merchant, was appraised on January 5th at \$110,950.79.

Mary Elizabeth McBride's estate was appraised at \$164,851.01. She left \$29,787.51 in cash, stocks and bonds worth \$64,401.01, and realty and other personal property worth \$100,450.

The will of the late Emma Joseph, who left an estate valued at more than one million dollars, was filed for probate December 31st. Her entire property, excepting one thousand dollars, which she left to Margaret Feeney, the family nurse, she bequeathed to her four children, to be divided share and share alike, among them. Mrs. Joseph named her son, Albert Joseph, and her daughter, Nellie Joseph, as executor and executrix to serve without bonds.

A decision in favor of Eva Ingersoll, administratrix of the estate of the late Robert G. Ingersoll, has been given by the United States Circuit Court. The defendants were Joseph Coran and others, and the action was to obtain a lien upon their property to secure payment for legal services rendered them by Mr. Ingersoll in settling the estate of Andrew J. Davis, of Butte, Mont. The amount involved is about one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The decision mentioned does not determine the amount due, but simply the matter of lien.

## Two Good Annuals.

The edition of the Oakland Enquirer for January 1st was devoted to Oakland's growth and development during the past twelve months, and to the city's advantages as a home. The issue consisted of thirty-two pages, eight of them in colors, and had many special articles on the attractions of the bay cities. It was well illustrated.

The Los Angeles Times has issued a notable midwinter number, consisting of eighty magazine pages, with an artistic colored cover. Matter pertaining to the attractions of the southland forms the principal part of the reading matter, and the illustrations are many and beautiful.

William H. Evarts, the comedian, says that the modern stage comedian is in a measure the descendant of the old stage fool, and that stage comedy is changing from action and long speeches to suggestion. "The stage comedian," Mr. Evarts adds, "is growing fast into a human being such as we know him in real life. The audience is left to imagine something, and, thus played to, waxes into its own good graces and laughs over its own humor. That is the end, in my opinion, for which all stage comedians should strive."

The chief contest at the Oakland Track on Saturday, January 9th, will be the Follansbee handicap for two-year-olds and upward at time of closing. The price to start will be \$60, \$10 forfeit, \$2,000 added, of which \$400 goes to the second horse and \$200 to the third. The list of entries is unusually large. The weather has been ideal for racing lately, and the meetings have been largely attended.

Orders were received from Washington Monday dismissing Daniel S. Richardson, general superintendent of the San Francisco post office, from his position. Complicity in the Postal Device and Improvement Company frauds is alleged by the authorities at Washington.

WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 74 Market Street.

A. Hirschman, 721 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Pears'

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Established over 100 years.

## Every Bride

wants a wedding book to keep a record of her wedding. The book given at the leading New York wedding is

## "Cupid's Proverbs"

It is the finest book made. Prices \$3.00 to \$20.00. A year's book. Circular mailed free. Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## CLEARANCE SALE

DISCOUNT ON EVERYTHING

S. & G. GUMP CO.

113 Geary Street

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

C. H. REHNSTROM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILOR AND IMPORTER

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO

**Quina LAROCHE**

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO., 20-30 S. William St., N. Y.

The Old Reliable  
**ROYAL**  
BAKING POWDER  
ABSOLUTELY  
PURE  
There is no substitute



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

and Mrs. William Babcock were at Del Monte recently.

and Mrs. Harry N. Gray have returned a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Whitney at their ranch at Rocklin.

and Mrs. Peter D. Martin will arrive in New York next week. Their stay will be definite.

James L. Flood, Dr. Beverly Macgill, and Major Rathbone have gone to Flood's country place in Southern California.

and Mrs. C. L. Maude (*née* Catherin) arrived from Los Angeles this week, registered at the Occidental Hotel.

s. J. C. Stubbs and Miss Helen Stubbs, have recently been in Chicago, were at the Theatre at the time of the disastrous fire, but escaped without injury.

and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs were among recent visitors to Del Monte.

s. Boalte and Miss Genevieve Boalte returned to New York after a visit to Mrs. Jessie Gray Boalte and some intimates.

Thomas Magee, Jr., was in New York week.

s. John Malmesbury Wright, who has been in the East and Europe for nine months has returned to San Francisco, and is at Dunstan's. Miss Wright will remain until summer.

s. Kenneth Jackson, wife of Judge Jackson, has returned from Kansas, and is at the Palace Hotel.

s. C. B. Pressley is in Fresno visiting sister, Mrs. W. W. Phillips.

s. J. R. K. Nuttall was at Del Monte last week.

Washington Dodge, assessor, returned yesterday from a visit East.

William H. Crocker spent the holiday with his family in Paris. He will soon return to San Francisco.

and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have Burlington, and have taken a house on Mission Street, near Broadway, for the winter.

s. Kohl and Miss M. E. Kohl, of San Francisco, who have been abroad for some time are expected to return to San Francisco in the middle of January.

Henry Kugeler and wife are at the Hotel Richelieu.

and Mrs. A. L. Gump, with their young son Robert, will go to Santa Barbara early in February to visit Mrs. Gump's parents, who have taken a cottage there for the season.

W. J. Somers, of this city, has returned from a pleasant three months' visit to friends in Vermont, Boston, Washington, and New York.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rar were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McDearmoth, Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Liverpool, Mr. John F. Elliot, of New York, Mr. Harry Gerdes, of Chicago, Mr. F. Young, of Juneau, Mr. H. A. Preston, of Portland, Mr. Mort Lawton, of Toledo, Mr. W. Moore, of Walla Walla, Mrs. Gironard, of Chamber and Mrs. J. M. Todd, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gunn, and Mrs. M. Posner.

## Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., was retired on January 9th under a pension of law. His successor in the senior grade of the army and as chief of staff is General A. R. Chaffee, and it is expected that the number of brigadier-generals will be increased to the major-generalcy thus vacated immediately retired.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., held his New Year's reception at Fort Mason.

Lieutenant Fitzgerald S. Turton, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., left last week for Manila to report to the commanding general of the division of the Philippines.

Lieutenant Edmund Shortridge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of the examining board convened at the Presidio, vice Lieutenant Edward P. McKill, retired.

Major William Wood, inspector-general's department, U. S. A., has been transferred to Governor's Island, N. Y.

Captain Louis R. Burgess, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been appointed adjutant at the Presidio.

Colonel Daniel Cornman, U. S. A., has been ordered for the Philippines to take command of the Seventh Infantry.

Captain David E. W. Lyle, U. S. A., on being discharged from the Presidio General Hospital Tuesday, left for Hot Springs, Ark., where he will join his company.

Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, U. S. A., Mrs. Rawles, and Miss Rawles are residing at 46 Bush Street for the winter.

Mrs. Andrews, wife of Lieutenant Charles Andrews, U. S. A., and Miss Edith Morris leave for the East on Sunday, en route to Paris, where they will remain for several months.

Captain H. G. Colby, U. S. A., who has been acting as purchasing paymaster here, is retired after a service of forty years. He succeeded by Pay Inspector R. T. M. Ball, S. N.

## Lane Lectures, 1904.

The twenty-second annual course of Lane lectures will be delivered in the auditorium of Cooper Medical College, beginning Friday evening, January 8th, and continuing every alternate evening thereafter until ten lectures are given. These lectures are free and no ticket of admission is required. You and your friends are cordially invited to attend. The programme is as follows: Friday evening, January 8th, "Old and New Facts About Tuberculosis," Dr. William Osborn; Friday evening, January 22d, "Sleep and Dreams," Professor Frank Angell, professor of psychology, Stanford University; Friday evening, February 5th, "Popular Mistakes About the Care of Children," Dr. William Fitch Cheney; Friday evening, February 19th, "Water as a Carrier of Disease," Dr. Charles F. Craig, first lieutenant and assistant surgeon, U. S. A.; Friday evening, March 4th, "Fermentation," Dr. Walter Garrey; Friday evening, March 18th, "The Trained Nurse," Dr. George B. Somers; Friday evening, April 1st, "The Alcohol Habit From the Alienist's Standpoint," Dr. Driesbach Smith; Friday evening, April 15th, "Eye and Eye-Glasses," Dr. A. Barkan; Friday evening, April 29th, "Nerves," Dr. Albert H. Taylor; Friday evening, May 13th, "The Relation of Insects to Man," Dr. Frank Blaisdell. Lectures begin each evening at eight o'clock.

## For the Big Trees.

A meeting of the California Club, presided over by Mrs. George Law Smith, was held Tuesday, at which many subjects relating to forestry were discussed. A large audience gathered on account of the interest aroused by the California Club's efforts to save the State's famous big trees. Mrs. Emil Pohli talked on the "Black Forest of Germany," and was followed by Mr. Charles Wesley Reed, who spoke on forestry conditions in California. Mr. Emil Pohli continued the subject, outlining the legislation pertaining to it, and drawing attention to the inadequacy of the present laws.

Frederick W. Barkhaus, a pioneer, died in San Francisco Saturday, aged sixty-seven years. Mr. Barkhaus was a native of Germany, and came to California in 1853. He spent several years in mining, and early in the 'sixties he opened a book-store at the corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets. His place was a literary centre for many years. After the widening of Kearny Street, Mr. Barkhaus removed his business to its present location on that thoroughfare, between Sutter and Bush Streets. He made a specialty of books printed in his native language, and was prominent among the Germans here, being a director of the German Hospital and of the German Benevolent Society. He was also a Mason. A widow, two sons, and three daughters survive him.

Mrs. F. W. Sharon has discontinued the legal proceedings she had brought against her son, Mr. John Cable Breckenridge, to have him declared insane. A letter to Dr. Arnaud from Mrs. Sharon requests him to follow Mrs. Breckenridge's wishes in regard to the latter's husband. Mr. Breckenridge is said to be much better mentally, and to have about recovered from the injury to his spine, received by jumping from a window to escape the surveillance of the doctors. Mrs. Sharon has received her daughter-in-law, and her grandson, born last September, has been christened John Cable Breckenridge. Mr. Breckenridge will be brought back to California as soon as his health admits. Attorney Joseph D. Redding says Mrs. Sharon has acted very generously in the premises.

In clear weather, the view from the top of Mt. Tamalpais is one of the most beautiful and inspiring in California. The ocean laps the foot of the mountain on one side, the bay on another, and stretching away on the north and east are the fertile valleys and snow-capped mountains of the central part of the State. The railroad up the mountain is the crookedest and most picturesque in the world, and the Tavern at the top is a noted feature.

The park commissioners have decided to throw open to automobilists that portion of the ocean boulevard from the south drive to the beach tavern. Commissioner Reuben Lloyd will propose an ordinance granting automobilists the use of this road. Speed will be limited to six miles an hour along the newly conceded portions. These newly acquired thoroughfares will add much to the pleasure of motoring around San Francisco.

## Mining Properties.

Mining man just returned from Mexico, and thoroughly familiar with best mining districts there, wishes engagement in looking up properties, on the basis of salary, expenses, and an interest. References unqualified. Address "Mining," Argonaut office.

## Holiday Suggestions.

Hat orders. Eugene Korn, Knox agency, 749 Market Street.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Washington Post:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is the second work of the author; both books are reprints of letters first published in the San Francisco Argonaut. . . . For light, pleasant, and gossip reading as to the inner life of the Spanish people, the book will be found of interest, especially to the tourist, who is warned that English is not so generally spoken on the Continent, and also much good advice is given as to food, characteristics, and mode of traveling.

## Baltimore American:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, describes a trip through Spain, entering it from Southern France by the gate of the Pyrenees; traveling thence through the North of Spain by way of Barcelona, Saragossa, and Lerida to Madrid; thence into Andalusia by way of Toledo and Cordova; then follows an account of a stay at Seville; thence the two Argonauts cross Andalusia, and make their way over the mountains to Granada and the Alhambra.

## San Francisco News Letter:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, . . . consists of an account of visits to the principal Spanish cities, and includes "Crossing the Pyrenees," "The Gateway of the Sun," "Into Andalusia," "Granada and the Alhambra," and "The City of Seville." The text is added to by many reproductions of photographs. Mr. Hart writes of his travels in an easy, flowing style, touched up by plenty of satirical humor. The pains as well as the joys of European travel are freely described, and much space is devoted to continental hotels and their queer methods. Altogether, it is an interesting volume, though not so serious as some might wish, and with much space devoted to ephemeral subjects that the seeker for information would rather see given over to semi-statistical matter. The preface warns the reader, though, that it is a record of rapid impressions. Published by Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.

## Santa Cruz Surf:

To the book-buyers who at this season are looking for something Californian and yet something of general interest, it is opportune to call attention to "Two Argonauts in Spain," which is Californian in authorship and publication, and yet treats of a country in which interest ought to be universal, and concerning which ignorance is well-nigh universal.

Mr. Hart's letters from Spain were published in the Argonaut, and the Surf made many allusions to them and quotations from them during the period when they appeared. They possess a practical, every-day interest, and now in book-form they will compete in entertaining qualities with the brightest fiction of the season.

The Spain which is in the mind of the majority of Americans is the Spain of romantic dons and antique architecture. The Spain which Mr. Hart brings to us is the real Spain, in which modern inventions and ancient customs are clashing and mingling—the Spain in which heggars and labor unions, bull-fights and modern newspapers, abound. The letters, which appeared weekly in the Argonaut, lose none of their vivacity.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; illustrated.

## Tourist Policies

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes wherever it may be in any part of the world. Applications can be obtained at the office or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd  
C. F. MULLINS, Manager,  
416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.



## GOODYEAR'S "GOLD SEAL" RUBBER GOODS THE BEST MADE

Mackintoshes and Raincoats

For Men, Women, and Children. Any size, any quantity.

Rubber Boots and Shoes

Rubber and Oiled Clothing

Rubber and Oiled Goods

(FOR SPORTSMEN)

Fishing and Wading Boots,

Huotig Boots and Coats.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. Pease, Pres.

F. M. Shepard, Jr., Treas.

C. F. Runyon, Sec.

Ladies' Rain Coat.

573-575-577-579 Market St.

SAN FRANCISCO.









# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1401.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 18, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Special Eastern Representative—E. Katz. Advertising Agency, 230-234 Temple Court, New York City, and 317-318 U. S. Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "The Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Outlook for Republican Success—Hanna, Taft, and Roosevelt—Leading Political Factors—The Panama Affair—Democratic Plans—The New York Situation—Hanna's Strength and Weakness—What of the Democratic Opposition?—Far From a Condition of Harmony—The Tide Sets Clevelandward—Hearst's Possibility—Platt's Warning—Can Heath Hang On?—Charges Against Him—Severe Arraignment Indorsed by Roosevelt—A Nice Point of Etiquette—Is Roosevelt Carrying a Big Stick?—Who Will Be Under It?—Mr. Bryan Returns Undeceived—Ten Capitals and Part of Sweden—Saw the Czar, Missed the Emperor—At An English Dinner—British Comments—His Journeys Will Become Classic.....	33-35
COMMUNICATIONS: The Situation in the Far East as Seen by an Eye-Witness. By R. L. Fulton.....	35
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	35
THE RULE OF THE ROAD: What the Dial Told. By John Fleming Wilson.....	36
OLD FAVORITES: "To a Waterfowl." by William Cullen Bryant; "The Chambered Nautilus," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Captain! My Captain!" by Walt Whitman.....	36
WITH NEW YORK PLAYER-FOLK: Features of the Gotham Holiday Season—Unsuccessful Plays—Notable New Actors—A Deliciously Improper French Farce—An Actress With Many Lovers. By Geraldine Bonner.....	37
THE FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE: From the Annals of Alta California. By Katherine Chandler.....	37
A CORNER OF THE CZAR'S DOMAIN: Russian Table Manners—Tooth-Brush an Object of Amusement—Being Shaved by a Murderer—Boiled Fish-Eyes for Breakfast.....	38
THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST: Local Authors and Representative Men Name Books, Read in 1903, that Gave Them Most Pleasure.....	39
MELODY YET IN PATTI'S VOICE: Large Audiences Greet Her—Pictures of Her Libelous—Her Coquettish Exits.....	39
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	40-41
DRAMA: Mrs. Langtry in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce"—Alberta Gallatin in "Ghosts." By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	42
STAGE GOSSIP.....	43
VANITY FAIR: Heredity in the Army and Navy—Woman Again "Denounced"—New York's Beauty Show—The Female Lawyer—Women in "Who's Who"—Queen Draga's Wardrobe Sold—Polygamy East and West—Queen Alexandra a Connoisseur on Lace.....	44
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—President Harrison Stumped—Irving Doubtful Nat Goodwin's Veracity—A Professed Conqueror—John Swinton's Answer to Dana—"Who Was Nero?"—Judge Burr's Apt Query—A Much-Credited Sentiment—Spencer's Hatred of Dishonesty—An Idiot Either Way—Smoot and the Vegetarian—Coudert's Sharp Retort—Dougald Stewart's Memory.....	45
JOKES FROM THE FRENCH PAPERS.....	45
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Sad Story of Gentle Jane," by Carolyn Wells; "Willie est Mort, Vive Willie"; "Patti's Farewell," by Ernest M. Plummer.....	45
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	46-47
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	48

The Republican national convention is only five months away. Political committees are meeting. Clubs are organizing. Everywhere the political pulse is quickening. Will Hanna enter the race? Is Taft a possibility? Or will Roosevelt be nominated? Will he be nominated unanimously? All these questions are being asked

afresh. It seems a timely moment to survey the situation.

The political factor that looms largest just now is the Panama question. But already the course to which Senator Gorman has endeavored to commit his party is seen to be impossible. His attempt to rally the Democratic senators to his standard has failed. Gorman is to-day a discredited leader. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, for example, remarks that the strength Gorman had in the South "has been completely dissipated by his attitude of hostility toward the Panama Canal." Southern States have instructed their senators to vote for the treaty. Southern commercial bodies have sent petitions. It is clear that there is "no thoroughfare" to political success through defeating the treaty. This fact John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader of the House, saw at the outset. He has, by the way, already gained enormous prestige by his successful policies in relation to the canal and Cuban reciprocity.

But the Democrats still have a plan in this Panama matter which they hope to transmute into an issue. It is this: to permit enough senators to vote for the treaty to ratify it, but at the same time to show a Democratic majority against the treaty, and to go before the country with the "issue" that the President's methods were "rash," "hasty," "unsafe," "immoral," "illegal," and "utterly bad," however well they may have worked to attain the end so much desired by the whole nation. Indeed, they will perhaps admit that no serious harm was done by the President in this instance, but they will say: "What of next time?" "If the President violated precedents then, would he not again?" "Will he not yet plunge the country into a needless war?" "Is he not a menace to the peace of the world?" As *Harper's Weekly* puts it, the only hope of the Democratic party is in convincing the country that Roosevelt is "unsafe." This is the only issue that yet emerges from the Panama affair.

Aside from the Panama matter, the situation in New York excites among politicians the keenest interest. At the best, New York is a strangely puzzling State, politically. Cleveland carried it by a plurality of 192,000 in 1882. In 1884, his plurality was 1,200. McKinley had 268,000 plurality in 1886, but the next year the Democrats carried the State by 60,000. Odell had 111,000 votes to spare in 1900, but only 8,000 in 1902. Now, added to this normal tendency to vacillate are the facts that Platt and Odell are really at swords' points, though outwardly still friendly; that McClellan's victory indicates a strengthening Democracy; that New York is the State most swayed by financial influences; that Roosevelt was never really popular there, being elected in 1898 by less than 18,000 votes, where two years before the Republican candidate for governor had 200,000 plurality. General Grosvenor has even admitted that New York is doubtful. The independent *Evening Post* says "the case is desperate." However that may be, it is obvious that from New York come all the whispers of some other candidate than Mr. Roosevelt.

But would Hanna be any better? Wall Street would like him, and its liking would damn him with the people. The campaign chest would overflow, yet more than money is needed. The South might help him to get the nomination, but could help not at all in his election. Heath, and other grafters whom Hanna views with tolerance, would be pleased, but honest men might look askance. Many business men would be glad to see Hanna nominated, but that he is as strong as Roosevelt with labor may be doubted. So far, Hanna has refused to announce himself as a candidate, and the only two hard facts indicating that he may do so are the postponement of the Ohio convention to a

late date with the obvious intention of taking advantage of "anything that turns up," and the Hanna sentiment exhibited in the recent Indiana convention. As for Taft, whose name has recently been mentioned as a possibility, and who is far less vulnerable to attack than the Ohio senator—there is yet no convincing evidence that there is any substantial drift in his direction. No Republican of prominence has declared for him; no paper is supporting him. In fact, no Republican of national prominence has predicted that Roosevelt will fail of nomination. That is indeed significant. Even Senator Platt declares with peculiar unction that "the government under Roosevelt has been strong and wise." Thus the nomination of the President is everywhere conceded—if nothing happens. If something does happen, Hanna and Taft and Fairbanks will be there to grasp the coveted opportunity.

But even if the Democrats do succeed in convincing a substantial number of voters that Roosevelt is "unsafe," they can still scarcely expect to win unless they are united and have a candidate that will command respect. "Republican quarrels alone will not give New York to the Democrats," remarks the *World*, and it is as true of the country. And the Democrats are yet far from being in harmony. Platt declares that the Democracy is infected with socialism, and between conservative and radical war is inevitable. It is said that the reason Cleveland failed to attend the dinner in New York to McClellan was because he had no wish to sit at the same table with men who in 1892 declared him an enemy of the party. To the same dinner, Bryan was not invited. Gray, Gorman, and Parker failed to come. Olney's laudation of Cleveland has won him the disfavor of Bryan's followers. Gorman, as we have said, has certainly lost prestige. Hearst is unmistakably a factor, though few seem to take him seriously. Strange as it may seem, the strong drift Clevelandward continues. The party can not forget the old skipper who twice sailed the Democratic ship to victory. No man ever refused a nomination to the Presidency of the United States, they say, and Cleveland would be forced to accept it, despite his declaration that his "determination not to do so is unalterable and conclusive."

It seems strange to find, in surveying the situation, that, although the Democrats yet have no "paramount issue," and are as far from agreement on a candidate as they were a year ago, more confidence is exhibited than at any previous time. Senator Platt says that some signs indicate the return of the Democratic party to "a sane and dangerous condition." Apart from the prospect—or possibility—of hard times, which would inevitably work harm to Republican chances of victory, the most striking reason adduced for Democracy's optimism is that set forth by the same astute New York senator. "It often happens," he thinks, "in politics that a political party which has had a long lease of power is never so much in danger as when nobody has anything in particular to complain of, for it is then that many people vote not with regard to great political principles, but with regard to trivial events."

This is an deep saying, upon which politicians may do well to ponder.

Is the country hankering for a change?

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan, political explorer, has just returned to this country, his family, and the Kansas City platform. He has visited, as he reports, "ten capitals and a part of Sweden." He has dined with dynasties, dipped with diplomats, and autocrats. He has talked frankly with the Em-



been a Dutch uncle to the German theorists, toyed with Tolstoy, and drawn out British statesmen in their own drawing-rooms. From Killarney and Skibbereen to "a part of Sweden" (Milwaukee and St. Paul?) the voice of Nebraska has been heard, from Rome to St. Petersburg the eye of the Commoner has blessed. With his own well-known succinctness he has described his achievements—"ten capitals and a part of Sweden" (Wisconsin?).

What the Apostle of Silver has discovered, what hitherto unclassified fauna of imperialism and flora of despotism he has found, the world shall doubtless know in time through the columns of the *New York American*. Fancy (not copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst) prefers to dwell, not on the goodly store of sermons brought back from foreign parts for the edification of the darklings, but on the incalculable benefits bestowed upon the peoples of Europe (and a part of Sweden) by the passage of the great missionary. What the White Czar has to tell us statistically of Russian educational methods is not more interesting than the thought of the pale gleam of intelligence awakened for the first time in his glassy and despot eye during the tremendous fifteen-minute interview. How inspiring to contemplate the damage done the overweening German Empire by those domestic festivities that prevented the Kaiser from listening on Christmas Day to the persuasive admonitions of the Orator of the Platte! On the other hand, what rejuvenation of fearful patriotism in Berlin when the Highborn Wilhelm Jennigs Bryan graciously announced, "In my meetings with the citizens of my country sojourning abroad I have been relieved of one of my fears I had in 1896. I was afraid if I was not elected it might be difficult to find good men outside of the Democratic party (and a part of Sweden?) to represent us abroad, but I have found so many good Americans, and Republicans, too, who honor their country in diplomatic and consular positions, that I will go back relieved of one of my fears."

The feeble pinion of imagination is supported by the breath of rumor. Tales are abroad that the British Female, that justly celebrated institution, was quite ignored as uninteresting to the Sage of Wahoo, and the statements by the aforesaid institution that Mr. B. "has long, black hair and a rumbling voice"; that, "like Mr. Gladstone, he never talks but always addresses"; that "Mr. B. is somewhat of a bore," may be set down as mere feminine tartness in revenge for indifference. These are valuable hints as to how Europe was affected, and we can picture the Child of the Platte, like the river of his native State, embracing in his wanderings a vast deal of country (and a part of Sweden), speaking to the effete children of the Continent in that language now known far and wide, in kindly commemoration of the nativity of the Wizard of Lincoln, as Plattetudinous.

Your true-blue American always rubs his knees when rising from the attitude of supplication and adoration. It is the token of his enfranchisement, and there will be universal delight that Mr. Bryan, after visiting ten capitals and a part of Sweden, should, on landing at his native custom-house, brusquely proclaim his genuine Americanism. He might have bowed the knee before royalty, he might have adored the emblems of earthly majesty on foreign shores by a gentle bending of the limbs, but, after all, his pregnant hinges rested on the Kansas City platform. He may for a time have consented to clothe the limbs of Democracy in the breeches of imperialism, held up by the suspender of decorum, but on the soil of America he reiterates the doctrines of '96.

One can not doubt that the voyages of the Pilgrim of the Platte will be handed down to future generations as instructive and amusing. In all probability, fifty years from now the toe of Nebraskan infancy, instead of representing a dumb member of the porcine family on its way to the Chicago market, will stand for one of the ten capitals visited by the Victim in two Presidential races, and childish minds will be deeply engaged in locating that part of Sweden made historical by the foot of the Great Commoner. In due time there shall be a Bryan tradition, doubly made misty by the researches of scholars. The fancy even catches a glimpse of that dim season when Bryan and Ulysses will travel down the corridors of time, hand in hand, the two great figures in mythology, one speaking to a degenerate people of Circe and her isle, of the great Polyphemus, and the dragons of Charybdis; the other still harping peacefully on the Kansas City platform, relating his visit to ten capitals—and a part of Sweden.

Two questions are being asked by the loud voice of public opinion: Is Secretary Heath, of the Republican National Committee, a—ahem!—speculator? Is it judicious to put a man of doubtful personal integrity in a high place in the Republican organization? These blunt queries are more insistent every day. Democratic

editors shout them from the housetops. Republican journals indignantly echo them. Dan hears them, and Beersheba is not ignorant of their import. From interjections of malignant indefiniteness they are become cries of pain, of jubilation, or of heated demand, according to the politics of the voicer. And now that Senator Hanna has patted Mr. Heath on the back as a good fellow, and Heath, responding to the magnificent caress, has stated that he "will let the other fellow do the worrying," we think it a timely moment to review the evidence with an eye upon the two questions repeated above.

When S. W. Tulloch, former cashier of the Washington City post-office, laid charges at the door of the postal officials, President Roosevelt ordered the door opened, accepted the package of incriminations, and handed it over to Postmaster-General Payne, with an injunction "to probe them to the bottom." This command was indorsed on the documents, and they were handed to Fourth-Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. Mr. Bristow, encouraged by the President, made an investigation, which resulted in the indictment of many officials, most prominently George W. Beavers and A. W. Machen. But the fourth-assistant hinted in unmistakable terms that ex-First-Assistant Perry Heath was deeply implicated, that his hands were unclean, that he had prostituted his public office for private gain. This report the President not only accepted, but on the strength of it appointed two well-known lawyers a commission "to report on these matters from a legal standpoint." This report was made public on December 16th. Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bonaparte state that Mr. Heath's answer to the charges placed against him "we consider altogether insufficient and no less unsatisfactory in substance than in form . . . that the reasonable inference to be drawn from Mr. Heath's complete failure to meet fully and explicitly accusations which, as Postmaster-General Payne justly admonished him, charged him with many acts of doubtful propriety, added to the facts appearing from the record evidence laid before us, oblige us to say that at least a strong *prima-facie* case is presented of willful and reckless disregard by the late first-assistant postmaster-general of obligations imposed on him by the regulations of his own department as well as by the statutes of the United States, and we feel it our duty to add that suspicion of his personal integrity must be inevitably aroused, in our judgment, by an impartial consideration of the facts submitted to us and of his plainly inadequate explanations." Which is very gentle language. But not more so than that of the President, who remarks in his memorandum, at the head of a list of fourteen chief offenders, "The case of ex-First-Assistant Postmaster-General Heath, who had left the service over three years before this investigation was begun, is set forth in the report of Mr. Bristow." As Mr. Bristow was at some pains to particularize the sums made by Mr. Heath out of queer transactions, this is saying a little and carrying a big stick.

It is apparent that Mr. Roosevelt intended his reference to the statute of limitations as a hint that Mr. Heath was not entirely blameless, and that it might be well for him to consider that no such statute limited the expression of public opinion. But right here Senator Hanna steps in. He not only refuses to discuss Perry Heath's unfitness for association with the leaders of the Republican party, but encourages him to remain as secretary of that committee which will manage the campaign of 1904. In a word, Mr. Roosevelt's political fortunes are to be tied up with those of a discredited office-holder, who dared not enter the White House with the other members of the committee on the occasion of their formal greeting to the President.

This tangle is described by the *New York Evening Post* as "a defiance of the advocates of decency and a notification of Hanna's purpose to defeat Roosevelt by indirection." This seems to express the precise sentiments of several other journals. Mr. Heath is openly termed a thief by many, he is condoned with by more on the overwhelming evidence against him, and only the feeble voice of a Salt Lake paper is lifted in his defense.

Whatever the guilt or guiltlessness of Mr. Heath, the vital question now is whether the discredited man will seek or will be allowed to seek rehabilitation at the expense of his party and the President. There is a nice point of etiquette here. Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bonaparte have said that the ex-first-assistant is of doubtful integrity. Such a statement, made in private life and unrefuted, might confidently be expected to relegate the suspected one to the very outskirts of society. Evidently Mr. Roosevelt would hesitate, in view of his well-known dislike for dishonesty, public or private, to shake the hand of one he has branded so deeply. But will he consent to the retention of Mr. Heath on the National Committee? Is he saying little, indeed, but carrying a big stick? When will the stick descend? Will it graze the venerable pate of Senator

Hanna? In the language of the plains, with which Mr. Roosevelt is so familiar, the mildest looking bronco has hind legs at the back and teeth on the front end. Isn't Mr. Heath, after all, entitled to worry for himself?

The latest story being circulated about Hearst in Washington is that he and Bryan have formed a combination by which they may be able to control so large a number of delegates to the Democratic national convention as to prevent the nomination of any one unacceptable to them, and possibly to effect the editor's nomination. Considering the cordial relations that have existed between Bryan and Hearst the story seems not unlikely. Still it is only a story. Meanwhile Hearst is building up his organization in many States, and evidence of his unexpected strength are now and then to be found even in newspapers that are his business rivals. For example, a correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from Trenton, N. J., declares that "the tremendous Hearst sentiment existing here and elsewhere is a very serious fact which can not wisely be ignored and will not down," and that "the Hearst movement is a genuine ground swell coming up spontaneously from the unpolluted depths of the great ocean of public thought." Such journals as *Harper's Weekly* take Hearst seriously enough to devote page cartoons to his boom, while, if we may believe a recent Washington dispatch, the Democratic national committee has chosen St. Louis, rather than Chicago, as a meeting-place for the national convention for fear that otherwise Hearst's Chicago paper and his friends there would stampede the convention for him. But now, the dispatch avers, Hearst will immediately start a newspaper in St. Louis and "gayly greet" the convention when it there assembles.

Many people will be interested to know that Thomas A. Edison, the distinguished inventor, is "unfair." We glean this information from an open letter of Vernier Lodge, No. 350, International Association of Machinists. The epistle sets forth that "no settlement has yet been effected of the controversy between Thomas A. Edison and the machinists"; that "Thomas A. Edison has finally and openly declared himself an enemy to the labor organizations"; that "the bitterness of Thomas A. Edison has carried him far enough to discharge every union man in his laboratory"; that "we appeal to you to publish the unfairness of Thomas A. Edison toward organized labor"; and that "we earnestly request you to write Thomas A. Edison a letter denouncing his action toward organized labor." Everybody will please take notice.

The testimony before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in the Wood case is supposed to be secret, but isn't. The Associated Press has been printing interesting bits semi-occasionally, but nothing before so startling as that this week relating to the testimony of General James H. Wilson. It is alleged that General Wilson replied to the question, "You think that President McKinley made a mistake when he made General Wood brigadier-general," with: "I think he made a deadly mistake when he made that appointment. I think he gave the greatest shock to the sense of discipline and fairness of the American army that it has ever received." Not only this, but it is alleged that General Wilson further stated that he had told Mr. Roosevelt, when the latter was governor of New York, that Wood was not at the Battle of San Juan, but far in the rear, looking for ammunition, and that the President answered: "Yes, I know; but do not tell anybody." When Secretary Root took the stand, he declared that Wood was not only at San Juan but "in the hottest and heaviest fire that our men had to endure, when men were falling all around him." He is reported further as follows: "I think I ought to allude to the remarks of General James H. Wilson here as to the conversation with the President. Of course, the President can not be a witness. The President informs me that General Wilson is mistaken, and that no such conversation regarding General Wood's presence at the San Juan fight ever took place between him and General Wilson."

The *Argonaut's* attitude toward the Cuban reciprocity treaty was one of consistent opposition. From every point of view it seemed an unwise measure. But in the flame of the administration's displeasure, California's congressional delegation proved a malleable lot—failed to make even a show of opposition to a treaty that struck at California's dominant industries—and after a two-years' struggle, the treaty was put into effect. Now



we are beginning to "get results." It is reported from Cuba that one company alone has purchased twenty-five thousand acres of land there, which it will plant to orange trees. The soil and climate are said to be perfectly adapted to citrus fruits. Prospectuses of the future "orange colony" are couched in glowing terms. Stress is laid on the accessibility and value of the New York market. This is indeed interesting news to California orange growers, four thousand miles from that same great entrepôt. True, it will be several years, even if orange-planting goes on apace, before there will be any real competition, but, as the *Chronicle* sapiently points out, the treaty, though nominally for only five years, will continue indefinitely unless one party or the other shall give a year's notice of intention to terminate it. And that is unlikely—more's the pity.

The release of ex-Treasurer Augustus C. Widber from A. C. WIDBER  
COMES OUT  
OF PRISON. San Quentin prison last week, after a term of five years, recalls one of the largest defalcations in San Francisco's history. And also a peculiar one. Its peculiarity lay in the fact that Mayor Phelan and other city officials, whose duty it was to count the money in the city treasury, merely "hefted" the bags marked "Gold," but which really contained silver. This original method of "counting" permitted Widber's speculations to go on undiscovered till they amounted to \$118,000—most of which, like McKowen's \$60,000, was lost on the race-track. An interesting fact in connection with Widber's release is that the Fidelity and Deposit Company, of Maryland, which paid \$100,000 to the city, have already filed suit against the ex-convict for \$94,559.52, principal and interest on the sum Widber "owes" them. It is said that Widber could pay them if he would. The incident throws an interesting light on the sleepless vigilance of bond companies. First they "made good" to the city. Now they will, if possible, compel Widber to "make good" to them.

Boating on a pale, placid, pellucid lake is nice. Boating à deux on a pellucid, placid, pale lake is unspeakably blissful. Stanford University—co-educational—has a nice hole which might be a lake if there were water. But there is no water. According to a voracious newspaper item, the water has "escaped." It would not "stay put." But Stanford is determined that it must and shall, and is taking steps to recover the vagrant pellucid lake aforesaid. "Two hundred tons of clay," says the dispatch, "are to be deposited on the north bottom of the lake bed to prevent the water escaping through the embankment." Doubtless, the tons of clay will prove an effectual jailer of future lakes, but what of the lovely lake that has already "escaped"? We doubt if it will come when called. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," orated Glendower. "But will they come, when you do call for them," quoth Hotspur. Thus it is with the lake. We suggest that Stanford swear out a search-warrant, and send a committee after that errant lake which has "escaped" and is "at large."

Country life will soon be different from what it used to be when only infrequent trips "to town," or a casual visitor, put the farmer in touch with the world outside. As the President well remarked in his annual message, the "rural free-delivery, taken in connection with the telephone, the bicycle, and the trolley, accomplishes much toward lessening the isolation of farm life and making it brighter and more attractive." In this State, the barbed-wire telephone has quickly created a demand for something better. In Sonoma County, recently, two separate applications for telephone franchises were made by small companies, for lines to run from farm to farm, and it is likely that soon the county will be well covered with wires. The same developments are taking place elsewhere in the State, and working a quiet, but profound, revolution in the conditions of rural life.

"A year ago," says the New York *Sun*, "the Chicago labor unions were dominant, aggressive, intolerant, and intolerable. To-day they ask for that which they then demanded."

The employers' association has taught them that the employer and the public have rights which unionism must not attempt to override. Though the newspapers whisper no word about it, the San Francisco organization on similar lines to the Chicago one is said to be growing apace. Will it achieve like results? Already, we hear, the alliance has eleven thousand members. Affairs are just getting into working order and the anti-union campaign is shortly to begin. If present plans are carried out, the tactics pursued will be to refuse patronage to retail merchants displaying

union cards; to avoid goods bearing the union label; and to withdraw advertising from hostile papers.

The bitter, long-continued, and bloody struggle between the Colorado mine-owners, backed by the governor and the militia, and the labor unions, has come before the Senate of the United States, and promises henceforth to have the attention of the nation. A resolution was presented by Senator Patterson, on Wednesday, asking for the investigation of the situation by a Senate committee. He declared that great injustice had been done members of labor unions and their sympathizers by the use of militia in imprisoning men, establishing a press censorship, etc. Senator Scott, of West Virginia, replying to Patterson, said that there had never been "a more tyrannical or despotic organization on earth than that which the senator is championing."

## COMMUNICATIONS.

The Situation in the Far East as Seen by an Eye-Witness.

RENO, NEV., January 10, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "Japan will be ruined if she fights, and ruined if she doesn't fight," is the remark often heard in the Orient. I had to travel from one end of Japan to the other before I realized the force of the doleful prophecy. The keynote of her present trouble lies in the fact that she can not hope to maintain her position as a "power" without expansion, and Corea is the natural channel. If Russia blocks her there her condition will be unbearable.

Americans living in roomy comfort can not realize what land famine really is. Japan to-day is subsisting fifty million people on her islands, the total area of which is about one hundred and two million acres. This is over ten million acres less than the last surveys show in the State of California. But this is not all. Not more than one acre out of eight can be cultivated. Her tillable land lies in narrow fringes along the shores, and the interior is filled up with steep, volcanic mountains, incapable of reclamation, except in very small patches, with long distances between. Even this does not tell the story. Japan does not possess great material riches, either in soil or mine. Her limited area of level land has never been fertilized by glacial action, such as that which ground into dust the surface of the Middle States and New England, and made their soil so productive. There are no forage plants on the high hillsides, as there are on the Rocky Mountains and in Nevada, and there is almost no wild life. The farms are no larger than a good-sized lot in San Francisco, and the cultivation is intense. The waters are farmed as well as the land, and hut for the fish the people could not get along at all. As it is, their hours are long, their food scanty, and their comforts few. They deny themselves everything but the bare necessities of life, and when a crop fails, thousands of them live on grass.

It will be impossible for fifty million people, or anything like that number, to live on those islands when they awaken to their true condition, and demand food, clothing, and the comforts of life common to the poorest people in America and Europe. The great mass of them live in the most abject poverty. There is no prosperous middle class, no community of thrifty land owners, as with us. When the feudal system was broken up, about forty years ago, the lands went to the crown. They are farmed out to-day in tiny lots, and the crops are divided with a liberal hand in favor of the tax-gatherer. There is an astonishing scarcity of general wealth. The large investments in live stock which enrich the American farmer are unknown. They do not know what a cow was made for, and have no use for the gentle hoo. They know nothing of milk, butter, or beef. The Shinto religion forbids meat-eating, and Buddhism opposes taking life in any form. The absence of farm animals reduces the farm to the bare land with a shanty for shelter, and perhaps a go-down to store the crop in. No fences, stables, wagons, or machinery are required. Sheep can not live in Japan, as the coarse ribbon grass lacerates their tender entrails, and they soon die.

Even in the cities there is no furniture in the dwellings, no stoves, or ranges for heating or cooking, no chimneys or fire-places built in the walls, no bedroom sets, no carpets, only straw mats upon the floor, and they take the place not only of carpets and tables, but of beds. In shops and factories all classes work from dawn till dark for one-tenth of the wages paid in America. Many thorough artists in metals, in porcelain, or in fabrics, earn from thirty to fifty cents a day. Ricksha men and engine-drivers get about fifty cents a day, while the men who dig the ditches, stevedores, and laborers, get a third as much. The scale of living is in proportion, in fact, no traveler has dared to describe the destitution which is well-nigh universal. Formerly the laborer went naked to his work, but laws have been passed compelling a certain amount of clothing to be worn. Fruit and eggs can be had by those who wish to pay for them, but the proportion that eats them is smaller than the one that eats terrapin in the United States. The Japanese do not eat their own rice; it is too costly. They sell it, and buy a third-class rice from the continent—yellow, fishy, and cheap.

But discontent has set in, and great changes are apparent. A general and growing demand for better living is universal. When the Western nations broke through the crust and compelled the Orientals to open their territory to outside traffic, China sulked and India wept, but Japan responded readily, and entered into the game of world politics heartily. The result has been felt all along the line, particularly in wages, which have advanced and are still advancing.

Corea and Manchuria are fertile regions with scanty population, and if open to Japanese enterprise would relieve the situation for some time to come, but when they see Manchuria closed and Corea threatened, the grip which has so long been tightening around them strikes panic in the Japanese, and they are a unit for war. The government is more conservative than the people, for the hardship and danger are more apparent to the man who must borrow money, buy ships, and provision armies, than to the soldier and the citizen. No doubt Japan would make a great fight. She has an advantage on the start, for her navy is on the spot, and is much larger than the portion of the Russian navy stationed in the Pacific. She has a gallant army, well officered and splendidly drilled, with a rank and file made up of as brave men as ever lived, men whose religion is loyalty to their country and devotion to their emperor. But in the elements that win in the long run there is no comparison.

Where will it end? What will it lead to? It is not hard to imagine the coming of the much-talked-of struggle between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav for dominion over the east, if, as many believe, England may become the victor. She virtually owns the Japanese navy, and if she takes sides, Europe will divide, and Napoleon's prophecy that within a hundred years Europe would be Russian or republican might be verified. It is a good time for Uncle Sam to sit tight and make no move unless one is forced upon him. In case of a world-wide war, the nations might turn to us to preserve the equities, less chaos come again.

R. L. FULTON.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Princess Cantacuzene, formerly Miss Julia Grant, is soon to revisit America. She will accompany her aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer, who is convalescent from typhoid fever.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self Help," recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday at his home in Kensington. "Self Help" is a book little known to modern American readers, though it was one of the most widely read a generation ago, and in England alone attained a sale of a quarter of a million copies.

Marie Corelli has had the last word in regard to the farthing damages which the jury awarded her in her recent libel action. The defendant called on Miss Corelli to deliver the coin, and was received by the butler, to whom he handed a form of receipt for Miss Corelli's signature. Determined that her autograph should not go so cheap, she referred the caller to her solicitors.

"Prince Cupid," otherwise Jonah Kalaniana'ole, delegate to Congress from Hawaii, went to a down-town saloon in Washington, D. C., last week, to celebrate the reassembling of Congress. The celebration was pretty loud, and (according to the Washington correspondents), a saloon-porter reported to a policeman that "there's a Hywyman rough-housing in our saloon." "Prince Cupid" averred that he couldn't be arrested because he was a member of Congress, but he was nevertheless locked up. Later he was bailed out by friends.

Off the shores of the Bosphorus, Pierre Loti, novelist and Academician, has had baptized, with mock pomp and ceremony, his ship's kitten. The affair took place early in December on board the French guardship *L'autour*, which the novelist commands as Captain Viaud. In honor of the event, the *L'autour* was bright with bunting. The captain's quarters were gayly ornamented. A crowd of guests was on board, among them being the commanders of the English and Russian guardships, the French consul-general, the Russian naval attaché, M. Coquelin, the actor, and ladies. It is said the French authorities were not pleased at the levity of Loti.

W. T. Stead's new venture, the *Daily Paper*, made its first bow to the London public last week. It was heralded by a series of balloon ascents with showers of colored pictures and checks of small denominations, by a popular entertainment in Queen's Hall, a fireworks display on Hampstead Heath, and an army of one thousand sandwich men, bearing announcements and sample pictures of the kind that are to be given away. The *Daily Paper* is an evening journal. Its first edition, like that of some of its American contemporaries, appears at ten o'clock in the morning. It is distributed mainly in London by a brigade of messenger girls, who deliver it at the doors of subscribers.

"In all Mr. Roosevelt's life on the frontier," says Jacob Riis, writing about the President in the *Outlook*, "he was molested only once, and then by a drunken rowdy, who took him for a tenderfoot, and with a curse bade him treat, at the point of his two revolvers, enforcing the invitation with a little exhibition of 'gun play,' while a roomful of men looked stolidly on. Roosevelt was a stranger in the town, and had no friends there. He got up apparently to yield to the inevitable, practicing over mentally the while a famous left-hander that had done execution in the old Harvard days. The next instant the bully crashed against the wall and measured his length on the floor. His pistols went off harmlessly in the air. He opened his eyes to find the 'four-eyed tenderfoot' standing over him, bristling with fight, while the crowd nodded, calmly. 'Served him right.' He surrendered then and there, and gave up his guns, while Mr. Roosevelt went to bed unmolested. Such things carry far on the plains. No one was ever after that holed to express a wish to fill this tenderfoot 'full of holes,' even though he did wear gold spectacles and fringed angora 'chaps.'"

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Elbert Hubbard, otherwise known as Fra Elbertus, to Miss Alice L. Moore, a pretty New England teacher. Elbert Hubbard, the author, lecturer, and editor of the *Philistine*, is the head of the Roycroft colony at East Aurora, N. Y., a town of three thousand inhabitants. His wife, Mrs. Bertha Crawford Hubbard, recently secured an absolute divorce from him, and Miss Alice L. Moore, to whom Elbert Hubbard is betrothed, was named co-respondent in the divorce action. To Mrs. Hubbard was granted heavy alimony. Miss Moore, who is declared by Hubbard to be his "affinity," and he became acquainted while members of the same literary societies at the time Miss Moore held the position of preceptress of the East Aurora High School, nearly a dozen years ago. When Miss Moore removed to New England, Hubbard made frequent visits to Miss Moore's home in Massachusetts, and it was in a suit for two thousand dollars brought against Elbert Hubbard for the support of Miss Moore's child that the facts came out, which furnished to Mrs. Bertha Crawford Hubbard evidence upon which she secured an absolute divorce, after naming Miss Moore co-respondent. Of the family of three sons and a daughter, the latter and one boy were turned over by the New York supreme court to the mother in Buffalo, while Elbert and the second son remain with their father. They are conspicuous for their long hair, sloe leggings, and high-top boots.



## THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

What the Dial Told.

The cargo steamer *Amphion* was drumming through the fog off Tillamook Head on the Oregon coast. The skipper was stamping back and forth on the bridge, volubly imprecating disenthronement on the weather god. Now and then he put his hand irresolutely on the lever of the engine-room telegraph, which pointed, in spite of rules and regulations, to "Full Speed." Once or twice he addressed a question to the third officer. The latter refused to commit himself. Finally his superior glanced at the clock under the hood, listened for an answer in the night to the bellow of the siren, and said: "I guess we'll let her go. If we can keep up the gait we can make Astoria by the morning tide, and there's no shipping to be afraid of to-night. Half speed's all right for the lower coast, but up here there's no need of losing time that way."

From the note of indecision in the captain's voice, the third mate thought that encouragement was wanted. But he stared into the blind haze that hid from view the very wash from the cutwater, and only grunted.

"I don't see why we shouldn't hit her along," the skipper went on, irascibly. "We aren't more than a good thirty from the light, and when we get off there we can slow down and crawl in by daylight. I aint a coward to lay her to when there's no need."

"Shall I keep her at full speed?" the mate asked.

"Well, I wouldn't slow down yet awhile. Maybe if it gets much thicker, and I aint on the bridge, you better let her down to half speed. Just tell the engineer to drop her a couple of revolutions."

The watch officer nodded. He had served on several seas, and it was no new thing in his experience for a conscientious captain to put his telegraph at half speed, or even dead slow, and warn the engineers not to obey too literally. It can't be done any more, for the new telegraph marks revolutions and must tally with the indicator on the engines. The mate did not like the look of the night, and the perils marked on the chart rose before him distinctly. But he understood quite well a young master's anxiety to get into port on time, and moreover he told himself that if they ran down anything it wasn't his fault. So he nodded again, and walked over to the speaking-tube.

The chief engineer answered him from the working platform. "Captain says when he rings to slow to half speed, just to drop her a couple," came the drawling voice of the third mate.

The chief looked up at the dial where the indicator pointed steadily at full speed ahead. "All right," he replied.

"The skipper's keeping her going in this fog," suggested the assistant engineer.

"Yes, he wants to get in. It's pretty thick weather to be steaming a good twelve."

"Bad coast, too," continued the assistant, fliriting his lamp into the champing eccentric well.

"It's always the way with youngsters," the chief responded, acidly. "They don't like to lose time by rules. Petersen's all right, so he thinks, but he hasn't been on this coast as long as I have, or he wouldn't be driving her in this muck. He's always throwing it up to me that I aint the skipper, so I reckon I'll make no fuss if he is trying to hit the *Amphion* through contrary to rules."

"Well," said the other, glancing up at the dial, "if anything happens, all we've got to say is, It was orders from the bridge. That telegraph won't lie. Shall I ease her only a couple when he signals half speed?"

The gray-haired engineer put his hand on his subordinate's shoulder. His voice rose above the whirr of the dynamo and the clank of the main pump. "That isn't orders," he said. "Our orders are on that dial there. If that says half speed, by Jiminy Cripps, half speed it is."

"Then no talk from the deck goes, sir?"

"Take your orders from the telegraph, when it's working," the chief responded. "If it isn't working, then the speaking-tub will do."

An hour later the *Amphion* was still beating away through the big, oily seas, the fog streaming away from her bows to swirl back and across the yellow glare of the deck lights before piling up in a murky wall astern. The captain kept watch with his mate on the bridge. The engine-room telegraph stood at full speed. Down below in the engine-room the third engineer went quietly about his work, while his chief stood on the working platform under the huge steam valve, smoking his pipe.

After his rounds, the assistant came across and stood by the old man's side. "It's an awfully dirty night," he said. "In the stoke-room you can see the fog pouring down the ventilators like steam. Strikes me the skipper is running big risks."

"Yes, he's reckless to-night. I'm pretty well used to young chaps with hot-headed notions, but the older I grow the less I like the captain who boasts in port that he never went half speed. Sooner or later he gets a lesson. Sometimes the engine-room pays for it. Mostly I might say."

The younger resumed his rounds through the machinery, his light hand on a bearing, a swift touch on a driving rod, a squirt at an oil cup, a turn on a valve. As swerving bedplates, the thundering cylinders far off, the clacking pumps, the whirring shaft sang about him as he went. Suddenly the steady roar of

the huge engines was dulled. The hard-pressed thrust blocks ceased their shrill cry. The plunging piston rods slowed up. With a sigh the engine-room took up the lower beat of half speed. But the assistant had noticed one strange thing. He quickly joined his chief, and looked at the dial of the telegraph. It still pointed as it had for the last hour. The elder man answered his inquisitive glance with a low, "I don't know what the deck means."

Before another word was said, there came a slow, sucking lift; the *Amphion* rolled over till the lanterns dimmed. She recovered with a surge, and as the chief engineer wrenched the steam valve shut, the plates beneath their feet bulged upward. A moment of tense straining in the stilled machinery, and then, as if freed from some elastic bond, the steamer leaped forward again. There was the sharp clang of a door, and a stoker pushed his sweaty face above the grating with a cry. But the old engineer threw the steam into the cylinders again, and the engines throbbed in response. "The propeller's still there," he cried, shutting off steam once more.

The third assistant was gazing at the telegraph dial. The indicator had not moved. With an oath he snatched a pair of nippers from the rack and thrust the claws up into the wires behind the face. Then he turned in blazing triumph to his superior. "He shan't put her over at half speed now," he shouted, "and then tell the inspectors that it was us that kept her driving."

Before the words were well out of his mouth, a jolt threw them to the plates, and as they scrambled up again the *Amphion* seemed to crumple up under them. Then with the screeching of riven plates and drawing rivets, the steamer settled on the reef. A breaker flung itself in thunder against the side, and the spray fell like rain through the skylight. The sharp clang of the gong filled the engine-room. "That was the half-speed bell," said the chief, dully, in the lull that followed the rattling boom. His assistant, while the awakened engineers of the other watches peered curiously through the darkness with eyes still heavy from sleep, caught up a lantern that was still burning, and threw its beam on the dial of the telegraph. It still pointed to full speed ahead. "I knew he'd try it, and I fooled him!" he cried.

In the turmoil that followed, while stoker and oiler and engineer fled from the water bubbling waist high, the chief gathered up his own log-book, and carefully tore it up. The fragments he cast on the foamy brine that rose about his engines. "I aint going to fight unfair," he muttered.

On the bridge of the wrecked *Amphion* the crew huddled cheerlessly. The slow streaming seas that emerged from the fog and night to windward broke heavily on the submerged hull, and the spume ran in rivers from mast and stanchion. "I had the engine-room telegraph at half speed," said the captain, white-faced, "and I've got it down in the log that we slowed down as soon as we got into the fog. I guess that'll satisfy the inspectors that I've done all right, and we'd not ha' run out of our course unless the engine-room had disobeyed orders and kept her full speed."

The third assistant pushed forward and stared at the captain with open mouth. Then he shook his fist, wildly. "That aint so," he bawled. "I knew yer tricks! I got witness down below! Ye don't lose me my papers that way! Anybody with two grains of sense 'ull know this old hooker couldn't pile up this high on any half speed. I tell ye, ye don't lose me my papers!" He turned round to his fellows of the engine-room. "What does the telegraph down there read?" he yelled.

The old engineer, rubbing between his palms the omnipresent badge of his authority, a bit of cotton waste, gazed at the pallid master of the wreck, and shared his shame. With a gesture, he silenced his shrieking men, and bullied the third mate with his eyes. "I was on watch to-night with my assistant," he commenced, harshly. "I am responsible for this. I've lost my engine-room log, but it was my orders that kept her driving. It was all my doings, and I guess I'm old enough to stand by it. To hell with the rules of the road! Let's play this fair."

"But—" began the third assistant with a cry.

"Shut up!" bellowed his chief.

The yellow lanterns on the tilted bridge flickered in the wind, but their unsteady flames were not more wavering than the eyes of the captain. "I put her over to half speed," he said, shrilly, laying his wet hand on the brass, "but it mightn't have registered in the engine-room. You see—"

"We must play fair," interrupted the chief engineer, loudly. The men crowded closer about him, their oilskins rustling in the darkness. "We must play fair," said the old man, glibly. "The *Amphion's* piled up here, and some one's got to lose his papers. I aint been friendly with the skipper, and I just naturally kept her driving, boys. It's my fault, my fault, boys, and I guess I'm up against it. That telegraph says half speed, and I kept her full speed, contrary to orders."

The young skipper turned away his face and picked up a lantern that swung steaming from the rail. Raising it up he scanned the faces that surrounded him. Slowly the lantern fell with his arm. He threw out his hand and caught the lever of the telegraph. With a jerk he threw it back and then forward to full speed ahead. The clang of the bell came up from the half-drowned engine-room and tinkled, a fading echo, in the fog.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1904.

## OLD FAVORITES.

[In a recent voting contest conducted by an Eastern journal, the three following poems received the largest number of votes in answer to the question "Which is the best American short poem?"]

To a Waterfowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted in the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Gone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Chambered Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.—Walt Whitman.

A bust of Geoffrey Chaucer, presented to the city of London by Alderman Sir Reginald Hansen, has just been unveiled, five hundred years after the poet's death. London has no busts of Shakespeare, Spenser, or Milton, though the two last named were born there.

The employment of the blind as masseurs is urged by I. Matignon, who points out that in Japan nearly all followers of this occupation are blind. Sweden, Switzerland, and Belgium are following the example of Japan in this respect.



## WITH NEW YORK PLAYER-FOLK.

Features of the Gotham Holiday Season—Unsuccessful Plays—Some Notable New Actors—A Deliciously Improper French Farce—An Actress With Many Lovers.

We have had quite an ideal holiday season—plenty of snow, clear, snapping cold, red sunsets, and bleak boughs snow-edged, like a Christmas card. Just before the holidays there was skating on the park lake, and every boy and girl in New York who could balance on a pair of steel runners was whirling and gliding over the smooth, black ice for a few joyous days. Then the rain came and the red ball—sign of skating in the park—was taken down till the next hard frost.

One of the weak points of the holiday season this year has been the poor theatrical attractions. Of course, there is the opera—the opera and Caruso! That covers a multitude of disappointments. A series of empty theatres, with Caruso singing in one, would be quite satisfactory to me, and I have no doubt to thousands of others. I would like to break out into joyous paragraphs about Caruso, but I am reserving him for another letter—after I have heard him in "Bohème." He is an event; a real tenor, singing lyric rôles in a poetically impassioned way!—one doesn't often hear that sort of thing.

There were four new theatres opened in New York this winter, and three new plays were taken off the boards after a week or two of unsuccess. The book plays got a very bad black eye. I did not see "Lady Rose's Daughter," but I have heard from those who did that it was impossibly bad. I did see "John Ermine of the Yellowstone" and "The Pretty Sister of José." The former, which was much the better of the two, had a short life, not entirely unsuccessful, but not sufficiently promising to warrant taking it on the road. Personally, I thought the play pretty good, and Hackett better than I had almost ever seen him. I do not see why it did not please, for it was a great deal better than some of the rubbish that the public pays to see.

The success of "The Pretty Sister of José" rests on Maude Adams's popularity and the attractiveness of her leading man. It is frankly silly in places, and the star, who is clever, charming, and has any amount of artistic temperament and fibre, has to make the best of a part that would have crushed the life out of any one less buoyantly daring and spirited. The piece is unquestionably pleasing to women. Part of this may be due to the fact that there is a florid color of romance playing over it. The scenery and tableaux look like the pictures that come in the boxes of raisins the grocer gives you for Christmas. They are just as highly painted and brightly glazed. Castanets and guitars, bunches of grapes and crimson roses, songs of peasants under the moon, bright eyes looking over a fan, mantilla-draped duennas, madly loving men and sweetly mocking maids, are the sum and substance of it, and they have their appeal. Women like their romance in broad effects. Most of them lack it in their lives, and so they prefer it good and strong in plays. When your main preoccupations are what number of shirts your husband has in the wash every week, how much you can afford to pay the cook, and whether you'll try a new food for the baby, you want the theatre to take you as far away from all that as it can.

"The Pretty Sister of José" certainly takes you a long way. A wash bill or a baby with the colic should be unknown things in those sunny climes where life moves melodiously over an undercurrent of guitar strumming, against a background of adobe walls and grape arbors. The general picturesqueness is greatly added to by the good looks and romantic poise of the new leading man, Harry Ainley. He is a young Englishman, with much more suppleness and distinction than the handsome English actors usually possess. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Frohman has made a find in him.

The town is just now short of matinee idols, and young Ainley is an ideal aspirant for the position. He is not only unusually good to look at, but he has an intelligent dignity very rare in handsome actors. The impassioned force of his playing in the high-pitched part of Sebastiano, the toreador, was all the more creditable, as the character is exceedingly far-fetched and the love situation foolishly unreal. Just what constitutes the charm of a matinee idol, it is hard to say. Many have been called, and few chosen. Men scoff and say it is only good looks, but they are wrong. Any way men can never grasp what makes certain members of their own sex supremely attractive to women. Only one thing you can be sure of, and that is that the man women dote on men will dislike. I wonder why. Sometimes I have thought it was but a small ordinary matter of personal jealousy. One of the engaging attributes of the male of the human species is that he is so naïf, shows so little finesse and subtlety in the concealment of his feelings.

But this is neither here nor there—the point is that Harry Ainley is, in my opinion, mainly responsible for the success of "The Pretty Sister of José." He is rather small in build, exceedingly graceful and well-made, and is, undoubtedly, one of the best lovers now on the stage in this country. Frank Worthing had better look to his laurels. He carries the romantic and impassioned side of the play, and Maude Adams the plaintive and pathetic. She is just the same as ever, and holds her dominion secure and unshaken over her public. She certainly has her foot on the neck of New

York. Her one rival is Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Barrymore has nothing like her talent, charm, or originality.

Of all the new-comers to the New York stage this year, the most remarkable is Mlle. Wiehe at the French Vaudeville Theatre. Charles Frohman thought he would try an experiment, and imported a company of French vaudeville players from Paris. He located them in Mrs. Osborn's play-house, which is about as big as a walnut, and there they held forth in their native tongue in a series of French one-act pieces, sufficiently proper to dispense with the attentions of the censor, and sufficiently improper for people to want to see them.

Mlle. Wiehe, a well-known vaudeville player in Paris, was the star. She is the sort of actress that they produce to perfection in Paris, and only there. Grown anywhere else, they are merely vulgar imitations. She plays nothing more pretentious than the frothiest kind of farces and comedies, and plays them with a deftness of touch, suppleness of suggestion, and consummate, whimsical skill that renders her a finished artist in her own line. She is by birth a Dane, and is said to speak French with an accent, which is probably the reason why I can understand her so satisfactorily. She is not exactly pretty, but quite the most bewitching creature imaginable. There are stories floating round town of the numerous men who have loved her to distraction, and one quite believes them. If you come to analyze her appearance, she has no beauty, but infinite grace and allurements. Her face is small, the mouth large and flexible, the nose *retroussé*, the eyes set high in her head—hardly wider than a slit at one moment, at the next large and lambently beaming. She has a beautiful figure, all delicate girlish curves, and the smallest hands I have ever seen on a woman that size.

Two of the pieces she has given have been extremely successful. The "Souper d'Adieu," played by the star and two men, was a little masterpiece, given with a delicacy, a chic, an exquisitely tempered humor that could not have been improved on by the greatest artists in Paris. The other was a pantomime, "La Main," and was particularly successful on that score, as any one could understand it. Besides this it had the added attraction of containing what the newspapers delicately alluded to as "a disrobing act," a form of entertainment of which the New York public can not seem to get enough.

"La Main" is the story of a burglar and a dancer. One bright moonlight night the burglar comes into the dancer's boudoir, hunting for her famous jewels. But they are well out of his way, being at that moment upon the person of the dancer, who has not yet returned from the theatre. The burglar conceals himself behind a green plush curtain directly back of the dressing table, intending to wait for her return. This soon takes place. Jewel-decked and flower-laden she appears, a young man in her wake. The young man pays her court, gives her a costly diamond pin in a smart new case, but she cruelly turns him out into the cold moonlight night, where it afterward transpires he stands round watching the light in her window.

Then she stands in front of her bureau and begins to undress. She take off her dress and her petticoat, being revealed in a short under-petticoat of white satin and lace, and a corset of white satin ribbon. Her blonde hair is knotted on top of her head, and she proceeds to practice her steps and coquette with her image in the glass. The burglar behind the curtain, being a French burglar, becomes so fascinated by the charming apparition, that he forgets to be cautious, and puts one hand out on the curtain to draw it further back. In the middle of her innocent glee the dancer suddenly sees the hand reflected in the glass. Then there is a scene of speechless terror, in which she attempts to get the key of the apartment, which hangs on a nail near the burglar's hiding place. Finally she pretends to dance toward it, tears it off its nail, and throws it through the window out into the street where the faithful lover is patrolling in the moonlight. Of course, he dashes in just as the burglar, with his pockets full of jewels, becomes menacing, and, of course, the dancer falls into his arms.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1904.

#### Death of a Famous Painter.

Jean Léon Gérôme, the famous painter and sculptor, died in Paris on Sunday, January 10th, of cerebral congestion, at the age of eighty years. On the day before his death he showed several friends his statue of Corinth, which he had just finished. Gérôme was one of the greatest French artists of his time. He began his studies in his native town, Vesoul, Haut-Saône, and in 1841 began studying in Paris, under Paul Delaroche. He exhibited for the first time in the Salon of 1847. He traveled later in Turkey and Egypt, where he received inspiration for some of his best paintings. His success came early. He received a third-class medal, two second-class medals, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and the Red Eagle. He was a commander of the Legion of Honor, and a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, where he exhibited many paintings, his pictures gave him a great vogue in this country. He took up sculpture in 1878, his principal works in this line being "The Entry of Bonaparte into Cairo," "Frederick the Great," and "Tamerlane."

## THE FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

From the Annals of Alta California.

Usually, when we Californians speak of "the first Vigilance Committee," we refer to that of San Francisco in 1851. We have the hazy impression that lawlessness and crime entered our State with the gold rush, and that our American pioneers were the first who had need to grapple with the problems of enforcing the law on this Western shore. As a matter of fact, pastoral California was a land of order simply because public opinion was strong in upholding the rights of the individual. One might evade the tariff regulations and still retain his place in the respect and hearts of the people; but let him once take the property of another citizen, and there was no room for him in the territory. "You are my brother," and "My house is yours," were not idle words. Occasionally, a foreigner abused the friendly confidence extended to him, and then public opinion made an example of him.

So it was in the case of Gervaise Alipas, a *vaquero*, who came from Sonora to make his fortune in this land of plenty. Among those who greeted him kindly were Domingo Felix and his wife, Maria del Rosaria Villa. As the acquaintance progressed, Maria's affections were alienated from their legal possessor and transferred to the foreigner. Finally she abandoned their ranch and fled with her lover.

Then Felix invoked the aid of the civil authorities to secure her return to her lawful abode. In March, 1836, she was arrested at San Gabriel, and taken to Los Angeles for trial. After reading her certain civil and ecclesiastical threats, she was put into the custody of her husband during her good behavior. While the sentence was being imposed, Alipas and his brother stood aside, uttering threats against all who participated in taking Maria away.

Two days later, Felix and his wife started home to their ranch, she riding behind him on the same horse. As they waved adieu, all the relatives and friends believed that the reconciliation was thorough.

Three days later, Felix's body was accidentally discovered in a ravine not far from town, carefully covered with earth and leaves. When the news was brought to Los Angeles, great excitement ensued. A searching-party went out and found traces of the body having been dragged from the road to the ravine by means of a *reata*. The officials proceeded to the ranch, and there arrested the false wife and her paramour. Under the stress of the moment, the wife confessed that Alipas had stabbed her husband on the way home on March 26th, and that she had helped hide the body.

As the story sped from house to house, the excitement and indignation grew. In those days, there was no tribunal in all California authorized to inflict the death penalty. All evidence had to be forwarded to Mexico to be judged, and the delays in administration had harrowed the souls of the righteous. Now they questioned the virtue of public patience.

On March 30th, the funeral of Felix gathered together people from all the surrounding ranches, and threats were openly made. Only the wisdom of the coolest prevented an immediate attack on the jail.

On April 1st, the *ayuntamiento* of Los Angeles was summoned in extra session to meet the emergency. It resolved to organize a large force of citizens to aid the authorities in preserving legal order, but one and all refused to serve on the force.

The citizens assembled to discuss the question, and decided that as it was Holy Week they would not then punish the prisoners. They did not wish "the blood of such foul assassins to stain the remembrance of the most solemn of tragedies." They resolved to convene after Easter and decide what was best to be done.

At dawn, on April 7th, about fifty citizens gathered at the home of John Temple, and organized the *Junta Defensora de la Seguridad Publica*, the committee for the defense of public safety. Victor Pruden was elected president; Manuel Arzaga, secretary; and Francisco Araujo, commander of the armed force. Each member of the committee was a member of the armed force, and they had gathered whatever implements of war could be found in peaceful Los Angeles.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, the following *acta* was completed, and a copy of it sent to the *alcalde*, with the demand that the prisoners be delivered up for execution within an hour:

"*Salus populi suprema lex est.* The subscribing citizens, at the invitation of the rest, justly indignant at the horrible crime committed against Domingo Felix, bearing in mind the frequency of similar crimes in this city, and deeming the principal cause thereof to be the delay in criminal cases through having to await the confirmation of sentences from Mexico, fearing for this unhappy country a state of anarchy where the right of the strongest shall be the only law, and finally believing that immorality has reached such an extreme that public security is menaced and will be lost if the dike of a solemn example is not opposed to the torrent of atrocious perfidy, demand the execution, or the delivery to us for immediate execution, of the assassin Gervaise Alipas and the faithless Maria del R. Villa, that abominable monster who cruelly immolated her inopportune husband in order to give herself up without fear to her frantic passions, and to pluck by homicide from the slime of turpitude the filthy laurel of her execrable treason. . . . Let the infernal couple perish. Such is the vow of the people, and we protest in the face of heaven that we will not lay down the arms with which we support the justice of our demand until the assassins have expiated their foul crime. Public vengeance demands a prompt example, and it must be given. . . . The world shall know that if in the city of Los Angeles judges tolerate assassins, there are virtuous citizens who know how to sacrifice their lives in order to save those of their compatriots. . . . to the homicides!"



To this document were affixed fifty-five signatures, fourteen of foreigners, representing all leading nationalities.

At half after two, the *junta* marched in regular armed procession to the neighborhood of the courthouse and jail. Here the *acta* was read to the assembled citizens, and President Prudon made a very able address on the rights of citizens when the authorities fail in administering their duties.

At three o'clock, a messenger was sent to the *alcalde* to notify him that the hour was up, and that if he did not either execute the prisoners immediately, or deliver them up to the *junta* for execution, they would be taken by force. The *ayuntamiento* was in special session. It sent out a committee to reason with the crowd. The citizens refused to listen, and demanded the prisoners. The *ayuntamiento* sent a second committee to argue, but the crowd still declined to receive words. Then the *ayuntamiento* refused to give up the prisoners.

Upon receiving this message, the *junta* took charge of the *pueblo* administration. It seized the secretary of the *ayuntamiento*, arrested the regular guards, and placed its own men over the prisoners.

In the meantime, a messenger had been sent to San Fernando summoning Padre Cabot, under the pretext that an Indian was dying and needed his services. The greatest storm of the season was raging, and the *padre* refused to ride out in such weather. A second messenger received the same refusal. The *junta* felt that it had done its duty in trying to secure the last rites of the church for the criminals, and it was not much grieved that a death-bed repentance was denied them.

At half after four, Alipas was led out and shot. The shackles on his wrist and ankles were found filed almost off, and if the *junta* had not assumed control that afternoon, a jail escape might have frustrated its vengeance. At five o'clock, Maria was shot. The bodies were exposed at the jail door for two hours, and then handed over to the authorities for burial.

The *ayuntamiento* feared that there would be much disorder resulting, but the *junta* offered its services as guard to help preserve peace. However, with the execution of the malefactors, public vengeance was satisfied, and the excitement subsided. In a few days, the *junta* disbanded, and Los Angeles became quiet.

On April 26th, it was awakened from its calm. Gutierrez, who was acting as governor until the Mexican appointee should arrive, had received news of the *junta*, and he dispatched orders to the *alcalde* to have the leaders of the "mob" arrested and brought to immediate trial. Then the citizens of Los Angeles again arose. They declared that there had been no leaders, and that if one were arrested, all must be. This was too great a problem for the *alcalde*. One prisoner he could manage; or, perhaps, ten; but a whole *pueblo* full was more than he could undertake, so he sent the governor a list of the names affixed to the *acta*.

About the end of the month, the Mexican governor, Mariano Chico, arrived at Santa Barbara. One of the first stories to reach his ear was that of the *junta* of Los Angeles. He was furious. In the first place, the criminal Alipas was a countryman of his; and then this was the year 1836, when the recent events in Texas made the Mexicans suspicious of any popular movement in the frontier California. Being a peppery man, addicted to vituperation, he launched forth into a tirade against the *Angelesnos*, and was for starting out at once to punish them. Some level-headed Santa Barbarans suggested that it would be wiser for him to go first to Monterey and be invested with the office of governor.

To the capital he sped, and was installed in office on May 3d. His very first public act was to order Gutierrez to march to Los Angeles with a troop "to quell the disorders," and to imprison the leaders until the governor should appear to sentence them.

The expedition reached Los Angeles about May 12th, and found awaiting it the usual open-hearted hospitality that characterized all California. The *Angelesnos* were so delighted to see their brothers from Monterey that they planned dinners, balls, and *meriendas* for their entertainment, and never a sign of rebellion was in the air. Gutierrez felt that he had to do something; so on May 18th, Prudon, Arzaga, and Aruajo were arrested to await trial before the governor. On May 28th, some arms were seized in twenty-four different houses, the hosts assisting in every way, that their visitors might have some action to report to his excellency. Then the troop marched back to the capital with the tidings that peace reigned in the south. The outing cost the state two thousand dollars.

In June, Chico arrived in Los Angeles to try the leaders. In his usual style, he talked long and loud, hurling the most abusive epithets, and threatening the gallows. The prisoners were defended by Mariano Romero, not a lawyer, but one of the most prudent citizens of the *pueblo*. His coolness was more than a match for the explosive governor. Soon his excellency's remarks grew more tolerant, and finally he dismissed the prisoners with his pardon and many words of advice.

The fact that this first vigilance committee occurred just at this special time was a great good for California. Not only did it accomplish its immediate purpose of quelling lawlessness, but it impressed the most intolerant governor Mexico ever imposed upon the state with the idea that the people were seeking their independence, and so excited his fears for his personal safety that at the end of three months in office he fled to Mexico "to get more troops," and California saw no more.

KATHERINE CHANDLER.

## A CORNER OF THE CZAR'S DOMAIN.

Russian Table Manners—Tooth-Brush an Object of Amusement—Being Shaved by a Murderer—Boiled Fish-Eyes for Breakfast—Native Manners and Customs.

The Russian is the man of the hour. Eastern Asia is the centre of world-interest. The two facts give to Washington B. Vanderlip's entertaining, veracious, and humorous narrative of his wanderings "In Search of a Siberian Klondyke" a peculiar interest.

Mr. Vanderlip is a mining expert, formerly with an American gold-mining company operating in Corea. When the idea that Siberia might prove another Klondyke began to spread in the Orient, Mr. Vanderlip went to Vladivostok, and was engaged by a Russian firm (with the approval and consent of the Russian Government) to "prospect" Siberia. His first objective point was Southern Kamchatka, and he took with him two Korean servants, Kim and Pak. "Kim," says Mr. Vanderlip, "could take up four hundred pounds of goods and carry them a quarter of a mile without resting." He was also "always good natured" and "fairly honest." Pak "enjoyed the possession of only one eye." This "precious pair" Mr. Vanderlip proposed to dress in "civilized clothes," and discovered thereby further details about Korean bathing habits. He writes:

When my two protégés came to change Korean dress for American it was difficult to tell just where the dress left off and the man began. The Korean bathing habits are like those of the medieval anchorite, and an undergarment, once donned, is lost to memory.

Besides the Korean servants, Mr. Vanderlip engaged a Russian secretary and "a young Russian naturalist named Alexander Michaelovitch Yankofsky." "I had my choice," says the author, "of paring it down to 'Alek,' 'Mike,' or 'Yank,' and while my loyalty to Uncle Sam would naturally prompt me to use the last of these, I forebore, and Alek he became."

With these four companions, and supplies (for trading and consumption) including one thousand pounds of tobacco, twice as much sugar, the same amount of brick tea—three-pound bricks, made of the coarsest tea-leaves, twigs, dust, dirt, and sweepings, but the kind universally used by the Russian peasantry—beads, "jewelry," guns, and ammunition, and two tons of black bread—"the ordinary hard rye bread of Russia that requires the use of a prospecting hammer or the butt of a revolver to break it up"—Mr. Vanderlip set sail on the regular annual steamer *Cosmopolite* for Kamchatka.

The first stop was at Saghalien, the convict station. Leaving there, with the governor-general, his wife, and staff on board, the vessel drove ahead in a dense fog at full speed—and next day ran ashore! Fortunately, it was calm. Everybody got ashore and back to Korsakovsk. "That night I ate my first genuine Russian dinner," remarks the author. Here is his valuable note on Russian table etiquette:

In eating, you must reach for what you want. It is very seldom that anything is passed during this first stage of a meal. You would never suggest to your neighbor on the right to pass you the cheese; but you would rise in your place and, with a firm grasp on your knife, reach over his plate and impale the tempting morsel. If this is not possible, you leave your place and go around the table and secure your loot.

More about Russo-Siberian eating manners:

My Russian naturalist, Alek, was a fair sample of an educated Russian, and he turned to me and said:

"I see you eat with a fork."

"Yes," said I; "and I see that you do not."

"No; but I had a sister who studied at an English convent in Japan for a year or so. When she came back she ate with a fork, but we soon laughed her out of it."

The end of the Russian knife is broader than the portion next to the handle, and it is used both as a knife and as a spoon. They complain that the American knives do not "hold" enough.

After this, it is not surprising to hear that "the Russians were highly amused" at the author's "use of the tooth-brush, which they consider a peculiarly feminine utensil."

While Mr. Vanderlip was at Saghalien, the magistrate told him all about the eight Russian murderers who escaped and were landed in San Francisco by a whaling vessel, whereat the yellow journals "made a great outcry about sending back these innocent political convicts to the horrors of Siberia, while the ladies of San Francisco heaped confections and flowers upon them," and the authorities declined to give them up. Continuing, Mr. Vanderlip quotes the Russian official:

"But mark the sequel. Within two years all but one of those eight men were hung for murder, and the remaining one was in prison for life. We appreciate the kindness of the United States in relieving us of the support of these criminals, and she can have all the Russian convicts on the island of Saghalien if she wants them and welcome."

Mr. Vanderlip's only notable experience on the convict island was being shaved by a barber who was a common murderer. "The gentle reader can, perhaps, imagine my feelings as the keen steel rasped across the vicinity of my jugular vein," remarks the author.

After waiting a few days for a fresh steamer, Mr. Vanderlip sailed north through the sea of Okhotsk to the settlement called Ghijiga, where "the magistrate and his assistants, with the aid of twenty Cossacks, govern a section of territory as large as Texas and New Mexico combined." The author noted that among the furnishings of the main room of the magistrate's residence were pictures of the Czar and Czarina, a sacred icon—and a Singer sewing-machine!

Striking northward from Ghijiga, into a country inhabited by half-breed Russians and Koraks, Mr. Van-

derlip had many curious experiences. At the village of the Chrisoffskys, he was obliged by courtesy to kiss each of his host's twelve daughters. ("The old gentleman's wife was fifty-five years old, and was still nursing her fifteenth child.") There, too, he breakfasted on boiled fish-eyes, considered a great delicacy by the natives of the Far North. He says:

When the dish was set before me, and I saw a hundred eyes glaring at me from all directions and at all angles, cross, squint, and wall, it simply took my appetite away. I had to turn them down so the pupil was not visible before I could attack them.

Later, the author had served him "the boiled flesh of unborn reindeer," another choice viand among the Koraks. At the same place this incident occurred:

I was greatly surprised to see my Korak host bring out a box, from which he produced half a dozen China cups, heavily ornamented with gilt, and bearing such legends as "God Bless Our Home," "To Father," and "Merry Christmas." He must have secured them from an American whaling vessel on one of its annual trips to the coast. So in the midst of the wilderness, I drank my tea from a fine mustache cup, originally designed to make the recipient "Remember Me."

Space forbids our following Mr. Vanderlip in his wanderings (unfortunately, entirely fruitless) over North-Eastern Siberia—scaling mountains, floating on rafts down strange, swift rivers, driving dog sleds, or reindeer, over wind-swept tundras with the thermometer forty degrees below zero, or picking a tortuous way over the hummock ice of the sea. However, here is one odd incident:

Myela led us before night to a Korak village of three *yourias*. As we approached I saw a woman lying on a deer-skin, apparently dying. . . . I gave her twenty grains of quinine, two cathartic pills, and one-tenth grain of morphine. She woke up next morning with her eyes brighter, and feeling better in every way. . . . I thought her cure was something of a triumph, for when I saw her she seemed to be in *articulo mortis*. As I was about to leave, the husband of this woman, a man of many reindeer, asked me if I had not forgotten something, and intimated that I had not paid for the meat that my dogs had eaten. I asked him if he did not think my curing of his wife was compensation enough; nevertheless I paid him his full price, and departed. My Korak men told me later that the old fellow was angry because I had saved the woman, as he had already picked out a young and pretty girl to be her successor.

Mr. Vanderlip found the natives of the region he visited very friendly, and only once or twice did he have to use force or to administer deserved punishment. And the one time that he "got hot" at Pak, the Korean's, voracity, when the party were all on short rations, proved a rather unpleasant episode:

That day I discovered some crumbs of bread in Pak's beard, and investigation showed that he had been making a square meal of a large portion of our remaining small stock of bread. It may be pardoned me under the circumstances that I drew off and hit him a good shoulder blow in the left eye, which felled him to the ground. This proved to be an unfortunate form of punishment, for he was the Korean who possessed only one good eye, and that was good no longer. My anger, righteous though it may have been, turned instantly to solicitude. I blamed myself without measure for my hasty action, went into camp and founded a hospital on the spot. For the next twenty-four hours all my energies and resources were centred on that unhappy eye. I can truly say I never hit anything since without first making sure that the object of my punishment had a spare eye. To my vast relief the eye healed.

After fourteen months' wandering with native Siberians and Koreans as his only company, Mr. Vanderlip thus describes his return to civilization:

I found that half a dozen of the officers and men of the steamer which my employers had sent for me had come to hunt me up. Never have I seen such a glorious sight as those well-dressed men and those loaded horses. The captain dismounted and I tried to address him in Russian, but he said: "You forget that I speak English." Now it may seem scarcely credible, and yet it is true, that for a few moments, I was totally unable to converse with him in my native tongue. I had not used a word of it in conversation for months, and my low physical condition acting on my nerves, confused my mind, and I spoke a jumble of English, Russian, and Korak. It was a week before I could talk good, straight English again. . . . My clothes were in rags, my weight had fallen from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and fifteen pounds, my beard was unkempt, my boots were in shreds.

Such was the end of the search by land for a Siberian Klondyke. "Though there may be gold within the radius that I covered," declares the author, "I satisfied myself that there were no extensive auriferous deposits on the streams flowing into the Okhotsk Sea near its head, nor in the beach sands along the shore of the Bering Sea, south of the Anadgr River."

The book is illustrated with many photographs by the author. He was assisted in the work of writing it by Homer B. Hulbert.

Published by the Century Company, New York.

Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, whose death in Chicago was recently announced, was one of the few really successful women journalists in the United States. During Charles A. Dana's lifetime she was a frequent contributor to the *New York Sun*, and was formerly an editorial writer on the *Chicago Times*. In 1889, Mrs. Sullivan was sent to Paris to describe the opening events of the Universal Exposition. When she arrived in Paris she found the accommodations for the press exhausted. Mrs. Sullivan went to the French ministry for assistance, and, being refused, quickly wrote out two telegrams in the presence of the minister, one addressed to Secretary of State James G. Blaine and the other to the president of the Associated Press. In the first she said that France did not wish the patronage of the United States in furthering the exposition, and in the second she said that the French authorities were trying to withhold the news of the opening of the exposition from the American public. The minister read the cablegrams, and promptly ordered everything she desired given her.



## THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

Local Authors and Representative Men the Books, Read in 1903, that Gave Them Most Pleasure.

With a view to ascertaining, with some degree of accuracy, what books—among the thousands, ancient and modern, upon the shelves—those people whose opinions count for something find most to their liking, the *Argonaut* has addressed to a number of representative Californians, especially to those literarily inclined, this question:

What two books, that you read during 1903, proved most interesting and pleasurable?

The answers received at this writing from those to whom the question was addressed certainly make interesting reading. They indicate, at least, that the novel is not so tremendously in the ascendant with cultured readers as some would have us believe; that old books are not being utterly eclipsed by new; that—But let the letters speak for themselves.

W. C. Morrow, one of the most capable and successful of California's short-story writers, replies:

Unfortunately, I had time to read but one book last year. That was one by Joseph Conrad, a remarkable figure in literature. Hence I am, with regret, unable to comply with your request.

It was Dr. Johnson, we believe, who once asked some one's opinion of a certain book, and when the some one timidly replied that he had not read it, thundered forth: "Sir, that itself is an opinion." So Mr. Morrow's reply is certainly an opinion—perhaps acute criticism.

No one else confesses to having read only one book, but Donald de V. Graham, the well-known singer and clubman, admits that he has "read nothing of current literature," and continues:

What little time I have to read is taken up with either memoirs or books that I have neglected in earlier life; however, the two books, read in 1903, that gave me most pleasure and interest, were two volumes of Matherlinck's plays, and the *Spectator*, written by Addison and Steele, published in 1711.

The *Spectator* is indeed scarcely current literature, but even older books than that which contains Addison's inimitable essays are on the list of 1903's "favorites." For Bruce Porter, poet, ex-editor of the *Lark*, and clubman, replies:

The "Pentateuch"—with reference to recent critical comment—and on the other side of things, perhaps the re-reading of "The Morgersons" (that crude and powerful American novel), by Elizabeth Stoddard—or—at the extreme modernity—certain stories in the volume, "The Better Sort," by Henry James—these last for their perfect craftsmanship.

Still another correspondent—John Fleming Wilson—reaches into the "dark backward and abysm of time" for the book that has given him most pleasure and profit—though we strongly suspect a jest. He writes:

In answer to your polite inquiry as to what two books I have read this past year with most profit and enjoyment, I beg diffidently to hedge on the question of profit, and acknowledge with gratitude the happiness given me by Joseph Conrad's "Falk, and Other Stories," and Ella Higginson's "Mariella of Out West." If you insist on pleasure and profit—a mechanical mixture—permit me to say: I honestly admit that "Deuteronomy" and A. W. E. Mason's "Four Feathers" have put money in my mental purse, and thereby given me the pleasure of being, possibly, a little wiser—or less exiguous of thought.

It is worthy of note that two writers of short stories (Mr. Wilson and Mr. Morrow) both pay tribute to the genius of the short-story writer, Conrad. He is the only author mentioned twice—with one exception. That exception is Jack London's "Call of the Wild," which is named by Horace Platt, together with Buell's "Life of Paul Jones," and by Charles Dwight Willard, journalist and author, together with Miss Jane Addams's "Democracy and Social Ethics."

The longest letter, and certainly the most entertaining of all, comes from that veteran youth, that untamed, unaged, time-unconquered poet, Joaquin Miller. Here it is:

THE HEIGHTS, DIMOND, CAL.,  
January 10, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Answering your request of the fifth instant: I heard it told at the Savage Club, London, that Whistler, the great and good American Whistler, in answering the annual question of the *Academy*, as to which two books of the year yielded him the greatest pleasure, said he had read but one, but that he hoped soon to read another, and that one other would be the second edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," by James McNeill Whistler. I did not see this in print, but I believe it to be a True Bill.

This story was club currency about the time of his great legal battle with Ruskin, yet I had the audacity to ask the renowned discoverer of Turner why he had not, like Whistler, preferred his own latest book to either a French or a German publication of the year. I do not recall his answer. It must have been pointless or evasive, else it

had been remembered, even as all that Whistler said or did in those better days of the giants is remembered to this day.

But the two books that I read and liked best of all the thousands put forth in 1903? Well, they are both San Francisco books. The better of the two is a poem by George Sterling, called "The Testimony of the Suns." It is nobler, better, than either Dante or Milton; more inspiring and healthier. Damn men who dig holes in this beautiful earth to make hells to be filled with hates and harms. But Sterling walks God's garden of stars. Ambrose Bierce, to whom the book is dedicated, discovered Sterling. In doing so he did more for us all than the man who discovered the Sterling Mines of the Comstock. I used to wonder what on earth Bierce was ever born for. I know now.

The other book? Well, the other book that gave me the greatest pleasure is called "As It Was in the Beginning," and you will find the writer's name at the end of this screed. It also is a poem—penned with a purpose. I of course has been abused, as was expected; but it will last and last, and will do good because it was needed. The average man is a dog, so far as his relations with women go. He is a monster that should be put with the extinct animals. The book is for him, with my compliments. JOAQUIN MILLER.

The opinions of librarians who handle hundreds of books yearly ought to be rather interesting. Librarian George T. Clark, of the San Francisco Public Library, "recalls no two with greater pleasure than Charles Wagner's 'Simple Life' and John Fiske's 'Mississippi Valley in the Civil War.'" Librarian W. R. Williams, of the Mercantile Library, expresses his preference for David Graham Phillips's "Master Rogue" and Thomas E. Watson's "Life of Thomas Jefferson."

The opinions of university presidents, like those of librarians, ought to be especially interesting, but Dr. Jordan, we believe, is on the other side of the continent, and Dr. Wheeler is non-committal. He writes:

The letter of January 4th has just come into my hands, inquiring what two books I have read with the most interest during the past year. It is a question, I find, which will require considerable reflection before I can answer. One trouble is that I have read very few books, and those not typical ones; i. e., not selected because they are in the current of common interest. I think some one who has more time for general reading than I have is a vastly more interesting subject for questioning. I shall turn the matter over in my mind, and hope that I can give you later an answer.

Gwendolen Overton, author of the two highly successful novels, "The Heritage of Unrest" and "Anne Carmel," replies:

I fear I can hardly tell you of two books of the year which I have enjoyed, since my reading of the new books is limited. Brooks's "Social Unrest" and "Lady Rose's Daughter" (could the second portion thereof be obliterated from my mind) have probably interested me above any others.

The two books named by Charles Webb Howard are "The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," by his son; and "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," by George P. Marsh—two widely diverse but notable works.

To summarize: In all, twenty-seven books were mentioned, of which ten were not "books of the year." The novel was represented six times—by A. E. W. Mason's "Four Feathers," Elizabeth Stoddard's "The Morgersons," Ella Higginson's "Mariella of Out West," David Graham Phillips's "Master Rogue," Emile Zola's "Fécondité," and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." Fiction that could scarcely be catalogued under "novels" was further represented by Joseph Conrad's short stories (twice mentioned), Henry James's book of short stories, "The Better Sort," and Jack London's dog-story, "The Call of the Wild." Drama appears once with Matherlinck's plays, and Joaquin Miller saved the day for poetry, mentioning his own, "As It Was in the Beginning," and George Sterling's just-published "The Testimony of the Suns." Essay is represented only by the widely separated (in time and nature) *Spectator* of Addison and Steele and Charles Wagner's "Simple Life." We scarcely know whether to rank Alfred Russel Wallace's "Man's Place in the Universe," under philosophy or science, but Tolstoy's "What is Art?" certainly belongs under philosophy rather than under arts. History is represented only by John Fiske's "Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," but biography, which is history's cousin, appears four times: Buell's "Life of Paul Jones," Thomas E. Watson's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," John Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and "The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," by his son. Remain only two works on economics—John Graham Brooks's "Social Unrest" and Jane Addams's "Democracy and Social Ethics"—one work on science—"The Earth as Modified by Human Action"—and the Pentateuch and Deuteronomy, which may be classified under history or theology, as the reader feels inclined.

Since the above was put in type, more highly interesting letters have been received—from Charles F. Lummis, Governor George C. Pardee, Charles Keeler, Professor Charles Mills Gayley, Charles Fleming Embree, and others. We reserve them for still another article.

## LITTLE MELODY IN PATTI'S VOICE.

Large Audiences Greet Her—Pictures of Her Lihelous—Few Fine Qualities of Her Voice Preserved—Her Coquettish Exits.

At sixty years of age—how she must hate that familiar phrase!—Adelina Patti is attracting audiences almost equal in size to those she drew on her first tour hither, some twenty years ago. The younger generation have been taken to her concerts in great numbers, doubtless that they might be able, in future years, to boast of having seen and heard the great diva, Adelina Patti, one of the notable figures of the nineteenth century; a woman whose name and fame will be more widely heralded in the records of our time than that of many monarchs and statesmen. Those who have seen and been shocked by the libelous cuts of her in the shop-windows about town, may draw a breath of relief. In appearance, while she scarcely looks younger, she carries her age more gracefully. In fact, it would seem to an outsider the better policy for her management to have had genuine photographs of her struck off and exhibited as guaranteed portraits of a recent date. Intense curiosity is felt as to the survival of Patti's personal attractions; a curiosity almost equaling the interest that is felt in the preservation of her voice. The verdicts of the press would bewilder any one but a journalist, varying as they do from a cataclysm of intemperate eulogy to unstinted reprobation. The most reasonable comments are those that deplore the enterprise that encourages a great artist to dim, for commercial reasons, the proud lustre of a renown that is more than forty years old.

For Patti is no longer a great singer. Her upper middle register is still in a state of remarkable preservation, considering her age; but, in spite of the transposition to a lower key of certain songs, her higher notes are reached with effort, the matchless spontaneity and elasticity of delivery, so noticeable in her days of glory, being practically extinct. Those famous upper notes have acquired a sharp, metallic quality, the veteran singer showing a lack of ease while in those upper altitudes, and a desire speedily to quit such dangerous localities. In long sustained notes, occasional breaks are noticeable, due to shortness of breath, and her upward runs are no longer clearly defined. The close observer will note, too, an occasional tendency to wheeze. All this is what might be expected.

A woman of forty-five, who preserves, in major portion, the finer qualities of her voice, is in great good luck; and we must not forget that Patti has reached an age that is absolute death to beauty of vocalization. At present, she is a human curio, presenting an unexampled instance of what perpetual care and extreme musical intelligence may do for the partial preservation of a naturally perfect organ.

There are still echoes of the past in her voice, and she is sufficiently aware of the defects thrust upon her by the inexorable years to give selections that call for volume rather than ease of execution, and the bravura for which she was formerly unexcelled.

To the discerning eye, even in the favoring twilight of the dimly lit stage, Patti is a woman of sixty. A tolerant or unformed judgment might allow her to pass for forty-five, but although her face is not deeply lined, its contour is marred and broken, and her once large and lustrous eyes are shrunken and dimmed. Her auburn hair—it was formerly black—is elaborately dressed. Her figure is pretty well preserved, although it has acquired a matronly plumpness about the hips. Her gestures are still those of a merry sourette, but her gait is tamed to a more subdued pace than we remember.

It is in her stage demeanor that Patti is entirely unchanged. She was always wont to become expansively demonstrative under the exhilaration of a prolonged ovation. Whether this was a mere pose, or genuine delight, the public has had no means of discovering, but generally took it for what it seemed to be, and was given to increase its demonstrations as Patti increased hers. She gives "Comin' Through the Rye" with a coquettish inflection, and sings "All the Lads They Smile At Me" in a petted, babyish tone that almost descends to speech. On Thursday night, she added the spoken comment, "Of course they do," flinging the while, at those in the forward rows, a coquettish glance, which every man within eye-shot promptly absorbed for himself, and no doubt went home and bragged about.

Patti ambles off the stage with the good old traditional Italian canter, picking up her skirts with both hands and returning with an arch, admonitory finger-shake and a delightfully remonstrant look, as if she were saying "Naughty, naughty!" Those who have seen her kiss Arditi in past years, after singing "Il Bacio," doubtless were reminded of that frequently repeated episode by Patti's action toward the singers who succeeded her on the programme, and who were obliged to back off the stage to make way for her recalls. Patti ran to them, patted them on the shoulders, and grasped their hands with effusive

cordiality. All this merry pantomime delights her audiences, seeming to them the spontaneous outpouring of an ever-fresh delight; as, indeed, perhaps it is, in spite of its being the many thousandth repetition.

Patti's agreement with her managers is that she shall sing one number at the end of each of the two parts of the programme, and give three additional encores, which almost invariably turn out to be our old friends "Robin Adair," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' Through the Rye," besides a very tame and sugary farewell ditty composed especially for this tour. The two other numbers at the first concert were "Voi che sapete" and the jewel song from "Faust"; at the second they were "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber," and Schubert's Serenade. On this occasion she handsomely threw in an extra encore, thus giving six selections all told.

Patti rightly economizes her vocal volume by singing with piano accompaniment only; but she is supported by a competent company of instrumentalists and vocalists, whose abilities have not been so overshadowed by the occasion that they failed to receive their due meed of appreciation. J. H. P.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

Herald, City of Mexico:

Spain will never cease to be a land of interest to travelers; some of the very best hooks of travel have been written of that country, and from the days of Richard Ford and George Borrow, and that great word-painter, Théophile Gautier, to the present time, Spanish ways and manners, "cosas de España," have found competent and enthusiastic chroniclers. Recently, a new edition of the Hon. John Hay's "Castilian Days" has been printed, for the public never wearies of reading about the land of the Cid, of Cervantes, and of the Philips.

One of the very best books on modern Spain that has appeared for many a day is Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain," published by Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. It is a handsome and well illustrated volume of two hundred and fifty-six pages, on excellent paper. The type is large and is specially designed for fine book-work.

Our author has much to say of the Spanish newspapers, whose name is legion: "If it be true, as commonly said, that most of the Spanish people can not read, it is marvelous how many newspapers are printed in Spain. They seem like the sands of the sea—or, rather, like autumn leaves." The whole press of Spain is passed in review by Mr. Hart. The capitally illustrated weekly papers, often most artistic, and, in some cases, noted for excellent color work. Neither society nor hull-fight papers are omitted. The *Heraldo* of Madrid prints 40,000,000 copies yearly, consuming 2,000 tons of paper. The very enterprising *Liberal* publishes simultaneously editions in Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Malaga, Cadiz, and Santander!

Theatres, bull-rings, and the curious procession carriage parade (as we have it in Mexico) are all noted, and many a vivid picture is given in paragraphs that will linger in the mind. Mr. Hart is at his happiest, and he is never dull, in Andalusia. His descriptions of Cordova, Granada, and Seville are bright and full of novel points, for he is an observant and most modern traveler. He is appreciative, as "The Pessimist in Spain" was not, and he makes you see things as if you were his fortunate companion. In Seville, "a rich and luxurious city," although one of narrow and labyrinthine streets, he was struck by the club windows flush upon the footway:

Here members can survey the street at their leisure, and the man in the street can survey the members at his ease. In the windows of the richly furnished clubs on the Sierras, for example, one sees the members lounging, drinking, smoking, chatting—among them many officers, who in Spain seem to have more time than anything else. On a street only a few yards wide such an array puts the club members almost out in the street. Its effect in medieval Spain, where all the other houses are barred and bolted like fortresses, is even the more singular.

The price of this book is \$2.00 gold, and it is worth more money.

San Francisco Wasp.

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is the fruit of a flying trip through Spain, entering it from Southern France. . . . The book is certainly unhackneyed, and not the usual commonplace narrative so often found in books of travel. The volume has been printed by the Argonaut Press, and every care has been lavished on its production. As a piece of local book-making, the craft here may well take pride in it.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San cisco; illustrated.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Two Books on Spain.

For some years there has been a plentiful lack of contemporary books about Spain. Any one interested in the subject could find many books, but they dated back all the way from twenty to sixty years. Although Spain is said to be an unchanging land, this is not strictly true, and the lack of works by recent writers has seemed rather odd, in this day of making many books.

Within the past few years, however, there has been a recrudescence of book-making about Spain. Two notable recent books are "The Land of the Dons" and "Toledo and Madrid," both by the same author. Leonard Williams, formerly London *Times* correspondent at Madrid. Mr. Williams thoroughly knows his Spain, as well as his Spanish. He has lived so long in "The Land of the Dons" that he prefaces that book with an affectionate dedication in Spanish to his "good friends and adopted fellow-countrymen, the Spaniards," dating it from a swell club in Madrid.

Of the two books, "The Land of the Dons" is the more interesting as taking a wider range. It discusses the historical, geographical, and ethnological phases of the peninsula and its dwellers; it gives a chapter devoted to a day in the life of a middle-class family; it discusses manners and customs, literature, popular songs, the national feasts, the legal, political, and bureaucratic sides of Spanish life. The most novel feature in the book is the portion devoted to the bull-fight. The author gives three long chapters to this national sport of Spain. We have seen much "fine writing" and "word-painting" in the works of Gautier or De Amicis; we have seen much moralizing in the works of lesser writers—generally Anglo-Saxon; but never have we seen in English such a minute and thorough account—from the historical, the social, and the technical standpoints—of the national sport of Spain. In fact, never before have we seen anything concerning the taurine sport quite so detailed, unless it be in the bull-fighting journals of Madrid. This part of the book is illustrated with numerous photographs (by the author) of scenes in the bull-ring, including some *estocadas*—scientific sword-thrusts. There are also portraits of several of the great men who honor Spain by killing her bulls. The other illustrations are numerous, most of them being from photographs by the author. He also discusses the *pelota* games scientifically and technically; these descriptions are also supplemented by portraits of the *pelotaris*, or players of that remarkable game.

The author's companion volume, "Toledo and Madrid," is narrower in its range, but is none the less interesting. Nearly one-half of the space is given to Toledo, its history and its legends. Madrid is discussed historically under the Hapsburgs and under the Bourbons; the old Madrid of the Moorish times and the new Madrid of the post-republican epoch. This book also is profusely illustrated, containing architectural studies of mediæval and Moorish buildings in Toledo and Madrid; doorways, knockers, tombs, bridges, and bells, together with reproductions of a certain number of paintings from the Escorial and other great Spanish galleries. Most of these illustrations are half-tone reproductions from photographs by the author. Some of them are "drawings by the author," and these latter had better have been left out. A bad photograph is pretty bad, but a bad drawing is worse.

Both of these books are very handsomely printed and richly bound.

Published by Cassell & Co., London; \$4.00 each.

## The Development of a Girl's Character.

A new and lengthy novel from the pen of Nathaniel Stephenson, author of "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," develops on perusal into a leisurely study of character. "Eleanor Dayton" has for its heroine a woman of that name of remarkable beauty, who starts life under brilliant auspices, and who has ample opportunity, during a girlhood surrounded with adulation, to develop into an unscrupulous coquette.

The reader is apt to begin the story with anticipations that may not be realized, for its opening scene is laid at Paris, in the brilliant *salon* of St. Antoine, the painter, who has just completed a striking portrait of Eleanor. Thither comes as a guest the third Napoleon, who, struck by the beauty of the portrait of his subject, distinguishes Eleanor by a note.

The incident is effectively told, yet, is, after all, but a striking incident in a quiet tale of the home life of a family placed by birth and

fortune among the best class of Americans. As will be seen from Napoleon's brief appearance, the earlier events of the story antedate the Civil War, which, toward the close of the book, exercises a tragic influence on some of the destinies concerned in the story.

"Eleanor Dayton" is a good deal of a departure from the style of "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," which, in spite of its Ducess-like title, is a cleverly told story of the social fevers and financial extravagances engendered by the kind of lives the wealthy lead in the great American cities.

In "Eleanor Dayton," the author seems to have had in view a narrative of the development of a girl's character and destiny in which shall be set forth in quiet, natural sequence, many of the major and minor happenings in family and social life which set in motion influences that tend to sway the pendulum of fate.

It would seem as if Mr. Stephenson wrote the book in a mood to decry sensationalism, and the adventitious aids derived from spectacular heroic qualities in his characters. Rather has he aimed to treat of the essential virtues that bind kindred together in amity, and of the traditions, beliefs, customs, and hospitalities of a prosperous, dignified, conservative family, embracing in its immediate circle of friends and kinsmen the usual number of young, ardent, expectant souls that see life opening before them.

The result is a somewhat devious, but attractively told, narrative, full of wholesome sentiment, and pleasantly pervaded by the lingering heart-warmth which should of necessity attach to tales of this kind.

The events of the story are not very closely knitted together, and the seeker after mysteries, marvels, and other strange gods will find little to attract him. The readers who will particularly find the book to their liking are those who have a fancy for novels which treat of an earlier phase of American social life, which has now become old-fashioned and almost passed away.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

## A Northern View of Southern Conditions.

A book that touches upon many questions that are now occupying public attention is "The Widow in the South," a small volume containing a collection of letters written during a trip through the South, by Teresa Dean. Mrs. Dean, who is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Town Topics*, and whose usual signature is "The Widow," had undertaken this trip during the excitement occasioned by President Roosevelt's appointment of Dr. Crum to the position of collector of the port of Charleston. She went with the idea of obtaining as thorough an insight into Southern conditions and Southern sentiment as could be gained in a trip of a few months' duration.

One can scarcely say that her resultant deductions are of any particular value; the writer, indeed, finding herself in some cases so swayed by the conflicting testimony of opposite sides that she fails to draw any. There is, too, of necessity, a superficiality of views on the conditions as presented.

Nevertheless, the book is well worth reading, on account of the sidelights thrown on the negro character, and on the question of disenfranchisement of the colored race. Those who are particularly interested in Senator Carmack's proposed bill to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment will find the book very timely reading; and, since it takes up at some length the subject of child-labor in the South Carolina cotton mills and the condition of the "poor whites," those readers of "The Woman Who Toils"—a recent and most striking contribution to sociological literature, by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst—will not fail to find matter for further interest in Mrs. Dean's account of conditions affecting white labor in the factories.

The writer shows some tendency to be partisan in her views, being apparently very much influenced by the sentiments of her Southern friends. This defect, however, is almost in the nature of a virtue, since it enables the reader in some degree to approximate the Southerner's point of view.

"The Widow in the South" is very interestingly written, with a choice of subject, and perspicuity and directness of style, that belong rather to the male than to the female intellect.

Published by the Smart Set Publishing Company, New York.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is reported from London that General Weyler will shortly publish a book entitled "My Military and Political Campaign in Cuba." Two interesting chapters will be headed, "My Project for Landing in United

States Territory" and "Reasons Why I Was Obligated to Abandon the Project."

Of interest in connection with W. B. Yeats's visit here is the announcement of a new volume, by Horatio Sheape Krans, entitled "William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival."

Henry Harland is a cosmopolitan of cosmopolitans. He was born in Russia, educated in various lands, and now divides his time between England, Italy, and America.

Hermann Sudermann is planning a long visit to Japan.

An observing bookman with a taste for statistics has been looking up the subject of Christmas book selling, and declares in the *Academy and Literature* that Christmas sales of Stevenson have fallen off greatly; that, among the classics, Lord Lytton is absolutely dead, and that Byron is not even kept in stock in many book shops. Browning and Omar Khayyám are the favorite poets for Christmas presents, and among standard novels, Dickens and Jane Austen lead. Here is material for the men who have to reason why.

On the heels of the statement concerning the decrease in Stevenson's sales, comes Clement Shorter's heresy in a recent lecture: "Stevenson had nothing new to tell the world," said Mr. Shorter, "and, therefore, he was not, is not, of the immortals."

Alfred Ollivant is said to have a "literary conscience" and to cultivate it at the expense of his own pocket-book. He was not satisfied with "Danny" when he wrote it, and less satisfied with it later. Although, according to the publishers, the book sold well, he insisted that it was not worthy. He has purchased all copies in the hands of the publishers, together with the plates, and has destroyed them.

It is said that Mrs. George Madden Martin put in three years at hard and faithful study of child psychology before beginning her book, "Emmy Lou."

Eight new letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson have been discovered and published in London.

John Lane will publish shortly a new illustrated edition of "The Defence of Guenevere," by William Morris, with title-page, cover design, and upwards of fifty drawings, by Jessie M. King.

It is reported from London that Mr. Swinburne is now strong enough after his recent illness to resume his literary work, and that he has in hand a new volume of poems, and has been preparing a collected edition of all his verse.

As was to be expected, the situation in the Far East has stimulated the demand for books treating of Japan. There are several up-to-date works on this subject, such as Mr. Brownell's "The Heart of Japan," Mr. Clement's "Handbook of Modern Japan," and Dr. Sydney L. Gulick's "Evolution of the Japanese."

The enemies of M. de Blowitz were always fond of declaring that he had no right to the aristocratic particle; that he was really the son of a Hebrew grocer named Oppert in the Bohemian village of Blowitz. According to the London *Chronicle*, some one has made the discovery that the Château Blowitz, in which the noted journalist claimed to have been born, and which he maintained had long been the seat of his noble ancestors, has been in the possession of the high-horn Kolowrat family for more than two hundred years. In 1872, it is stated, it was left by the late Count Hans Kolowrat to his nephew, Count Palfy.

A stepson of A. W. Pinero, the dramatist, is about to make his début in authorship. He has written a book on Corea, having spent a year in the country, and made there and at home an exhaustive study of his subject.

A special interest attaches to a volume which is soon to appear in England under the title of "Bentonville from Within." It is the work of one who has, through no desire of his own, made acquaintance with the inside of Bentonville Prison, England.

Senator Beveridge, whose book, "The Russian Advance," has all the advantage that timeliness can give it, enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the study of Russian and Japanese relations. He is said to be the only foreigner intent upon study who ever went through Manchuria with the knowledge and sanction of the Russian Government. He met and interviewed all the leading men of both China and Japan.

If we please you, tell others, if we don't, tell us.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

**ALL BOOKS**  
Reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
**ROBERTSON'S**  
126 Post Street

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gift top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter St., S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## Educational.

Miss Harker and Miss Hughes'  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Prepares for college, also special courses. Exceptional advantages in music and drawing. Tennis and horseback riding. Limited number in home.

Oregon. Portland.

## St. Helen's Hall

Home and Day School for Girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic college preparation and special courses. Music. Elocution. Art in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. All departments open September 14, 1903.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Socialist, a Woman and an M. P.

"The House on the Sands," a title suggestive of a mysterious crime, or a detective story, is in reality a brilliant novel of English political life, by Charles Marriott, author of "The Column."

Mr. Marriott is a writer of much greater intellectual depth than the usual run of novelists, and shows in this, his latest book, a profound interest in, and acquaintance with, the commercial policy of England, and the home government's administration of colonial affairs, and similar questions. His book, indeed, gives evidence of a very thorough grasp of many subjects of state policy which are usually banished from fiction, but which are here brought forward in connection with the political career of the hero. Godfrey Julian is a member of Parliament, who foresees in the control of shipping activities by American capital, a future menace to British prestige. He becomes the author of a shipping bill which advocates the imperial ownership of merchant and passenger vessels. Through the violent opposition of the shipping interest, Julian becomes a target for public and private interest and animosity, and tastes the bitter draught which is awarded the statesman who works for the abstract good of his country.

The reader is introduced into Parliament, listens to a speech or so, and becomes a witness to brief discussions by the leading characters of the book upon such subjects as the American coal strike, the Atlantic shipping combination, and the imperial federation of the colonies.

The author, however, has not allowed these political aspects of his novel to interfere with the working out of his main plot. The story is of a serious nature, its principal characters people of exceptional ability and intellectual distinction, and its love-theme closely interwoven with the political career of the hero.

The woman he loves, in her intellectually precocious girlhood, has sacrificed her reputation, although not her purity, for a socialistic principle, having elected to live without marriage in intellectual companionship with a fellow-socialist.

Not the least striking thing in the book is the picture drawn of the working out of this queer companionship, and of the bitter recognition early forced upon the woman that she has sacrificed the wholesome realities of life for an idea.

This woman, in her intellectual and physical prime, is loved by Godfrey Julian, whose high standing in the public regard is threatened if a whisper connects his name with that of one who is believed to be beyond the pale. The situation is singular, almost unprecedented in fiction, and is handled with considerable power by Mr. Marriott, whose skill in construction, able characterization, and distinction of style, is such that the reader's interest and sympathy are held in suspense until the dramatic conclusion.

The conclusion is worked out in a manner to show the chances and changes of fate, and how, in dealing with the transgression of human laws, innocent destinies may be more or less involved.

Mr. Marriott shows a deep understanding of the less obvious types of human nature, and his study of the character of Christopher Lanyon, socialist, egotist, and iconoclast, is marked by a wisdom and penetration that is exceptional in the present-day novelist.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

## The Second Time We Fought the British.

A reverence for tradition has not induced soberness of style in Myrtle Reed's latest essay in fiction, which might possibly be regarded in the light of third cousin removed from the historical novel. "The Shadow of Victory" is a story of the War of 1812, but the characters are much like men and women of to-day, the author not having sought to graft upon her sprightly modern style one single touch of the quaintness or formalism that is presumably attached to the manners of a past epoch.

For this she will doubtless win the favor of many of her readers, who like a good story, no matter in what era its action occurs, but who are weary of the labored artificialities of the present-day historical novelist.

"The Shadow of Victory," is the love-story of several young people whose destinies are closely intertwined with the famous Fort Dearborn massacre of the War of 1812. The writer has given fictitious names to the commander and officers of the fort, but has gone very closely into conditions prevailing at that station which induced General Hulls to issue his famous order to Captain Heald to brave the perils of the march to Detroit and abandon

the fort to the Indians. A very complete picture is presented of the enforced idleness of garrison life on the frontier, and of the friendly intercourse between the military authorities and the neighboring Indians, who traffic in furs at the adjoining agency's store. The character of Ensign Ronald, a buoyant young officer at the fort, is the one which determines the prevailing tone of the book, the author's talent for turning off lively dialogue having enabled her to put into his mouth just the gay, boyish, spontaneous, inconsequent chatter that delights us in a healthy, happy, gay-spirited youngster full of the joy of living. The reader laughs at him, likes him, all but loves him. In spite of the preponderance of the amusing element, the book has a tragic ending, the description of the massacre forming a climax of considerable power. The author is not always quite sure of herself when she attempts to rise to heights of exalted emotion or fervid apostrophe, but nevertheless she has turned out an entertaining and sometimes exciting story, which borrows interest from its relationship to history without in any degree having its atmosphere of simple every-day realism impaired.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

## A Very Pleasant Story Indeed.

Seeing life and human character through rose-colored spectacles has one kind of value, even for the novelist, since there are many readers whose favorite style of literature is "Sugar and spice, and all that's nice."

To the attention of such, Justus Miles Forman's new novel, "Monsigny," may be safely commended, since everything in that agreeable tale, except the wickedness of its adventures, is pleasantly superlative in degree.

The Monsignys are one of the proudest old houses in France, and are allied by marriage to an English family of equally lofty lineage. The heroine is one of the richest heiresses, and the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her grandfather is a man of such great physical strength that he has an inconvenient tendency toward absently crushing to pieces wine-glasses and similar light table gear.

The last living descendant of the ancient French family, the purple-eyed beauty aforesaid, lives in Monsigny, which is reckoned the finest château south of the Loire country. She is beloved by a splendid young Englishman who is able to rival her grandfather in feats of strength, and who, unarmed, strangles with his two bare hands a bloodhound that attack her during a fit of madness.

Mr. Forman marshals upon his stage all the fine figures that stand for surpassing wealth, rank, beauty, strength, love, and nobility, with such an air of honest conviction that the reader placidly accepts them and derives a mild enjoyment from looking through the rose-colored spectacles.

The adventures is the she-serpent in paradise, and the author would have us believe that she is a very half-hearted serpent, and meant for better things. He is, indeed, such a soft-hearted author toward his puppets, that, although she is small-minded, jealous, treacherous, lying, and deceitful, we are informed that at bottom she is a good woman.

As will be seen, there is nothing strenuous about "Monsigny," and the reader is wooed persuasively along a rose-scented pathway of nineteenth-century romance, knowing well in advance that everything will be wound up comfortably to a happy ending, and serenely persuaded that some opportune providence will provide comfortably for the future of the soft-eyed, soft-hearted adventures.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## Anatole France's Unsympathetic Parent.

In the catalogue of a Parisian bookseller there is an entry relating to an essay on Alfred de Vigny, which was published by Anatole France, the noted author, in 1868. It is a rare little book, and this particular copy of it is increased in value by the inclusion in it of a letter written by the author's father in 1868, deploring the young man's wish to devote himself to literature. "My son," says the elder France, "not having followed my counsels, has no position; he writes—I should say, he scribbles. That which I have feared most since his infancy has happened. I can no longer argue with him. He has sufficient talent to make a living? Alas! Alas!"

When Kipling Was Thought a "Clever Youngster."

E. Kay Robinson, an old friend of Kipling's, writing about the latter in a recent number of *V. C.*, says: "What was surprising at Lahore was that scarcely any one seemed to have the same opinion as I of

Kipling's genius. Men laughed at the club when I said that the day would come when they would be proud of having known Rudyard Kipling. The tendency was to regard Kipling as a clever youngster, with an easy knack of jingling rhyme, but no sense of the proprieties; and as for genius! Even among the young of both sexes—and perhaps the women of all ages—to whom Kipling's verses were a constant delight, the opinion that he was a 'genius' scarcely existed; and at the club, when I affirmed that he would be the writer of the century, I would usually be met with the retort that I was 'cracked about Kipling.'"

## New Publications.

"The Masterfolk," by Haldane MacFall. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"Christian Thal," by M. E. Francis. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Judith of the Plains," by Marie Manning. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"The Black Familiars," by L. B. Walford. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Butternut Jones," by Til Tilford. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Year's Festivals," by Helen Philbrook Patten. Illustrated. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

"The Little Chevalier," by M. E. M. Davis. Illustrated. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"Optimism: An Essay," by Helen Keller. Frontispiece. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

"A Bunch of Roses, and Other Parlor Plays," by M. E. M. Davis. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"A Forest Hearth," by Charles Major. Illustrated by Clyde O. DeLand. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Wanderfolk in Wonderland," by Edith Guerrier. Many pictures. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.20 net.

"My Wonderful Visit," by Elizabeth Hill. Illustrated by Beatrice Stevens. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.20 net.

"Barlasch of the Guard," by Henry Seton Merriman. Illustrated by the Kinneys. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Captain's Daughter," by Gwendolen Overton. Illustrated by Frances D. Jones. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Long Night," by Stanley J. Weyman. With sixteen illustrations by Solomon J. Solomon. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Colonel's Opera Cloak," by Christine C. Brush. Profusely illustrated by E. W. Kemble and Arthur E. Becher. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"Spencer Kellogg Brown: His Life in Kansas and His Death as a Spy; As Disclosed in His Diary," edited by George Gardner Smith. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.35 net.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5x12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,  
1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## FERRY'S SEEDS

MEET ALL NEEDS

Experience has established it as a fact. Sold by all dealers. You sow—they grow. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO.  
DETROIT, MICH.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

## AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York.  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

## REMINGTON Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre.

PARIS, FRANCE.

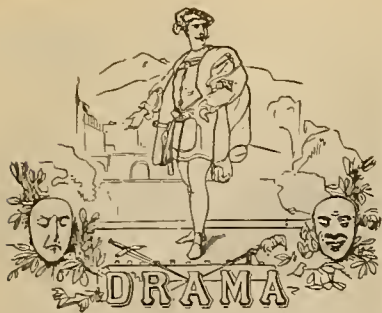
A Place Well Won  
Beside the Sun

THE  
**ELGIN**  
WATCH

to-day regulates the  
world's time.

An illustrated history of the  
watch sent free upon re-  
quest to  
Elgin National Watch Co.,  
Elgin, Ill.





What must ambitious youth, avid for opportunity, think of the elderly charmers who still hold their places in the public arena and stand off new and eager competitors for fame? There is Patti, at sixty, carrying off the boodle resulting from filling the largest theatre in the city at prices ranging from seven dollars a seat down; and no sooner is her victorious back turned, then along comes Mrs. Langtry, *etat* fifty-one, drawing good-sized audiences to the Columbia, at the rate of from one to two dollars a seat. Celebrities are generally safe in coming to San Francisco. Enormous bumps of curiosity are indigenous to our climate, especially since the stage managers have taken to dealing out famine supplies of the notabilities in the profession. Mme. Patti and Mrs. Langtry are two of the most widely advertised women of the present day, and few of the younger generation of San Francisco theatre-goers who had a ten-dollar piece in their pockets were able to endure the thought of allowing them to depart unseen.

With Mrs. Langtry the great question no longer is: Can she act?—but, is she still beautiful? Well, scarcely so. Beauty is a comprehensive term, and its possessor must be at the very least ten years nearer to skirting the edge of youth than Mrs. Langtry is. But one may safely modify the term, and declare that she is still an extremely handsome woman. For this she is indebted to the preservation of her youthful outlines. She has not even the suspicion of a double chin, and the oval of her cheek is almost as pure and unbroken as in her youth. She is no heavier in weight than formerly. Her arms are all but thin; in fact, they have gone off more than her face. She is not obliged to have recourse to a jeweled dog-collar to conceal her throat, for it is still presentable.

The color of her hair is open to suspicion, being slightly warmer in tint than nature permits in any other color short of a Titian red. But it is simply and beautifully arranged in the style that has become identified with this actress: parted in the middle, and falling with an upward and becoming ripple back to the confinement of the Langtry knot, which rests upon a snowy nape that has every whit of its old-time grace and beauty.

Let Mrs. Langtry turn her profile to the audience, and she is for the space of a lightning's flash a young and beautiful woman. But the contemplation of but a minute discovers the pathetic shade that the years will cast over the most triumphant beauty. Analyze it if you will, and discover that it is the fading of the eye, the lessening of the freshness, firmness, and elasticity of the skin, the dimming of the pearl-like lustre of the teeth; whatever and whichever it may be, the general result is a blurring of those bright beauties which youth, even though it be comparative, alone can bear. Mrs. Langtry, too, like Patti, has lost her voice; that is to say, the youth of it is dead. It has the deeper tone of middle age.

Mrs. Langtry is supported by an excellent company, which, by the by, does not number a single positively pretty woman among its female members. The play, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," is the very lightest of light comedy. In fact, one would be well within the truth in calling it society farce. There is not a really brilliant line in it, but there is an abundance of humor in a light vein, with an occasional tendency toward satire; the kind of humor which is dependent for its ready conveyance upon the adroitness and good taste of the actors.

Mrs. Langtry fills the rôle of Mrs. Deering, a lady who leads in London society, the life of which the actress's own experience, previous to her acting days, enables her to be so ready and graceful an exponent. She meets and greets her friends, pours tea, plays bridge, coquettes, and listens to and laughs at funny stories, all with that ease and simplicity which is said to be the mark of true breeding and genuine distinction.

Mrs. Langtry has little intellectuality, and no emotional depths. There is, however, nothing in the play to reveal these limitations. But experience and natural intelligence have bestowed upon her a skill and dexterity in practicing the lighter branches of her art which enable her to show conclusively that she is without question an actress and not merely, as of yore, a fine lady, relying upon her reputation. Her recitation of Lord Granpierre's funny stories, and the apparent genuineness and zest of her performance, is a slight but sufficient indication of her requirement of the essentials of stage technique.

Mr. Frederick Truesdell, her leading man, and unmistakably an American actor, plays a little too unctuously, perhaps, the rôle of the husband, but with the ready, humorous by-play that is essential in carrying off the somewhat farcical situations in which Captain Deering finds himself.

Mr. Harold Mead, in the more pronouncedly farcical character of Jimmy Foster, the impossible wooer, played it with an abandon that was broadly comic, and Stephen B. French touched up, with the skill of the expert, the few scenes that revealed the venerable giddiness of Lord Granpierre. Ina Goldsmith had a Jonesesque bit of character work to do in the part of the sternly literal daughter, and did it intelligently, with due appreciation of the farce-comedy blending in the rôle.

The author, Percy Fendall, an English playwright, who has thoroughly saturated himself with French methods to the effect that he is able to throw an air of distinction about fairly commonplace work, has put several clever bits of characterization into a very light and trifling piece.

The character of Lady Granpierre, one of the best of these, is played by Katherine Stewart in a manner which makes it a perfect specimen of the stony-eyed British dowager, whose Gorgon gaze Thackeray has celebrated to the delight of many thousands of readers. There she was, family jewels, dowdiness, head-gear, front-piece, general awfulness, and all. Author and actress played into each other's hands to so much purpose that we now have reason to feel we have met this formidable personage upon her native heath.

But, in fact, one of the clever features about the whole performance, in spite of the farcical nature of the piece, is a certain impression it conveys of representing the real life of London drawing-rooms. The author, indeed, is a sort of British Clyde Fitch, possessing, in some degree, the American dramatist's taste for showing smart people at their diversions, his quick eye for effect, his light, stingsless cynicism, and his ready patter of amusing dialogue.

For the first time, it seems, we have had Ibsen's "Ghosts" played before a San Francisco audience. Alberta Gallatin brought a good company with her to fill the four parts that, including the character of Mrs. Alving, assumed by her, complete the number of rôles in the play.

"Ghosts" is not the sort of drama that stands for mere pleasurable entertainment. People who fall under Mrs. Alving's classification of those who are "so pitifully afraid of the light," will shrink away, stunned, even horrified, at its merciless disclosures of revolting truths. But Ibsen always puts into his work such incisive observation, so logical a sequence of events, such accurate depiction of mental and moral processes, that the union of these elements, allied to his unerring mastery of dramatic technique, results in drama that is intensely and vividly alive. His people are real, sometimes frightfully so. He does not indulge in pretty talk or anticlimax for the sake of sending audiences home in a good humor. Probably he could not if he tried. One feels that, while planning "Ghosts," he must have been of necessity held in the same state of painful tension which grips those who witness this powerful study of hereditary transmission. So deeply does the beholder gain the impression that the participants in the drama are swept helplessly along in the irresistible march of inherited doom, that they seem typical, rather than individual. Jacob Engstrand stands for hypocrisy; Pastor Manders for conventional religion, or, perhaps, error; Mrs. Alving for truth, which, though crushed to earth, rises again, showing to those poor, faltering humans, Oswald and Regina, the pit toward which their feet are straying.

The strong objection to "Ghosts" is that it is a study in disease. True, the malady is mental, but it has its root in physical conditions. It results that the imagination is unpleasantly affected, and, although the interest is not lessened thereby, the impression left is one of horror, accompanied by no mitigating feelings save those derived from the moral lesson.

Miss Gallatin is not entirely at home in the part of Mrs. Alving. With her, emphasis takes the place of passion, and she is deficient in the finer play which conveys so much by suggestion.

Her leading man, Claus Bogel, eclipsed her entirely. He played the rôle of Oswald with such absolute realism that the physical and mental blight, transmitted to a degenerate son by a dissolute sire, was as palpable a feature in his aspect as the stage pallor upon the actor's face.

Pastor Manders, as represented by Allen Davenport, was a most understanding bit of work, so well did it suggest, in gesture and tone, the precise, priestly decorum of the narrow, hidebound cleric. The very walk was suggestive of tinid, irreproachable conventionality.

Miss Rose Curry, a young actress who was adapted to her rôle both in physiognomy and personal attraction, gave intelligent, physical, and mental expression to the character of Regina, the ripe and rounded bit of fruit that is worm-eaten at the core. The greedy Eng-

strand was suitably portrayed by John Ravold, who bestowed upon the character an ape-like, Jekyll-Hyde physiognomy, and the shuffle, snuffle, and propitiatory whine of the habitual hypocrite.

Probably those who saw this excellent performance will regret it just a little as they will desire to see it again. "Ghosts," much as we may be averse to the appalling deductions to be derived from it, is one of the masterpieces of dramatic literature, and no one, who experiences an intellectual curiosity concerning the great works of the day, can afford to turn his back upon it. But equally true it is that the out-door air tastes like a benison from heaven after the close, mephitic atmosphere of the Alving madhouse.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A dispatch to the *Examiner* from Honolulu, under date of January 9th, says: "Rear-Admiral Evans' fleet, which sailed from here on the last day of the old year, is now speeding on to Guam minus at least three score of Uncle Sam's men. These men have succumbed to the glittering bait held out by Viceroy and Admiral Alexieff, of the Russian navy, and are waiting here to accept service as gunners against the Japanese, when war is declared."

George Osbourne, Jr., son of George Osbourne, comedian at the Alcazar Theatre, died in Detroit on Monday. He was born in Nevada twenty-six years ago. Six years ago he joined the Alcazar company as a comedian, and lately has been with different companies sent out by Charles Frohman, who valued his ability very highly.

The fourth race at the Oakland Track Saturday will be the Adam Andrew selling handicap, for two-year-olds and upward at time of closing, \$60 to start, \$10 forfeit; \$2,000 added, of which \$400 is to second, and \$200 to third, the winner to be sold at auction. Those entered to be sold for \$3,000 to carry weight for age.

#### A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

##### A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Paul Gerson begs to state that, in response to numerous requests, he will on January 1st open a JUVENILE DEPARTMENT in connection with his School of Acting, and has secured the services of a teacher of experience, specially qualified for this work, Miss Lillian E. Muscio. One of the features of the department will be a dancing class in charge of Signora Matildita. In order that each one may have his or her proper time and attention, the class will be limited to twenty-five. Mr. Gerson will give his personal attention to every pupil. For terms, etc., call or address The Juvenile Department of the Paul Gerson School of Acting, Native Sons' Building, 414 Mason Street. The fourth of the series of matinee performances by students of the school, will take place at Fischer's Theatre, Friday afternoon, January 23rd. A brilliant programme will be presented. The school will be assisted by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, this institution hereafter joining its artistic interests with the School of Acting.

#### ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 23, 1904  
At 8 o'clock sharp

Extraordinary Entertainment in Commemoration of Verdi's Death  
(Under the auspices of the *Daily L'Italia*)

#### RIVELA'S ROYAL ITALIAN BAND

Assisted by the soloists, F. Aredano, Domenico Russo, G. S. Wanrell, G. Cortesi, and Mrs. Lydia Sterling. Selections from "Aida," "Ernani," "Nabucco," "Lombardi," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Tannhauser," and Mascagni's "William Ratcliff."

POPULAR PRICES: Reserved seats, 50c and \$1.00. Sale of seats will begin Monday, January 18th, at Sherman & Clay's music store.

## Warren Apartments

S. W. cor. Post and Jones Sts.

Two eight-room apartments now vacant. Passenger and supply elevator service. Artistically finished. Sun in every room. See janitor on premises.

Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., Agents,  
218-220 Montgomery Street.

## CEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

## ARTIFICIAL STONE

Schilling's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.  
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

**The Ocularium**  
Eye-Glasses  
AND  
Spectacles  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Beginning Monday, January 18th, second week of

#### WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning next Monday, second and last week, first three nights, MRS. LANGTRY in

#### MRS. DEERING'S DIVORCE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday nights, and Saturday matinee, first times here of Sidney Grundy's

#### THE DEGENERATES

Sunday, Jan. 24th—German performance, Als ich Wiederkam. Jan 25th—A Chinese Honeymoon.

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, January 18th, first San Francisco production of

#### MRS. JACK

By Grace Livingstone Furniss.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday 15c to 50c.

January 25th—The Masqueraders.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow matinee, the gifted young emotional actress, GRACE TURNER, in the beautiful pastoral drama,

#### ONE NIGHT IN JUNE

A story of Old Vermont.

Sunday matinee, January 24th—W. H. Turner in David Harum.

Usual popular prices. Regular Saturday matinee.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week of Monday, January 18th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the tremendous Eastern hit,

#### A BOWERY GIRL

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of January 25th—Quo Vadis.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 17th. Enticing vaudeville! Stein-Erette Family; Stanley and Wilson; Kelly and Violette; Irving Jones; Wallino and Marinette; Asra; White and Simmons; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Howard Thurston.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischer's THEATRE

A great success,

#### THE BEAUTY SHOP

A delightful and ever-interesting musical comedy, exceptional humor, delightful music, beautifully staged. Our "all star cast."

Our popular prices. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

EVENINGS AT 8:15

## BURTON HOLMES

MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.

Matinee to-day (Saturday) at 3 P. M., "Vosemit Valley," "Grand Canyon of Arizona," (tonight (Saturday), "Siberia," Monday, "Alaska I," Tuesday, "Sitka, and White Pass," Tuesday, "Peking," Wednesday, "Alaska II," Thursday, the Klondike, and Cape Nome," Thursday, "Corea," Friday. Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. General admission, 50c. Now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## RACING

New California Jockey Club  
**OAKLAND TRACK**  
Commencing Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.  
**SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY**  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President. PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Change of Bill at the Columbia.

It is announced that the second and last week of Mrs. Langtry's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be divided between two plays. Next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights will have as the bill, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." The first presentation in this city of Sydney Grundy's modern society comedy, "The Degenerates," will be given on Thursday night. The play will be repeated on Friday and Saturday nights, and at the matinee on Saturday. Percy Fendall, the English playwright, was almost unknown in the United States until "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" was presented. Its good qualities are enhanced by the fact that the play fits Mrs. Langtry's temperament and ability, and provides excellent rôles for all the members of her clever company. On Monday, January 24th, "The Chinese Honey-moon" comes to the Columbia. It is a musical comedy, said to be full of melody, and has a record of over four hundred presentations at the Casino Theatre, New York. The stars in the leading rôles include John E. Henshaw, Miss Stella Tracey, Miss Toby Claude, Miss Bryton, Miss Laura Golden, Miss Florence Knight, W. H. Clarke, Charles Prince, Miss May Ten Brock, Edmund Lawrence, and numerous others.

## Clever Comic Opera.

It is probable that the Tivoli Opera House will continue its present bill, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," for many weeks to come. The large audiences that attend its production seem exceedingly well pleased with this Civil War opera, which is a happy blending of well-loved darkey hallads and stirring war ditties. There are also some new songs—"I Love the United States," "My Southern Rose," and "My Honey-suckle Girl"—among others, which are sung by Wallace Brownlow, Ferris Hartman, Annie Myers, Anna Lichter, Arthur Cunningham, and others in the cast. Not a little of the success of the play is due to the quaint costumes, the crinolines, and the belaced and beribboned pantalettes of the early 'sixties. The large stage at the new Tivoli gives plenty of room for striking scenic effects and a large chorus.

## Farce at the Alcazar.

Next week the Alcazar Theatre will produce another New York success, "Mrs. Jack," described as a "wildly farcical frivolity." It is by Grace Livingstone Furniss, and the leading character is a Western widow, a young woman full of dash and go, who does not give a snap for conventions, and does everything to suit herself. She meets with many adventures, amusing and otherwise, and proves that she has delicacy and feeling despite her frivolity. Those who like George Ade slang, and the Hoyt type of farce, will enjoy "Mrs. Jack." On January 25th, Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Masqueraders," will be produced.

## German Comedy Once More.

The "Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble," which recently played "Im Weissen Roessl" ("At the White Horse Tavern") by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, at the Columbia Theatre, will, on Sunday evening, present at the same house the sequel to that comedy, "Als ich Wiederkam." Like its predecessor, it will be played in its original language, and will be a great treat to German theatre-goers. The comedy is said to be unusually bright and witty, and calls for a cast of fifty people.

## "The Beauty Shop" a Success.

"The Beauty Shop," the new burlesque feature at Fischer's Monday night, has scored a pronounced hit with the diverse taste of Fischer's patrons, and serves as an admirable vehicle to introduce Helen Russell, a statuesque brunette, with a pleasing soprano, and John Peachey, a handsome baritone. Others in the cast who score are Allan Curtis, who impersonates the beauty doctor's partner; Kolb and Dill, as the secretary and president of the pretzel trust; Georgia O'Ramey, as an awkward country girl; and Ben Dillon, as a South Side tough. The piece is well mounted, and the costumes and stage-settings compel admiration.

## Favorites Return.

The Stein-Eretto family of comedy hand-jumping acrobats, who made their first visit to this country two years ago, will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week. They perform many novel feats. Harry C. Stanley and Doris Wilson, who have scored a hit in the East, will present their little sketch, "Before the Ball." Mr. Stanley does clever character work and imitates a clarinet to perfection. Kelly and Violette, old-time favorites, will return with a new lot of songs and a dazzling wardrobe. Irving Jones, the unique little colored individual, who writes and sings his own songs, will be one of the contributors to the fun-making. Howard Thurston has created a sensation by his extraordinary illusions. For his second and last week he promises new surprises. White

and Simmons, the good, old-fashioned negro minstrels, will present a new act in "A Pleasant Evening's Rest," and Wallno and Marinette, the Vienna caricature dancers, will vary their terpsichorean evolutions. Asra, the European comedy juggler, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an unusually interesting programme.

## A Bowery Drama.

A multitude of Gotham street characters will be represented at the Central Theatre next week, when "A Bowery Girl" will be staged. A vivid delineation of political work on the Bowery constitutes part of the play, the "boss" of the fourth ward being one of the characters. A sharp contrast will be given in his son, the leader of Bowery society. There will also be seen the ambitious heir to a Dutch brewery, a Bowery Chinese, an Italian padrone, a plug-hatted villain, a tough girl, and Bowery gamins. The scenic effects will be realistic, and include a dynamite explosion at the Palisades, and a fire at a roof-garden ball. The tangled story of the play is successfully unwound by the detectives in the cast. For January 25th, "Qua Vadis" is announced.

## Pastoral Drama at the Grand.

The coming week's bill at the Grand Opera House will be "One Night in June," a pastoral drama which has been seen all through the East the past season. The story told is of quaint country people in Vermont. The first act is laid in a country village, the second in a luxurious gambling establishment in New York, and the third represents an old Vermont farm. Miss Grace Turner will head the cast. At the Sunday matinee, January 24th, W. H. Turner will appear in "David Harum."

## Enjoyed by the Public.

That the Burton Holmes lectures are taking hold of the public here, and are growing in popularity as they have for the past ten years in the East, is attested by the large audiences that have attended the lectures at Lyric Hall during the past week. This (Saturday) afternoon, by special request, the Yosemite Valley lecture will be repeated. Mr. Holmes's pictures of California's scenic wonderland far surpass anything seen here. They are sharp and clear, beautifully colored, and are not the stereotyped views advertised all over the United States, or purchased by every tourist who goes into the valley without a camera of his own. In addition to glorious views of the Yosemite Fall, Cascade Fall, Bridal Veil Fall, Vernal Fall, El Capitan, Cloud's Rest, Cathedral Spire, North Dome, Glacier Point, the Three Brothers, and the many other remarkable points of scenic interest in the valley, he supplements his talk with several striking motion pictures.

To-night (Saturday) the subject will be the "Grand Cañon of the Colorado," introducing the snake dances of the Indians. The subjects for the coming and final week of the season are: Monday, "Siberia"; Tuesday, "Alaska" (the Fjords); Wednesday, "Peking"; Thursday, "Alaska" (the Klondyke and Cape Nome); Friday, "Corea." These will all be evening lectures; the special matinee for Saturday will be announced during the week. All the lectures are illustrated most profusely with colored views and motion pictures. The box-office is at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## For the Verdi Monument Fund.

On the occasion of the third anniversary of the death of the great Italian composer, Giuseppe Verdi, a commemoration under the auspices of the local Italian daily, *L'Italia*, will be held at the Alhambra Theatre on the evening of Saturday, January 23d, the proceeds of which will be entirely given to the fund for the Verdi monument to be erected in our city. The main attraction will be the first appearance of the Riviera Royal Italian Band, directed by the dis-

tinguished leader after whom it is named. The numbers to be played will include the march from Verdi's "Aroldo," new to our city; selections from his "Ernani," "Nabucco," "Trovatore" and "Lombardi," the sextet from "Lucia," and the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhäuser," "Albumblatt," by Wagner, and the famous intermezzo from "William Ratcliff," by Mascagni. Maestro Rivela was a schoolmate of Mascagni's, and his interpretation will be a worthy one. The vocal parts of the programme will consist of solos and duos sung by F. Avedano, Domenico Russo, G. S. Wanrell, G. Cortesi, and Mrs. Lydia Sterling, who, assisted by Mr. Avedano, will sing the great duo from "Aida." The sale of tickets for the entertainment will commence on Monday, January 18th, at Sherman & Clay's music store. Popular prices will prevail, the price of reserved seats being set at 50 cents and \$1.00.



## Sharp Contrast

Whiskey without quality, age, or flavor disappoints the taste like eggs without salt. Rare, old

## Hunter Whiskey

Mellow, Rich, Delicious

regales the palate and leaves no fault to find.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

HOT AND HANDY  
TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

## TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

WORK AT HOME GROWING MUSHROOMS  
in cellars, etc. \$12 weekly. No outfit. Pay sent promptly. Addressed envelope for year's contract. Combined Growers, 9 Beekman, N. Y.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital in cash..... 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts.  
ROBERT WATT, Cashier.  
R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Free H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 232 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Abbott, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Boqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President, F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 4,734,791  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
411 California Street. Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND  
LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In..... 2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund..... 300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."  
A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.  
Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.  
Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY

Are you going to make  
a Will?

If so, send for Pamphlet to

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT  
AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43  
Total Assets..... 6,415,683.87

ADDRESS:

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

San Francisco, California



## VANITY FAIR.

The latest person to deplore and denounce the vanity and ostentation of women is Professor Herbert J. Davenport, of Chicago University. "The force that wheels the babies about in the unappreciated glory of gorgeous equipages," says Mr. Davenport, "denies to children the right to go barefoot that the parents may not be ashamed. For a like reason it keeps them in their Sunday clothes, when they were happier and healthier in dirty; determines the marriage preparations and imposes the attendant donation-party; determines the quality of our dress goods, the name of our tailor, the cut of our collars, the shape of our shoes, the length of our beard; prescribes for women—now wings on her shoulders, and again, for other decorative purposes, bustles, humps, and balloons, the straight front, the baggy waist, the tortured walk; empties our pocketbooks in order that our wardrobes may be filled with exhibition garments; makes half our garments unwearable when not yet outworn; compels us to be ashamed of our poverty, and yet allows us no joy of our riches; and when all the weariness is done buries us in one final crash and blare of ostentatious effrontery. We waste our wealth. That which was once comfort has become privation by comparison. The cloth that once went with elegance is now the badge of poverty; the cheaper would answer our purpose equally well if only others had not the dearer. Splendor, no matter how much it has cost, is not splendor when it has become general; so material progress, in the way in which we use it, mostly cancels itself in a strife for precedence and leaves behind it weariness, disillusionment, and envy; our energies are wasted in a general, and therefore fruitless, ministry to vanity. All may as well stand still as run in an equal race; when things are measured by comparatives and averages, scramble and scramble count for nothing but exhaustion. No beautiful or graceful fashion, if once attained, is safe to stay. If grace and simplicity come as fashions they go as fashions. The greed of novelty leaves the beautiful behind as antiquated, to be succeeded by the ugliness of hoops and humps and wings. Furniture changes in varieties of material and into new grotesquenesses of pattern; houses from all styles in succession to a nightmare in misjoinder of styles. From champagne to plumes of slaughtered birds, from skunk-skins to jewelry, there is nothing permanent but novelty, no custom but change."

The New York "Beauty Show," so extensively advertised by the Sunday supplements, came off as per schedule. "The underwear was all there," says the New York Sun reporter, and adds: "Nineteen women, some of whom were young, stood on pedestals and gyrated until there was some fear that the blue ribbons tied none too securely in a single breadth about their waists, might slip off. These were the contestants for the one-thousand-dollar beauty prize to be awarded to the woman receiving the highest number of votes. Ballots were distributed in the audience, and everybody was requested to mark his ballot and leave it in one of fifty ballot-boxes placed about the building. When the curtains were first pulled aside and the footlights of the posing cabinets turned up, a loud groan saluted the roof. The poseurs were men. Most of them were bare to the waist, and seemed to be husky holding up unseen universes on corded masses of chest and back and shoulder muscles. 'Bring on the women!' howled one disgusted spectator. The next time the curtain went up there was a roar of delight. Eleven not unheautiful women stood on the pedestals. Under each pedestal was a number. By the time the second or third pose had been reached hundreds in the mass of men gathered below were shouting the numbers of their favorites, presumably with the object of affecting the voting. 'Number seven!' 'Six! Six! Six!' 'Nine! Nine! Vote for nine!' As the roars rose above the growing laughter and applause, appreciative wiggles were observed to wander over the frames of the union-suited persons whose numbers were called. But one man pretty nearly caused the whole line to fall off their pedestals. 'Any one of the bunch will do for Willie!' he howled. Individual numbers were lost in the whoops of applause that greeted the sally, and the electric-light man became so confused that he shut off the lights. Inspector Walsh, Captain Burfield, of the Tenderloin station, Inspector McClusky, and three Constable agents sat the show through, and said after it was over that the law hadn't been broken."

As cadets and alternates, to report at West Point in June, the President recently designated nineteen young men, of whom seventeen are sons of army officers and two sons of naval officers. Only in the army and navy is there found in this country the working of a hereditary principle. In these services the son generally follows the profession of his father, and marries the daughter of one of his father's comrades or the sister of one of his own. Thus it happens that the navy is a great family, allied to a considerable extent by marriage with that other great family,

the army. A good example of a service family is found in the Porters. They came into the service in the War of the Revolution, and have remained there ever since. David Porter and his brother, Samuel, were captured and made prisoners in the old Jersey prison ship. Samuel died, but David escaped. His son, David, Jr., entered the navy in 1798. David, Jr.'s nephew, Fitz John Porter, went to West Point, and fought in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Men of the blood and the family name still continue in the service. John E. Craven and Thomas Tingey Craven, both of the navy, represent a family that dates back to the days of the Revolutionary War. The Stevens family came into the navy at the outbreak of the War of 1812, under the name of Holdup. Thomas Holdup's son, Thomas Holdup Stevens, went into the navy, and as a lieutenant commanded the *Ottawa* in Dupont's expedition at the beginning of the Civil War. He had many other important commands, and died a rear-admiral. The admiral's son, of the same name as himself, continues the family in the navy. The Greenes, of Rhode Island, have been represented in the army and navy almost continuously since the outbreak of the Revolution. During the Civil War thirteen kinsmen of the name were serving as officers of the navy, regular army, or volunteer forces. Since the War of the Revolution the family has furnished nine officers of the name to the regular army and seven to the navy, besides many others descended in the female line. The family name is continued in the army now by only one officer. Through the female line the Greenes are still well represented. In the navy they are represented by the Winslows. As an army family the Mercers go back to Brigadier-General Hugh Mercer, of the Continental army. The Lees, of Virginia, have been an army family since the days of Light Horse Harry Lee. The first Capron on the record of army officers was Seth M. Capron, of Rhode Island, who entered the army as a second lieutenant, in 1821. Then came Erastus A., who fell, sword in hand, at Cherubusco. His son, Allyn Capron, served with credit through the Civil War. When the war with Spain came on, he had a son in service—Allyn, Jr., a lieutenant in the regulars. In the skirmish at Las Guasimas, before the assault on San Juan, he was killed. Now another Allyn Capron has been appointed to the Military Academy. The Muhlenbergs, still represented in the army, came in with General Peter Muhlenberg, of the Revolution. Lieutenant-Commander William Truxton, of the navy, represents a long line of Truxtons. Another well-known service family is that of Rodgers. One branch of it continues the Perry blood in the service. Then there are the Bainbridge-Hoffs, representing old Commodore Bainbridge; the Meades, Biddles, and Caseys, in both army and navy; the Ords of the army and the Pattersons, first in the British army, then in the American navy, and now in the American army.

A public auction sale of the effects of the assassinated King and Queen of Serbia was held recently in Belgrade, among which the following articles, constituting the wardrobe of Queen Draga, were sold. The inventory included also the queen's white wedding gown of silk, embroidered with myrtle blossoms; nineteen sleeping robes of silk and hatiste; twenty-one street dresses, in various colors, principally gray; five street dresses of velvet; four evening dresses, in various colors, principally gray; eighteen silk blouses; fourteen batiste blouses; one batiste waist à la "artillery lieutenant"; nine woolen blouses; eleven different kinds of jackets; seventeen different dressing sacks; eight dressing gowns; three dusters; five bath robes; six various cloaks; sixteen colored petticoats; fourteen white silk petticoats; ten white muslin petticoats; six pairs of ladies' equestrienne tights; four riding habits; eighteen sleeping corsets; fifteen chemises of Serbian linen, gold embroidered; eleven linen chemises; twenty-four chemises of batiste, different colors; thirty-eight silk chemises of different colors; twenty-four nightgowns of silk and batiste; eighteen hats; six silk shawls; one hundred and eighty-six pairs of shoes; one hundred and twenty-two pairs of silk stockings; ninety-four handkerchiefs; forty-six towels; fourteen fans; six parasols, handles inlaid with precious stones; four umbrellas; forty-six various kinds of veils; eight corsets; fifteen various kinds of belts; one opera hat.

"To-day women are admitted to the bar on equal terms with men in thirty-four States of the Union," says Professor Ashley, of New York University. "Woman," he continues, "is intellectually as capable of studying law as man. There is nothing to deplore in the tendency of women to enter the law. They lose thereby neither charm nor any true womanly character; no study or training can change a genuine woman to anything else—she will be after, as she was before, the same genuine woman. As far as education is concerned, woman is in the law to stay, and the world will be the better for it. New York University has a regular law course for women, and has graduated some sixty-eight with the degree of bachelor of laws. The work of these women in the law

school is generally excellent, and in some cases brilliant."

A discovery in the land of the Pharaohs will interest those whose heads Time has ravaged. A French Egyptologist has recently unearthed a papyrus giving a recipe for what must in those times have been a royal remedy against baldness, since it was concocted for no less a personage than King Chata, the second sovereign of the first dynasty, about 4,000 B. C. The remedy was employed by the king's mother. It consisted of a salve of dogs' paws, dates, and asses' hoofs, pounded up and then boiled in oil. With this salve the royal head was anointed. As to the result the papyrus is regrettably silent.

"Who's Who in America" is an unfailing mine for writers of statistical articles. The latest deliver in this quarry is Amanda Carolyn Northrop, who finds that one woman has attained distinction to twelve men; that 54 per cent. of these are married, 69 per cent. refused to give their ages or their reasons for not giving them; that only 15.5 per cent. had a college education, and that of these co-educational colleges furnished more than the women's colleges. About half of the women mentioned in the book are authors, with artists in the next numerical category.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 805 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State Weather.
January 7th.....	58	46	.00	Clear
" 8th.....	54	44	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 9th.....	54	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 10th.....	56	46	.00	Rain
" 11th.....	54	48	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 12th.....	58	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 13th.....	54	46	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 13, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	7,000	@ 101½	101½	102½
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	3,000	@ 101	101	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	13,000	@ 113½-114	113½	114½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.	6,000	@ 105	105	105½
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	30,000	@ 104½-105	104½	105
Park Ocean Ry. 6%	2,000	@ 116½	116½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 117¾-118	117¾	118½
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	30,000	@ 104¾-105	105	105½
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910.....	52,000	@ 105¾-106	106	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906.....	49,000	@ 104¾	104¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1912.....	50,000	@ 115¾	115¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Std. 1906.....	8,000	@ 108	108	108½
S. P. Branch, 6%.	1,000	@ 113¾	113¾	114½
S. V. Water 6%.....	48,000	@ 106½	106½	106½
S. V. Water 4%.....	18,000	@ 99½-99¾	99½	99¾
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	10,000	@ 98¾	98¾	

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Val. W. Co.	105	@ 39¾-42	40	42
Banks.				
Anglo-Cal.....	40	@ 85	85	92½
German S. L.....	5	@ 2,200	2,150	2,300
Street R. R.				
Presidio.....	20	@ 38	38	
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	90	@ 60-62½	60	60½
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	105	@ 43½-44	42½	44½
Honokaa S. Co.....	325	@ 12½-12¾	12½	12¾
Hutchinson.....	150	@ 8	8	
Makaweli S. Co.....	140	@ 22½	22½	
Paauhau S. Co.....	50	@ 14	13	14
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,060	@ 54½-59	56½	57
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	295	@ 131-136½	136½	138½
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.	15	@ 94	94	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	90	@ 93¾-94½	93¾	
Oceanic S. Co.....	205	@ 4	4	5

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, and on sales of 105 shares sold up three points to 42, closing at 40 bid, 42 asked.

Alaska Packers on sales of 295 shares sold as high as 136½, a gain of five and one-half points from lowest quotation, closing at 136½ bid, 138½ asked.

Giant Powder was weak, selling off two and one-half points to 60 on sales of 90 shares.

The sugars have been quiet, with narrow fluctuations.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been active, 2,060 shares changing hands, the stock selling down as low as 54½, a loss of nine points, but at the close was in better demand at 56½ bid, 57 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

ALWAYS  
INSIST UPON HAVING  
THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
FLORIDA WATER  
THE MOST REFRESHING AND  
DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE  
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

**HARTSHORN**  
SHADE ROLLERS  
are perfect in action. Over 50  
years' experience guides the  
manufacturer. Get the name  
No racks required. To avoid  
imitations, notice script name of  
STEWART HARTSHORN on label.

**Free Trial**  
DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH  
New  
Discovery  
by the  
**MISSISS BELLS**  
A Trial Treatment  
FREE to Any One  
Afflicted with Hair  
on Face, Neck or  
Arms.  
We have at last made the discovery which has baffled  
chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely  
destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and  
permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the  
neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in  
any way the finest or most sensitive skin.  
The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and  
are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which  
they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-  
HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a  
trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will  
write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. With-  
out a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the  
discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then con-  
vince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect  
loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or  
neck of women.  
Please understand that a personal demonstration of our  
treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free,  
which you can use yourself and prove our claims by send-  
ing two two-cent stamps for mailing.  
**THE MISSISS BELLS**  
78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

FOR SALE BY  
**OWL DRUG CO.**  
San Francisco, Cal.

# THE Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Among the office-seekers who came before President Harrison, one who wanted to represent the United States at Yokohama. "Do you speak Japanese?" asked the President. The applicant faltered; then said he did. "Well," said the President, "let me hear you speak it." "All right! Ask me something in Japanese."

In Provo, Utah, there dwells a vegetarian with whom Senator Reed Smoot loves to argue. The vegetarian declared, during one of their heated debates, that one should not eat eggs, even, as they hatch into meat, and therefore are meat. "Well," said the senator, "the kind of eggs I eat wouldn't hatch into meat. I eat them boiled—not raw."

In arguing a case in an English court, the late Frederick Rene Coudert, whose wit was rapier-like, took occasion to deprecate the legal learning of Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, whom his opponent was quoting. The trial judge took timid exception to this. "I have read his opinions," he said, "and I have often wished I knew as much law as he did." "I wish to God you did!" retorted Coudert.

Dougald Stewart, being asked how far back he could remember, declared:

"I recollect a nurse called Ann  
Who carried me about the grass,  
And one fine day a fine young man  
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.  
She did not make the least objection.  
'Thinks I, 'Abai!  
'When I can talk I'll tell mamma,  
And that's my earliest recollection."

It was before bicycles became so popular as they are now that a Yankee farmer was importuned by a dealer to buy one for seventy-five dollars. "I'd rather spend the money on a cow," was the farmer's answer. "But what an idiot you would look riding about the town on the back of a cow." "Perhaps so," replied the farmer, "but not half such an idiot as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle."

When Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a member of the Melbourne Parliament, he declared that the conduct of the opposition was worse than Nero's. A wealthy but ignorant hutterer, also a member of Parliament, asked, with scorn and sincerity, "Who was Nero?" "Who was Nero?" replied the delighted chief secretary; "the honorable gentleman ought to know. Nero was a celebrated Roman hutterer."

The following sentiment has been variously attributed to Stephen Grillet, Sir Rowland Hill, and to Edward Courtenay and the Earl of Devon, and is said to have been inscribed upon the tombstone of the latter: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Sir Henry Irving was in New York when Nat Goodwin, who was playing Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream," had a narrow escape from death while crossing Brooklyn Bridge. Sir Henry was very incredulous about the story, insisting that the papers had been humbugged. When finally assured that the accident had actually happened, he remarked: "Well, I thought it might have been one of Goodwin's midwinter night dreams."

Herbert Spencer was intolerant of dishonesty. While visiting Montreal he was urgently invited to see a costly mansion that was being built for an unscrupulous millionaire. He indignantly refused. "It is largely," he said, "the admiring the ostentation of such men that makes them possible. Baron Grant, the fraudulent speculator, sent me an invitation for the inaugural of Leicester Square, his gift to London. Before a party of friends I tore the card in pieces. Such men as Grant try to compensate for robbing Peter by giving Paul what they do not owe him."

When Brander Matthews went to his club one evening, not long ago, according to the *Bookman*, he went to the letter-box, and looked through the compartment marked "M," and found therein a very peremptory dun from a tailor. Mr. Matthews was puzzled, as he had had no dealings with the insistent tailor, until he again looked at the envelope and found that he had unwittingly opened a letter belonging to another member of the club; so he put the bill back in the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Mr. Matthews was turning to go, he noticed the member for whom the bill was intended coming toward the letter-box. A minute later he came into the reading-room, where Mr. Matthews was sitting with several others. Taking from its enve-

lope the bill, he read it attentively for a few minutes, sighed, tore it into bits, then with a wink and the leer of an invincible conqueror, commented: "Poor, silly little girl."

The late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the *New York Sun*, once gave Mr. Dana an answer that emphasizes the difference between genius and talent. Mr. Dana remarked that he needed a first-class editorial writer, and was willing to pay him one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. "But you can not get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana; "that is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton; "if I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week."

Vigor of speech was a characteristic of Judge Burr, of Connecticut, who lately resigned from the bench on account of deafness. A New Haven lawyer once introduced to Judge Burr an almost unknown but very self-confident novelist, whose good opinion of himself has been justified since by events. In his conversation with the judge, he did not fail to make known his estimate of his own brilliancy. Judge Burr observed the young man closely and sternly. Finally he said: "So you expect to be famous some day, eh?" "Some day," said the young man, "I expect to have the world at my feet." "What have you been doing all this time," said the judge, "walking on your hands?"

## JOKES FROM THE FRENCH PAPERS.

Translated for the Argonaut.

Baby Lillie is having her supper, and a lady visitor tells her a nice fairy-story, when she hursts out crying.  
"What's the matter, Lillie?"  
"Why, I have eaten all my supper, and, as she was telling me a story, I did not know I was eating it!"

Husband—"I will get our pet dog stuffed if he dies."  
Wife—"Well, it's more than you would do for me!"

"How high should a lady raise her dress?"  
"Oh, just above two feet."

"My son, how many times must I call you?"  
"Well, mother, I never hear you till the fifth time."

Chemistry class:  
"What precautions must he taken with water?"  
"Boil it—then filter it—"  
"And then?"  
"Then—drink beer."

Thin girl—"It's curious—your dog always goes for my leg."  
Fat girl—"Not at all—he likes hones."

In the country:  
"It is funny, but the eggs seem to us to be fresher in Paris."  
Farmer—"Nonsense! Why, we bring them from there!"

Historical rooms:  
"This is where the duke was assassinated."  
"Indeed? But last year you showed us another room for that story."  
"So we did, but that room is now being repaired."

Drunkard sleeping on a city park bench—  
"My, but the police are no good here—it is 3 A. M.—and I am not arrested yet."

"What an awful talker she is!"  
"Yes, she is always interrupting me."

In the Alps:  
"What would you do, guide, if I rolled over the precipice?"  
"Great heavens! don't talk that way—why that mule cost me ten francs!"

At school:  
"Did Marie get a prize?"  
"No, it seems her copy-book was blank."  
"Well, they might have given her a prize for cleanliness, anyway."

"Why, my dog was the smartest one I ever saw—he would go for a thief or any had man at once on sight."  
"Indeed? Where is he?"  
"Well, I sold him—he hit me!" T. L.  
Nice, December, 1903.

## If Your Physician.

prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility, it will be well to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food, perfectly sterilized, according to latest sanitary methods. For general household uses. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Sad Story of Gentle Jane.  
Gentle Jane went walking, where  
She espied a Grizzly Bear;  
Flustered by the quadruped  
Gentle Jane just lost her head.

Last week Tuesday, gentle Jane  
Met a passing railroad train;  
"Ah, good-afternoon," she said;  
But the train just cut her dead.

Gentle Jane went out to skate;  
She fell through at half-past eight.  
Then the lake, with icy glare,  
Said, "Such girls I can not bear."

Once her brother's child, for fun,  
Pointed at her aunt a gun.  
At this conduct of her niece's  
Gentle Jane went all to pieces.

In the big steam-roller's path  
Gentle Jane expressed her wrath.  
It passed over. After that  
Gentle Jane looked rather flat.

—Carolyn Wells.

Willie Est Mort. Vive Willie.  
Willie poached his baby sister  
O'er the kitchen range.  
Mother said, before they missed her:  
"My, this room smells strange!"  
—Yale Record.

## Patti's Farewell.

(With apologies to one R. Kipling.)

"W'at are the folks a-crowdin' fer?" inquired the ancient maid.

"To 'ear the diva sing farewell," the kid with papers said.

"It 'pears I 'eard it long ago," observed the ancient maid.

"You 'eard a bluff, you 'eard a bluff," the kid with papers said.

"Though pusbin' 'ard on sixty-one, she 'as the nerve to come,

An' bring along a steerer by the name of Cederstrom;

You kin betcher life, between 'em, the people will be done—

They'll be countin' of our money in the mornin'."

"W'at price do they now ask for seats?" inquired the ancient maid.

"'Bout all they kin out of you beat," the kid with papers said.

"W'y chargin' sich a price to-day?" inquired the ancient maid.

"They know de bloomin' fools will pay," the kid with papers said.

"Aint you 'eard of that ole sayin' 'bout w'at is in a name?

Well, you kin bet that Patti, too, 'as often 'eard the same,

That she an' Mr. Cederstrom 'ave studied well the game—

They'll be countin' of our money in the mornin'."

"Ob, great the diva that I 'eard!" exclaimed the ancient maid.

"It's bum' the one that now is 'eard," the kid with papers said.

"Oh, who would sich a word now use?" said then the ancient maid.

"Can not you read? Can not you read?" the kid with papers said.

"Now, if you can't, jes' len' your ear an' I will to you tell,

From all the blokes who write her up she's just a-ketchin' 'ell,

An' you could safely betcher life that this is the 'farewell'—

She'll count no more big money in the mornin'."

—Ernest M. Plummer in *Philadelphia Record*.

The teacher called the bright hoy up to her desk. "Now, Homer," she said, "can you tell the class why Paul Revere was so successful in his ride?" "Because he didn't start in an automobile," responded the bright hoy.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"He says his wife is largely responsible for his business success." "Well, she has certainly made it absolutely necessary for him to earn more money."—*Philadelphia Press*.

## A Popular Seed Firm.

An independent concern which has attained to mammoth proportions is the seed business of D. M. Ferry & Co., who for nearly half a century have gone forward each year, constantly adding new customers and retaining all their old ones. Thousands of farmers, gardeners, and flower growers look to them year after year for the seeds from which the prosperity of their fields and gardens is to grow. You can buy Ferry's seeds in every city, town, or hamlet of this land, and you are always certain that they are fresh, true to name, and sure to grow. Their 1904 Seed Annual, a valuable guide in the selection of the proper seeds to plant, will be sent free to all readers who apply to D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Tesla Briquettes are

Excellent domestic fuel

Since recently improved.

Let us send you

A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Paul ..... Jan. 23 | St. Louis ..... Feb. 6  
Philadelphia ..... Jan. 30 | New York ..... Feb. 13  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland ..... Jan. 23, 1.30 pm | Westernland ..... Feb. 6, 2 pm  
Merion ..... Jan. 30, 8.30 am | Haverford ..... Feb. 13, 8 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnetonka ..... Jan. 23, 9 am  
Marquette ..... Jan. 30, 9 am  
Minnehaha ..... Feb. 6, 9 am  
Minneapolis ..... Feb. 13, 3 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion ..... Jan. 23 | Dominion ..... Feb. 27  
Canada ..... Feb. 6 | Canada ..... March 12

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
†Amsterdam ..... Jan. 26 | †Sloterdijk ..... Feb. 16  
Potterdam ..... Feb. 2 | †Stadendam ..... Feb. 23  
†Steering only. \* Freight only.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Kronland ..... Jan. 23 | Finland ..... Feb. 6  
Zeeland ..... Jan. 30 | Vaderland ..... Feb. 13

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Teutonic ..... Jan. 20, 10 am | Oceanic ..... Feb. 10, 1 pm  
Cedric ..... Jan. 27, noon | Celtic ..... Feb. 17, 6 am  
Majestic ..... Feb. 3, 10 am | Cedric ..... Feb. 24, 11 am  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric ..... Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 17  
Cretic ..... Feb. 4, March 3, March 31

Boston Mediterranean Line.  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Canopic ..... Jan. 30, Mar. 12  
Republic (new) ..... Feb. 13, Mar. 26  
Romanic ..... Feb. 27, April 9, May 14  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Coptic ..... Friday, Jan. 15  
Gaelic ..... Wednesday, Feb. 10  
Doric (Calling at Manila) ..... Saturday, March 6  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO

## KISEN

## KAISHA

## (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.  
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904  
America Maru ..... Monday, January 25  
Hongkong Maru ..... Wednesday, February 17  
Nippon Maru ..... Tuesday, March 15  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Jan. 30, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Feb. 11, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.  
MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1735 Market St.  
Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.  
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—35,000 volumes.  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning artistic for a very moderate outlay. S. A. B. & Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Randolph Colhoun, daughter of Pay Director Samuel Reed Colhoun, U. S. N., and Mrs. Colhoun, to Paymaster Eugene Hermann Tricou, U. S. N., son of Mr. Henry P. Tricou, took place in New York on Friday, January 15th.

The wedding of Miss Susan Steed Davis, daughter of Major Edward Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis, to Mr. H. McK. Harrison, took place at St. Clement's Church, Honolulu, on December 29th. Among the guests were Governor Carter and Mrs. Carter, Bishop Restarick and Mrs. Restarick, and many of the military officers in Honolulu.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Bernice Robinson Drown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Newell Drown, to Mr. Samuel Hort Boardman at St. Luke's Church, at noon on Saturday, January 30th. Miss Virginia Newell Drown will be the maid of honor, and Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Estella Kane, of New York, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and Miss Suzanne Blanding will act as bridesmaids. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 2550 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson gave a dinner in honor of Miss Mabel Cluff and Mr. John C. Wilson at their residence on Broadway on Monday evening. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. George Downey, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Helen Pettigrew, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Katherine Herrin, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Douglas Waterman, Mr. Gerald Buckley, Mr. Reddick Duperu, Lieutenant Joseph V. Kusnik, U. S. A., Mr. J. Howell, Judge Kerrigan, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. George Field, Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Clarence Follis, and Mr. Edgar Mizner.

Mrs. Joseph S. Spear gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday in honor of Mr. Spear's birthday. Others at table were Governor George C. Pardee and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Colonel Stratton and Mrs. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. Jules L. Brett, Judge Hall, of Oakland, Mrs. Frank J. Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Spear, Mrs. Charlotte Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Spear, and Mr. Joseph S. Spear, Jr.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Allen Lewis, of Portland, Or. Covers were laid for nine.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., gave a luncheon and theatre-party on Saturday in honor of Miss Mabel Cluff. Mrs. Spreckels's guests were Miss Cluff, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Ethyl Hager, and Miss Pearl Landers.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard recently gave a luncheon at her residence, 2104 Broadway, in honor of Mrs. Allen Lewis, of Portland, Or., who is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Nicholas Kittle.

Mrs. Joseph Donohoe held a reception on Wednesday at her residence, 1409 Sutter Street. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, the Misses de Guigne, and the Misses Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin recently gave a dinner at their residence, on Washington and Laguna Streets, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Norris King Davis. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Edgar Mizner.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton held her second "at home" at her residence, 824 Sutter Street, on Monday. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Charles Kindeberger, Miss Genevieve Huntsman, and Miss Etelka Wilmar.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a bridge whist party on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Kittle,

on Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis, of Portland, Or. Mrs. Taylor was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Kittle, Mrs. Lewis, and Mrs. George Boyd. Others present were Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Frederick Talant, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. George Newhall, and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

Mrs. Samuel Knight received on Friday afternoon, January 8th, at her Pacific Avenue residence.

Miss Carrie Gwinn gave a euchre-party at her residence on Gough Street last Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. Shorb White, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. William Smedberg, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. Le Favre, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. J. Van Dyke Middleton, Mrs. Storm, Mrs. Harland, Mrs. Mendell, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, and Mrs. Winslow Anderson.

Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Norris King Davis, and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King held the second of their January "at homes" on Tuesday afternoon. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. W. F. Fuller, Miss West, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. James Hogg, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss Beaver, Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Henry McDonald Spencer, Mrs. John Sroufe, and Mrs. Lawrence Poole.

Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Ruth Allen, and Miss Beth Allen gave a dancing-party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Allen, 3400 Washington Street, on Tuesday evening, in honor of Miss Marian Huntington. Among those present were Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Lucie Gwin Coleman, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Etel Kent, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Mattie Milton, Miss Maud Woods, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Elsie Tallant, Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., Captain Frederick E. Johnston, U. S. A., Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. Wilbur Burnett, Lieutenant Edward M. Shinkle, U. S. A., Mr. Sherril Schell, Mr. Fletcher Hamilton, Mr. Lucius Allen, Mr. Will Breeze, Mr. Brockway Metcalfe, Mr. Everett Bee, Mr. Norman Livermore, and Mr. Perry Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell gave a ball at their residence, 1155 California Street, on Tuesday evening, in honor of their niece, Miss Florence Whittell.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have sent out cards for a tea for Saturday afternoon, January 23d, from four to seven o'clock at their residence, 1019 California Street, at which their daughter, Miss Constance de Young, will make her formal debut.

Miss Gertrude Palmer will give an informal tea to-day (Saturday) at her residence, on Steiner and Jackson Streets, in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Miss Palmer will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Tomlinson, Mrs. William Lindsey Spencer, Mrs. Arthur Wallace, Mrs. Charles Gardiner, of Alameda, the Misses Gibbs, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Hattie Currier, Miss Katherine Du Val, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Alvette Edwards, and Miss Eleanor Warner.

Mrs. Alice Treanor has sent out cards for a tea on Monday, at her residence, 1118 Gough Street, in honor of Miss Mabel Donaldson and Miss Katherine Selfridge.

Mrs. Austin Sperry, the Misses Sperry, Mrs. Horace B. Sperry, and Mrs. Austin Sperry, Jr., will be at home this (Saturday) afternoon, from four until six o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Austin Sperry, 2100 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Lucius H. Foote, wife of General Lucius H. Foote, has issued cards for a luncheon, to take place on Wednesday, January 20th.

Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Jr., 1001 Pine Street, has issued cards for the third and fourth Mondays.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore will give an informal tea this (Saturday) afternoon, at her residence, 1023 Vallejo Street. She will be assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Livermore, and Miss Mattie Livermore.

Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann has sent out cards for a tea to be given at her residence, 1480 Page Street, to-day (Saturday), from three until six o'clock.

The Mardi Gras Ball will take place at the Hopkin's Institute of Art on February 16th. Mr. John M. Gamble and Mr. Harry W. Sewell will have charge of the decorations.

Mr. Henry Heyman will arrange and conduct the music, and Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan will design the invitations, which will be dainty and humorous and worth treasuring. Already two boxes have been applied for, Mr. William Babcock taking the first and Mr. Willis Davis the other.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington has issued invitations for a dance at the Huntington residence on Monday evening. A dinner will be given to a number of the guests before the dance.

## William McMurray's Promotion.

After sixteen years' service with the Southern Pacific, William McMurray, the well-known agent of the Information Bureau, has severed his connection with the railroad company to accept an appointment as representative of the new St. Francis Hotel, which opens on March 1st. During recent years Mr. McMurray has been instrumental in bringing many large conventions to California, the most recent being the Bankers' Convention, which was secured for San Francisco largely through his efforts. During the Epworth League Convention, he had charge of the counties' exhibit at the Mechanics' Pavilion, which was so great a success, and he also superintended a similar exhibition at the Ferry Building during the Mystic Shriners' Convention.

The Surety Company, which is on the official bond of City and County Treasurer McDougald, has counted the cash in the treasury in the presence of Auditor Harry Bachr. He found that the cash balance was seven cents in excess of the ledger balance, which was accounted for by the failure to make exact change in cents on all transactions. There was on hand the sum of \$2,593,511.71. The last time the coin was counted the amount was one cent short, and the treasurer's friends all over the State made merry by remitting copper cents to make good his shortage.

Mr. Richard P. Schwerin, manager of the department of purchases and supplies of the Southern Pacific Company for over ten years past, severed his connection with the company Monday. The new head of the department will be Mr. Richard Stevenson. Henceforth, Mr. Schwerin will devote all of his time to the affairs of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and to Harriman's Portland and Oriental line.

The California Polo and Pony Racing Association will hold a tournament at Del Monte, from February 16th to February 22d. Prizes are to be given, and all lovers of this sport will have an opportunity to see some good matches. The through sleeping-car service between Los Angeles and Del Monte effective at that time will give Eastern people in Los Angeles a chance to see the tournament.

Major John Bigelow, Jr., U. S. A., commanding officer at the Presidio, has announced his intention of turning the golf links there into a drill ground. When permission was granted the San Francisco Golf Club to use that portion of the Presidio for its links, it was with the understanding that they might be called upon at any time to give them up.

The ride up the Mt. Tamalpais railway, the crookedest and most picturesque in the world, only partly prepares one for the magnificent view to be had from the top of the mountain, from which one sees ocean, bay, cities, mountains, and valleys, comprising the most variegated scenery in California. The Tavern is a model of comfort.

# Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be. It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do.

It cuts the skin and frets the und r-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free, alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

Established over 100 years.

## CLEARANCE SALE

DISCOUNT ON EVERYTHING

**S. & G. GUMP CO.**  
113 Geary Street

**C. H. REHNSTROM**

FORMERLY SANOERS & JOHNSON

**TAILOR AND IMPORTER**

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO.

A good glove for a dollar and a half  
**Centemeri**  
200 Post Street

The Importations for the Year 1903 of

**G. H. MUMM & Co.'s**  
Champagne

were **121,528 CASES**

**GREATER** by nearly **20,000**  
cases than the importations  
of any other brand.

The Old Reliable

# ROYAL

## BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY

PURE

There is no substitute



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Poett have taken apartments at the Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wallace, of New York, have joined Mrs. Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin arrived from New York on Monday, and are the guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, at her residence on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles sailed on the Oceanic steamship *Siberia* last week for their wedding journey in Japan.

Miss Helen Wagner leaves on Monday for San Diego, where she will join Miss Grace Spreckels and Miss Lillie Speckels.

Miss Hazel King, who is at Santa Barbara, will remain there until early in February.

Mrs. Irvine and her son, Mr. James W. Byrne, have departed for New York.

Mrs. Jane Stanford was in Egypt, when last heard from.

Miss Jennie Flood will leave for New York on Sunday. She expects to be absent about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Edward Thompson have returned from their wedding journey, and are at 1076 Bush Street.

Mrs. Samuel Buckbee is expected back next week from New York.

Miss Edith Chesbrough spent last week with Mrs. W. G. Miller at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mr. Southard Hoffman returned last week to Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Siberia*.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Valentine, of New York, are in San José for the winter.

Mr. Laurence McCreary, who has been spending some time at Burlingame, left for New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley are here from Santa Barbara on a visit of several weeks.

Miss Margaret Wilson left for her home in Baltimore last Tuesday.

Dr. Wakefield and Miss Wakefield have returned to San José after a week's visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham are at the Palace Hotel for several weeks' stay.

The Misses Morrison came up from San José last week to attend the Patti concerts. Mrs. Lily Langtry, the famous English actress, is a guest at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton and Mrs. Harriet P. Miller left Monday on a week's automobile trip to San José, Del Monte, and other points.

Mr. Joseph Greenbaum has returned from a four years' stay in Europe.

Mrs. H. A. Morrow is visiting her son, Major H. M. Morrow, U. S. A., and will spend the winter at 1076 Bush Street.

Major Robert H. Montgomery, U. S. A., retired, and Mr. Richard Montgomery, of New York, visited San José recently, en route to Pasadena, where they will pass the winter. While in San José they were entertained at dinner by the Misses Morrison.

## Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff are residing at 1076 Bush Street, for the winter.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., who was stationed in San Francisco several years ago as inspector-general on General Shafter's staff, has now attained the rank of full colonel.

Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., has arrived from Washington, D. C., to take charge of the cruiser *Tacoma*, which is now being completed at the Union Iron Works.

Colonel Frank M. Cox, U. S. A., for several years chief paymaster at department headquarters, has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and retired.

Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, U. S. A., has been promoted to chief of corps of engineers, with rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is to be the inspector-general of the new Division of the Pacific, has arrived from the East.

Colonel Girard, Medical Corps, U. S. A., who is to be the new chief surgeon of this department, will soon arrive from Manila. Mrs. Girard is at present at Fort Mason awaiting her husband's return.

Passed Assistant Paymaster Frederick K. Perkins, U. S. N., has arrived from the Asiatic station, and has reported here for duty.

Commander William W. Kimball, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kimball are now in Washington, D. C.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., is making an inspection of the Nacimiento rancho, with a view of selecting suitable grounds for the establishment of a target range there, and also to report on the advisability of laying out big grounds at that place for general manœuvre practice.

Colonel Owen J. Sweet, U. S. A., in command of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry, arrived on the transport *Sheridan* from Manila on Wednesday, with his troops.

Captain William T. Johnston, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has had charge of the

entire work of the inspector-general's office for several months, will shortly be relieved from duty here, and will join his regiment at Fort Myer, Va.

Lieutenant William A. Covington, Signal Corps, U. S. A., will go from the Presidio to Fort Myer, Va., and report to the commanding officer of the Signal Corps for duty.

Lieutenant Charles E. Dority, U. S. A., has been granted a three months' leave of absence, after five months in the General Hospital. He will visit his family in Michigan.

## The Sharon-Breckinridge Imbroiglio.

[So much absurd stuff has been printed in the papers about the Sharon-Breckinridge affair that the following authoritative statement, sent us by a friend of the family in Paris, will be read with interest by friends of the family here.—Eds.]

The romantic marriage of Miss Adelaide Murphy, daughter of S. G. Murphy, the well-known banker, to Mr. John C. Breckinridge, son of Mrs. Louise Tevis Sharon, by her first marriage, and grandson of the former Vice-President, led to a chain of events which terminated in Paris in a series of legal proceedings and family disruption quite unique and extraordinary in modern times, and worthy of the Dark Ages.

The young couple were received with every mark of affection by Mr. and Mrs. Sharon on arriving in Paris from their wedding journey around the world, via Japan. This was early in 1903. Shortly after reaching Paris both Mr. and Mrs. Breckinridge were taken ill, the young man with a nervous melancholia which impelled him, one day, to jump from the first-story window of the Hotel d'Albe on the Champs-Élysées. This caused a severe concussion to the vertebrae, and laid him on his back for some two months. He has fully recovered from this accident.

Just at the time of this most unfortunate occurrence, Mrs. Breckinridge was taken down with typhoid fever, and lay dangerously ill for several months. Mrs. Sharon came bravely to the rescue, and lavished every attention on both her son and her daughter-in-law.

When, however, the wife was able to leave her sick-room, and asked to see her husband, who was in another suite of rooms in the Hotel d'Albe, she found a cordon of nurses and trustees surrounding him, and admission denied her. No explanation was offered, and letters to Mrs. Sharon were unavailing. She finally consulted Joseph D. Redding, who happened to be in Paris at the time. A series of investigations disclosed a remarkable state of affairs. Legal proceedings had been instituted in camera to have the young man declared insane, and a family council had been ordered by the Civic Tribunal of Paris without notifying the wife; and, as it turned out, without the court knowing or being informed that the young man was married. Mr. Redding succeeded in quashing these proceedings, and also raised the question of the jurisdiction of the French courts over an alien, en route through France. The more important matter, however, was the immediate welfare of young Breckinridge. It was quite evident, from information leaking out of the sick-room, that, despite the mother's undoubted desire to do everything in her power, he was receiving anything but the right kind of care, being in the hands of a dozen *gardes malades, internes, and domestiques*, who were rough and unsympathetic in their attentions, and who were entertaining their friends in the *salons* and adjoining rooms with all kinds of luxuries. The court was appealed to by Mrs. Breckinridge, and an order obtained by which two of the leading doctors of France examined the situation, and ordered the young man's immediate removal to a quiet country sanitarium, where he still is, and is improving rapidly.

Why all these star-chamber proceedings had been instituted, and without the wife's knowledge, was a matter of the greatest conjecture. It could not have been on the direct initiative of Mrs. Sharon, although the proceedings were all taken in her name. It must have been the result of general instructions to her counsel, who proceeded in what may have been the customary way in France, but which operated as a total and inhuman denial of the wife's rights.

That this has not been the desire or intention of the mother is shown by recent developments. Mrs. Sharon has ordered all proceedings dismissed, and has written, so we are informed, to her counsel and to the doctors in charge, to fully recognize Mrs. Breckinridge's rights. More than that, the ladies have met and have attended receptions together, particularly one given by Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, on which occasion the *rapprochement* was particularly remarked.

It can not be denied that a beautiful baby boy recently born to Mrs. Breckinridge has been an important medium of reestablishing the proper family relationship, and undoubtedly Mrs. Breckinridge was fortunate in having as her counsel Mr. Redding, who handled the case with tact and delicacy.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry,

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Music at St. Dominic's.

The usual monthly programme of sacred music will be given at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, when the following numbers will be rendered:

Organ solo, prelude to "Parsifal." Wagner; soprano solo (with violin obligato), "Ave Maria." Bach-Gounod, Miss Camille Frank; violin solos, "Am Meer." Schubert-Wilhelmj, and "Elegy." Ernst, Nathan Landsberger; quartet, "Ave Maria," Miss Camille Frank, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, T. G. Elliott, and Charles B. Stone; soprano solo, "The Song of an Angel." "Paradise Lost." Rubenstein, Mrs. Jenkins; contralto solo (with violin obligato), "Largo." Handel, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; anthem, "I Beheld, and Lo, a Great Multitude" (prize anthem), Stewart. At benediction: "O Salutaris," Stevenson; "Tantum Ergo," Silas; organ postlude, "Coronation March." Meyerbeer. Dr. H. J. Stewart, organist and director of the choir.

A musical evening, for the aid of the Italian colony established on Telegraph Hill, by Miss Betty Ashe, will be held at the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on the evening of January 25th. Refreshments, consisting of beer and sandwiches, will be served at tables while the music is going on. The patronesses are: Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. McLaren, Miss Betty Ashe, Miss C. L. Griffith, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, and Miss Emily Carolan.

On Thursday evening, Elizabeth Davis and her brother, Master Eric Davis, pupils of Mme. Ellen Coursen-Roeckel, gave a birthday concert, their first operatic recital in costume, at Byron Mauzy's Hall. The two children gave, in fine manner, ambitious selections. Their programme including selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and other operas, as well as simple ballads.

The Chamber of Commerce has elected the following officers for the year: President, G. A. Newhall; vice-president, E. R. Dimond; second vice-president, C. H. Bentley; trustees, F. L. Brown, W. R. Wheeler, W. J. Dutton, J. B. Smith, J. A. Folger, H. Rosenfeld, W. L. Gerstle, J. Rolph, Jr., R. P. Jennings, T. Rickard, H. D. Loveland, and W. H. Marston.

Mr. N. H. Foster, manager's assistant at the general offices of the Southern Pacific Company, will soon leave his position to become purchasing agent of the San Diego, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake road. He will make the change about January 20th. Mr. Foster has been with the Southern Pacific for twenty-four years.

*L'Italia*, the local Italian daily newspaper, issued a ninety-six-page New Year's edition, gotten up in magazine form. Among the numerous special articles is a guide to Italians coming to this country, and a directory of the Italian business people of this city. It is handsomely printed.

Mr. George Hall, Turkish consul in this city, has been notified of his appointment as secretary-general of the Ottoman Commission to the St. Louis Exposition. During the exposition, Mr. Hall will spend the greater part of his time in St. Louis.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

## An Open Shop.

All fair-minded people should patronize Johnson's Open-Shop Restaurant (boycotted), 725 Market St.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRTS—waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

## Tourist Policies

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes wherever it may be in any part of the world.

Applications can be obtained at the office, or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

## Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd

C. F. MULLINS, Manager,

416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Fr.The Innovations at the  
Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco

For those who appreciate comfort  
and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each  
way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,  
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.







# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1402.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 25, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Special Eastern Representative—E. Katz Advertising Agency, 230-234 Temple Court, New York City, and 317-318 U. S. Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Brecon Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Vociferous Boom of Editor Hearst—How His Enemies Have Done Him a Service—His Press-Bureaus and Political Drummers—Panic of Conservative Democrats—Will Bryan Throw His Strength to the Editor?—Murphy's Strategic Position—What Will He Do?—The Psychology of Advertising—Striking Figures on the Growth of the Business—El Camino Real—Why Not Have Convicts Build It?—The Health Board and the Mayor—Interesting Situation at the City Hall—Washing Away the Sins of Scabs—Merely a Pause in Trust Prosecutions—MacArthur on the Future of War.....	49-51
THE "S-BAR" SIX-IN-HAND: How It Figured in a Hold-Up and a Wedding. By Bailey Millard.....	52
THE NIECE OF NAPOLEON: Death of Princess Mathilde—Was Daughter of Napoleon Bonaparte's Brother—Her Marriage to Prince Demidoff—Established Great Salon—Leading Event of Her Life. By "St. Martin".....	53
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	53
"PARSIFAL": Miss Bonner's Criticism of the Opera—A Silent, Quietly Dressed Crowd—The Wonderful Grail Scene—An Adequate Leading Man.....	54
OLD FAVORITES: "God," by Gabriel Romanowitch Derzhavin.....	54
THE KAISER'S PRIVATE LIFE: Secret Memoirs of the Berlin Court—Is the Kaiser a Madman?—The Story of His Withered Arm—An Unflattering View of the Empress.....	55
BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST: Governor Pardee, Messrs. Lummis, Keller, Gayley, Delmas, and Others Name the Books, Read in 1903, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.....	56
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	56-57
DRAMA: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" at the Tivoli—"The Beauty Shop" at Fischer's. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	58
STAGE GOSSIP.....	59
VANITY FAIR: Silent Married People—Husbands and Wives Who Never Address Each Other—The Reasons and the Results—Safety-Pins and Pocket Holes—The Correspondents War Over Women's Dress—Pins Instead of Buttons—Rachels' Protest—Some Defend the Ladies—Others Glorify the Safety-Pin—Beauty of Indian Girls—A Sculptor's Opinion—Easy Carriage, Stately Dignity—Major McCawley's Social Berth—Major-Domos at the White House—President Roosevelt's Entertainment Staff.....	60
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Morgan's Canal—Choate and the Bishop—Not Carnegie's Spelling—A Satirical Couplet—Keene and the Inventor—One Alibi of Many—Chamberlain's Umbrella Story—Major McClellan and the Office-Seeker—Exempt from Civil Service—Senator Sullivan's Toast—Admired Fritz Scheff's Voice—The Actor's Laundry—An Essay on the Horse—No Subordinate Wanted.....	61
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Too Late"; "The Modern School of Alliteration"; by Gelett Burgess; "The Fall"; "Be Careful What You Throw Away"; by Wallace Irwin.....	61
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	62-63
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	64

Up to Wednesday, January 12th, the great newspapers of the United States, almost without exception, maintained a profound silence regarding the Presidential boom of William Randolph Hearst. On Thursday morning, January 13th, every one of these newspapers contained a dispatch from its Washington correspondent declaring that the Democratic National Committee, fearful that the Chicago partisans of Hearst, aided by

his newspapers, would stampede the convention, if held there, selected St. Louis as a meeting-place, against their personal preference and desire. It was the most startling piece of news of the political year. What a tribute to Hearst's strength! What an admission of conservative weakness! Henceforth not a newspaper that pretends to print the news can ignore him. The long conspiracy of silence is at end. Hearst's bitterest enemies have done him a most magnificent service by presenting him to the country as a serious candidate.

It was not precisely a wraith that, according to the reports, frightened the Democratic National Committee into a state of hysterical alarm. When the members reached Washington they found the headquarters swarming with Hearst men. They came from all parts of the country. Many were influential campaigners for Bryan in 1896 and 1900. Some held influential office in labor parties, some in anti-trust organizations. And when the committeemen came to compare notes they found that Hearst workers were active in every State, in every section of the country. No wonder they were alarmed.

The rise of Hearst politically is certainly one of the most interesting phenomena of the times—one that Republicans may look upon with equanimity and, with cool, scientific impartiality, study. It has been a triumph of advertising. The methods followed in his three great papers, in three great cities, are familiar. But they are only one factor in the great Hearst advertising campaign. For like any other merchandiser he "bought space" in thousands of country papers. He "bought space" also in larger journals. He is said to have a regular advertising contract with a prominent Eastern newspaper, though his "ad" goes as "pure reading matter." Furthermore, Hearst has a salaried corps of political drummers, four hundred strong, "on the road." They have organized Hearst clubs in innumerable towns. Delegates are already pledged to him. Democratic patriots, short on money, but long on political strength, have been "helped" by Hearst. (One Democratic senator, quoted by Walter Wellman, says: "Hearst is seeking the Presidency with cheek and a check-book.") In Washington, the Hearst publicity bureau is said to be in charge of a newspaper man who is also the confidential secretary of John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader in the House. While other politicians are napping, Hearst's own newspapers, those he subsidizes, his army of workers, have been awake and at work, creating a sentiment that his enemies by their acts acknowledge is formidable.

Mr. Hearst has already been nominated for President—by an anti-trust mass-meeting held in New York, August 13, 1903. Many labor unions have also indorsed him. The Virginia Federation of Labor, representing forty thousand votes, declared for him at its State convention in Richmond. The Building Trades Council of America, in session in Denver, took similar action. The Nevada legislature thanked him for forcing Congress to place coal on the free list. "Every socialist, every radical, every labor agitator," says one correspondent, "is fighting for Hearst tooth and nail with the conviction that if victory is not secured now, the conservatives will control the Democratic party for years to come."

With the lean and hungry Democrats, who have been out of office now for nearly a decade, it counts much that Mr. Hearst is a "good spender." It is said that in the last two national campaigns he contributed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the national Democratic campaign fund. And what is more, it is stated, on unusually good authority, that this young plunger in politics now stands ready to contribute two

millions of dollars to the fund this year—if he is nominated.

At such a critical moment as this in the struggle for supremacy between radical, socialistic Democracy, represented by Mr. Hearst, and conservative, individualistic Democracy, represented by Gray and Olney, Gorman and Parker and Mr. Cleveland, the course of action of two men is suddenly seen to be endowed with large importance. These two are William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, and Charles Murphy, of New York.

Bryan is not a candidate. But he still has strength. Some say he can control nearly one-third of the delegates to a national convention. Mr. Hearst supported Bryan valiantly in 1896. He fought hard for the same cause and candidate in 1900. Mr. Bryan hates Cleveland and Gorman. He is not friendly to Parker. To whom, then, will he throw his strength? Gratitude and interest would seem to combine in influencing the Commoner to support Mr. Hearst, if Mr. Hearst comes to the convention with strength of his own. And, besides, there is a rumor in Washington that Mr. Bryan is ambitious to be Secretary of State under the next Democratic administration, and has an understanding with Mr. Hearst. Altogether, the situation is such that the conservatives are watching Mr. Bryan's words with painful anxiety.

Charles Murphy, the other Democratic leader in whose hands lies power only less than in Bryan's, will (according to a dispatch in the *Call* of Monday, on the authority of a Democrat high in Tammany councils) support George B. McClellan, mayor of New York, for President. Murphy is the Tammany boss under whom Fusion met overwhelming defeat in the recent election. His generalship was masterly. It is generally believed in New York that he is the real power in city politics—and McClellan only a figurehead. Indeed, it is said that Murphy is stronger than Hill in the State, and can dictate who shall be New York's "favorite son." And as New York's favorite son is quite likely to be the national Democracy's choice, his power is manifestly great. Both he and McClellan are under great obligations to Hearst. The Hearst papers were the only ones of note to support Tammany in the late contest. To them was due the victory, and, therefore, if the present rumored support of McClellan proves to be merely "complimentary," then it is indeed a question whether Hearst or some conservative, like Cleveland or Parker, would be Murphy's choice.

Altogether, the situation to Republicans is interesting—and gratifying. Senator Platt seems to have spoken with true prophetic voice when he said, some weeks ago, that the radical and conservative elements in the Democratic party were fixed and irreconcilable. True, it is yet six months before the convention meets, and many things may happen. But, as the *Oregonian* astutely remarks, if young Mr. Bryan stamped a convention by a single phrase, young Mr. Hearst should have no trouble in turning the same trick by means of hourly extra editions, copiously illustrated, emphasized with wood type, and emblazoned by the use of red ink. "They who could not resist the cross of gold and crown of thorns—how should they withstand red ink and poster type four inches tall?" says the *Oregonian*.

The person who stares at an advertising card in a street-car, or glances at a three-sheet poster depicting and describing the virtues of a food, is in the presence of a work of art, little as he may suspect it. And as every art has a handmaiden, science, it is quite proper and very instructive that Mr. Walter Dill Scott, professor of psychology in Northwestern U



should write an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* whose published devotion is to literature, science, art, and politics in their cultured refinements. Mr. Scott deals in some most interesting figures, in some simple theories, and lastly in several most illuminating examples of the applied art and science of advertising. His article is entertaining in a large degree to those who buy or refrain from buying, according to the advertisement, and holds many a solemn truth for the man who would attract purchasers for his wares.

It will astonish most people to learn that the first advertisement printed in English appeared in March, 1648, and the first in an American magazine was in *Harper's*, in 1864; that in this latter periodical more space has been devoted to advertising during the past year than the sum total of space for the twenty-four years from 1864 to 1887, inclusive. Indeed, Mr. Scott puts the real beginning of advertising, as known today, in 1887. From his figures it is observed that *Harper's Magazine* in October, 1886, printed but twenty pages of advertisements, while in October, 1903, the same publication had one hundred and forty-one pages.

This increase in the number of advertisements printed in one magazine has been equaled, if not surpassed, by the increase in the number of periodicals. To illustrate: In 1850, each individual in the United States received, on an average, eighteen copies from one or more periodicals; in 1900, the individual received one hundred and seven. This increase is largely due to the smaller subscription prices made possible by money gained from advertisers. The total income last year from the first source Mr. Scott places at less than the amount paid for advertisements. Some of the prices paid are very significant. A full page in *Century* is quoted at two hundred and fifty dollars, and one in the *Ladies' Home Journal* at four thousand dollars an issue on a three years' contract. Mr. Scott does not state, but his figures show, that the advertiser appeals most confidently to women.

With an annual expenditure of six hundred million dollars in printed advertising, of which three-fourths, it is estimated, is not skillfully written and printed, why is it that no business man dares stand by and allow his competitors to do the advertising? It is a question of psychology, survival of the fittest, science—in a word, theory, not chance, determines a victorious campaign. This theory Mr. Scott states as follows: "A person can be appealed to most easily and most effectively through his dominating imagery. Thus one who has visual images that are very clear and distinct appreciates descriptions of scenes. The one who has strong auditory imagery delights in having auditory images awakened. It is in general best to awaken as many different classes of images as possible, for in this way variety is given, and each reader is appealed to in the sort of imagery which is the most pleasing to him, in which he thinks most readily, and by means of which he is most easily influenced."

The professor goes on to remark that "one of the great weaknesses of the present-day advertising is found in the fact that the writer of the advertisement fails to appeal thus indirectly to the senses. How many advertisers can describe a piano so vividly that the reader can hear it? How many food products are so described that the reader can taste the food?" With some acerbity Mr. Scott says in passing that it is remarkable how many foods are advertised as if they had no taste at all. "One would suppose that the food was to be taken by means of a hypodermic injection."

About the only Republican-Rooseveltian newspaper that seems to be really "worried" by the present condition of the so-called Hanna boom, is the *New York Press*. The rest of them appear confidently to believe that the political pot is quietly simmering, not turbulently boiling over, and that, accidents aside, Roosevelt will be unanimously nominated for President on the first ballot, and Hanna will never even announce himself as a candidate. But the *Press* is perturbed. It declares that a fund of \$10,000,000 has been raised by Wall Street; that Hanna's delay of a month in sending out the call for the convention was in order that this fund might be "placed"; and now that it has been nicely placed where it will do the most good "Hanna delegates will spring up all over the country." Truly, it is a dark, desperate plot! Outside of this, however, nothing very startling appears in the Hanna-Roosevelt news of the week. Vague are the rumors from Ohio and New York that these States will send uninstructed delegations to the national convention. Vague still is the hint that Illinois will take the same course. The only really tangible thing is the interview with Governor Durbin, printed in the *New York Sun*, in which the governor states that he told the President that he "thought Indiana would be for Mark Hanna were a candidate, but I assured him

that there is absolutely no effort being made to organize the State against himself." In Missouri, a little bout between Roosevelt and anti-Roosevelt men has turned out favorably to the former, and the Nebraska State Central Committee, on Wednesday, passed resolutions indorsing the President. Furthermore, the National Live Stock Convention, in session at Portland last week, indorsed him, according to the dispatches, "with a roar of 'ayes' and a burst of deafening applause." That certainly ought to warm the cockles of any Presidential heart.

Every now and again a matter of antiquity and sentiment becomes modern and imperative. For more years than any member of any woman's club will own to, *El Comino Real* has held a place of romance in California history. Now it seems on the point of being reduced from italic rank to the daily roman of busy life as the King's Highway. In fine, the trail worn by the feet of padre and proselyte in their course from mission to mission may, the *Argonaut* hopes will, soon become a pleasant good road for automobile, coach, and farm-wagon, its mingled current bearing possibly less fantastic, but certainly as noble, evidence of California progress.

Biblical writers do not allow that the first man was born of woman, but every respectable creature since owes filial allegiance to one or several of the fair sex. This movement to rehabilitate *El Camino Real*, a pious work worthy of womanly devotion, owes its inception, as now organized, to Miss Tessa L. Kelso, former city librarian of Los Angeles, and Miss Anna B. Picher. The direct outcome of their efforts was the Landmarks Club, and, following the industry of this, the recent association of chambers of commerce, automobilists, women's clubs, historical societies, and good-roads organizations to complete plans for the restoration of the old highway from this city to San Diego.

The most practical end is in view: a first-class and permanent road, offering at once scenery for the tourist and a highway for the farmer. The scenic object, which takes primary place because of the romantic beginning of the project, is amply attained by connecting all the missions; the second will achieve itself without need of a guide, for your true farmer invented that ancient adage, the longest way round is the shortest way home; and no one need doubt that, as a mere practical measure, *El Camino Real* would pay in the same fashion as a street improvement in the city.

But as no one (legally, at least) can draw interest on another's money, not even planners of *El Comino Real*, the question of getting this great highway built comes down to a simple question of labor and wages therefor. In ancient days, the King's Highway was constructed by slaves. Indeed, had not the despots and republics of old known that prisoners unemployed were an economic detriment as well as burdens to themselves, few of the great roads of the world would ever have been built. The *Argonaut* takes it that the suggestions of history might be followed out in detail, and the unprofitable convict given healthy exercise to the beautifying of California, the delectation of tourists, and the physical welfare of those over-fed, under-worked rascals who, because they infringed the laws of society, have been condemned to congenial idleness when they might at least fulfill their office as producers of wealth.

The rites of the labor unions in Calaveras County seem, in large degree, to approach the austerity of the Puritan zealots in their dealings with malignants. In the suit of the Royal Consolidated Mines Company, Limited, to enjoin strikers from interfering with the company's employees or business, it came out in evidence that teamster Charles Wilson was baptized in a pond. This cleansing ceremony, Mr. Wilson says, was involuntary, illegal, and of no binding significance. He avers that twenty-five strikers, led by one euphoniously named Ben Box, did maliciously, profanely, and violently march him away from his work, down a railway track, and thence to the detergent pond. Into this, he affirms, he was cast, hurled, and flung, and when he tried to crawl out on the other side, he was told on pain of death to stick his head under water. He admits that he did so submerge himself to save his life, and adds that, when he finally emerged, he was warned to leave the camp. The defendants admit the submersion, but state that it was voluntary on Teamster Wilson's part, and was done as an act of repentance for the sins of scabbing, as an evidence of saving faith and to purge away the uncleanness of his antagonism to the only true union principles. They recite with pious unction his conversion, they point with fervor to the efficacy of their propaganda, and deplore with the phrasology of resignation his recalcitrancy

to the faith he had so accepted with such devotion. The life of the unregenerate in Calaveras County would seem to be hard.

Among the important actions taken by the California Federation of Labor convention at Fresno was the passage of a resolution favoring extension of the Chinese exclusion law to cover Japanese. The main points in the argumentative resolutions passed were: that, in Hawaii, Japanese numbering 70,000, Chinese numbering 25,700, and many Coreans, are fast crowding out white persons, of whom only 65,000 remain; that the Japanese use Hawaii as a stepping-stone to the United States; that the Japanese increased in number between 1890 and 1900 from 2,039 to 24,326, of which 22,001 were in California; that they have increased in number still more rapidly since 1900; and that their "disastrous competition has inflicted great injury to the American workers." Legislation is asked from Congress, and doubtless it is only a question of time when it will be obtained. Meanwhile, a great Montana mind whose owner represents that turbulent State in Congress, has evolved a scheme to keep Chinamen from coming over the border from Canada. On p. 227 of the *Congressional Record* we find it recorded that Mr. Dixon introduced "a joint resolution (H. J. Res. 68) to direct the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to inquire into the cost and feasibility of constructing a wire fence along the Canadian boundary between the Lake of the Woods and Point Roberts." From other unofficial, but credible, sources we learn that it is Mr. Dixon's plan to keep the fence "full of electricity." When a Chinaman strikes it, he will recoil with a wild yell. Also, a bell in the revenue officials' office at the end of the fence will go ting-a-ling. The revenue men will leap upon their snow-shoes and pursue the scared and shocked Celestial or whatever "cuts in on the line." As Mr. Dooley would say, it is a great scheme. And as most Chinese who buck the borderline are headed for Dupont Street, San Francisco, Californians will enthusiastically unite in saying, More power to the elbow of Congressman Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana.

At the annual "Ladies' Night" dinner of the Unitarian Club in this city, Major-General MacArthur, in an address on "The Future of War," took occasion to dispute the statements that arbitration has made war unnecessary. Other speakers before him had advocated arbitration in all cases, the Rev. Jay William Hudson calling war "the most dreaded enemy of liberty," and Mayor Olney, of Oakland, asserting that it was unnecessary for this country to have poured out money and blood and involved itself in turmoil merely because of a sentiment that its honor was affected. Following Brigadier-General Woodruff in defense of war, General MacArthur denied that Sherman had ever uttered the famous epigram, "War is hell," and said the spirit of it was false. "It is a generalization reached entirely by the tender heart and vivid imagination of men who, surrounded by scenes of physical suffering, recoil instinctively from all forms of pain, and so declare that war is a menace to mankind," declared the general. "It is an epigram calculated to becloud and befog the public mind." As to the future of war, the speaker thought it a question of human evolution; also a question of economic equilibrium. "A complete economical unity can not be established until a practical economical equilibrium is applied to the problems of every day life. It is ignorance of the laws of economic equilibrium that causes war to-day. These matters are not in the scope of arbitration. You might as well try to arbitrate the parallelogram of forces. War is the implement placed in the hands of man to further civilization. It will continue indefinitely," asserted the general, "as the means by which nations and men will carry forward their higher ideas."

We believe that it was the venerable Marquis Ito, of Japan, who once criticised American statesmen because they looked only a few years ahead when considering any policy. "Our people," said he, "ask themselves regarding all great questions, What will be the effect fifty or a hundred years hence?" Perhaps in general the criticism is just; but the Oriental statesman would have found men after his own heart in Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and a few other Southern senators who supported McKinley's Philippine policy if the recently published statement of their views is true. For it now appears that their real but unavowed reason for favoring the acquisition of the Philippines was to increase the territory of mixed races in order to spread, in the North, Southern views regarding "white su-



periority and necessary white supremacy." The white population of the Philippines and Porto Rico already look upon the natives of those islands in the same way as Southerners do upon negroes. The Booker Washington incident is said to be "as unanimously condemned by the white population of Manila as it is by the white population of Atlanta." Northern men, after a residence in our insular possessions, return to infect their associates with their prejudices. Thus the leaven spreads through the nation, and the hands of the South, in the struggle for dominance in the affairs of the country, are strengthened. Such a result Southerners profess to see in the adoption by a middle State like Maryland of laws designed to bar the black voters from the polls.

To be one of the few hundred delegates who will nominate the Republican candidate for President at Chicago is held to be no small honor, and already candidates for the post are being "mentioned." California, of course, has twenty delegates, sixteen of whom, two in each congressional district, will be chosen by conventions, delegates to which will be elected at primaries called for the purpose. The other four are delegates-at-large, chosen by a State convention, and over these positions there promises to be lively contests. M. H. de Young and John D. Spreckels are both said to be aspirants. George A. Knight was a delegate four years ago, made a hit with a speech, and would like to go again. Governor Pardee is said to desire the honor, and there are others, including M. A. Gunst. As for the southern part of the State, which will probably have one, if not two, of the delegates-at-large, ex-Governor Gage, General Otis, and Ulysses S. Grant are among those mentioned. Here in the city it is said that Ruef will make a fight at the primaries, and hopes to win with the help of the labor vote. The contest will certainly afford an interesting test of Ruef's strength in a straight out and out fight. And apropos of this, the rumor is about town that M. H. de Young is going to be Roosevelt's campaign manager in this State during the next campaign. Certainly the *Chronicle* has of late been more vigorously supporting the President than has heretofore been its wont.

The excitement displayed by the daily newspapers over a murder on the slope of Russian Hill, might delude a stranger into the fancy that homicide in San Francisco was so rare as to be delightfully thrilling. As a matter of fact, the untimely taking off of a man by a petulant companion is so common as not to excite remark, unless there is a sound, or, at least, plausible, motive to make it interesting. How careless men with guns have grown to be is shown by the comparison of the numbers of violently deceased by bullet wounds here with the statistics of London, for example. The metropolitan police district of London has a population of 6,500,000, and in 1902, in this enormous multitude, only twenty murders were committed. In this city, in the fiscal year 1902-1903, there were recorded twenty-seven murders, four justifiable homicides, and six cases of manslaughter. Assuming a population centring here of say, 500,000, and it will be observed that, while London has one murder to each 325,000 people, San Francisco has seventeen. There were actually seven more murders in the City and County of San Francisco than in all immense and dense London. And when it comes to punishing the offenders, our seat is of a backwardness most dismal. Of the twenty murderers in London, four committed suicide, thirteen were tried by the courts within the same year, nine being hanged, and four adjudged insane. The other three were discovered and arrested by the police. In the year ending June 30, 1903, there were, out of all the murderers indicted, but thirteen convicted, eight as charged and five of lesser offenses. With a record of forty-three homicides and one hundred and eighty-three suicides here in one year, there would seem to be room for progress. Possibly, some of these unfortunates might be persuaded to stay a little longer if justice were hastened.

The San Francisco press is in its chronic condition of being at odds with the board of health. The present board consists, for the first time, entirely of Mayor Schmitz's appointees. The physicians composing it doubtless entered upon the duties of their office with the expectation of receiving the coöperation of the public, following, as they did, upon the administration of Michael Casey, the retiring president of the board of health, *ex officio* member of that body as president of the board of public works. An ex-teamster exercising the important function of president of the department of public health would be a farcical situation

enough, if it had not its serious side. Mr. Casey's main idea of the duties of the office appears to have been to increase the expenditure by stuffing the pay-roll. The fitness of employees for the duties assigned them was altogether outside of the question.

Previous to Mr. Casey's administration, the so-called "bubonic board" held sway, a body which did much to dim San Francisco's fair fame. So much has been written concerning its actions that nothing further need be said. The bubonic board, both during its earlier term of service and under the presidency of the ex-teamster, went on their way unmolested until their terms expired. So much can not be said for the present board. They began with sweeping measures. The pay-roll was cut down; certain offices were abolished; most of the employees, many of them brethren of the hoe and spade, were dismissed, and new men were appointed. In some cases, a physician's diploma was made a requisite qualification for office.

The new broom, however, was plied too vigorously. By the removal of four inspectors, the rules of civil service were transgressed. The mistake was soon remedied, and the former inspectors reinstated. But the hue and cry had already been raised. San Francisco, which had formerly indulged in genial laughter over the opera-bouffe spectacle of an ex-teamster as its presiding health official, became suddenly grave. An investigating committee was organized, threats of impeaching the mayor were hinted at, and the new board of health was impaled on the point of the reportorial pen.

In the course pursued and in the attitude of the press, there seems to be more haste than wisdom. The four physicians comprising the board of health are men of good reputation. Dr. Ward, their president, is one of San Francisco's most eminent physicians, a man of more than local name. The community will do well to put trust in such men. There is urgent need for reform in the department of public health. The City and County Hospital alone, to cite a single instance, is a smirch on the city's good name, an ill-smelling spot, foul and rank. Given time to act, the new board may effect improvement here and in other quarters. When men of good name and honorable reputation accept public office with no end to serve but the welfare of the city, it is not an edifying sight, nor conducive to a civic spirit, to see the daily press yapping at their heels like so many yelping curs.

It is reported from Washington that, in accordance with the wishes and advice of many of his most zealous counselors, the President will not urge further prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law. The report has it that this judicial inertness will only last until after election, the reason for it being an unwillingness to antagonize the larger commercial and financial interests at this juncture. It is expressly stated, however, and on good authority, that there has been, and will be, no relaxation of efforts to gather evidence against offenders, and no dulling of the vigilant eye of Judge Day, who is charged with the preparation of all cases under the Sherman act. It is considered beyond doubt that, while this cessation is due to a desire to strengthen the hands of the administration, President Roosevelt has reserved the privilege of instituting further suits where the evidence plainly requires it. In the meantime, the prosecution can get up to date with its work in anticipation of renewed activity after the campaign is over. At present, the operations of a half-dozen big corporations are said to be undergoing investigation, with a view to future and energetic action. However this may be, the public is assured that the anti-trust machinery has not been stopped, though little of its work will be seen.

With the object of making San Francisco more beautiful, representative men have organized, and are considering plans whose execution will end, it is proposed, in 1913, in an exposition of magnificence commensurate with the importance and situation of the city. These plans include a consistent improvement of the streets, the construction of wide boulevards running directly from Market Street, the Mission, and Van Ness Avenue to Golden Gate Park, and a drive around the bay shore. Other municipal improvements that will be favored and carried out in time, it is hoped, will be a suitable reclamation of Telegraph Hill, the erection of a slightly auditorium for general meetings and conventions, complete police and fire protection for the suburbs, and the demolition of the unsightly shacks that disgrace some of the most naturally lovely parts of the city.

The executive committee of "The Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco," consists of Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. W. G. Irwin,

Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Allan Pollok, Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, and Mr. Herbert E. Law. These gentlemen have already received many suggestions as to the details of their work. The most important, and one widely favored, is for a "Pacific Ocean Exposition" in 1913, to be the climax and crown of the regeneration of San Francisco. It is pointed out that, by that time, with the expenditure of \$10,000,000, this city could be made so attractive as to be without a rival.

The immediate desire of the association is to get the advice of skilled architects and artists as to a scheme which would insure harmony in all the various details of improvement. To this end, it is proposed to subscribe a sum sufficient to provide for a careful and broad investigation of European cities with respect to features that would be valuable if developed here. It is thought that within a year this preliminary work could be completed, giving the association data on which to base their own calculations. In the meanwhile, it is urged that a special exhibit be made in St. Louis, advertising fully the resources and beauties of San Francisco, and its climate. With all the commercial bodies behind them, the lovers of the artistic have taken fresh courage, and look forward to a triumph within a few years, when within the Golden Gate the traveler will descry with admiration and delight a place of unparalleled and unforgettable loveliness.

Professor Gayley, of the University of California, has roused radical adherents of the policy of co-education by barring all women from his second semester course in "Great Books." This action has been termed a "Blow at Co-Education and a Step Toward Segregating the Sexes." Mr. Gayley denies the imputation, and says that it was a simple measure of protection for the men, who have been crowded out of this course by the multitudes of women desirous of listening to the English professor's words of wisdom. He states that the *co* in co-education is an illusion when a man can not squeeze inside a class room door because of congested femininity, and boldly assumes that masculine intellects are equally as worthy, and in need of training, as those of the fair sex.

Mr. Gayley's purpose is to alternate his classes—one semester for women only, another for men only. It may be deduced that the professor does not think co-education requires association of the sexes. The much-vaunted theory that the feminine cheek by the masculine jowl induces a certain polish, ease of manner, quickness of mind, and moral stability, does not enter into his calculations. That this innovation will be popular with the men, is asserted by students whose voice has been heard, and certain of the "co-eds" have published the fact that the sisters can not only dispense with the presence of the brothers, but will rejoice in an opportunity to drink at the fountain of learning without having to share its pellucid waters with thirsty males.

The continent of Australia presents the strange spectacle of a country whose nearest neighbors are in race Malay, Mongolian, and Polynesian; in religion Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Confucian, and yet which proposes to erect on its soil a civilization purely Aryan and Christian. "A white Australia!" is the cry. Answering the arguments of those who would develop the country's resources with cheap yellow labor, Australian statesmen reply that it is "better to leave our resources undeveloped than develop them by colored labor." The method of exclusion employed in Australia is an educational test. It works magnificently. According to a recent statement, not one European has been kept out, and only ten out of two thousand five hundred and seventy-one others have got in. And now from her rich experience, the island commonwealth sends warning to her sister colony in South Africa that peril lies in the proposed importation of Chinese labor. According to the dispatch from Melbourne, a few days ago, Premier Deakin said in his message that the "prohibition of Chinese labor is imperative in British communities expecting to enjoy responsible self-government." He foresaw "great perils—racial, social, political, and sanitary"—in the proposed action. It now remains to be seen if the greedy owners of diamond mines, who are the prime movers in the campaign for yellow labor on the Rand, will heed the premier's wise word of warning.

The Russian Government has refused to sell to the Rothschilds some petroleum fields in the Caucasus, the Russian laws forbidding the holding of property by Jews. It was held that as a firm the Rothschilds were neither Jew nor Gentile, but impersonal, but the Czar's government held otherwise.

THE MEN WHO  
WILL NOMINATE  
ROOSEVELT.

MURDERS IN  
LONDON AND  
SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR A  
"BEAUTIFUL SAN  
FRANCISCO."

THE NEW  
BOARD OF  
HEALTH.



## THE "S-BAR" SIX-IN-HAND.

How It Figured in a Hold-Up and a Wedding.

An oriole sat in the top of a spindling bull-pine and sang his heart out to the light June breeze; but to Larkin, walking doggedly down the King's River trail, the song, if it meant anything, meant an added irritation.

"March, April, May, and over half of June," he fretted to the river that boomed and bawled away below him. "Nearly four months' work gone to hell in a turn of your wrist! All the field notes, the contour map of the flooded area of the dam, the free-hand drawings of the reservoir basin, all the details of the cross-section, a three-hundred-dollar transit, a hundred-and-fifty-dollar level, a two-hundred-dollar plane table, the work of five men, and God knows what beside—three thousand dollars at the very least—chucked into the river like an old sack. And I can't do it over again—I simply can't."

The mule had gone over the bank in a shaley place, and had made a clean drop of nearly a thousand feet into the river. Larkin had counted on his sure-footedness. He was the best animal in the outfit. That was the reason why he had been entrusted with the precious load. Judd, Schafer, and the rest of the men had left him and gone over the ridge early in the morning. They had gone singing and yelling, glad to be free after the long, heavy, hot work in the cañon. They had left him behind to pack his delicate instruments carefully upon the back of the mule—a task he would have trusted to no man on earth. He was to have followed over the ridge, down to Presley's Flat, and on to the railroad. But now he was striding along a side trail that led another way. There was a black set of certitude about his mouth when he took that trail. It led to Squaw Valley, the nearest place where there was "something to drink."

The young surveyor knew what going to Squaw Valley meant. It would be a week of oblivion, so far as the things that now depressed and nearly crazed him were concerned. He knew that at Squaw Valley he would get stupidly, suddenly, blindly drunk—one of those old heavy states of doubtful delight into which he had not plunged for over a year, and from which he had confidently counted himself free for the rest of his life. He remembered the last time he had emerged from one of those states, and he had recalled most vividly the words of Muriel Coe, spoken in that sharp, little staccato which characterized that young woman's most determined delivery: "Gray Larkin, I'll never speak to you again until you stop drinking for good. If you can show at the end of a year that you are free from that vile habit, I shall be ready to marry you, as I promised, but—oh, Gray, oh, Gray!" and she ran away, sobbing.

He had secured the contract for the survey of the dam site for the electrical power company, and, after much delay, during which the whole scheme had seemed very dubious at times, had gone to work with his men. Muriel's year was up on the third of June, but he could not get away for two weeks more. He had written to her on the third that he would be in Fresno on the twentieth, his contract filled, and the five-thousand-dollar check in his pocket. But now nearly everything he had in the world, except Muriel, had seen fit to leave him alone on the brink of a thousand-foot cliff, and go dashing down a mad cañon. It was too much for mortal man to bear. Nothing but drink could drown the memory of that. The sooner the better, too. As for Muriel, she need never know. She was a woman. She could not understand. She would have sat down and cried. But he could not cry. All he could do was to—

Here the trail dipped into the stage road, and down there, right at the watering-place, stood the stage itself. The trail to Squaw Valley led across the road and down the gulch, but by taking the stage and going with it up the ridge and down on the other side, he would reach the place almost as soon, though by a longer route. He was hot and tired, and the outside seat looked inviting. So he climbed up to the side of the driver—stout, red-faced Jim Aiken—who was listlessly watching his horses drink the gulch water. Gray Larkin knew Jim, and knew that he was proud of his team, six rather rough-looking mustangs from the famous Snowden ranch, and each with a great, ugly "S-bar" brand on his right flank. Jim was generally talkative enough, but now he said little, giving Gray a stupid, noncommittal greeting, and looking dully at him through bleared eyes. The team swished out of the water and up the rutty road, the driver swaying in his seat and looking as though a fall into the dust would be an easy matter. But Gray was not thinking of him. He was thinking of his desperate luck and what it meant to him. A rude wind blew down the gulch, and Gray's eye took in a hawk that was breasting the breeze bravely. The soaring bird sent his thoughts to Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra," in which he had used to have faith. The strongest compulsion ran in his head:

"Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough."

"Oh, what philosophy!" he thought. "A beaten man is to shake hands with his bad luck, eh? What a lot of clotted rot!"

Jim's whip fell from his hand, and he clapped on the brake awkwardly, nearly tumbling into the road.

"As I'll get it for you—you poor, drunken fool!"

said Gray. He got down lightly over the wheel, and going back, picked up the whip and gave it a savage crack. As he passed the coach he glanced in curiously at the passengers. They were all mill hands, going to work in the lumber camps—all except two, who sat on the back seat, and were pronouncedly feminine as to dress, though not distinctive as to looks, because of their flimsy face covering.

"Two trim pieces of calico," was Gray's comment; "but what do they want to wear veils for in all this dust and heat? Should think they'd stifle."

He found Jim leaning back in his seat with a world of weariness in his face, his eyes half closed, and his hands so relaxed that the lines were like to fall from them.

"You c'n drive six, can't yeh?" asked Jim, drowsily. "Awful tired t'-day. Been workin' ev' y day—s'een hours a day." He handed the reins to Gray, who took them, gingerly, and with a cumbered sense of their complete sufficiency as a test for his driving powers. He had driven four-in-hand, and thought he might manage the six—the leaders were wonderfully knowing brutes. He "got the hang of it" in a few minutes, and was soon cracking the whip right merrily and studying the intricacies of the brake. Relieved of his responsibility, Jim leaned back still further, and in sidling places, when he was not threatening to fall off the box, he was leaning affectionately upon the strained and fully occupied driver. The disgust of Larkin because of this involuntary attention found vent in little groans and shoves of the shoulder. The man's breath was something worse than the fumes of Gehenna. It was simply intolerable.

At the top of the ridge, where Gray could look down into Squaw Valley, and almost see the low roof of Old Craig's groggery, a vision of the bar-room, with its blanket-covered poker tables, the old frayed billiard table, and the graphophone, squawking forth "Just One Girl," came to him, but somehow it was not as welcome as it was before the past hour in which he had been trying to escape from Jim's gin-soaked breath.

Scraggly pines fought for a footing among great blocks of granite at the top of the ridge. If Gray Larkin's eyes had been all for the horses he would not have seen the streak of shining steel that lay along the top of one of the rocks or the slouch hat behind it. But he saw, and in an instant smelled danger. He cracked his whip and the "S-bar" horses strained in their collars, the leaders dancing wildly.

"Shove up yer paws!"

The slouch hat came around from behind the rock, and there was a long, black mask hanging under it. The wind switched the mask and almost revealed the face beneath it. The stage-robber's hand was flung up to his chin to grasp and hold the mask, and in that instant appeared Gray Larkin's opportunity. There were not ten steps to the downward sweep of the Squaw Valley grade. His quick whip hissed and sang above the horses and scourged the flinching wheelers. The next whirl touched the ambling off-horse of the middle pair, and above the rattle of the wheels rose the voice of the devil-may-care driver, who had caught the names of the horses from the drunken Jim:

"Hey, hey, hey! Up there, Nell! Get up, Jack! Bil-l-l!"

A shot rang from the ready gun in the hands of the man with the black mask.

"Stop her! Stop her!" he demanded, peremptorily. "Pull her up or I'll shot yeh all to pieces!"

Gray's answer was a quick curse and a terrific explosion of his whip, which sent the leaders forward on the run. The coach swayed around a little turn, and then was off down the grade, without a scrape of the brake block or the tightening of one of the six long lines in Gray's steady hand.

Zwit! Zwit! sang two bullets, flying past Gray's head, one of them gazing his temple and sending a warm stream of blood down over his face. Screams rang from the back seat, and there were gruff protests from other parts of the coach.

"Hold up or he'll kill us all!" bawled one unnerved baritone.

"He aint shooting at you!" was Gray's rapid satire. But the next shot was very wild, and as they plunged down into the hollow among the rocks they were safe from further attack. Jim lurched against Gray, and came to his sense.

"Hold-up?" he asked, on the alert in an instant. "And you got away? Good fer you, Gray. He was after that eight thousand of the mill company's money in the box there. An' still a-runnin'? Gee, can't you throw snake."

"He isn't going to catch me by any short cut, if I know it," said Gray, with a tremendous whip-crack. They rushed on down the grade, the stage swinging and lurching at the turns, and all but toppling over one of them. Soon the Squaw Valley houses popped up from behind the trees, and there was Old Craig's crazy sign hanging across the crazy little sidewalk.

"We'll step in there an' take somethin' on this," said Jim, twirling his thumb toward Craig's; and there was a thirsty look in his eye.

"All right," said Gray. But the tone was not so responsive as the words. The man's breath seemed to foretell what his own would be before long. And yet "taking something" now would be the beginning of that week of happy oblivion to which he had been rushing so blindly. Happy? He looked at Jim, whose eyes

were shot with crimson threads, and whose hand shook like the needle in his lost transit. Still he slowed the horses and headed them straight for Craig's.

And then a voice—Muriel's beyond question—floated to him from somewhere out of the vortex of the memories he was trying his best to stifle, and made his puzzled will as shaky as Jim's nerveless hands. He started up in wonder, and for an instant a blur lay all over the shabby little town, upon which, however, the sun-glare was playing so strongly as to dispel all belief in the vision which he had thought at the first must surely accompany that voice. He glanced at the rakish, uncouth little band of idlers in front of Craig's, and they again took on their look of every-day reality. Then once more came the voice, clear in tone, but the words, whatever they were, or prayer or warning, were lost, for Jim's heavy, swill-fed breath was pursuing him with: "Craig keeps the best straight goods on the hull road. Gimme them lines, now. You're awful kind to take 'em back there. I dunno what made me so dopey. What I need is a little bracer."

But Gray did not give up the lines. He headed the leaders out and down the road, though they tried to swing in as was their wont—headed them straight out, and smote the middle team fiercely.

"What's up? Aint yeh goin' to stop here?" demanded Jim. "Lemme have them there lines."

"No sir-ee!" The whip snapped viciously over the wheelers. The stage was off in a cloud of dust, while the loungers at Craig's stood up and shouted after it, waving their hands.

"But we've got to stop there. It's as good as my contract's worth!" insisted Jim.

"Oh, hang your contract!" said Gray. "I'm more afraid of that place than I am of the stage-robber. You can go back later and pick up the mail if you want to. I'm going to Presley's Flat. Got important business there that can't wait."

The stage-driver tried to take the reins from his hands, but he clung on, and swung along with a free brake down the grade to Presley's in fifteen minutes after passing Squaw Valley. There he handed the lines to Jim, and said: "You'll excuse me, but I had to meet some friends here. Guess I got in ahead of them."

"That's all right, young feller," said the stage-driver, admiringly. "And when you want a job at handling stage-horses let me know. I'll recommend you. You're the best man at slingin' snake I ever see. But I don't know why you were so blamed anxious to git by Squaw Valley. We might a got a drink there—I'm all-fired thirsty—but there aint a drop o' bug jooce in this place. Presley's one o' them silly Prohibitionists!"

The passengers all got down from the coach before Gray stepped from the box. He was "a bit frayed around the edges," as he said, and didn't feel like meeting anybody. But he had to meet some one, for one of the veiled young women came forward before he stepped over the wheel and spoke concernedly to him in Muriel's voice: "Gray, get right down and let me see your face. What's the matter with it. It's all blood."

He had forgotten his scratch, but he wiped his face, mechanically now, while he stared at Muriel, and asked: "How did you ever get here? Were you inside all the time?"

"Yes; I came up with Kate Nicholls. She's going to teach the Squaw Valley school."

"And you thought you might run across me up here, too, didn't you, and go back to Fresno with me?" he asked, tenderly, putting his arm around her right before the whole crowd.

She smiled, and blushed a "yes." "But your face?" she asked, solicitously.

"Oh, it's nothing—just a graze. It doesn't hurt. But I must apologize to your friend for carrying her past her station."

"You—were you driving? Did you run away from the robber?" and she smiled upon him, proudly.

"Yes, I drove; and I've got such a lot to tell you. Come away from the rest and get the sad story of my bad luck."

They walked down the road a little way, and he told her of his loss and how it had so nearly undone him.

"And that was the reason why we were whisked past Squaw Valley," she said. "You were running away from the evil one as well as from the robber. Oh, I'm so proud of you! And you know it doesn't matter about your loss. We'll go down to Fresno right away, and—"

"Get married? Oh, Mu!" He kissed her, and then wiped a little streak of his blood off her face. "No, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. I can begin it all over again after we are married. You know I was cursing Browning and his philosophy an hour ago, and now I am his most ardent devotee. All this bad luck was 'material just meant to give my soul its bent.' But Mu, dearest, you haven't the nerve to marry me with only fifty-two dollars to my name?"

"I think I have," she said. "And you'll be rich when you fill that surveying contract."

But there were five hundred dollars to set up house-keeping with, the money coming from a source of which they had little dreamed—the coffers of the company which had been saved the loss of the express box by the reckless daring of Gray Larkin.

BAILEY MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1904.



## THE NIECE OF NAPOLEON.

Death of Princess Mathilde—Was Daughter of Napoleon Bonaparte's Brother—Her Marriage to Prince Demidoff—Established Great Salon—Leading Events of Her Life.

With the passing of Princess Mathilde, on January 2d, died the last hope of the Bonapartes for restored supremacy in France. It was, most probably, a small hope—and, to all concerned, except this wonderful daughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, it was but a wish, an iridescent dream. Prince Victor, to whom she looked for the revival of past glories, was sulky and slothful—content to live in luxury in Brussels. Yet, when Mathilde, despairing of him, plotted, in 1900, to make his brother Louis ruler of France, even carrying her plans so far toward consummation as to engage Louis to Juno, the Grand Duchess Helene, and have him promoted by the Czar, over the heads of eighty colonels, to a major-generalcy in the Russian army, Victor, jealous and vindictive, defeated her schemes. She may have had hopes during the last two years of her life. It is likely that she continued to plot through habit, if nothing else; for, of the eighty-three years of her life, over sixty were spent in political intrigue—and it is hard, at eighty-three, to break one's routine of life. But she is dead, and the last flicker of Napoleonic glory has forever departed from France.

Princess Mathilde's death-bed scene was dramatic and reminiscent: for at her side when she died were Eugénie, ex-empress, widow of Mathilde's one-time fiancé, Napoleon the Third, and her avowed enemy in years gone by; and Princess Clothilde, who was a sister-in-law of Mathilde, and who hates Eugénie only as Eugénie hates her. These three old women, one dying, the others living beyond their allotted time, recalled the glories of the Second Empire, when, half a century ago, Napoleon the Third ruled France in turbulent fashion, with Eugénie as his empress, while Mathilde, whom Eugénie deposed, plotted, to her sorrow, because her schemes brought about the death of the man she loved, against the reigning powers.

But for the profligacy of two men—her father, Jerome Bonaparte, once King of Westphalia, and her cousin, Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon the Third—Mathilde might have been empress under the latter. Her father was a brother of the great Napoleon, and was a weakling and a spendthrift. Mathilde was to marry Louis Napoleon, but he was improvident and reckless, having little and taking no care of that; so her father, in consideration of the cancellation of many of his debts and the promise that he should be allowed to contract more, married her to a Cossack, the immensely wealthy Anatole Demidoff. His first move was to build a marvelous palace for his bride, and to purchase from the Grand Duke of Tuscany the estate of San Donato, also the title of Prince of San Donato. During the honeymoon the couple had their clasped hands carved in marble, with the inscription "Forever." The palace of San Donato was one of the finest ever erected in Europe, and was filled with the costliest treasures of the art world. But in spite of his semi-culture, and of the fact that he was a great connoisseur of pictures and one of the most intelligent art patrons of his time, Demidoff was a brute. The beautiful Mathilde's life with him was most unhappy. They lived together for five stormy years. Then the wife appealed to Czar Nicholas, who was a relative, and who had opposed the marriage from the start. Her manner of enlisting his sympathy and aid was dramatic in the extreme, and showed her a woman of resource and determination. One night, in St. Petersburg, where his wife was very popular, Demidoff went alone to a state ball in the Winter Palace. The reception and presentation were just over, and the dancing was about to begin, when Princess Mathilde, unaccompanied and unattended, entered the ball-room in a magnificent white toilet, all her jewels about her graceful person. She walked majestically up to the Czar, at whose feet she knelt. Then withdrawing the lace scarf that covered her bare shoulders and bowing her head low, she displayed her white back streaked all over with bloody marks left by her husband's whip, and with uplifted hands begged the Czar to rid her of the man who had thus treated her.

The Czar shortly afterward complied with her request, granting her a legal separation, and compelling Demidoff to grant her an annuity of fifty thousand dollars.

This was in 1845. In 1847, Louis Philippe gave the former King of Westphalia permission to live in Paris, and hither he came with Mathilde, who had been with him since leaving Demidoff. Here she established a *salon*, and its history is the history of the Second Empire. It was the gathering place of the great of intellect. De Musset, Alexander Dumas and his son, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Taine, Ernest Renan, Prosper Merimee, and many others gathered around this charming, witty, imperious niece of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In 1849, Louis Napoleon became prince-president of France. Mathilde did the honors of his household for him, and kept the factions that warred around him reconciled. Then Eugénie appeared upon the scene. She was Spanish, one of two sisters who were, some asserted, daughters of the late Queen Christina of Spain. She and her sister were brought up as the

daughters of the Countess of Montijo, and by nearly everybody were recognized as such. Eugénie had a checkered career. Her mother's deportment was not of the best, so Queen Christina forbade her the Spanish court, deprived the two girls of their positions as maids of honor, and sent the three of them traveling all over the continent. The eldest girl married the Spanish Duke of Alba, and Eugénie was courted and won by Napoleon the Third, who married her in 1853. It may be said, to Eugénie's credit, that after becoming his wife, not the slightest breath of scandal ever attached to her name.

This marriage put an end to Mathilde's reign over Napoleon's household, and she devoted her time to furthering the plans of the opposition. Then, after Napoleon the Third was driven to exile and his son was killed in South Africa, she devoted her life to holding together the remnants of the household of Napoleon and plotting for its restoration.

The principal pride of this woman was her relationship to Bonaparte. "Do you know," she was once asked, "that through Queen Catherine you are related to most of the reigning houses of Europe?" "What is that beside being the niece of Napoleon?" was her reply. Whenever she was displeased with any one she would send him a card inscribed "P. P. C." (*pour prendre congé*), which dissolved their friendship. Taine, one of her most valued friends, received one of these cards after publishing his book on Napoleon, and Joseph Reinach's defense of Dreyfus brought a similar message.

She was not over-fond of women, having little respect for their intelligence. "When with men," said one chronicler, "Mathilde feels that she is with her equals, and can talk with pleasure of literature, art, and politics. 'But with women,' says the princess, 'how few there are with whom one can converse! Should a woman come into this drawing-room now, we would be obliged to change the conversation.'" Her conversational powers were, indeed, wonderfully developed, and she had a charm of manner as well as a beauty of person that attracted a large circle. She was very charitable, maintaining at her own expense a hospital at Neuilly, where three hundred crippled girls are cared for and educated. She had a passion for art, and won many prizes. King Edward has one of her pictures, for which he paid three thousand dollars, and she illustrated the works of some of the most famous French authors.

Mathilde's death caused sorrow here in Paris and all through France, where she was known as "the good princess." Her funeral will be simple, only members of the immediate family being present. Emperor William has already sent a wreath for her coffin.

PARIS, January 7, 1904.

ST. MARTIN.

## HERBERT SPENCER, THE MAN.

Professor Hudson's Racy Description of the Philosopher's Foibles.

The philosopher, Herbert Spencer, as "a good hand at a comic song" is the startling new rôle in which William Henry Hudson, writing in the current *North American Review*, presents the great evolutionist. In fact, much as has been written of Spencer, Professor Hudson's article, based on personal knowledge, presents an altogether fresh idea of the man. He writes:

Spencer was really of a sociable disposition, a thoroughly "clubbable" man, as Johnson would say; fond, when health permitted, of dining out; an admirable conversationalist and raconteur, with a capital sense of humor and a keen eye for the fun of even little things. I believe I am right in saying that, in earlier life, like his friend, G. H. Lewes, he was a good hand at a comic song. He always scouted the notion that, because a man devoted his life to serious subjects, he should, therefore, be deemed superior to the ordinary pleasures of humanity. Though dyspepsia imposed restraints upon his own diet, he was a firm believer in the good things of the table, including those of potable character. And while he did not himself smoke, or did so only on the rarest occasions, he had no objection to the moderate use of the weed.

For many years, his main social outlet was at the Athenæum Club, where he was a very familiar figure. Cards he cared nothing about. He told me once that he had tried to learn whist, but had desisted on finding that he could never remember the plays, a consolation to some of us who have to confess the same inability.

Here is Professor Hudson's graphic description of Spencer's appearance:

From the photographs with which every reader is doubtless familiar, it will be seen that Spencer's face was a strikingly expressive one, with its strong frontal ridge, deep-set eyes, prominent nose, and firmly cut mouth and jaw—the face, as you instantly saw, of a man marked out for intellectual leadership. The features which, however, arrested attention in particular (as again the portraits show) were the magnificent broad brow and high-domed head, which led many qualified observers to assert that Spencer's cranial development was the finest they had ever seen. In his case there was no such incongruity as sometimes exists between the man's appearance and his work. The one seemed to harmonize wholly with the other. One thing, however, would perhaps astonish you, as it astonished George Eliot. The forehead of a great thinker is generally plowed deep with the lines of thought. Spencer's was, to the end, as smooth as a child's, bearing no traces of his long years of intense intellectual strain. This was probably due, as he once suggested to me, to the fact that, instead of setting himself to puzzle out problems, he allowed his thoughts to evolve themselves naturally. It was also a little surprising that his long-continued ill health appeared to have had so slight an effect outwardly upon him. His tall and rather gaunt figure was, almost to the last, wonderfully erect; his cheeks were always ruddy; his splendid voice, which would have been a fortune to an orator, retained its richness and resonance; his rather rare laugh, its deep-chested, musical quality. Few men in the 'eighties are as well preserved as he was; and it was difficult, in looking at him or listening to him, to believe that for half a century he had been, to a considerable extent, an invalid.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Edward is fond of being photographed, and the leading London artists are kept busy by his majesty as well as others of the royal household. It is said that the king has posed for the camera over one thousand times.

Samuel J. Crawford, of Kansas, was the youngest governor ever elected in his State. He is now sixty-eight years old, a Kansan to the core, proud of it, and the last survivor of the union war governors. Governor Crawford does not believe in the rapid life of the age. "To-day," says he, "the happiest people in America are living the plain but wholesome lives of countrymen."

Senator Hoar is the only member of either branch of Congress who draws on the Congressional Library extensively for the Greek and Latin poets. He still delves in the riches of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and the "Æneid" of Virgil. The Massachusetts senator is an eager reader of many other books in the big library, but since Representative Elliott, of South Carolina, retired from public life, he is about the only reader of books in foreign languages save Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, who occasionally sends for a volume in Spanish.

It is perhaps not generally known that Adna R. Chaffee, who last week succeeded General Young at the head of the army, is related to a famous German general. It is said that when a question arose among the allied armies before Pekin as to who should be commander-in-chief, and when Waldersee was selected because of his superior rank, an officer wrote back to America that so long as Chaffee had not been chosen for the international leader it was a satisfaction to know that the place had been "kept in the family," the significance of this remark lying in the fact that Chaffee and Waldersee are cousins, the field-marshal's mother having been a Miss Lee, of New York.

Colonel Charles Denby, who died of heart failure last week, at Jamestown, N. Y., where he delivered a lecture, was a Virginian by birth, having been born in Botetourt County in 1831. In the 'fifties he was editor of the Evansville (Ind.) *Daily Enquirer*, later studied law, served through the Civil War, rising to the rank of colonel, and after the war resumed the practice of law, and was prominent in politics. He also was a great student of Oriental subjects, and that led to his appointment by President Cleveland, in 1885, as United States minister to Pekin. Colonel Denby served in China for thirteen years. President Harrison recalled him, and appointed Henry W. Blair in his stead. The new minister started for Pekin, but so strong was the protest of the Chinese Government that the President decided to retain Colonel Denby in the mission. President Cleveland did not disturb the Indiana man in 1892, and it was not until 1898 that President McKinley retired him.

Mutsu-Hito, the Emperor of Japan, is said to be tall for a Japanese, about five feet seven in height, and rather heavily built. He looks older than his years, which are fifty-two. His beard is long, rather than full, and he has the same coarse black hair which all his subjects have. His eyes are coal black and of a rare brightness when interested, but generally their expression is dull and heavy. Some declare that the Mikado of the Meiji, or "enlightened peace" era, is the most remarkable man of the age, and others that he is but little removed from an idiot. The truth, according to Stephen Bonsai, lies somewhere between the extremes advanced. At all times, and especially when surrounded by his troops, the emperor has a very imposing appearance. His is a carriage of unconscious superiority over other mortals, but the moment he walks he loses much of his dignity. There is no spring to the emperor's step, his knees are stiff, and the whole exercise is awkward and evidently distasteful to him.

Admiral Alexeieff, who is to-day in supreme control of the Russian army and navy in the Far East, is said by the London *Daily Mail's* correspondent to have "a pleasing personality, with nothing in his appearance to strike terror to the world—still young enough to look forward to great conquests, yet just old enough to impress one as a kindly middle-aged man with a patriarchal beard." He is the first Russian viceroy in the Far East, the man upon whom Nicholas the Second has imposed a momentous task of building up a new empire. He has been in his time governor-general of Eastern Siberia and governor of Russian Manchuria. He was in charge of the Russian troops in China, in 1900, and had under him when war began more troops than all the other powers together, except Japan. Where Alexeieff rules, there the soldier knows that obedience is the only virtue in the world, and on the trying march to Pekin, where soldiers of all other nationalities collapsed in hundreds along the road from sunstroke or dysentery, or oppressed by the great heat, not a single Russian was seen to fall out of the ranks. When the allies left China the Czar sent Alexeieff a sword shining with gold and diamonds, and inscribed: "For victories at the seat of war in Pechili, 1900." Since then the emperor has made him lord of Russia's Far Eastern empire, with powers almost absolute under the Czar himself and a special committee. The admiral has become, as a Russian paper said, the instrument of the will and purpose of the Czar.



## "PARSIFAL."

Miss Bonner's Criticism of the Opera—A Silent, Quietly Dressed Audience—A Great Dramatic Spectacle—The Wonderful Grail Scene—An Adequate Leading Man.

Last Thursday, in the darkening end of a wet afternoon, the hubbub of Broadway, in front of the opera-house, was torn by the sudden blare of trumpets. The effect of this mediæval sound piercing the moist, icy air, and cutting into the roar of traffic, was singularly arresting. It was a call, loud, clear, and imperious. Exactly where it came from no one at first could tell. But it seemed to issue from the doors of the opera-house, and its purpose was to summon the third "Parsifal" audience to its seats.

At five o'clock the house was full and the doors closed. And what a house it was!—every gallery was packed, not a chair vacant. Each box showed its complement of occupants all quietly dressed in clothes of sober tints. The audience from pit to ceiling was dark in color, as the French audiences are when they go to see "La Samaritaine" in Holy Week. Anything in the nature of gay or loud dressing has been discouraged as out of harmony with the religious nature of the performance. Perfect silence held this vast concourse of people as the lights grew dim, only the red globes, marking the exits retaining a clear, soft luminousness. Upon this silent darkness, over this mass of mute, motionless listeners, the first notes of the overture floated with an effect of deep and inspiring solemnity.

I had never seen "Parsifal" before, and have only heard such portions of the Grail service and the chorus of the flower maidens as have been given in this country. To come to any just understanding of this last enormous work of one of the most original minds of his century, it would be necessary to hear the opera many times, and to know something of the involved intricacies of the score. Nevertheless, heard thus for the first time, it has left upon my mind the impression that Wagner's powers when he wrote it were on the decline. The wondrous spontaneity, and richness of his genius, had exhausted themselves. The "glory and the dream" that were his when he wrote the Ring, no longer flooded his mind with their magic. He was in his 'sixties, and the exuberance of creative power, the passionate effervescence of his imagination, had been expended.

"Parsifal" has been the best-advertised opera in the world. The fact that you had to go to Bayreuth to see it, enhanced its worth a hundred-fold to those who value their pleasures according to price and exclusiveness. If "Parsifal" had been free to any opera-house as the Ring has been, as "Tristan and Isolde" is, I do not believe it ever would have competed successfully with either of these works of the master's splendid prime.

But if Wagner's creative powers were declining when he wrote his religious opera, he had at his command unlimited means to supply the costly and colossal scenic effects he was so fond of arranging. Viewed purely as a dramatic spectacle, "Parsifal" is magnificent beyond words. The artist eye which conceived the wild interior of Hundnig's hut, the golden-moted depth of the Rhine, with the white, half-revealed forms of the Rhine daughters undulating on its currents, the blossoming of the winter forest as Siegmund sings of his love, the Valkyrie sleeping in her circle of leaping flames, had lost none of its keenness for the dramatically picturesque.

Scene follows scene, each one imbued with a wild and fantastic, or an almost awe-inspiring beauty. Those two which are most haunting—and with the music of which we are all more or less familiar—are the Grail mass at the end of the first act, and Parsifal's meeting with the flower maidens in the second. The music in the mass scene is at times of an almost heavenly spirituality, and the whole act is overlaid with a solemn and reverential spirit that imparts to even a flippant auditor the sense of assisting at holy mysteries. As the sick Amfortas slowly uncovers the Grail, dreading to prolong his own pangs, the three tiers of voices—the men's on the ground floor, the youths' in the gallery, and the boys' in the dome—chant in solemn, exalted cadences. The boys' voices (I believe Corried substituted women) float downward from the airy spaces of the dome with an effect so aerial, so unearthly, so penetratingly pure and sweet, that the effect is indescribably uplifting. During this chanting of the three choruses the light has grown slowly dim and even dimmer. It is as gradual as the fall of twilight. Finally, only the pillars of the hall are faintly seen. Then Amfortas rises and lifts the Grail on high. The sacred blood, lapped by the currents of reverential melody, suddenly reddens and grows deeper, till it glows like the heart of a ruby. The knights kneel in prayer, and the boys' voices float down in benediction.

The second act opens with the magnificent scene of Klingsor's incantation to Kundry. I read somewhere that Klingsor and Kundry were Wagner's favorite figures in the opera, and that upon their music he had expended himself. Certainly the opening of this scene is melodiously impressive and weird. The incantation is like a storm centre of sound, with the wizard's hoarse summons to Kundry dominating a trumpet of wild notes. Her figure rises against the

walls, white-veiled, amid wreaths of smoke, and as it awaits the commands of its master, emits two long and heart-stirring wails of misery—awful cries, unlike anything I have ever heard in any other opera.

The scene of the Enchanted Garden is set just behind this. It is very beautiful; a sort of Moorish kiosk on one side, and a riot of blossoms covering the stage from end to end. It is here that the flower maidens seek to beguile Parsifal, still the "Pure Fool," unknowing sin or pity, first calling to him to come and play with them. His foolish and rather ugly face, illuminated with childish pleasure at the sight of such charming playmates, soon becomes darkened with suspicion and uneasiness as they twine their arms about him and murmur love phrases into his unwilling ear. Their gyrations and the accompanying music remind one of a swarm of wasps about a fruit. They whirled in rhythmically graceful circles about him, now approaching, now drawing back, sometimes swarming in a cloud around him, then darting at him singly. All the time their voices rose and fell in that unspiritual, alluring chorus which has something of the thin, almost winning persistence that belongs to the violins in the "Tannhäuser" overture—clear, swelling, and diminishing, full of seduction yet never tender, their voices seemed to blend into a volume of fine-drawn, thrilling sound such as a swarm of circling insects makes, and their draperies floating from the shoulders in long, web-like filaments were like the insects' wings.

Alois Burgstaller, who was imported especially for the "Parsifal" performances, leaving an amazed Bayreuth and an enraged Frau Cosima, is, to my thinking, a great artist. A fine voice, fresh, strong, and young, a keen dramatic sense, a high interpretative intelligence, and a splendid presence, make him an ideal representative of the part. Moreover, he is a German, and it takes a German to sing Wagner. I do not believe any American—unless it may be Bispham—has ever given a truly great performance in a Wagner opera. They are as different as possible from the Germans—as different as Nordica's Brunhilde is to Lillie Lehmann's.

Besides his splendid voice, which is yet in its unimpaired youth, Burgstaller is an excellent actor, evidently richly dowered with a fervent Teutonic imagination. I hear he is but twenty-five years of age. He has a figure of great height and fine proportions, though slender and almost gawky as an overgrown boy's might be. His face is typically German, long, with small eyes set high up, and a very large nose. But it is one of the most expressive faces to be imagined.

In the first act Parsifal is, as the legend calls him, "A Pure Fool"—that, as far as I understand it, means a simple-minded person, not quite an imbecile, but one who is mentally unawake. Wagner made his own story, as he always did, welding it together from bits and scraps picked up in many places, selected from many sources. The legend of the Pure Fool goes back into the darkness of antiquity. It is one of those tales which antedate Christianity, and that the clever Christian scribes took and bent to their needs, changing the religious element to make it fit the new church. It is found in the folk-lore of many countries. Parsifal crossed the channel, and in England became Perceval, a spotless man and a gallant knight. In one of his journeys he married a distressed queen, and by her became the father of Lohengrin.

Wagner's story is concerned with the first adventures of his youth when he was still the Pure Fool. The scheme of his development is very like that of Siegfried. Both are simple-minded youths, brought up in Arcadian innocence in the forest. Both are weakened to intelligence and understanding by a kiss. But the kiss of Kundry, the sorceress, has not the same effect as that of the noble-hearted Valkyrie. As Parsifal tears himself from the arms of the enchantress, his face is illuminated not with passion but with pity, and his cry is not "Kundry!" but "Amfortas!" It was through Kundry's kiss that Amfortas fell and received the wound which never healed and placed him under the ban of everlasting pain. The same kiss and all it means illumines the darkness of Parsifal's mind, and he realizes Amfortas's temptation, his weakness, his fall; and it is the divine passion of pity which transfigures him. He is the Pure Fool no longer.

Kundry is an entire departure from the ranks of Wagnerian heroines. His women are invariably of an elemental breadth and simplicity of character, primitive in the depth and sweep of their emotions. Kundry is a mystery of dark complexities. The story goes that she is a reincarnation of that Herodias whose daughter danced off the head of John the Baptist. One of the most extraordinary things about her is that—long before hypnotism was studied or understood—Wagner shows her to be under a hypnotic spell. She is Klingsor's tool because Klingsor has the power to will her to do his bidding. When, in the third act, Gernemauz finds her cold and rigid under the bush, she appears to be in what to-day would be described as a hypnotic trance.

It is in the third act that the opera becomes exceedingly uninteresting and heavy. The first half of it is mainly filled with those overwhelming Wagner solos which last for an incredible space of time, and are a completely tuneless recital of facts or adventures. In the earlier operas, Tannhäuser's description of his trip to Rome and of what the Pope told him, is the only thing I can remember in the least comparable with these stupefying performances. The audience (save the melomaniacs and ecstatic Germans that made up

part of it) showed distinct signs of restlessness and exhaustion. At eleven o'clock the huge house emptied itself into Broadway. It is said there were four thousand five hundred people in it. The crowds issuing from every door stopped the traffic and blocked the street till the last carriage and car whisked them away.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 13, 1904.

## OLD FAVORITES.

SAN JOSE, CAL., January 7, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Many years ago, Judge M. H. Hyland discovered the enclosed poem and had the same printed for circulation among his friends. Within recent years the lines have appeared in some obscure publications, but the poem is worthy of perpetuation, and with that end in view, I send it to the *Argonaut*.

Yours very truly, WILLIAM A. BOWDEN.

God.

[This is the poem of which Golovnin says in his Narrative, that it has been rendered into Japanese by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. An honor somewhat similar has been done in China to the same poem; it has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Peking.]

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—  
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!  
Thou only God—there is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One,  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—  
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee  
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount  
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high.  
Even like past moments in eternity

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony.  
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy thought fills all space with rays divine;  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!  
Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound.  
And beautifully mingled life, and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;  
And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—  
A glorious company of golden streams—  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,  
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed  
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought  
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:  
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!  
Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;  
Though but an atom midst immensity,  
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!  
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—  
In me is matter's last gradation lost.  
And the next step is spirit—deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!  
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously  
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created me! Thou source of life and good!  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear  
Thy garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!  
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy deity.  
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,  
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!  
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

—Translated from the Russian of Gabriel Romanowitch Derzhavin by John Bowring.



## THE KAISER'S PRIVATE LIFE.

Secret Memoirs of the Berlin Court—Is the Kaiser a Megalomaniac?—The Story of His Withered Arm—An Unflattering View of the Empress—The Royal Bath.

The Kaiser a megalomaniac—such is the curious story, fortified by elaborate argument, supported by fact after fact, and detail after detail, that comes to us in two thick volumes bulking to seven hundred pages, and purporting to be from the papers and diaries (1888-1898) of Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven, *dame du palais* to her majesty the Empress-Queen of Germany.

This lady, Henry W. Fischer, an American journalist resident in Berlin, avers that he met in Moscow. She told him of some of the startling things she knew. He persuaded her to write down the rest. These volumes are the result.

They seem authentic. They certainly display a wealth of intimate knowledge. If they are fact, the work is indeed extraordinary; if fiction, they are yet entertaining. The probabilities are that the basic facts are authentic, however richly they may be embroidered by fancy.

One does not have to read far in the "Private Lives of William II and His Consort, and Secret History of the Court of Berlin," to discover the author's bias against the Kaiser. We hear, immediately, of the "stigmata" of the Kaiser's disease—of his inflamed ear, which has to be constantly cleaned by a pumping apparatus, of his left leg that every now and then gives out, and of the useless arm. The true story of this arm, according to the *hebamme* who officiated at the birth of the future Kaiser, is this:

"At first we were all so busy putting life into the prince, and keeping it in him, that no one thought of examining his limbs. Even when, on January 28th, the late Crown Prince showed his son to his relatives, friends, and the assembled royal and princely households, no one observed that anything was wrong. But on the last, or the last but one day of the month, it was noticed that the child could not move his left arm; an investigation was made, and, in the course of it, the surgeons discovered that the elbow joint was dislocated. That is nothing serious in a healthy child. However, in the case of Prince William, the surrounding soft parts were so injured, and the muscles attached in such a condition, that no one dared attempt to set the bone then."

Further information about that withered arm is given farther on in the book:

This arm the Kaiser hugs closely to his body, allowing the hand, which is not deformed, but puny like a child's, to rest against his waist, or upon his hip, if on horseback. Any one following the German papers will probably remember that the official journals issue *bulletins d'essai* from time to time to ascertain public sentiment in respect to the introduction of a belt for army officers, an article of accoutrement foreign to the Prussian uniform, and out of harmony with its general style. As the Empress Eugenie reestablished the crinoline in the 'sixties to hide her interesting condition, so William wants to change military dress to find a convenient resting-place for his poor left hand and arm, which, being about six inches shorter than the right, would attach to a belt unostentatiously. But, alas! the majority of officers feign to regard those re-occurring proposals as manoeuvres of mercenary army contractors, and treat them with fine scorn, so that William, unwilling to own his secret reason for the innovation sought for, must go without relief. . . . As already intimated, the fingers of the crippled hand are movable, for, although the head of the radius of the forearm does not set properly into the condyles of the humerus, the limb is not altogether inert.

It would seem that the Kaiser's useless arm were partly the fault of the court physicians, who were present at his birth, but, according to this truly intimate narrative, they were then so much concerned for his very life that a lesser member was overlooked. In short, the prince, at birth, refused to cry, and the case was desperate. The royal physicians fussed and fumed. Then the old German *hebamme* took things in hand, and pounded the princely babe into vociferous life.

After this, it is not at all surprising to learn that William was born "à la bourgeois, and quite economically."

From the account of the Kaiser's nativity, the chronicler leaps at once to a consideration of his acts after he ascended to the throne. It is contended that from the first the emperor was a victim of megalomania—egomania. His "first official acts," we are told, "were those of a disordered brain, unstatesmanlike, heedless, and offensive." Again and again, the parallel is drawn between the Kaiser and the Mad Ludwig, and other kingly maniacs:

Another and more dangerous form of the Kaiser's excessive vanity and egomania shows in the current prosecutions for *lèse majesté*. For this offense, sentences amounting to some three hundred years of imprisonment are imposed by Prussian judges from January to December, and as the courts of the allied German states and statelets follow the lead, it is calculated that, on this score alone, as many years of imprisonment are annually meted out in the Fatherland as there are days in the year. Accordingly, three thousand five hundred years—twice the time of the Christian era, lacking a few paltry centuries—were wiped out of the lives of some eight to nine thousand of his subjects since William assumed the crown, the list of culprits embracing both sexes and all classes of society. And for what? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (I quote from public records) for the heinous crime of impeaching the Kaiser's aptitude as a composer, as a ruler, poet, diplomat, or ship-builder; as a conqueror, orchestra-leader, or expounder of the Monroe doctrine; as a sportsman, as God's anointed, as a painter, strategist, novel-writer, circus-director, or lawgiver; as advocate of duellos, as a constitutional king, stage-manager, or absolute monarch; as playwright, huntsman, infantryman, cavalryman, familyman, or maid-of-all-work.

Here is another incident adduced to show to what lengths go the Kaiser's alleged "delusion of grandeur":

His majesty sat down to dedicate a number of Bibles

for the new Berlin garrison church, inscribing them as follows: "I will walk among you and will be your God, and you shall be my people. Ye shall walk in all the ways which I have commanded you. Without me you can do nothing." He signed each sentence, "Wilhelm, *Imperator Rex*," and omitted quotation-marks, as well as book, chapter, and verse, by which to indicate the origin of the phrases. "They shall stand by themselves as expressions of my royal will," he said to her majesty.

Bloodthirstiness is another attribute of the emperor, according to the writer:

Some time ago the emperor was boasting that he had killed his fifty-thousandth head of game. "When I think of the number of animals in my forests," he added, "I feel like Frederick the Great at Kolin, when he shouted to squadrons: 'Dogs, would ye live forever?' I hope to double and treble my shooting record during the next ten years. If a king can not go to war, he must be content with practicing in the forest. It keeps one in fighting trim, anyhow."

These stories of the Kaiser's overweening vanity may perhaps be tinged with the author's bias, but it would seem that descriptions of domestic arrangements of the palace were more likely to be strictly veracious. Here is an interesting bit:

His majesty's bath is an ordinary zinc tub, painted. But the most astonishing thing about it is its peculiar situation. Let those who consider themselves Fortune's graceless children, because their neighbor's house or carriage or wife or diamonds are their neighbor's, take courage in the thought that Germany's Kaiser, twice a king, as many times a grand duke, eighteen times a duke, three times a margrave, once a burgrave—whatever that means nowadays—twice a prince, nine times a count, and fifteen times a seigneur, besides being a bishop, bathes behind a curtain in a stuffy corridor, the connecting-link between his dressing-gown and the conjugal bed-chamber.

The conveniences of an empress are scarcely superior:

"I should think myself in heaven," said my mistress some time ago, after reading a magazine article to the effect that even the bedrooms of moderately priced American apartment-houses are provided with running water, hot and cold.—"I should think myself in heaven if such were arranged for my husband's and my use, not to mention the children's, and I am the Kaiserin"—a Kaiserin, she might have added, whose revenues are sequestered to ostentation.

Another quotation of the same tenor:

Her majesty being as fastidious about the girls in her room (when the Kaiser is present) as William is about man-servants, she is now obliged to make her own fire in the grate on chilly mornings, whenever her husband is at home. What a parody on royal state this—the empress-queen getting up in her nightgown, and in the cold and damp, to light her own fire! Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!

Other details of the Kaiser's bed-chamber are much too intimate for quotation in this place. Here, however, is an interesting paragraph:

The emperor's *table de nuit*, whose upper drawer at night is always half open, contains a loaded, self-cocking revolver. If one reflects how unfamiliar such displays are to women in Germany—they do not in the least mind sabres or guns—the empress's alarm at this thing of ivory, steel, and silver may be imagined. How often she has pleaded with William to discard the weapon, but the Kaiser insists upon having it near him. "If Alexander of Bulgaria had slept with a six-shooter, he might have founded a dynasty and perhaps be still alive," is one of his arguments.

Though the book reveals a bias against the empress as it does against the emperor, the animus is not so marked. Still, the description of her charms is not exactly flattering:

The empress is not a pretty woman: not even among daughters of Germany is she entitled to that distinction. The once-awkward girl has developed into a large *frau*, strong-limbed, square-footed, and broad-shouldered, as we meet them by the hundred in the capital, or in any town in the Fatherland, for that matter. She has small, grayish-blue eyes, with light, scanty lashes and brows—sincerest flattery could not call them beautiful, or even pleasing, especially as, for some reason or other, they appear slightly swollen three days out of four. Her arms are beautifully modeled, and white as alabaster, the hands well taken care of, but too large, and given to puffiness, a condition which constant massage forestalls to some extent, but not wholly.

Here is another passage on the personal appearance of the Kaiserin:

When I first came to know the Kaiserin in the intimacy of her chamber, the whiteness of her skin had a fairly supernatural aspect, and as she stood, as was her wont to do when disrobed, against the blue silken curtains, forming a canopy over her bed, with her hair loosened, and the official propriety smile for once abandoned, she might have been taken for the prototype of Elsa in all but face. For Elsa doubtless possessed large feet, like most of her German impersonators on the operatic stage. That fine figure, then so universally admired, was indeed very far from being a product of stays and powder, as some ladies of the aristocracy gave out, but a luminous reality to which the Kaiser was strongly attached. During the first four or five years of her imperial life, Auguste Victoria might have adopted Queen Louise's corsetless costume without fear of offending the most artistic eye, and that after nursing six children.

The Countess Ursula does not hesitate to say that the Kaiserin is a trifle thick-witted, and also that her literary tastes are not highly developed:

Like many of her sex, "Dona" would rather read forbidden books than the sort that languish on every drawing-room table, but, of course, the Kaiser must know nothing of that. Imagine the job of keeping anything from William, whose bump of meddlesomeness is so abnormally developed! Surely no one will blame the empress for innocently deceiving a husband who would as lief go through her pockets as send a bill to the Reichstag without notifying his chancellor. She feels him constantly—has to do it, in order not to die of *ennui*—and does it quite cleverly, too, by finding new hiding-places for her Marcel Prevôts and Heinrich Lees all the time, but, unfortunately, her majesty is apt to forget overnight the exact locations of her literary treasures.

Scarcely a more flattering view is given of Prince Henry, who visited us last year:

To return to Prince Henry. He has never originated anything. A careless, unlettered youth, he spent his first years of manhood as riotously as his slender allowance permitted. To save him from himself, he was married, at the age of twenty-six, to his cousin Irene, an amiable woman, of domestic habits, but without an ounce of *esprit*. "His father," the late Princess of Hohenlohe once said, "was just such a man, but fortunately he had a wife that prodded him on,

and forced him to acquire knowledge, and assume at least a semblance of interest in literature and the fine arts."

Many insinuations that the Kaiser is not quite a model husband are distributed through the volumes. His relations with Princess Charlotte of Weiningen are detailed at length, and to the anonymous-letter episode are devoted many pages. His harshness to wife and servants, his petty rages, his fretfully active disposition, his love for *risqué* stories, even his epilepsy, are exploited at every turn. Not a shred of his talents is left to him:

As Herren von Moltke and Phillip Eulenburg are the real authors of "his" "Song to Ægir," so Professor Knackfuss, in Cassel, composes his cartoons, though being credited only with their technical execution. The late Court Chaplain Frommel used to write the imperial sermons delivered with so much *éclat* on the deck of the yacht *Hohenzoellern*; officers of the military household prepare William's lectures, and the artist Karl Saltzmann paints his landscapes and marine views.

It is not even admitted that the Kaiser's is a busy life, and Leckendorf is quoted in support of the contention:

"Enduring fatigues, he calls it," says the count, "to be bathed and groomed; breakfast; take a canter on a horse previously tired out, and so tired out, and so trained as to give the rider not the least trouble; breakfast again; ride to a parade, or, while stretching on a lounge, listen to reports carefully worded so that they may be agreeable to the imperial digestion; before luncheon, some pleasant conversation with officers from all parts of the country; meal diversified by clever men and women, drummed together for the purpose of disporting their wit and retailing the latest gossip; after luncheon, a cold rub-down and an hour's absolute rest in a comfortable bed; dressed anew by smart servants; meal number four—coffee and cakes—a drive or lawn-tennis; a minister or a general makes his report; after dinner, theatre or reception; finally, meal number five; bed."

Whatever shall be finally determined as to the authenticity of these volumes, they are indisputably entertaining.

Published by Fischer's Foreign Letters, New York.

## George Francis Train.

George Francis Train died at Mills Hotel, No. 1, New York, Monday night, of heart disease, following an acute attack of nephritis. "Citizen" George Francis Train was born in Boston on March 24, 1829. In 1833, his mother and three sisters died of yellow fever at New Orleans, and he was sent north to his grandmother in Waltham, Mass. He attended village school, and successively became farm hand, grocer boy, and shipping clerk. At the age of twenty he was a partner in a business concern, afterward establishing a branch office in Liverpool. Train established the firm of Train & Co., shipping agents, in Melbourne, Australia, in 1853, and became a promoter of railroad building in Europe and America in 1858. He organized the commune in Marseilles in 1870, and was tried for insanity in 1872. In the same year he made an independent canvass for the Presidency of the United States. Train made four trips around the world, holding the record for fast traveling. He wrote several books, mostly of travel. He had the faculty of making money, but not of keeping it. Train courted notoriety, and was proud of being considered a crank.

All visitors to Paris recall Frémiet's spirited Joan of Arc, which closes so proudly the Rue des Pyramides. This famous equestrian statue has assumed an unfamiliar look; indeed, Parisians have only recently made the discovery. Joan's creator has very frankly owned up. Frémiet had long chafed under the general criticism of his masterpiece. He haunted the little Place de Rivoli, and eagerly listened to the chafing of the crowd. Gradually the artist came to the conviction that the crowd was right, that the contrast between the slender, steel-cased girl and the clumsy war-horse was excessive. Frémiet began a second Joan. It was chance that favored the substitution. The digging of the subway in the Rue de Rivoli made it necessary to remove the old Joan to Frémiet's studio. The new Joan soon guarded the Rue des Pyramides. A mystified Paris wavers between admiration, indignation, and regret.

In Texas, where public sentiment, the legislature, and the courts are antagonistic to railroads, a peculiar form of fraud has been brought to light. It is found that there is a gang of professional "victims" going from one railroad to another, meeting with accidents, and suing for damages. They travel in groups, so that there is never any trouble about getting witnesses. Texas juries are known to be friendly to the suitor against railroads, and so far the gang has had little trouble in securing verdicts for substantial sums. Damages secured for such accidents have increased from \$295,000, in 1893, to \$2,000,000, in 1903.

Private E. Abraham, Company C, Marine Battalion, recently explored a part of the Panama Canal, on which five hundred men are supposed to be working at all times. He says a clever Frenchman has devised a plan by which five hundred names are on the pay-roll, but that not more than one hundred work at a time.

If the annual pill harvest of Detroit was strung on thread, like Christmas popcorn, the rope of pills would reach twice around the earth, with enough over to tie in a bowknot. Detroit produces four billion pills each year.



## THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

Gov. Pardee, Messrs. Lummis, Keeler, Gayley, Delmas, and Others, Name the Books, Read in 1903, that Gave Them Most Pleasure.

Governor George C. Pardee, replying to the *Argonaut's* query—What two books, that you read during 1903, proved most interesting and pleasurable?—writes:

Your question has suddenly made me conscious of the fact that, during 1903, I had neither time nor opportunity to read many books of any kind. Looking back over the year just passed, I find, almost to my surprise, that my time has been so entirely occupied in trying to be governor that I haven't read any new books, to speak of, but have contented myself with some old ones. And the two that I remember with most interest and pleasure are Haeckel's "The Riddle of the Universe" and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." I almost blush for the combination; but "magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

Charles F. Lummis, editor of *Out West* and himself the author of a dozen books, sends the following characteristic reply:

I would be last to question the right of the most competent weekly west of New York to subpoena and cross-examine what witnesses it will: or to plead overwork as a privilege.

The confession is doubtless disgraceful; but it is comfortable: During 1903 I read so few contemporary books that it would be manifestly indecent to mention two of them (somewhere near a majority) as having particularly profited me. The Output of the Year I have not read. I Didn't Have to. The most unselfish of assistants has done penance for me in this behalf. Anything I could afford to read to-day will be worth my reading ten years from now; anything I wouldn't read then, I can not afford to read now. For life is short. Miners and orange-pickers use "grizzlies" to "sort" for them; and they seem to me sensible. In letters, a decade is a remarkably efficient secretary—to refer the mail to waste-basket, stereotype answer, or "The Old Man," as it needs.

Among contemporary books of 1903, I have been most interested in Lummis's "Unknown Mexico"—a friendly, tolerant book of things which are not "unknown" to any student except the author; Mr. Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain," which has much impressed me as the sample of what a man with a real mind may see in a strange and unstudied land; Morley's *Life of an Englishman* who was worth a biography because he differed from his kind; and in the first eight volumes of that fine sixty-volume work of Miss Blair and Mr. Robertson, "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898."

But my preferences are worthless. In the year, as nearly as may be figured, my reading has been eighty-two per cent. a re-reading (and indexing) of books written more than a century ago; thirteen per cent. of books written by "Americans" this side of 1845; the rest "scattering" from 1899 hitherward. Of the two hundred and thirteen books read between January 1, 1903, and January 1, 1904, no less than two hundred and seven have given comfort to my card-catalogue of Things Worth Remembering—swelling it about one hundred cards a day.

Of all the number, the two books which have most profited me during the year are Acosta's superb "Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias" (1590 edition), a model of style, accuracy, and scholarship among Americana; and that noble Latin tome (1550) by the Father of Mineralogy, Georgius Agricola, the "De Re Metallica." Mineralogy is no kin of mine; but this great book which is still the foundation of every well-built mining expert; with its clear and learned text and its hundreds of precise wood-cuts of the whims, hoists, pumps, mine-ventilators, quartz-crushers, stamp-mills, rockers, long-toms that were in use in 1550 and earlier—it is a fascinating thing, despite the refractory nature of its post-classical Latin, for which neither a training in the rhetoric of Cicero nor the best classical dictionaries are sharp tools. But it is worth picking out with a dull pick.

Quite aside from the superior interest of Discovery and of dealing with Literature as it was before it became an itch, there is a distinct privilege in not having to be cross-examined as to your valuable opinion upon Mr. Decyrus Brainseed Towdy's latest "Edison Record." In no other way shall you "scape blameless." Mr. Towdy hath readers to burn, without my artless aid; the men who made and wrote history in America when it was still young; and while no one wrote who had not something to say—these have too few readers. It is pleasant to come early and avoid the rush. Literature has a certain likeness to scenery; some prefer it by way of their ears, and some by way of their eyes. For myself, I would rather go again (for the twenty-ninth time, I think) to the Grand Cañon than for the first time to the Trossachs. If the span were three-score millions and ten I would like to see the Whole Business; but as mine will not be the thousandth of that, it is more comfortable to dally with the things I may hope some day to understand by sufficient attrition with them.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the chair of English at the University of California, does not, like the Poet of the Sierras, mention his own hne work, "Representative English Comedies," but briefly names E. K. Chambers's "History of the Medieval Stage," and John Morley's "Life of Gladstone." Charles Kéler, poet and author, writes more at length:

Simple as your request appears, that I mention the two books read during 1903

which have proved most interesting and pleasurable. I find the question one impossible to answer categorically, for the simple reason that no two books read during the past year have stood out in my recollection as more compelling in their interest than any others.

Perhaps this may be due in some measure to the fact that I read but little current literature. Emerson's essay on "Books" seems to me the truest guide to reading that has ever been written. He says: "I visit occasionally the Cambridge Library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home. The inspection of the catalogue brings me continually back to the few standard writers who are on every private shelf, and to these it can afford only the most slight and casual additions. The crowds and centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation, echoes and weakeners of these few great voices of Time."

Among the three practical rules which Emerson lays down, the first is: "Never read any book that is not a year old."

In these feverish days when literature has become a commercial business instead of a creative art, and the art has been transferred to the advertising of the wares to be sold, the words I have quoted from Emerson seem peculiarly timely, and indeed the entire essay from which they are extracted is equally so.

The most significant and hopeful sign in the literature of the past year, it seems to me, has been the Emerson revival due to the observance of the hundredth anniversary of the poet-philosopher's birth. I may therefore count Emerson's works as one of the two books which have given most pleasure and inspiration during the year 1903.

In literary criticism nothing has impressed me so much or seemed so sound as John Burroughs' "Literary Values." If the spirit of this essay could be infused into our teaching of literature, it would work a revolution of far-reaching influence for good.

A book which has seemed to me to contain an important and timely contribution to human thought is George Holmes Howison's "The Limits of Evolution," and while the adjectives, interesting and pleasurable, seem hardly the fit ones to apply, I should perhaps rank this as second among the books which have appealed most strongly to me during the past year.

I have read none of the current novels, and can only deplore the dissipation of the reading public of the present day, which looks for excitement, amusement, or sensation, rather than for the strength and exaltation which comes from all great and noble art.

Still another letter not flattering to "the Output of the Year" comes from D. M. Delmas, who writes:

I would answer your question by saying Schiller's "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands" and "The Annals of Tacitus." I am well aware that these two books are not new—one of them, indeed, is very old; but they nevertheless are the two which, during the past year, have to me "proved most interesting and pleasurable."

Mary Austin, the author of "The Land of Little Rain," replies that staring in a white hot desert sun has provoked an affection of the eyes that forbids much reading, so that "to mention the interesting books that I have read is hardly fair to the greater number of interesting books I would like to read, but have not been able to compass." Mrs. Austin adds:

However, under this limitation, I think I have derived most pleasure from Owen Wister's "Virginian," and "The Roots of the Mountains," by William Morris, which I have not been so fortunate to know until this year. As this happened to be my year for reading "Robinson Crusoe" over again, I am not sure that it should not bear the palm, for you understand, when one lives three hundred miles from a library, publishers' dates cut very little figure.

The reply of Alfred J. Waterhouse, poet and critic, runs as follows:

If you had asked me what one book I read with most interest and pleasure, the answer would have been ready, but the second book puzzles.

However, the one book that most pleased and interested me was Jack London's "The Call of the Wild." It is a masterly book; vivid in its coloring, virile, and potent. Once begun, it will be read to the end. One, having learned to love the mighty dog, might have wished that the end of the book had been more happy, but one realizes that both the harmonies and intent of the production must have been violated to make it so; and so one accepts the inevitable and, having read, has added another to his list of unforgettable books.

Of course, it is gratifying to pay this deserved tribute to the brain-child of a Californian, but, gratifying though it be, Mr. London's place of residence has nothing to do with my estimate of his work; if the book has been written by a Hindoo or a Filipino, I still should have considered it the most powerful of recently issued tales.

As for the second book, during 1903 I read one or two of Dickens's novels, as I do during most years, and I am so old-fashioned as to consider him still the king of novelists. Leaving Dickens out of the case, however, I think that the book that most pleased and interested me—after "The Call of the Wild," of course—was Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana," which I read a second time during 1903. It is full of sweetness and tenderness, and one feels better after reading it; in brief, "it leaves a good taste in the mouth."

So I have attempted to answer your question; yet none knows better than must the

editors of the *Argonaut* how difficult is such an answer in a world wherein of the making of books there is no end. It is but once in a while that a book stands preëminent; as for the rest, we read them, like them in a placid way, or dislike them more vigorously, and speedily let them drop from our memories with nothing more of recognition than is involved in that like or dislike.

Charles Fleming Embree, who has published a number of novels, writes:

So far as I can decide a thing rather hard to decide, the two books which proved most interesting and pleasurable to me, read in 1903, were Tolstoy's "What is Art?" and Zola's "Fécondité."

Richard M. Tobin writes as follows:

R. M. Tobin, in response to the polite letter of the editor of the *Argonaut*, finds, upon consideration, that the two books that he has read in 1903, with most interest and profit, are:

(1) "Man's Place in the Universe," by Alfred Russel Wallace; and (2) Morley's "Gladstone."

Mr. Tobin takes the inquiry to refer to books of the year—new books.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is a singular coincidence that the three foremost English women novelists of the day are the daughters of literary men. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie is one: "Lucas Malet," who is Mrs. Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, is another; and the third is Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose father was the late Thomas Arnold, brother of Matthew Arnold.

According to the New York *Times Saturday Review*, the Christmas season of 1903 was very profitable to both the publishers and the retailers of books. Especially toward the close was the demand of the book-sellers on the publishers for supplies to meet their orders exceedingly heavy.

A work on a curious theme, recently published in Vienna, is "Künstliche Höhlen aus Alter Zeit," by Father Lambert Karner, a Benedictine monk. The "Ancient Artificial Caverns," of which the book treats, are rather numerous in Central Europe. They are narrow, sloping, winding, not used for burial of bodies or as human habitations, and are certainly very ancient. Why they were constructed is unknown. Professor Pauzer and others think that they had to do with some ancient forms of worship and speak of the cult of the earth-mother.

Margaret Sherwood, whose "The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée" and "Daphne" are idylls of uncommonly poetic quality, is the professor of English at Wellesley.

Occasionally one finds a man reckless beyond his fellows. Such a man is Dr. Ely Van der Warker, commissioner of schools in Syracuse, and a physician by profession. He is to publish through the Grafton Press a book entitled "Woman's Unfitness for Higher Co-Education," and already there is a sharpening of spears in feminine camps.

Doubleday, Page & Co. report a business transaction unique in their experience. A literary citizen of Bettles, on the Koyukuk River, in Alaska, sent the firm an order for a shipment of books, and forwarded a little canvass bag of gold-dust as payment for the goods.

Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life" and "The Better Way," is coming to America to lecture, and is now busy perfecting his English for that purpose.

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces" begins a poem by Swinburne. "In the Night," a poem by O. C. Auringer, in the January *Critic*, begins "The Hounds of winter are out on the track of the year." Turn about is fair play, indisputably.

About nine hundred thousand of Kate Douglas Wiggin's various books have been sold. The publishers say that out of one hundred and seventy-five reviews of "Rebecca," "hardly a single unfavorable notice was to be found."

By a singular coincidence, two works have appeared in Paris, nearly at the same time, on the subject of poisonings, and Sardou's play, "La Sorcière," has but recently been produced. The books on poisons are "Poisons et Sortilèges," of Drs. Cabanès and L. Nass, with the sub-title, "Les Médecins; les Bourbons; la Science au 20e Siècle" and Dr. A. Masson's "La Sorcellerie et la Science des Poisons au 17e Siècle."

Students of Rabelais now have their quarterly, *Revue des Etudes Rabelaisiennes*, of which the first number was published in July, reporting the sessions for June of the Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes, which is responsible for the magazine. Besides the constitution and list of two hundred and fifty members, there are articles on certain points in the history of Rabelais, his language, allusions, etc. It is interesting to note that there was an old Société des Amis et Admirateurs de Rabelais that existed from 1886 to 1892, and had annual sessions at Tours. It then failed on account of the death of its chief founders.

They who make the glasses we sell are skilled workmen of the highest grade.

A lens that we produce is perfect—you are invited to visit our factory.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in the *Argonaut* can be obtained at

**ROBERTSON'S**  
126 Post Street

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.

Price to *Argonaut* subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter St., S. F.

**HOT  
AND  
HANDY  
TESLA BRIQUETTES**

Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**

Phone South 95.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
**CHOICE WOOLENS**  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

**THE TRADERS  
INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

**No. 308 PINE STREET**  
San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.  
2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.  
3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.  
4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

**ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU**  
230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political. Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe.  
Telephone M. 1042.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Some Poets and Poetasters of the West.

A clear conception of the nature of the nebular hypothesis, a thorough knowledge of modern scientific theories regarding the indestructibility of matter, some inkling of the deduction astronomers draw from the retardation of Biela's comet and allied phenomena, some hint of Nietzsche's theory of cycles, a fair familiarity with astronomy in general, and a dash of Spencerian philosophy, will prove a highly desirable, if not necessary, equipment to all who venture George Sterling's "The Testimony of the Suns" (W. E. Wood, San Francisco). But it is nevertheless a poem—a noble poem—lofty in its conception, in expression severely beautiful. The lines are full, sonorous; the sense of power in reserve is keen and constant; from phase to phase and theme to theme, the poem moves with dignity, even with grandeur.

It can hardly be said that the ideas expressed in "The Testimony of the Suns" are new. Rather has Mr. Sterling transmuted into high poetry the common prose of philosopher and scientist. He puts again, in the light of all that science has taught, the world-old questions, "Whence?" "Whither?" and "Why?" He perceives that while to Time the stars are fixed and "remote in solitudes of rest," to Eternity the stars and suns are waging an unceasing war of attraction and repulsion. Suns are horn; they die. All is flux and change. The earth cools. Earth-creatures pass away. Yet that is not the end, for all begins again anew:

"Without beginning, aim, or end;  
Supreme, incessant, unbegot;  
The systems change, but goal is not,  
Where the infinities attend.

"Deem ye their armaments confess  
A source of mutable desire?  
Think ye He mailed His thought in fire  
And called from night and nothingness

"And armed for Time their high array?  
Dreamed ye Infinity was bent  
Upon a whim, a drama spent  
Within an instant of His day?

"Think ye He broke His dream indeed,  
And rent His deep with fearful Pow'rs,  
That Man inherit fadefless bow'rs?  
Since He desires, He knows a need.

"Nay! stable His Infinity,  
Beyond mutation or desire.  
The visions pass. The worlds expire,  
Unfathomed still their mystery.

"So hath He dreamt. So stands His night.  
Wherein the suns abiding range,  
Dust of the dynasties of change,  
And altars of eternal light.

Thus ends the first part of the poem, and the second part (the whole, by the way, runs to nearly two hundred stanzas) records the testimony of the suns that neither for the individual nor for the race is there eternal rest:

"What force were that in which the soul  
Were summoned to celestial peace,  
And, ere her jubilation cease,  
Dismissed to her ancestral goal?

"To what emergency concealed  
Arides the realm we seek to share  
Which to all antecedent pray'r  
Eternity hath not revealed?"

And the conclusion is reached that man may only dream of personal immortality—may dream in futility eternal:

"So dreamt thy sons on worlds destroyed  
Whose dust allures our careless eyes,  
As, lit at last on alien skies,  
The meteor melts athwart the void.

"So shall thy seed on worlds to be,  
At altars built to suns afar,  
Crave from the silence of the star  
Solution of thy mystery;

"And crave unanswered, till, denied  
By cosmic gloom and stellar glare,  
The brains are dust that bore the pray'r,  
And dust the yearning lips that cried."

Of other poems in Mr. Sterling's book, not so much praise—though still praise—can be given as to the title-poem. There is a tendency to diffuseness, to indefiniteness. Such poems as "Memorial Day" display a bent toward argumentativeness that here, at least, is serious fault. Far happier is the poet with concrete ideas, tersely expressed. A sonnet will illustrate:

## THE SUMMER OF THE GODS.

Methought in dream I saw Ulysses bold—  
Lured by strange music to the hidden West—  
Pursued onward in that memorable quest  
Of islands where the demigods of old  
Beyond the portals of Elysium bold  
The twilight and the threnodies of rest.  
Great gleamed the sunset upon ocean's breast  
And all those urgent oars cast up its gold.

Hushed are the voices of the mythic dales  
And lost the days whose dawn and eve of yore  
Held yet a mystery whose kindly veils  
Fell as a radiance on sea and shore,  
Whose eastward moons and suns departing bore  
A glory unto far, intrepid sails.

"The Testimony of the Suns" is, of course, not a great poem; but it has indubitable power. We fancy that its author is too austere, too aloof and remote, too philosophic, ever to strike chords which will echo in the hearts of The Many. His work

rather arouses admiration than kindles affection; he carries the intellectual citadel by storm rather than the heart by gracious arts.

Far different is it with the poems of Ella Higginson. Here is a true lyric poet. In "In the Voice of April-Land" (Macmillan, New York), she sings us very sweetly and blithely (save here and there the minor note) of wind-blown hair, silver bird-notes, slender brooks that go a-singing by; of blue and golden morns; of velvet moss about the trees; of the path of gold on the deep blue water; of the wood that was pink with roses. Filled with such sweet imagery of nature are these gentle lyrics, and here and there among them is struck the note of simple, common, human tragedy—the maid forsaken, the wife bereaved, love grown cold. Most are essentially voiced moods. And all show the surer and maturer hand. Only one poem stands apart, like some pale, holy, and celestial maid among the rosy damsels of a countryside. That poem is "The Wayfarer"—in rhythm and spirit recalling Rossetti. We have space to quote only a part of it:

## THE WAYFARER.

I met her in a dim sweet wood.  
She reached her lily arms to me:  
Her eyes were like the stars that shine  
In a full midnight sea.

Her unbound hair beld flecks of gold.  
Like sunlight trembling thro' the leaves;  
Her voice was like the wind that steals  
Among the ripened sheaves.

Her breast was whiter than the snow  
New-fallen on some mountain height  
Where only snows on white snows fall,  
Silently day and night.

Her garment was of pearly stuff  
That fell about her thin and straight,  
So thin her lovely limbs shone through,  
Soft, round, and delicate.

Her waist was circled, girdle-wise,  
With creamy lilies, yellow-tipped;  
Her breath was as sweet as wall-flowers,  
And she was delicious-lipped.

"I am that fair Desire," said she,  
"Whom, soon or late, each man must meet."  
(She reached her lily arms to me);  
"Kiss me, my lips are sweet."

I kissed her not; I spoke no word;  
The night was soft, the hour was late;  
A maid so chaste and perfect must  
Be kept inviolate.

"Kiss me, my lips are very sweet" . . .  
I trembled, but I spoke no word.  
"My arms are warm" . . . I turned away,  
As if I had not heard.

"My breath is sweeter than clove-pinks;  
And if a kiss be long," she said—  
I waited then to hear no more,  
But thro' the forest fled.

Horace M. Du Bose's "The Planting of the Cross" (Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco) is a little book of six parts in blank verse, narrating some of the incidents in the history of early California. The story of Concepcion de Arguello, immortalized by Bret Harte, is here retold, and other titles are "Padre Serra," "El Carmelo," "The House Dolores," etc. A short quotation will perhaps suffice:

"Arcadian meadows girt the walls about  
And rolled away beneath idyllic shades  
Of century oaks and elms where night and day  
Cicades trilled the note of peace. There winds,  
Moist from the waves, grew whist and fed the life

Of vine and herb and dressed from spring to spring  
The smiling turf with green. Abundance came  
With years; harvest and vintage brought returns;

With flocks, as Laban's multiplied—sheep, kine,  
And horses bred from Andalusian stalls,  
Known over seas for grace of limb and strength—

And, filling first the mission pounds, escaped  
And roamed the wilds, whence sprang the maverick herds  
That browsed our grassy plains in pastoral times."

Another hook of verse made especially attractive by tasteful binding, fine paper, and handsome type, is John G. Jury's "Omar and Fitzgerald" (Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco). We regret to note that Mr. Jury rhymes "Pelée" with "uncertainly," and some other lines are rather unfortunate. For example,

"Strong oaks drip tears upon the sod,"

is a line calculated to awake emotions the reverse of mournful, and it is rather surprising, after reading these serious lines on "Hagar"—

"Forsaken in the wilderness!  
Mourn Heart for banished Hagar's woe,  
And answer why Sin, merciless,  
Deals Innocence the heavier blow!"

to turn the leaf and fall upon these remarks about no less a Biblical worthy than Joshua:

"Didst thou write that Fake infernal,  
About the sun in Gibbon?  
The moon in vales of Ajalon?  
If printing were in vogue,  
Bold and designing rogue,  
Thou wouldst have owned a yellow journal!"

The "chef d'œuvre" (we think that is here the proper expression) of "The Hermit's Home" (Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco) is

"The Hermit's Home" itself, consisting of one hundred and eight closely printed pages of blank verse. Then comes "Yosemite," and finally a drama in three acts, entitled "Grover the First"—written in 1894; revised." But what we think our readers will like best to peruse of J. Vinton Webster's are the first two stanzas of "The Lover's Farewell." Here are the touching lines:

"Leona, harsh Leona, how  
I loved thee, tongue can never tell.  
Leona, harsh Leona, now  
With bitterness I say farewell.

The hope of all my early years,  
Has turned to wormwood and gall,—  
I go, but shall restrain my tears,  
And no return shall meet your call."

We are happy to state that the injured lover succeeded in restraining those tears, even unto the end of the twenty-first stanza.

## New Publications.

"Following the Frontier," by Roger Pocock. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Katharine Frensham," by Beatrice Haraden. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Beatrice Book," by Ralph Harold Bretherton. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.20 net.

"Petronilla Heroven: A Novel," by U. L. Silberrad. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"A Daughter of the Rich," by M. E. Waller. Illustrated. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"The Art of the Pitti Palace," by Julia de W. Addison. Illustrated. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"The Laws and Principles of Bridge," by "Badsworth." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.40 net.

"Builders of the Beautiful," by H. L. Piner. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Cherry," by Booth Tarkington. Illustrated in color by A. I. Kellar. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

"The Mutineers," by Eustace L. Williams. Illustrated. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.00 net.

"Stella Fregelius: A Tale of Three Destinies," by H. Rider Haggard. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest," by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"Technique of Musical Expression: A Text-Book for Singers," by Albert Gérard-Thiers. Published by the Theodore Rehla Company, New York; \$1.00.

"The Administration of Iowa: A Study in Centralization," by Harold Martin Bowman, LL. B., Ph. D. Published by the Columbia University Press: The Macmillan Company, agents, New York; \$1.50.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is a collection of letters sent home by the author to the San Francisco Argonaut, when traveling in Spain with a companion. The author modestly admits that these pen-sketches, "taken on the wing, may not be very valuable," but claims that they "are not wholly valueless," being not unlike the snapshot photos which accompany them, "for the snapshots are not art, and the pen-sketches are not literature, but both may interest." They certainly will, for the sketches are written in lively Americanese, and the snapshot photos are not the stock Spanish views.

## Buffalo Evening News:

"Two Argonauts in Spain" is a welcome addition to a descriptive literature that has received a new interest since our war with the ancient monarchy, once the most powerful in the world, and now among the feeblest of great nations. It is the fruit of a flying trip through Spain. The volume is every way attractive.

## San Diego Union:

Jerome Hart, editor of the San Francisco Argonaut, has produced a handsome and entertaining book in his "Two Argonauts in Spain." It may be said to be an extremely original work, although there are times when the reader is reminded of De Mille in his "Dodge Club."

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco.


## A Beautiful Dancing Surface

is obtained on the floor of any hall or ball-room by the use of Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It will not ball up on the shoes, nor lump on the floor; makes neither dirt nor dust, but forms a perfect dancing surface. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

## Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

"Give Me the Remington"



says the experienced operator.

Remington Typewriter Company  
327 Broadway, New York.

228 Bush Street, San Francisco.

THE CALL  
Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions.—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief for CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

Quina LAROCHE

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO., 26-30 N. William St., N. Y.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre, PARIS, FRANCE.





There seem to be symptoms of a growing coherence in comic opera. "Dolly Varden" is legitimate comedy set to music, and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is almost a play with a few farcical trimmings, plus a musical setting. It is, as its popularity has caused every one to know by this time, a military piece, dating from the time of the Civil War, and with the action located on Southern ground. Strange to say, the piece actually has atmosphere. There are soldiers in military blue, with gilt trimmings. Southern belles in expansive crinolines, slaves chanting their wild, sweet, plantation songs, and a middle-aged courtship. They always have middle-aged courtships in Southern novels; there is evidently something in the climate that prevents love's young dream from growing *passé*.

The company play and sing in this piece *con amore*. There is so much freshness and wholesomeness in the situations, as compared with the general run of what we see in these light, musical pieces, with their interminable princesses feeling it incumbent upon themselves to appear in tights, and with quantities of short-skirted beauties kicking their heels and ogling the funny man. As shows, they are almost invariably pretty, amusing, tuneful, but frightfully stereotyped. Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, who are unitedly responsible for "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," have discovered nothing new, but they have had the happy idea of putting purely American scenes, sentiments, and situations into comic opera, and utilizing old war songs and darkey ditties to so cunningly blend with the newer melodies as to provide a degree of novelty even while the senses are thrilled with the old familiar charm. There is quite a perceptible proportion of earnestness in the plot, but it is amply balanced by the comedy end, which Ferris Hartman holds up very well, although he has several dozen rivals in the crinolines of the ladies, which dispute with him the palm for most successfully exciting amusement in the audience.

The first scene is as quaint, pretty, and old-fashioned as possible. It represents an extemporized ball-room—some lumber-room or barn on a Southern plantation, where the Union general has established his headquarters. The Southern belles, panoplied in enormous crinolines, and decorated prettily in lawns, fichus, and the charming pink and blue garnitures which girlhood most affects in ball-dresses, cluster in the centre of the floor, looking hostilely at the boys in blue, and refusing to dance with them. And while they chatter to each other their enmity, the dance strains continue, and one by one the fair antagonists are whirled away in the embrace of the enemy, their crinolines tilting rhythmically to the waltz steps, and giving fascinating and generous views of flounced, ankle-length pantalettes tied with ribbons and even decorated with pink rose-buds.

There are numbers of pretty melodies in the piece sung most sweetly. Bessie Tannehill, as the widow, who is the object of a belated courtship, is a comely, well-preserved, homey-looking matron, and sings in a voice as sweet as that of youth. Wallace Brownlow is tall and personable, with a baritone that rings out with excellent effect when he avoids the high notes. Eugenia Barker converses in a series of squeaks and squeals, but her light singing voice is not displeasing, and her pop-eyed prettiness is of the fetching order. Anna Lichter looked her very best, and sang her numbers in a voice that seems lighter, but is as sweet as of yore. And Annie Myers, in the melodramatic rôle of a smoldering Secesh youth, sang delightfully—goodness knows why; I shouldn't wonder if Stanislaus Stange himself does not—"Way Down Upon the Suwanne River" as a sort of under accompaniment to an agitated quartette whose warbled sentiments were as remote from the "Suwanne River" as the Secesh youth's. Irrelevant as the song was, the effect was uncommonly pretty. So was the yearning, mournful wail of the darkies in "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," when the luckless general proposed to massa's widow to the tune of disastrous remembrances.

There is some Gilbert-Sullivan recitative in the second act that tails off the scene with immense effect, and there is a patriotic song, "My Own United States," that the American youth will probably soon howl with patriotic fervor in the school-room. In fact, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" has as much swing as its title, and nearly every one who listens to it with steady grin of pleas-

ure is apt to come forth loudly advertising its numerous merits.

Local talent is on top at Fischer's Theatre. Like "I-O-U," "The Beauty Shop" pans out considerably better than some of the whooped-up, hurrah-boys incoherencies of Eastern origin that have whiled away the rosy hours for Fischer's patrons during the past year.

There is some approach to consecutive action in "The Beauty Shop," and the chorus-girls have a logical reason for being, since they are pupils and customers of Mme. Voluptia, who regulates their good looks from the cabinetted purloins of her "beauty parlors."

The dialogue is quite snappy and animated, with occasional crackles of humor that a non-habitué of the house finds perfectly assimilable, and the invariably green-back act is illuminated by a scene in amateur pugilism, including a general mix-up of the lookers-on, that is uproariously funny. There are, too, fairly novel effects in the costumes of the chorus-girls, and the idea of the twin comedians exchanging girths is an inspiration of its kind. The music is of the run-of-the-mill order, but it goes very well with the text, and there is a sufficient number of interpolated songs to considerably brighten up the general effect.

The new people have been scanned with much interest, and received with favor, although Allan Curtis has not as yet fitted into Barney Bernard's shoes. He does his best, modeling himself, as faithfully as his powers of mimicry will permit, on the looks and demeanor of the departed great one, and as the renowned Barney himself is a tolerably exact copy of David Warfield, no doubt his successor will with time and practice work up toward approximately filling the vacant niche.

Helen Russell, Maud Amber's successor, is an ox-eyed brute, with so powerful a voice that vocally she will outshine her predecessor. She does not possess the shoulders of pearl, the tapering arms, and the hour-glass waist of the dashing Maud, being something of a heavy-weight physically, and, indeed, temperamentally. But she is a handsome woman, lights up well under the lime-light, wears fine feathers with lots of glitter in them, and is most accommodating in placing her big, badly managed voice at the service of the public. Her voice has patently received cultivation, as the singer attacked a florid Italian aria in a style that indicated that fact. Miss Russell, however, quite unnecessarily strains an organ that is so powerful as to require no such unnatural strengthening of its already considerable volume.

John Peachey, a young man with a chin like Denis O'Sullivan's, finds in his present rôle but little chance to show what stuff he is made of as the show young man of the company. He is, however, an agreeable ballad singer, fairly good-looking, an indifferent dresser.

In both "I-O-U" and "The Beauty Shop," Ben T. Dillon has made the utmost of tough rôles, showing a marked specialty for doing that kind of work with humorous effect. He makes an excellent partner to Georgie O'Ramey, who plays a gushing Milpitas maiden with a freak face in need of beautifying. The two form a congenial song-and-dance pair, playing into each other's hands extremely well, and being immensely amusing during their special turn. Short as her season has been at Fischer's, Miss O'Ramey will be very definitely missed on her near departure.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

William Lansing, a veteran actor, died in the Alameda County Infirmary Saturday night. He had been suffering acutely, for years, from rheumatism. He played many good parts in his time, and was with Booth, Barrett, Irving, and other famous tragedians. He was a close personal friend of N. C. Goodwin, who visited him the last time he was here. Lansing was a native of New York, fifty-two years of age.

The great event of Saturday's racing at the Oakland Track will be the Lissak handicap, for two-year-olds and upward, at time of closing. The entries are many, and the prize, \$60 to start, \$10 forfeit, and \$2,000 added, will be worth fighting for. Some of the best horses on the turf will take part in this contest.

Miss Nellie Cummings, formerly a member of the old California Theatre stock company, has returned to San Francisco after an absence of many years, and is at the Occidental.

#### New Label for Baker's Chocolate.

To distinguish their product from imitations, Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., have enclosed their pound packages of "Baker's Chocolate" in a new envelope or case of stiff paper, different from any other package. The color of the case is the same shade of deep blue heretofore used on the Baker packages, and no change has been made in the color (yellow) and design of the label. On the outside of the case, the name of the manufacturer is prominently printed in white letters. On the back of every package a colored lithograph of the trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatière," sometimes called the "Chocolate Girl," is printed.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### For the Verdi Monument.

A concert, under the auspices of the daily, *L'Italia*, will be given at the Alhambra Theatre this (Saturday) evening in commemoration of the third anniversary of Verdi's death. The music will be by the Royal Italian Band, under the direction of its distinguished leader, Chev. Rivela, and by some well-known professional singers. The proceeds of the concert will be given to the fund for the Verdi Monument, which will be donated to the city of San Francisco. The programme is as follows:

Grand march, "Red Devils," Rivela; overture, "Aroldo," Verdi; Pilgrims' chorus, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; romanza, "Zaza," Leoncavallo, G. Cortesi; aria, "Simon Boccanegra," Verdi, C. S. Wanrell; duo, act four, "Trovatore," Verdi, Mrs. Lydia Sturtevant-Sterling and F. Avedano; grand selection, "Ernani," Verdi; "Miserere" ("Trovatore"), Verdi; Jordan scene, "Nabucco," Verdi; chorus and prayer, "Lombardi," Verdi; improviso, "Andrea Chenier," Giordano, D. Russo; duo, act four, "Aida," Verdi, Mrs. L. Sturtevant-Sterling and F. Avedano; intermezzo, "William Ratcliff," Mascagni; "Albumbblatt," Wagner; grand trio, "Lombardi," Verdi, Miss Lydia Cavalli, G. Cortesi, F. Fignoni; violin obligato by Pietro Marino; sextet, "Lucia," Donizetti.

##### Kopta Quartet Concerts.

The Kopta Quartet, which gave chamber music concerts at Hearst Hall, Berkeley, last season, and which is giving a season of concerts at Stanford University, will give three Sunday afternoon concerts at Lyric Hall with the assistance of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, the well-known pianist. The members of the quartet are Wenzel Kopta and John Josephs, violinists, Charles Heinsen, viola, and Adolph Lada, cello. At the first concert, on Sunday, February 7th, the quintet for piano and strings by Sinding will be given. Mr. Kopta possesses some manuscript numbers by Dvorak, with whom he was associated for some seasons, and at the first concert will play two waltzes for string quartet by this great Bohemian composer. The soloist will be Mr. Kopta, who will play an "Ecklogue," by Nesvera, and the famous concert polonaise by Laub. Tickets for the course of three are \$2.50, and for single concerts, \$1.00. These may be secured on application to W. L. Greenbaum, at Lyric Hall.

##### A Cecilian Singer Coming.

Mme. Blauvelt, the only American singer, with the exception of Nordica, who has made a truly great success in Europe, is the only English-speaking person, and the eighth woman, on whom the Order of St. Cecilia has been conferred by the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia in the three hundred and seventeen years of its existence. The cause of this great distinction was the wonderful rendition of the soprano part at the performance in Rome of Verdi's "Requiem," in memory of the great composer, in 1901. Mme. Blauvelt's voice is a high, dramatic soprano. This artist will visit the West for the first time this season, and will appear at Lyric Hall during the week of February 15th, under the management of W. L. Greenbaum. The first concert has been bought by the Twentieth Century Musical Club.

##### Verdi Concerts.

An organization of operatic singers, under the title of the Verdi Sextette, has been formed in this city with such artists as Mme. Caro Roma, Miss V. G. Hickey, Miss M. Judson, Signors Cortesi, Borghesi, and Wanrell. They will give their first concert at Lyric Hall on February 4th, when a programme of operatic selections from "Pagliacci," "Lombardi," "Zaza," "Lakme," "Lucia," and the quartet from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given. The general admission will be 50 cents, and reserved seats 75 cents. Signor Martinez will be the director.

A concert was given at Century Hall on Thursday evening by Miss Beulah George, soprano, Miss Mary Broeck Pasmore, violinist, Miss Suzanne N. Pasmore, pianist, and Miss Dorothy B. Pasmore, cellist, with Mr. Fred Maurer as accompanist. A good programme was rendered in a pleasing manner.

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Paul Gerson begs to state that, in response to numerous requests, he will on January 31st open a JUVENILE DEPARTMENT in connection with his school of Acting, and has secured the services of a teacher of experience, specially qualified for this work, Miss Lillian E. Muscio. One of the features of the department will be a dancing class in charge of Signora Matildita. In order that each one may have his or her proper time and attention, the class will be limited to twenty-five. Mr. Gerson will give his personal attention to every pupil. For terms, etc., call or address The Juvenile Department of the Paul Gerson School of Acting, Native Sons' Building, 414 Mason Street. The fourth of the series of matinee performances by students of the school, will take place at the California Theatre, Friday afternoon, February 12th. A brilliant programme will be presented. The school will be assisted by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, this institution hereafter joining its artistic interests with the School of Acting.

**The Ocularium**  
Eye-Glasses  
AND  
Spectacles  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Beginning Monday, evening, January 25th, third week of the phenomenal success.

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**  
A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Next—The Gypsy Baron.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks, beginning Monday, January 25th, matinee Saturday only, Messrs. Shubert, Nixon and Zimmerman's gorgeously beautiful presentation of the international musical comedy triumph,

##### A CHINESE HONEYMOON

The biggest, best, brightest of them all.

Sunday night, January 24th—German performance, *Als ich Wiederkam*.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, January 25th, Henry Arthur Jones's Great Play,

##### THE MASQUERADERS

Evenings 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday, 15c to 50c.

Monday, February 1st—A Colonial Girl, a romance of the Revolution.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

To-morrow (Sunday) matinee, January 24th, Julius Cahn presents the greatest comedy success of years,

##### DAVID HARUM

The play that won't wear out. W. H. TURNER as David Harum. Regular matinee Saturday. Usual popular prices.

Sunday matinee, January 31st—Lost River.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Props. Proprietors Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, January 25th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the magnificent dramatic spectacle,

##### QUO VADIS

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of February 1st—In Sight of St. Paul's.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 24th. A prodigious programme! Johnny and Emma Ray; Cordana and Maud; Duffy, Sawtelle, and Duffy; Oliver T. Holden and Winifred Florence; Stanley and Wilson; Kelly and Violette; Irving Jones; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of the Stein-Eretto Family.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

**Fischer's THEATRE**

Commences Monday night, January 25th, third week of the enormous success,

##### THE BEAUTY SHOP

The best musical comedy of the year. Replete with catchy songs, brisk and funny dialogues, beautiful costumes and stage effects.

Ever popular prices. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

**RACING**

New California Jockey Club  
**OAKLAND TRACK**

Commencing Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**

Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

**GEO. GOODMAN**  
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## A New Musical Comedy.

Mrs. Langtry's final performance of "The Degenerates" will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Saturday night. The "Jersey Lily's" engagement has proven a very successful one. The next attraction at the Columbia will be "A Chinese Honeymoon," a musical comedy which has its first San Francisco performance Monday evening. This piece does not depend on one or two characters, but has twenty principals and more than eighty people in the chorus. The music of "A Chinese Honeymoon" is by Howard Talbot, and the book and lyrics are the work of George Dance. Among the many numbers are "I Want to be a Lady," "Roly-Poly," "The à la Girl," "Twiddledy Bits," "The Official Mother-in-Law," "The Leader of Frocks and Frills," "Bits from the Plays," and "There's a Little Street in Heaven that They Call Broadway." The company includes John E. Henshaw; Stella Tracey; Toby Claude, the pocket-edition comedienne; C. H. Prince; W. H. Clarke; May Ten Broeck; Edward Clark; and Frances Knight. The comedy is free from suggestive lines, and the costumes do not include either tights or short dresses. An important feature is the finale of the second act, "The Feast of Lanterns." In this scene over four hundred diminutive electric lights are used, and the rear ground shows several pagodas illuminated for the occasion.

## Roman Splendor Reproduced.

For several weeks past the Central Theatre has been preparing for a production of the dramatic spectacle, Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis." A double corps of artists have been engaged for more than a month in preparing the scenery, which will reproduce on canvas the splendor and beauty of Rome's classic days. The impressive scene in the Colosseum, in which the giant Ursus saves the fainting Lygia from an awful death in the arena, and then, holding up the all but lifeless body of the girl, silently pleads for the tyrant's mercy, will be given in a realistic manner. Herschel Mayall will have the rôle of Petronius, and Eugenia Thais Lawton will assume the character of Lygia, the persecuted Christian girl.

## Has Caught the Public Fancy.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the spectacular military comic opera now on at the Tivoli Opera House, has a number of martial and catchy airs that are being hummed and whistled all over town. The beauty of the old darkey melodies has been revived, and there are many new songs that have found favor. Stage effects have not been neglected, and the costumes, scenery, and groupings win as much applause as the music. The only matinee is Saturday. Johann Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron" will be produced at the Tivoli when the public shall have tired of "Johnny."

## German Comedy at the Columbia.

On Sunday evening, January 24th, San Franciscans will have their first opportunity of witnessing the new Blumenthal and Kadelburg comedy entitled, "Als ich Wiederkam," the sequel to "Im Weissen Roessl," or as it is known to the English stage, "At the White Horse Tavern." The Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble presented the last-named play at the Columbia Theatre a few weeks since, and arrangements were immediately concluded for the presentation of the play's sequel on Sunday night. "Als ich Wiederkam" has as its main characters those that were so prominently and effectively concerned in the telling of the story of "Im Weissen Roessl." The story has to do with the married life of Doctor Otto Siedler and his wife, the daughter of Wilhelm Giesecke. The comedy situations which are brought about are said to be full of hilarity, and from all accounts the comedy will rank as great a success as "At the White Horse Tavern." Over fifty people will take part in the production, in which the principal rôles will be in the hands of Adolph Schubert, Max Horwinski, Jr., Frieda Shanley, Josephine Lafontaine-Neckhaus, Martha Plumhof, Theo. Saling, Richard Lenz, and Josephine Sherwin. Some special singing features will be introduced during the performance. A dance typical of the country in which the tavern is situated will be presented by Josef Toplack and Elsa Kuehne.

## Varied Attractions at the Orpheum.

Johnny and Emma Ray, funny and popular entertainers, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum this coming week. They promise something entirely new, and are assured of a rousing welcome. The title of their opening sketch is "Barker's Bitters." Cordua and Maud, who give a wonderful exhibition of band balancing on the double wire, come direct from Berlin. Their act has never been successfully duplicated by other athletes. Duffy, Sawtelle, and Duffy will appear here for the first time in a comedy sketch entitled "Papa's

Sweetheart." Master Duffy, a youth in his minor teens, is a decidedly clever little singer and dancer, and comes highly praised by the Eastern press. Oliver T. Holden, lyric tenor, and Miss Winifred Florence, soprano, will present a romantic comedy, operatic sketch, "The Fairy of Killarney." They carry special scenery representing the ruins of Muckross Castle, on the Lakes of Killarney. Kelly and Violette, the "fashion-plate singing duo," will change their songs. Stanley and Wilson will introduce new eccentricities in their skit. "Before the Ball," and Irving Jones, the man who writes his own songs, will change his act. The Stein-Eretto family of hand-jumping acrobats will appear for their second and last week, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## Improved by the Author.

The advantage of producing a play by a local author has been demonstrated at Fischer's Theatre. J. C. Crawford, who wrote "The Beauty Shop," has attended every performance of the burlesque, noting all the defects or comparatively weak spots, and suggested their remedy or elimination. The result is an improvement over the first performances, good as they were. Miss Russell, Mr. Peachey, and Ben Dillon and Miss Georgie O'Raney will introduce new songs next week. Miss Nellie Lynch will shortly come to Fischer's as soubrette.

## English Society Depicted.

Next week's offering at the Alcazar will be Henry Arthur Jones's virile drama of the emotions, "The Masqueraders." It is a play showing one phase of English society life, and it presents anything but an alluring picture. The strongest scene in it is where the scientist and the *roue* play cards for the possession of a woman, and there is an impressive struggle between passion and honor. Miss Adele Block will have the part of Dulcie, James Durkin will be the dreamer, and Luke Connell will portray the titled rake. Miss Frances Starr will impersonate a fast, mannish little woman. Mr. Maher is to have a part different from any other in which he has been seen here. On February 1st, "A Colonial Girl," new here, will be presented.

## "David Harum" at the Grand.

"David Harum" will be presented at the Grand Opera House, the week beginning next Sunday matinee, under the direction of Julius Cahn. The production will be the same as that which was given the comedy by Charles Frohman during its New York run. Westcott's book was dramatized and presented to the public three years ago. Its success was immediate, and the New York engagement, which lasted sixteen weeks, was remarkable for its large receipts. The book was dramatized by R. and M. W. Hitchcock, and they adhered very closely to the story as woven by Westcott. Mr. Turner's portrayal of Harum is described as being very artistic. It is said that few actors are capable of giving the character the touches with which he rounds out his portrayal of the shrewd old countryman. The week of January 31st will be devoted to an elaborate production of Joseph Arthur's latest success, "Lost River."

## Burton Holmes's Lectures.

Burton Holmes's lectures have been attracting large audiences to Lyric Hall. His "Yellowstone" lecture, which was so well received, will be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mr. Holmes's interesting talks, combined with his colored and moving pictures, furnish most pleasing entertainment.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 805 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## The Fair Case.

The dispatches state that not only the American colony in Paris, but all Paris, is divided over the perjury phase of the Fair will case. When Lucien Mas and Alfred Moranne testified at the New York trial, by which Mr. Fair's heirs endeavored to acquire the property of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair, they stated that they were at the scene of the fatal automobile accident, and that Mrs. Fair survived her husband for some minutes after the accident. Such an event would have made Mrs. Fair her husband's heir, and her relatives her heirs. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, as Mr. Fair's heirs, had Mas and Moranne arrested for perjury, and it is this arrest that is causing the trouble. The temporary release of the men has been secured, and the French judge, before whom the case was tried, the minister of justice, the minister of foreign affairs, and Ambassador Porter, each in turn having had the question passed along to him, considered whether or not the arrests were legal; and finally have passed the matter up to Secretary Hay. If he decides against the prisoners, all Paris, which sympathizes with them, will be in a pleasurable uproar.

## Performances by Students.

A professional matinee performance by the students of the Paul Gerson School of Acting will take place at the California Theatre Friday afternoon, February 12th. An act from Ibsen's "The Doll's House"; "The Jade," a one-act comedy by Ada Lee Bascom; "The Mouse Trap," a one-act comedy by William Dean Howells; a scene from Lord Lytton's play, "The Rightful Heir"; a fantasy in one act by Ada Lee Bascom, entitled "Bacchante," will be among the offerings. The curtain will rise promptly at two o'clock.

## For a Veteran Artist.

A testimonial benefit performance for the musician and singer, Mme. Fabri Mueller, will be given at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter Street, on Friday evening, January 29th. Mme. Mueller's seventy-second birthday. A programme in English and German will be presented by the best local talent. Tickets, which may be exchanged for reserved seats at Kohler & Chase's music store on January 28th and 29th, are fifty cents.

The Argonaut wishes to correct an erroneous statement concerning Mme. Gerster which inadvertently appeared in a recent issue, and which stated that this once famous prima donna had died insane. Mr. Henry Heyman writes to say that the lady has never been mad, is still living, and is residing in Berlin, where she is recognized as the leading vocal teacher of Germany.

Mary Anderson de Navarro drew a crowded house in London on the occasion of her appearance for the cause of charity. She recited and sang, and it is said her audiences were delighted with both.

## All Seamen

know the comforts of having on hand a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.



## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 36,049,491.18

OFFICERS — President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, L. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT WATT, Cashier.  
LOVELL WHITE, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 4,734,791  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
411 California Street. Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid up..... 2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund..... 300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.  
Write for circular and terms.

## HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:  
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

**Are you going to make  
a Will ?**

**If so, send for Pamphlet to**

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT  
AND TRUST COMPANY**

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43  
Total Assets..... 6,415,683.87

## ADDRESS:

**Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
San Francisco, California**



Truly a moving plea. And it met a sympathetic, if critical, reception from the *Sun's* alert public. "Modesty" wrote next day that "Disgruntled" had hit the nail on the head, or the pin on the head. "I have a grievance, too," he continued, "and it is the careless, badly designed, foolish, and nearly always vulgar placket hole, or closing of a woman's skirt in the back. A woman sometimes reminds one of an ostrich. A skirt is worn that is invisible to the wearer is

imagined to be all right, when in reality it cries aloud to be sbut. Many skirts that remain decent when hanging in their place immediately unfasten and gape when lifted ever so little. And when they gape, ye gods! Another thing the sex is weak upon is the hat. Most women's hats look well from the front—as the women see themselves in a glass—but turn them around! I saw a stunning girl, the other night, whose hat, from the rear, was uproariously funny. The crown was irregular, and it seemed to be over one ear. From the front it was a dream—from the rear, a nightmare. Most women's clothes are pinned together. Many girls who make their own clothes—and make them well otherwise—halk at the buttons, and finish with pins. I once knew a pretty young miss who was a walking exposition of the jeweler's art in baby and stick-pins. She was literally held together with them. I propose to 'Disgruntled' that we organize a society for the suppression of the placket, the gaudy brass button, the gewgaw spangle and head, the baby and stick-pin, and horror of all—the rag around the neck."

More critical was the letter of "A Believer in Women," who, however, admits that "woman's dress is a peculiar institution." "Her garments meet," he says, "a man's overlap. A man may have no suspender buttons, but he can use nails, and his coat covers it; his vest may be ripped, but his coat covers it, and so on. He is only too frequently addicted to the shirt-sleeve habit, an abomination. Let 'Disgruntled' overlook these small matters of dress, and seek in woman her instincts of the right and the good. Picture man's lot if he should always let protruding pin-heads kill his perception of these attributes of woman. 'Disgruntled' should look for character, and not for pin-heads. His perspective is all wrong." "The Worm Who Turns Now and Then," remarks that "perhaps if he had to cut and make his own garments without previous training and with scant material, as thousands of women have to do, he might count himself clever if his necessary apparel passed muster at all," while "Safety Pin" thinks it impossible that there should exist any man who "has had so little experience as to object to the use of 'safety pins in the waist band of a woman's skirt. If he had confined his protest to those long black-headed pins with needle points that are unaccountably in so much favor with the fair sex at the present time," says "S. P.," "there would be some sense in it. Although I have no exact information on the subject, I am confident that the safety-pin was invented by a more enterprising and venturesome man than 'Disgruntled'; by some one who did not want his courtship punctuated with lacerated fingers."

And, finally, "Bachelor" commends the untidy woman. "A missing button," he declares, "will attract attention, while the peeping head of a safety-pin may lend enchantment to the view. Besides, a woman, like an elephant, is never still. She must be about her business, and her business is all-reaching. Therefore at times she comes undone. A woman, too, dressed as if turned out of a bandbox, is not an object of universal admiration. The woman who spends most of her husband's money to put upon her hack is a creature who is sadly deficient in brain. Untidy women are the most modest, as a rule. Go East, 'Disgruntled,' to India or thereabouts, and you will find the 'females' half dressed, but with their lack of raiment goes a degree of modesty which is far beyond that of their hewered and hegowned sisters. What is prettier, too, than an Irish girl with dishevelled clothes and flowing, untidy hair? Travel, my friend. You are a chicken that has never been out of one field. Travel, and if you return from your wanderings still in the same state of mind, for goodness sake pay all your attention to an immaculately dressed dry-goods model; for that, and nothing else, will meet your extraordinary fancy. An absolute and always correctly dressed woman is as much of a monotonous eyesore as a dummy."

Major Charles L. McCawley, of the Marine Corps, who is the star dancing man of the uniformed service, has been relieved of all other duties, and placed permanently in the White House social service, according to a Washington dispatch. Major McCawley is the man who leads the cotillions with Miss Alice Roosevelt at the dances she attends in the Capitol. He is the President's personal selection as her partner. Last year, Major McCawley was somewhat overshadowed by Colonel Theodore Bingham, who was the major-domo at the White House. This function goes to the colonel of engineers, who holds the position of superintendent of public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia. He is the military aid to the President. Colonel Bingham, much to his disgust, was sent to Buffalo last spring to take charge of the break-water work there, and Colonel Thomas Symons was brought from Buffalo to Washington to be major-domo. Colonel Symons found the task too much for him, and so has secured the ser-

vices of Major McCawley. He will henceforth do nothing but carry out the wishes of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt as to their entertainments, as well as act as major-domo on all occasions when there is anything of a social nature at the White House. The President's social staff formerly consisted of the military aid, the naval aid, and two others. The great number of entertainments at the White House since Mr. Roosevelt became President has gradually increased the staff until it numbers nine, as follows: Colonel Thomas W. Symons, U. S. A.; Commander Cameron McKr. Winslow, U. S. N.; Major Charles L. McCawley, U. S. M. C.; Captain Joseph W. Glidden, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Granville R. Fortescue, U. S. A.; Lieutenant George R. Spalding, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Clarence O. Sherrill, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Roscoe C. Bulmer, U. S. N.; and Lieutenant David F. Sellers, U. S. N. Lieutenant Sellers was added to the staff last week.

— CUSTOM-HOUSE STATISTICS JUST ISSUED SHOW that 121,528 cases of G. H. Munim's champagne were imported during the year 1903. This represents about one-third of all the champagne brought into the United States.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	<i>Max. Tem.</i>	<i>Min. Tem.</i>	<i>Rain- fall.</i>	<i>State of Weather.</i>
January 14th... ..	56	45	.00	Clear
" 15th.....	48	42	.00	Cloudy
" 16th.....	56	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 17th.....	50	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 18th.....	50	44	.00	Clear
" 19th.....	50	44	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	52	49	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 20, 1904, were as follows :

	BONOS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coupon, 4%				
Reg. old.....	16,000	@ 107 $\frac{3}{4}$	107 $\frac{3}{4}$	108 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bay Co. Power 5%	6,000	@ 102	102	
Honolulu R.T.L 6%	1,000	@ 106	106	
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	3,000	@ 102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Los An. Ry 5%.....	5,000	@ 115	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	115 $\frac{1}{4}$
Market St. Ry. 6%.	3,000	@ 116 $\frac{1}{4}$	114	116 $\frac{1}{4}$
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	28,000	@ 114-114 $\frac{1}{2}$	114 $\frac{1}{4}$	115 $\frac{1}{2}$
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	1,000	@ 105	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	105 $\frac{3}{4}$
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	24,000	@ 117 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	62,000	@ 105	105	105 $\frac{1}{4}$
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	17,000	@ 118	118	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	2,000	@ 111 $\frac{3}{4}$	.....	112
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	49,000	@ 105	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	106
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910.....	2,000	@ 106 $\frac{1}{4}$	106 $\frac{1}{4}$	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905, S. A.....	16,000	@ 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ -104	103 $\frac{3}{4}$	104 $\frac{1}{4}$
S. P. R. of Cal, 6%				
S. B.....	39,000	@ 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ -104 $\frac{3}{4}$	104 $\frac{3}{4}$	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906.....	9,000	@ 105 $\frac{1}{4}$	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	106
S. P. R. of Cal, 6%				
1912.....	4,000	@ 118 $\frac{1}{4}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd.....	24,500	@ 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ -108 $\frac{1}{4}$	108 $\frac{1}{4}$	
S. P. Branch, 6%.	5,000	@ 134 $\frac{1}{4}$	133 $\frac{1}{4}$	
S. V. Water 6%.....	62,000	@ 106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	
S. V. Water 4%.....	32,000	@ 99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	
S. V. Water 4% 3d	5,000	@ 99-	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	

<i>Water.</i>	<i>Stocks.</i>	<i>Closed</i>
<i>Shares.</i>	<i>Bid.</i>	<i>Asked</i>
Contra Costa. . . .	160 @ 40- 40½	40 41
Spring Val. W. Co.	90 @ 39½- 41	39½ 40
<i>Banks.</i>		
Anglo-Cal. . . . .	15 @ 90	89½ 92
Bank of California	25 @ 442½-446½	442
Mutual Savings. . .	10 @ 105	100
<i>Powders.</i>		
Giant Con. . . . .	30 @ 59½- 60	..... 62½
<i>Sugars.</i>		
Hawaiian S. Co. . .	65 @ 43½	43 45
Honokaa S. Co. . .	50 @ 12½	12½ 12¾
Hutchinson . . . .	87½ @ 7½- 8¾	8½ 8¾
Makaweli S. Co. . .	17 @ 20½- 22	20 22
Onomea S. Co. . . .	55 @ 29	..... 30
Pauuhau S. Co. . .	20 @ 13	..... 14½
<i>Gas and Electric.</i>		
S. F. Gas & Electric	78½ @ 57½- 59½	59½ 60
<i>Miscellaneous.</i>		
Alaska Packers. . .	355 @ 140- 145	144
Cal. Fruit Canners. .	200 @ 94- 95	94
Cal. Wine Assn. . .	40 @ 95	..... 95½
Oceanic S. Co. . . .	170 @ 4½- 6	5¾ 7

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong, and advanced two and one-half points to 59½ on sales of 780 shares, closing at 59¼ bid, 60 asked.

The upward movement in Alaska Packers still continues, the stock advancing eight and one-half points to 145 on sales of 355 shares, closing at 144 bid.

The Oceanic Steamship Company sold up two points to 6 on sales of 170 shares.

Spring Valley Water was steady, 90 shares changing hands at 39½ to 41.

## INVESTMENTS.

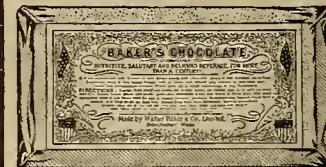
Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co, and Anglo-Californian Banks.

**A. W. BLOW,**  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

# Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



**The FINEST in the World**  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780      Dorchester, Mass.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

**GLUTEN FLOUR** For  
DYSPEPSIA.  
**SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.**  
**K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.**  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book or sample, write  
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

# THE Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Strange," said Senator Foraker to Senator Lodge, "how sensitive Morgan is about the Panama ditch." "Yes, very. He couldn't be more so if it were his own alimentary canal."

A noted prelate was once playing golf with Mr. Choate, and after fooling a tee shot egregiously, stood looking at the ball for several moments. After waiting for the hishop to say something, Mr. Choate remarked: "Bishop, that was the profanest silence I ever heard."

Once, while in Pittsburgh, Andrew Carnegie had a telegram sent, and stood waiting, as is his custom, until it reached the operator. He listened attentively to the clicking of the key, then immediately wrote a new telegram, as follows: "The other message mine; spelling the operator's."

George F. Fuller, said to be the oldest theatrical manager in the United States, recalls that seventy years ago, in London, the device of an iron curtain to separate stage and auditorium was proposed. Whereupon a manager, addressing his audience, said:

"We will not burn our generous benefactors;  
We'll only bum the scenery and the actors."

Recently a fellow with a patent air brake caught James Keene, the financier, in a corner. "Mr. Keene, this is a wonderful thing. My special contrivance, as you perceive, will keep the air in. Don't you think the market will snap at it?" "Young man," answered Keene, "it may be all you say. But what the market wants is not something to keep air in, but something to keep water out."

Senator Tillman tells of a South Carolina trial in which the prisoner, accused of hurglary, was cleared by a strong alibi, amply supported by witnesses. After the trial, the judge joined the friends who were congratulating the successful lawyer, and said: "That was an excellent alibi you proved." "Yes," said the lawyer; "I thought pretty well of it. It was easily the best of the four that were offered to me."

Dr. Bird was once the guest of Captain Burton, the explorer, and one night, when Burton had been telling of an Arah attack which ended fatally for his assailant, the doctor provoked from him one of the most perfect retorts ever made at a doctor's expense. "How do you feel, captain, when you kill a man?" said he. Burton paused a moment, and then replied, slowly: "I don't know, doctor. How do you?"

Joseph Chamberlain, in a recent speech, asserted that some of his opponents were as ignorant as the old farmer who, being in town, was loaned an umbrella (something new to him) by a friend. A week later the farmer returned the umbrella, still open. "This contrivance," he grumbled, "is more trouble than it's worth. There wasn't a door in the village I could get it through, and I had to tether it all the week in a field."

Mayor McClellan is invariably courteous to office-seekers, but frequently his patience is tried to an extent that makes life a burden. When one particularly persistent fellow approached him for the twentieth time, Colonel McClellan said: "Whenever I see you I think of the old adage, 'To whom Providence gives an office he gives an understanding.'" "But I have no office," gasped the applicant. "Well, that makes the proverb more apropos," replied the mayor.

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, was walking up Fourteenth Street, carrying a plant. Senator McMillan, now dead, met him at Pennsylvania Avenue. "Where have you been, Burrows?" he asked. "Over to see Secretary Wilson, at the Agricultural Department," Burrows replied. "And what did you get?" "Oh!" said Burrows, "they gave me this pretty plant for my wife. It was the only thing they had that was not in the civil service."

Senator Sullivan, of New York, was recently a guest at a banquet of homeopathic physicians. During the banquet, the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the president," of "Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy," and of a dozen other persons and subjects, glasses were drained duly, and then, all of a sudden, the toastmaster remarked: "Senator Sullivan has not yet been heard from. Senator Sullivan will now propose a health." The senator arose and beamed upon the assemblage of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health of the sick."

The other night, two vaudeville singers of rag-time songs entertained some visitors who had been invited by Fritz Scheff to

spend the evening in her apartments. Miss Scheff said that she would like to hear the Pierrot song from "Bahette" syncopated, and, as they did not know the song, she sat down to the piano and sang it for them. The coon-singers, unaware of her identity, opened their eyes at hearing her voice. At the close of the vaudeville entertainment, when the rag-time men were leaving, one of them whispered, confidentially, to Miss Scheff's husband, Baron von Bardeleben: "Say, mister, that wife of yours is all right. If she had her voice cultivated, she would be good enough for the stage."

While stories were going the rounds at the Lambs' Club, one night, Francis Wilson contributed one about a leading man of a theatrical company that had become stranded at Saginaw. The leading man installed himself at a hotel, and lived a precarious life, while waiting for remittances. One morning, he rang the bell in his room for half an hour. Nobody answered. Then he went out in the hall, leaned over the railing, and called: "Boy! Oh, boy!" "What is it?" snarled a bell-boy from the lobby beneath. "Have you seen anything of my laundry?" "Aw, g'wan!" said the boy; "you aint had but one shirt since you've been here." "That," said the actor, with great dignity, "is the one to which I refer."

The following remarkable essay on the horse is said to be from the pen of an Indian student: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the hridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and such other like animals."

## Her First Call on the Butcher.

[She enters, shakes skirt free of sawdust, and wrinkles nose in disgust. She moves uncertainly, finally points at one man.]

You, if you please. Good-morning. I want to look at something for dinner. . . . Oh, I don't know what I want—just show me what you have. . . . Of course, I can't tell what I want till I see what you have, and even then it's very hard. . . . Yes, just us two. . . . Well, the platter we use ordinarily for dinner—I don't use the best set for every day, but this one is really very pretty, white with little pink roses—Well, it's about so long and so wide, and I would like something to fill it nicely. . . . I can't think of one thing. What are these? . . . Chops? Well, I never saw chops growing in hunches before. . . . I don't care—when I was at home we often had chops, but they weren't like that, but sort of one and one, with little bits of parsley around them. . . . You cut them up? Oh—oh—I suppose different hutchers have different ways. . . .

I don't think I care for that kind of chops, anyway—I mean those with the little tails. I like the ones with the long, thin bones. . . . French chops? Oh, no, they weren't imported—oh, no, because the cook used to go out any time and get them. . . . Oh—oh—oh—you do? . . . They are? I see. . . . I'll take some. . . . How many?—oh—I—er—Why, about as many as you usually sell. . . . Well, let me see—Mr. Dodd generally eats about a dozen oysters at a time—I don't mean all at once, you know—so for both of us I think about a dozen. . . . Oh, I can send for more if that isn't enough.

I would like to look at some chickens, please. . . . Why, it hasn't any feathers! . . . It did? . . . You have? . . . It was? . . . Oh—oh—oh. I don't like the color—it seems very yellow. . . . Because it's fat? Well, I don't want a fat chicken—neither Mr. Dodd nor myself eat a bit of fat. . . . Oh—oh—oh. I can't help it—I don't like the color of that chicken—you'll pardon my saying so, but it does look very hillyous. Why, what are you hreaking its bones for? I wouldn't take it now under any circumstances. . . . Perhaps, but Mr. Dodd wouldn't like me to buy a damaged chicken. There, I like these chickens hanging up. . . . No, no, not that one—farther along—no—yes, yes, that's it—the blue-looking one with the large face. . . . I don't care, I like its looks much better than the other one.—From "Monologues," by May Isabel Fisk. Published by Harper & Brothers.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Fall.

She passed along the street  
Amid the burry and whirl,  
Small, exquisite, and sweet,  
A little slip of a girl.  
  
A smooth banana peel  
Right in her way did curl,  
And it caused when it touched her bee!  
A little slip of a girl!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Too Late.

William Tell was quite heroic,  
But we'd have less cause to grieve  
Had he only shot the apple  
From the head of Mother Eve.  
—Judge.

## Be Careful What You Throw Away.

[Sir William Ramsey has made the discovery that a London firm has been throwing away thousands of dollars worth of radium in its rubbish.]  
In this confusing latter day  
Of chemical discovery,  
Be careful what you throw away  
And lose beyond recovery:  
For e'en the rubbish scorned of yore  
May show a strange proclivity,  
And prove to be just bubbling o'er  
With radio-activity.

Fair housewife, do you realize  
That wealth lies in potato skins,  
That it would pay to analyze  
Your ashes and tomato skins?  
Bold ash man, there's no reason why  
You have financial worriment,  
When every ash pail bids you try  
A radio-experiment.

The very cigarette you smoke  
Emits a foggy particle  
Which is no scientific joke,  
But merely the real article;  
For in that airy flament  
Perhaps there lurks no radium.  
But some new stranger element  
Like zoonon or depadium.

So heed Sir William's edict bold  
And guard your rubbish carefully.  
Conserve your smoke like finest gold  
And save your ashes prayerfully.  
A Klondyke in your kitchen lurks  
Which you may neatly stow away,  
And start a Radiactive Works—  
Be careful what you throw away.  
—Wallace Irwin.

## The Modern School of Affteratists.

We walk in the wide, white wood and watch  
For the whinnying wind to woo,  
In wistful file, with the whiskers, wan,  
Of the wee, wet wisps of dew:  
And the wounded whimsical waves we weave  
Are woven in W.

We wander and watch, and we wake to work  
The wail of the well-to-do,  
Who wonder well at the winning way  
We wile into whispers new;  
And the woful, weird, and woolly web,  
We find out of W!

Oh, to weep and wile is a woman's wish,  
And to wash in the water, too,  
Yet she wants to write and she wishes to wear  
The wings of a wizard too.  
Why will she warble in wanton wile  
The wonderful W?  
—Gelett Burgess in Harper's.

Farmer Hawk—"I was readin', the other day, that it's a scientific fact that a mule can be kept from hayrin' hy tyin' a stone to his tail." Farmer Hornbeak—"Well, let him that is without sin tie the first stone."—Puck.

Prosecuting attorney—"Was the prisoner in the habit of singing when he was alone?" Pat McGuire (witness)—"Shure, an' I can't say. Oi was niver with him when he was alone."—Chicago Journal.

"Where's Jane?" asked the master. "Upstairs, arranging the mistress's hair." "Is her mistress with her?"—Answers.

## The World's Greatest Watch Factory.

The output of the Elgin factory, the largest of its kind in the world, is two thousand watches, one hundred and two different kinds being manufactured. When the watch has been put together by experts in this line, it is tested and timed, and then, strange to say, is put into a refrigerator with the temperature below freezing point, and kept there for a number of days to cool off. After it has been frozen the watch is taken to a furnace, where it is allowed to lie for several days more in a temperature of ninety-five degrees. This particular discipline is intended to teach the watch that it must not mind changes of weather, and that the steel and other metals of which it is made must not allow themselves to contract or expand by cold or heat.

Tesla Bricquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
St. Louis. . . . . Feb. 6  
New York. . . . . Feb. 13  
Philadelphia. . . . . Feb. 27  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Westernland. . . . . Feb. 6, 2 pm  
Haverford. . . . . Feb. 13, 8 am  
Friesland. . . . . Feb. 27, 8 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis. . . . . Feb. 6, 9 am  
Minneapolis. . . . . Feb. 13, 3 pm  
Mesaba. . . . . Feb. 20, 9 am  
Minnetonka. . . . . Feb. 27, 2 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Rotterdam. . . . . Feb. 2  
\*Sloterdyk. . . . . Feb. 16  
† Amsterdam. . . . . Mar. 1  
† Steerage only. † Freight only.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada. . . . . Feb. 6  
Dominion. . . . . Feb. 27  
Vancouver. . . . . Mar. 26

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Finland. . . . . Feb. 6  
Vaderland. . . . . Feb. 13  
Zeeland. . . . . Feb. 27

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic. . . . . Feb. 3, 10 am  
Oceanic. . . . . Feb. 10, 1 pm  
Celtic. . . . . Feb. 17, 6 am  
Cedric. . . . . Feb. 24, 11 am  
Majestic. . . . . Mar. 2, 10 am  
Oceanic. . . . . Mar. 9, noon

## Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cretic. . . . . Feb. 4, Mar. 3, Mar. 31  
Cymric. . . . . Feb. 18, Mar. 17, April 14  
Boston Mediterranean Direct  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Canopic. . . . . Jan. 30, Mar. 12  
Republic (new). . . . . Feb. 13, Mar. 26  
Romanic. . . . . Feb. 27, April 9, May 14  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets at 1 P. M., for:  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:  
Gaelic. . . . . Wednesday, Feb. 10  
Doric (Calling at Manila). . . . . Saturday, Mar. 5  
Coptic. . . . . Thursday, Mar. 31  
Gaelic. . . . . Tuesday, April 26  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO KISEN

## KAISHA

## (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.  
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904  
America Maru. . . . . Monday, January 25  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Jan. 30, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, Feb. 17, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

## Telephone Bush 12.

## MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.  
Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.  
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1895—35,000 volumes.  
MECHANICAL INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Jamison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Jamison, of San José, to Lieutenant John Wilbur Ward, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Ward, of Henderson, Ky.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Rixford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Rixford, to Mr. Covington Johnson, took place on Monday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 1813 Pierce Street. The ceremony was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Maxwell. Miss Katherine Rixford was bridesmaid, and Mr. Covington Pringle was best man. Only the families of immediate relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Clare May Crawford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Crawford, of St. Louis, to Mr. James R. Nourse, city editor of the *Examiner*, took place in St. Louis last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner on Sunday evening at their residence, 1919 California Street, in honor of Miss Mabel Cluff and Mr. John C. Wilson. Covers were laid for thirty.

A farewell dinner was given in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club to Mr. N. H. Foster, who recently resigned his position as manager's assistant of the Southern Pacific. About forty guests were present, nearly all railway officials.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will give a dinner at her home, 175b Franklin Street, on Monday evening, for the members of the Boardman-Drown bridal party.

Mr. Rolla V. Watt gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening to a number of business associates.

Mrs. Ritchie Livingston Dunn gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Others at table were Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. William J. Dutton, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. James Costigan, Mrs. Augustus B. Costigan, Mrs. Charles Krauthoff, Mrs. John Robinson, Mrs. William Morrow, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Hilda Baxter, Mrs. Burns Macdonald, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. Stanley Revett, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Harry Durbow, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. Lewis Pierce, Mrs. Ida Lewis, Mrs. J. C. Adams, Mrs. Victor Lewis, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss May Colburn, Miss Edith Cutter, Miss Amy Porter, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Daisy Burns, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Jessie Filmore, and Miss Grace Holt.

Miss Gertrude Joliffe gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, 2015 Pacific Avenue. Others at table were Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Herrick, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Florence Cole, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Mrs. Charles Perkins gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday. Others at table were Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding, Mrs. George Toland Cameron, Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, and Miss Susie Bixby.

Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., gave a luncheon Sunday at Fort Baker in honor of Captain Marcellus G. Spinks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Spinks, who have recently arrived from Baltimore, en route to Manila. Others at table were Captain Harold E. Cloke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloke, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Hazel King, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Herrick, Miss Anna Sperry, Captain Eugene T. Wilson, U. S. A., Captain C. F. Armistead, U. S. A., and Mr. Abbott W. Taylor.

Mrs. Eugene Lent gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1050 Eddy Street, in honor of Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith. Covers were laid for twenty-five.

Miss Alice Treanor gave a tea Monday afternoon at her residence on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Katherine Selfridge and Miss Mabel Donaldson. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Selfridge, Miss Donaldson, Mrs. Allen Chickering, Mrs. Adolph Graupner, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Miss Ruth Foster, Miss Eleanor Eckart, Miss Edith Cutter, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Bessie Mills, Miss Mattie Milton, Miss Elsie Dorr, and Miss Florence Cole.

Mrs. Frederick N. Woods, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Maud Woods, and Miss Dorothy Woods gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon at their residence, Gough and California Streets. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Colman, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Ruth Allen, Mrs. M. T. McDonald, Miss Frances Harris, and Miss Florence Bailey.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a reception on Monday afternoon at her residence on

Eddy Street. Those who assisted her in receiving were Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss Florence Callaghan, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Agnes Clinton, Miss Alice Butler, Mrs. Louis Welch, Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Miss Stella Fortmann, Miss Mabel Hogg, and Miss Norma Castle.

Mrs. Christian Reis received on Tuesday at her residence, 835 California Street.

Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a card-party on Friday at her residence, 2180 Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark gave a card-party on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King will give a dance at their residence, 1898 Broadway, on Thursday evening, January 28th, in honor of Miss Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Miss Edith Chesebrough, and Miss Helen Chesebrough will give an informal dance on the evening of February 3d at their residence, 3508 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have sent out invitations for a dinner at the Palace Hotel on February 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel will give a ball at the Palace Hotel on the evening of January 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coleman will give a dance in honor of Miss Christine Pomeroy and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman in Century Hall on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Edward Saunders will give a card-party at her residence, 2427 Green Street, on Friday.

An entertainment will be given at the Alhambra Theatre on February 3d by the naval cadets from the Yerba Buena Training School for the benefit of the naval club-house now building at Vallejo. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Abby M. Parrott, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, and Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn. The officials are: Chairman, Mrs. Bowman G. McCalla; vice-chairman, Mrs. Eleanor Martin; secretary, Mrs. George Oulton; assistant secretary, Mrs. Charles Coolidge; treasurer, Mrs. Herbert A. Folger; assistant treasurer, Miss McCalla; directors, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and Mrs. Horace Hill.

## Wills and Successions.

Samuel C. Bigelow's will, which has been filed for probate, gives all of his large estate to his wife, Isabel Otis Bigelow, and requests her to provide for their only child, Mrs. Romola Bigelow Wood, wife of Samuel A. Wood, and Bigelow's only sister, Lucy Elliot Bigelow, of Oakland. This provision is to be made according to the terms of a memorandum which Bigelow gave his wife. The will was dated October 24, 1902. Besides the family residence on Central Avenue and Jackson Street, where Bigelow died on January 7, 1904, at the age of seventy-nine years, he owned bonds and stocks of various corporations, and much real property, aggregating over \$1,000,000. Arthur A. Smith is to act as executor of the will, in conjunction with the widow, and special letters of administration have been granted to him by Judge Kerrigan.

The will of Joseph Douglass, who died in San Francisco January 10th, was filed for probate in Virginia City, Nev., on January 18th. The value of the estate is given as \$1,700,000, which is left to William J. Douglass and Robert L. Douglass, nephews, who are named as executors without bonds, share and share alike. The principal part of the estate is money and bonds in the Wells-Fargo Bank, in San Francisco. Joseph Douglass was said to be the largest individual holder of Spring Valley Water stock.

News comes of the overruling of royal authority by Mr. Joseph Redding, the San Francisco attorney. Mr. Redding had a room in a London hotel, and on the same floor, Jacques Lebaudy, who has created himself ruler of an empire in Sahara, had apartments. Mr. Redding was going down to dinner one evening recently, and stepped into the elevator for that purpose. The elevator did not start, and to Mr. Redding's inquiry as to the cause of the delay, the elevator man said he was waiting for his majesty, Jacques the First. Mr. Redding waited a few minutes then told the elevator man to proceed without the royal one. This the man refused to do, so Mr. Redding threw him out of the cage, closed the door, grasped the rope, and hauled himself down.

Miss Rose Adler, the singer, known on the stage as "Rose Relda," was married in London on January 1st to Mr. Armand Callican, of San Francisco.

William Faversham has produced, in Boston, the new play of "Sheridan," by Gladys Unger, a young California girl living in London.

## Pacific Avenue Residence to Let.

A modern, furnished residence of twelve rooms, finished attic, three bath-rooms—for a term of fifteen months. For particulars address Box 71, Argonaut office.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Appreciative Readers.

BERKELEY, CAL., January 5, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a letter from Johnstown, N. Y., came the following criticism of your paper. Thinking it very amusing, I forward it to you:

I have read your *Argonauts* with great pleasure. From first to last they are breezy and interesting. The stories do not generally please me; they turn out too sentimentally sad. When I wash a pan of dirt I like to find something besides black sand at the bottom—just a color or two at least; and when I've just been introduced to a new character in a story, I hate to have him or her lying beside the road with a surplus of steel or lead in his or her system. But that is the general wind-up of *Argonaut* stories. In other respects, the paper is remarkably good. As you read it you can feel the breeze from the Golden Gate, and rest your eyes on the snows of Shasta and the sandy plains of Fresno. You are in touch with the whole State.

Sincerely,

ONE WHO LOOKS FORWARD TO HER WEEKLY "ARGONAUT" AS ONE OF THE JOYS OF LIVING.

PLACERVILLE, Cal., December 19, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a constant reader of your publication from its infancy to date; I could not be without it willingly. I look forward to the Sabbath when I can devote the day to the *Argonaut* and always feel that I have received full value.

Respectfully yours,

H. S. MOREY.

GLASGOW, November 18, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I send you herewith a renewal of my subscription to the *Argonaut*, which is the best periodical printed on the American continent, and certainly far before any of our British papers.

Yours very truly,

JOHN WILSON.

## Instructors for Summer School.

The following are the instructors for the next summer session of the University of California: Sir William Ramsay, of London, lectures upon the exploration of the gases of the atmosphere; Professor Hugo de Vries, of the University of Amsterdam, lectures on botany; Professor Arthur A. Stanley, of the University of Michigan, music; Professor E. J. Turner, of the University of Michigan, Professors H. Morse Stephens and Bernard Moses, of California, history; Professor Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford College, and Hammond Lamont, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, English; Professor F. de Haan, of Bryn Mawr College, Spanish; Professor Charles F. Grandgent, of Harvard University, Italian; Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, and Professor W. A. Merrill, of California, Latin; Professor F. M. McMurray, of Columbia University, education; R. A. Daly, of the Geological Survey of Canada, physical geography.

Lorraine Rogers, an old and well-known theatrical manager, died recently at Spring Valley, N. Y., of apoplexy. Rogers, who was seventy years of age, was owner and organizer of the Brooklyn Theatre when it was burned many years ago, with accompanying great loss of life. Since the death of his wife, Charlotte Thompson, the actress, ten years ago, he had retired.

In New York, recently, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond was brightened by the advent of a daughter.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

# Pears'

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to; if not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clear and soft and open and clear.

Sold all over the world.

## CLEARANCE SALE

CLOSES SATURDAY EVENING  
January 30th

DISCOUNT ON  
EVERYTHING

S. & G. GUMP CO.  
113 Geary Street

## A Wedding

is not complete without a wedding book. CUPID'S PROVERBS is the only suitable book published for fine weddings. \$3.00 to \$20.00. All good booksellers have it. Circular mailed free by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## C. H. REHNSTROM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILOR AND IMPORTER

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO.

The Importations for the Year 1903 of

## G. H. MUMM & Co.'s Champagne

were **121,528 CASES**

**GREATER** by nearly **20,000**  
cases than the importations  
of any other brand.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. James Flood, Dr. Beverly MacMonagle, and Major Rathbone returned on Saturday from Mr. Flood's country place in Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger have left Paris for Egypt, where they will remain for two months. The many friends of Dr. Younger will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from his serious illness, which, for a month, confined him to his residence in Paris, 39 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

Mrs. James Robinson, who is making Santa Barbara her home, has been in town for a few days.

Miss Grace Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels have returned from San Diego.

Mrs. William F. Herrin has returned from her trip to New York.

Mrs. William J. Landers has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack Johnson, of Los Angeles.

Miss Kathleen Bull and Miss Edith Bull have returned from Manila, where they visited Captain Wirt Robinson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Robinson.

Among the San Franciscans recently in Rome were Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, Miss Loughborough, Mrs. Luke Robinson, Miss Bernadette Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhs, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, and Miss Eyre.

Bishop W. H. Moreland, of Sacramento, was in San Francisco during the week.

Mr. Newton H. Foster left on Tuesday for Los Angeles. Mrs. Foster and Miss Ruth Foster will not join him there until late in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee have returned from their trip to New York, and are at the Palace Hotel, where they will spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Harold Sewall has arrived from the East, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. L. Ashe.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young left on Wednesday for Europe, to be gone five months.

Mrs. George Pullman has taken a house in Pasadena for the winter.

Mrs. S. G. Wheeler and Miss Helen Wheeler have closed their Sausalito home, and will be at 939 Bush Street for the winter.

Mr. W. A. Howe and family, of Carlton, Or., will spend the season at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

Mrs. Albert Raas, of Honolulu, is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. G. Lyons, at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. J. O. Tobin was among the guests at the Hotel del Monte this week.

Miss Helen Wagner is at San Diego, where she will remain until February 1st.

Mrs. E. H. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport, who have been visiting the Orient during the past year, have arrived from Japan by the steamer *Korea*. They will be at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the present.

Count von Gierdorff, of Germany, is spending the winter at Del Monte.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and family are now at St. Augustine, Fla. After visiting points of interest in the State, they will go to Havana.

Mr. Athole McBean was a visitor to the Hotel Rafael this week.

Colonel Camillo Lauterbach, of Dresden, is at Del Monte for the winter.

Mr. Alfred Le Breton has gone East, and will be at Annapolis when his son, Mr. David McDougal Le Breton, is graduated.

Mr. Emerson Warfield was in New York recently.

Among the week's arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. A. F. Charmont, of Pekin, Mr. Harold Bolle, of Washington, Mr. E. J. McLaughlin, of Clinton, Mr. J. J. Garland, of Eagle Grove, Mr. F. E. Tomlin, of Lake Tahoe, Mr. A. Cavalier, of Iverness, Mr. N. N. Rousseau, of Mare Island, Mrs. John Partridge, Mrs. F. D. Madison, Mr. W. D. Dering, Mr. A. Feist, Mr. W. N. Drown, Mr. W. A. Sexton, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Welcker, of Berkeley.

## Army and Navy News.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations made by President Roosevelt: To be major-generals: Brigadier-Generals W. A. Kobbe, Joseph P. Sanger, Alfred E. Bates, and Wallace F. Randolph. To be brigadier-generals: Colonels Alfred Mordecai, Harry L. Haskell, Forrest P. Hathaway, Asher C. Taylor, John G. Butler, Charles J. Allen, Theodore E. True, Frank M. Cox, Jacob Kline, William E. Dougherty, and William P. McCaskey. Colonel John P. Storey, to be chief of artillery, with the rank of brigadier-general. Colonel Francis S. Dodge, to be paymaster-general.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent is convalescent, and will soon join her husband, Captain Bent, U. S. A., at Fort Logan Root, in Arkansas.

General Jacob Rawles, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Rawles, and Miss Rawles are spending the winter at 1076 Bush Street.

Major William R. Stephenson, U. S. A., has returned from a visit to Monterey.

Major Edward T. Brown, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Havana, Cuba, and ordered to San Francisco for duty.

Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, wife of Lieutenant-

Commander A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., has been very ill for some weeks at her home in San Rafael, but is now recovering rapidly.

Major John P. Wisser, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., the new assistant inspector-general of the new Division of the Pacific, arrived from Fort Greble, R. I., and reported at army headquarters Wednesday.

Lieutenant William F. Rittler, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rittler were at the Hotel del Monte this week.

Major James M. Kennedy, U. S. A., acting chief surgeon of the Department of California, has returned to his duties at the General Hospital at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, medical department, U. S. A., has returned from his tour of inspection of general camp sites in Southern California.

Major John R. Williams, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has succeeded Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., as adjutant-general at department headquarters.

Major George H. Gale, U. S. A., who was for several years stationed at the Presidio, and more recently on duty in the inspector-general's department in the Philippines, is expected home at an early date, having been ordered to St. Louis for duty in the northern division.

Lieutenant E. H. Humphrey, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines by the transport *Sheridan* last week, en route to join his regiment at Chicamauga.

Commander James H. Glennon, U. S. N., has been ordered as executive officer of the *Independence* at Mare Island.

Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Commander Reginald Nicholson, U. S. N., has arrived from New York, and will remain at Vallejo while the cruiser *Tacoma* is at Mare Island.

Commander Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola*, and has been ordered to the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

The cruiser *Tacoma* went into commission Tuesday. The following naval officers have been ordered to the vessel: Commander Reginald Nicholson, commanding; Lieutenant-Commander Harry George, executive officer; surgeon, M. K. Johnson; Lieutenant W. D. Leahy, Ensign H. K. Cage, Midshipman W. W. Galbraith, and Assistant Paymaster George B. Bloomer; First Lieutenant P. E. Chamberlain, U. S. M. C., chief boatswain.

The Army and Navy Club at Manila has elected the following officers to serve for the ensuing year: President, Major-General James F. Wade; first vice-president, Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling; second vice-president, Brigadier-General Francis Moore; secretary, Captain William C. Rivers, First Cavalry.

## Army Changes.

Acting under orders recently received from the War Department, Major-General MacArthur has assumed the office of commanding officer of the Pacific Division of the United States Army. This new division, which consists of the Department of California and the Department of the Columbia, has been created through the advice of President Roosevelt to facilitate the handling of all army affairs on the Pacific Coast. Brigadier-General Frederick Funston still remains in command of the Department of the Columbia, but is now responsible to General MacArthur, the division commander. MacArthur continues to fill the office of commander of the Department of California.

The following officers compose the personal and division staff:

Aid-de-Camp—Captain Parker W. West, Eleventh Cavalry, inspector of small-arms practice.

Chief of Staff—Colonel Alexander MacKenzie, general staff.

Assistant to the Chief of Staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick A. Smith, general staff.

Adjutant-General—Colonel George Andrews, assistant adjutant-general.

Inspector-General—Lieutenant-Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, Artillery Corps, artillery inspector and acting inspector-general.

Assistant to the Inspector-General—Major Lee Fehiger, inspector-general.

Assistant to the Inspector-General—Major John P. Wisser, Artillery Corps, artillery inspector and acting inspector-general.

Engineer—Officer—Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Handbury, Corps of Engineers.

Until further orders, the headquarters of the Pacific division will be located in the Phelan Building (fourth floor), corner of Market and O'Farrell Streets, San Francisco.

Harry S. Huff, who for a long time was interpreter in the Federal courts here, died in San Francisco on Monday. Huff was convicted a few years ago of killing a man, but his friends, convinced that he had acted in self-defense, had him liberated, and secured him the position of Chinese interpreter. The facts of the killing preyed on Huff's mind, until a few weeks ago he was declared insane. He was a native of Maine, forty-five years of age.

The twentieth exhibition of the California State Floral Society will be held in the grand nave of the Ferry Building on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 24th, 25th, and 26th.

## A New Animal Painter.

So great is the modern rush, so feverish is the desire to do something in a great hurry, that it is both surprising and refreshing to find some one who is willing to wait, and toil, and study for a dozen years or more, before putting his wares before the public. Of the hundreds of daily visitors to the display of animal pictures at Schussler Brothers' Art Gallery, 119 Geary Street, it is probable that the majority look upon the artist, Mr. René Whaité, whose brush has executed these studies, as some one who has dropped suddenly upon San Francisco. The fact is, that Mr. Whaité has been with us for ten years, and it is not until now that he has thought his pictures of lions and tigers of sufficient excellence to justify him in making a public exhibition. In his studio, at 609 Sacramento Street (the studio first occupied by Amadée Joullin), Mr. Whaité has worked as a miniature painter, while studying animals. His principal picture, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," was begun eleven years ago, in London, where Mr. Whaité spent much time, after years in the art schools of Antwerp, in studying lions and tigers in the Zoo.

This picture of Daniel among the lions is done on original lines. Nearly all painters of this Biblical scene have depicted Daniel in the den among the animals. Mr. Whaité, however, has chosen another grouping. The floor of the den is shown, with a number of lions in different attitudes, gazing at the prophet, who, standing with bound hands, at the head of a flight of steps, looks down upon the beasts. The composition entails difficulties in perspective, but the artist has overcome all these. More than that, he has painted a picture full of majestic beauty, of life and vigor. He has made Daniel a noble and striking figure, the first to rivet and hold the attention; and so excellent is the composition that the eye drops naturally to the animals, which are extremely life-like in their poses. Although this painting is of unusual size, eight by twelve feet, there are no crudities in it, and the coloring and lighting are soft and beautiful.

There are nearly a dozen of these animal pictures, all showing lions, except one, a remarkably striking painting of a Bengal tiger's head. "The Amhush" is a notable piece of work, showing two lions, the male, just shot by a hunter, springing into the air. Anatomy, action, color, and composition are about perfect, and, as in all the pictures, the landscape is on a par with the figures. The distance and atmosphere are particularly good, and in one, "Voices of the Night," an unusually good night effect has been obtained.

Mr. Whaité is an Englishman by birth, and is a cousin of Mr. Henry Clarence Whaité, president of the Royal Cambrian Academy. On account of the success that has attended the present exhibit, Mr. Whaité will probably continue to be a San Franciscan, except during such time as he will devote to study abroad. His display at Schussler Brothers' Art Gallery will continue but another week.

The recent rains have left the atmosphere in such a clear condition that the view from the top of Mt. Tamalpais is more delightful than ever. It embraces an immense territory, varied by ocean, hay, mountains, rivers, and valleys. The ride up the crooked railroad is an experience in itself, and the Tavern, at the top of the mountain, is a model of comfort and hospitality.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

## An Open Shop.

All fair-minded people should patronize Johnson's Open-Shop Restaurant (boycotted), 725 Market St.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE COAST is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Tourist Policies

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes wherever it may be in any part of the world.

Applications can be obtained at the office, or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd

C. F. MULLINS, Manager,

416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

None as good  
at a lower price;  
none better at  
any price

Hunter  
Whiskey

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.







# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1403.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 1, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Special Eastern Representative—E. Katz Advertising Agency, 230-234 Temple Court, New York City, and 317-318 U. S. Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Issues of the Next Campaign—The Unregeneracy of Bryan—Still Sticks to 16 to 1—That Issue Dead, Say Democrats—Live Issues are Tariff-Reform, Trusts, Postal Scandals, Canal Question, Economical Government—Humors of Congress—Some of the Funny Things that Happen in Legislative Halls—Newspapers and Magazines—Newspaper Functions Being Taken Up by Monthlies—Has the Newspaper Editorial Page Declined?—Special Interests a Menace to Newspaper Fairness—Pensions for Teachers—The Durability of Steel Buildings.....	65-67
THE PRESS ON THE HEARST BOOM.....	67
EXPENSIVE NEW YORK: Flats, Restaurants, and Servants High-Priced—San Francisco Conditions in Contrast—Some Parisian Cafés—Nothing Like Them in New York. By Geraldine Bonner .....	68
OLD FAVORITES: "The Bachelor's Wish," by Alfred Wheeler; "Afeared of a Gal," "Specially Jim," by Bessie Morgan; "Eve's Daughter," by Edward Rowland Sill.....	68
IN THE LONG, LONG NIGHT: The Story of a Soul that Wandered Far. By Will Irwin.....	69
HAWTHORNE AND HIS CIRCLE: Reminiscences of the Novelist and His Friends—Life in America, in Liverpool, in Rome—Stories of Noted Englishmen—Hawthorne's Love of England .....	70
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World .....	70
SOME INTERESTING PERSONALITIES: Notable Englishmen that Have Lately Died—Allan, Keppel, and Gissing—Young Men in Politics—Parker Churchill and Lloyd-George. By "Piccadilly" .....	71
THE POETS ON POLITICS: "With a Charmed Life," "Our Non-Union President," "Grover Cleveland—Jest Fishin'," by Wallace Irwin .....	71
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	71-72
THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST: Jack London, Judges Beatty, McFarland, and Angellotti, and Many Others, Name Books, Read in 1903, that Gave Them Most Pleasure .....	73
DRAMA: "A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Columbia. By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	74
STAGE GOSSIP: .....	75
VANITY FAIR: Elaborate Costumes on Shipboard—Jewelry Worn on Deck—Englishwomen the Worst Offenders—Mrs. Plant's Marriage—The Pope and Décolletée Gowns—Edith Sessions Tupper's Views—Beefy Matrons, Skinny Girls—Mrs. Gardner's Palace of Art—A Fortune in Customs Duties—Mrs. Gardner Indignant—Ernestina Schmidt Writes on Marriage—Would Compel Bachelors to Marry—Marriage Customs Among the Savages.....	76
STORYTELES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—An "Inspected" Cask—Hurlet's Surprise—Roosevelt's Friendly Assurance—Speaker Cannon and the Book Agent—A Terrible Tragedy—Jefferson and the Matinée Girl—Alcoholic Periodicals—Bryan's Tact—A Gouty Chief .....	77
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "A Striking Affair," "Marriage," "Thursday," by Wex Jones; "Evening in Suburbia".....	77
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News .....	78-79
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	80

In his speech at Lincoln, Neb., last week, Mr. Bryan defiantly proclaimed his unshaken allegiance to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and to the Kansas City platform. "That platform," he said, "was sours'n every plank, and the first act of the Democratic convention should be to affirm it in its entirety." Comment on this remarkable speech, by the

Democratic press and by prominent Democrats who have been interviewed, is righteously wrathful. They seem to have hitherto entertained the fond but delusive hope that Bryan would "be good"; that he would perhaps throw his strength to some neutral man like Parker. Now they profess to be convinced that this Old Man of the Sea and his pack of outworn creeds must be shaken off the party back. He must be implacably put down. Bryan proposes to rule or ruin the party; the party must now ruin him. He will not bolt, they think, under any circumstances, and such a course as they propose is thus the only sane one. This is the Democratic view, expressed with remarkable unanimity.

In any impartial survey of issues, therefore, there seems to be no need to consider what Mr. Bryan wants. In 1900, the silver plank was forced into the platform in committee under threats, by a majority of only one—and Bryan was the nominee. It is unthinkable that now, four years later, that plank can be driven in by any means whatsoever. Indisputably, Bryan is stronger personally than are his principles. It takes a majority to dictate a plank in the platform, but if Hearst and Bryan can scrape together a third of the delegates, they can dictate the nominee.

But what, then, will be the issues of the next campaign? Let us consider each separately.

First, tariff-reform. John Sharp Williams who, as leader of the House, has achieved remarkable success, and who is one of the rising men in Democracy, has outlined what he calls "the Democratic position." Absolute free trade, he agrees, is impossible. Tariff for revenue only is the "ultimate goal," but impracticable. "Protectionism is wrong," he says, but at the same time the tariff reformers would not strike down "over night" "all the scaffolding which the false system has erected." He would have the tariff reformed "piece-meal." And in any event, Democratic tariff-reform would make it impossible for American manufacturers to sell more cheaply abroad than at home. This last item will evidently prove one of the most effective arguments that will be used in the campaign. For even in the Republican party, the Iowa idea was apparently only scotched, not killed. In his annual message, a week ago, Governor Cummins declared that tariff arrangements could be made with European and South American nations that would immensely increase our exports. He spoke of the "inertia [for inertia read "stand-pat" policy] which seems to prohibit the profane foot from planting itself within the sacred precincts of the tariff schedules." When such criticism of the stand-pat policy rises within the Republican party itself, how will that party answer its Democratic critics? Evidently, we think, by saying that the party will, of its own accord, revise the tariff if again put into power next November. But in any event, the tariff is bound to be one of the leading issues of the campaign.

Second, the trusts. Interviews with members of the Democratic National Committee lead well-informed correspondents to believe that the trust and tariff planks will be the ones upon which the political battle will largely be waged. Of course, the tariff, as a weapon against trusts, will bring these two issues closely together. "All other issues," says Norman E. Mack, "fade before these two; they will win." We shall probably hear much, also, of the Hearst phrase, "The Republican party is owned by the trusts." "Satan rebuking sin," says the *World*, "is a true parallel to the fervor of Republicans against monopolies." It is pointed out that the sum total of the party's actual achievement in the past year in trust prosecution is represented by a one-thousand-dollar fine against the Salt Trust, and an injunction prohibiting the Northern Securities Merger. According to John Sharp Williams,

the Democratic party stands for "equality of charges by railroads," and "destruction of the power of secret rebates." The Democracy would also give more power to the Interstate Commerce Commission. On the other hand, the Republicans will doubtless point to the enmity of Wall Street that the administration has gained by its anti-trust activity—and will court comparison between the record of Attorneys-General Harmon and Olney under Cleveland, and that of Knox under Roosevelt.

Third, the postal scandals and Indian land frauds. "Turn the rascals out" is undoubtedly a fetching cry. This the *Tribune* calls "the one potent and workable Democratic issue—the old Jacksonian appeal to a restless democracy's inherent love of change."

Fourth, the canal question. Exactly what shape this undoubted "issue" will finally take is yet obscure. The Democrats will certainly ratify the treaty, reluctantly accepting the fruits of Mr. Roosevelt's daring policy. It is already apparent, however, that should Cleveland, for example, be nominated, some Republicans will vote for him because they have come to believe that Mr. Roosevelt "has an essentially lawless mind" and is "unsafe." Probably Mr. Roosevelt would win more Democratic, than he lost Republican, votes, but it is unfortunately true that they would come chiefly from the South, and would count for nothing in the electoral college. Mr. Cleveland is also apparently weakest in the South, yet, if nominated, it is scarcely to be supposed that he would not carry every Southern State.

Fifth, an economical government. The fact that the expenses of administration have more than doubled in twenty years will undoubtedly be used by the party out of power with considerable effect.

Many other so-called "issues" could be named. There will be some discussion about a stable currency, about reciprocity. Then there is the Booker Washington incident, the course of the President in the coal strike, the alleged affront to Miles, the favoritism shown Wood—these latter, of course, if Roosevelt is nominated, and especially if his opponent is a conservative Democrat.

There is abroad in this country a remarkable and lamentable ignorance of the intimate life of our legislators. The congressman is known in his district as a private citizen, or as a speaker on the political platform; the senator is an almost familiar object to a large constituency, but when the congressman becomes the Honorable Gentleman from Milpitas, and the senator guards the interests of the nation in the committee room, the populace is not aware whether representatives eat pie with salad forks, or senators are adorned with gilt buttons up and down their courteous backs. Doubtless there are even those so witless as to suppose that our country's lawmakers when they go to the Capitol still maintain the austerity of private life, and indulge in stub-pens and lined stationery. This material ignorance goes as far as a total obscurity as to intellectual recreation, as to that mental transformation due to august environment.

The publication of the reports of the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate and the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives will do much toward dispelling the clouds of ignorance that veil the faces and personal acts of our legislators. In the first place, the eager citizen will learn that the House is lesser in dignity than the Senate. The House committee sits during its sessions in two easy-chairs and twenty-six plain chairs, whereas the Senate committee reposes in one revolving wooden chair, one large leather rocking-chair, four caucus chairs, two oak cane-seat arm-chairs, twelve revolving oak chairs, and two large leather arm-chairs; the senatorial multiplicity being possibly due to the fact that a senator keeps his seat for six as against a



representative's two years. Yet a more trustworthy index to the personal dignity of these two species of law-giver is the cuspidor census, the House committee employing seven of these useful vessels of incense to the Senate committee's two. The ardent logician may deduce from this many interesting and vivid facts, the principal one being an indubitable accuracy of aim on the part of the upper chamber, the senatorial trajectory being flatter through long political experience. The two lists are not more lengthy than instructive. Suffice it to say, as a further hint of the possibilities for erudite and profitable research, that the House Committee on Pensions has a hair-brush, emblem of equable partition; the Committee on Appropriations a soap-dish, symbol in its minute fashion of clean hands; the Committee on Accounts a nail-brush and refrigerator; the Committee on Indian Affairs a tin water-bucket, a reminder of the paternal prohibition of firewater to our redskinned brethern.

Yet these *impedimenta*, interesting as they are to the student of the life and habits of the political bigwig, pale their ineffectual fire before those livelier glimpses of this majestic individual in action. Senator Hoar is known far and wide as an exponent of the true patriotism, as a man so long in public life that his relegation to the mass is inconceivable. But who is aware that Senator Hoar is famed not only for his integrity and opposition to the Panama treaty, but delights the ears of his colleagues with observations upon natural history? He it was who posited the fact that "the elephant that breeds once in twelve months can afford no rule for judging of the period of gestation of a field mouse or a humming-bird," a statement that at once overthrows the authority of encyclopædias and lexicons which have asserted for many generations that the female elephant's period of gestation approximates two years, thus giving to Massachusetts not only the landing of the pilgrims but the landing of new fact in natural history.

The magnitude of the affairs with which these law-givers deal has its due influence on their diction. General Charles Dick, of Ohio, rises to request permission "to print a little speech." That request is granted. That speech is in the *Congressional Record* next morning, and fills sixty-one pages, and contains seventy-seven thousand four hundred and eighty words. Such tabloid style, if used in describing the wonders of the Pentateuch, would make the famous Methuselah but a chicken and Adam's rib an ivory hair-pin. Yet this atmosphere of authority in its strange refractions magnifies as well as minifies. Witness the loss of General Grosvenor's speech, ten minutes long, which it took the whole House of Representatives to find in the pocket of an inadvertent new member from New York, to whom all carbon copies looked alike. Yet if the few hundred words of that speech had been lost, the *Congressional Record* would have been incomplete, and that unfilled lacuna would have stood to future generations, tantalizing, immense, a hole through which conjecture would peer to the great scandal of Congress, which never leaves anything incomplete, even the supposedly unfinished work of the Creator. To add to these few curious facts, chosen from a vast bulk, one might adduce the fall of General Bingham, of Pennsylvania, "the father of the House," who slipped on "pure olive oil" dropped upon the lobby floor by Representative Mann, of Illinois, whose arms, burdened with samples of pure and adulterated concoctions, could not sustain the weight. But as General Bingham's language has not been recorded, nor that of Chairman Cooper, of the Insular Committee, who also fell on the unctuous tiles, the incident is incomplete, and what is incomplete, as hinted before, is uncongressional. But from the tooth the mastodon, from the cuspidor the expectorative congressman.

The editorial page of the average daily newspaper is less interesting than the garrulity of the newspapers and senile and infirm, let us admit, and with the quick appreciation of its emptiness newspaper managers have relegated the writer to a closet and his work to the rank of a "feature." This editorial decline in the daily has been marked within the past ten years, and it is avowedly in response to a popular demand for news and news only. But now the question is propounded by the *New York Evening Post* whether the public does not really desire editorial comment, and for that reason has so generously encouraged *McClure's* and other magazines which treat news topics with editorial animus. "There are some indications," says the *Post*, "that newspaper functions are being taken up by the magazines. In the latter, Miss Tarbell's chronicle of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Baker's revelations of the labor-capital conspiracy at Chicago, Mr. Steffens's exposures of municipal corruption, have unquestionably waked a more lasting echo than any newspaper editorials on the same subjects, and now there are few monthly periodicals which do not have their eye on current politics, the delinquencies of Wall

Street, or the vagaries of unionism." And the *Post* goes on to suggest that the daily paper may soon resume its original form as a mere news giver.

If the magazines are taking over the editorial functions of the daily, and have done better by them with the advantages of time for "mature preparation and space for full development and illustration of an argument," it is just as true that the newspaper has assumed the picturesqueness of the magazine in the display of what are hastily termed "features"—and that with a lack of success that appals. Consequently the anxiety of the daily, as expressed by the *Post*, would seem to be justified.

The theory that the newspaper really need not editorialize is a faulty one, if the influence of such papers as the *New York Post*, the *New York Sun*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Portland Oregonian*, due, as it doubtless is, to editorial treatment of questions of the day, might be considered typical. These journals print the same news in much the same fashion as a thousand others. It is the four or five columns of trenchant and authoritative opinion that give them individuality and power. But their success is not typical. They are all products of the genius and ability of single men. They are almost survivals of another age, when the slow and meditated dicta of the old quarterlies proved too infrequent for a rapid generation. They depend almost wholly upon the prestige gained years ago and maintained to this day by a policy no longer feasible. They are the exceptions that prove the modern rule. The public has grown beyond the snapshot opinion of the morning or evening wiseacre, although it still swallows without much grimacing the "coloring" of the news columns by astute city editors.

The newspaper's invasion of what has always been considered the peculiar sphere of the magazine, on the other hand, will never be really dangerous. The fiction-and-water, the crucifixion of illustrative art, and the elaboration of society scandal or slum gossip which adorn the pages of the Sunday supplement, do not menace the circulation of the monthlies. The educated classes find life too absorbing to permit the reading of columns of kitchen incident each week, and the world isn't big enough to afford material for a full-fledged and instructive magazine every Sunday morning of the year. The dailies, forced to act the scavenger in order to fill the pages of the "Sunday," thereby lower the whole tone below the pitch agreeable to the magazine reader's ear. The monthly has taken away from the daily in large measure its editorial, and the daily finds it impossible seriously to encroach upon the distinctively magazine field.

But the *Post*, admitting the greater power of an editorial in *McClure's* or *Century*, does not admit the total exclusion of the newspaper from expressing, with authority and power, an opinion on the topics of the hour. "The writer for the daily press," it concludes, warmly, "does well to take an humble view of his work, to acknowledge fully the inferiority of an article written in an hour or so to one prepared through many days. But one joy must be always his—the exhilaration of the swift response of the mind to the day's news. With all the perils of superficiality and error, this is the way that men judge, and he who would sway their opinion must catch them in the very act of judgment, must be content to be dogmatic, and to repeat in a thousand variations the first word that lies near his heart. This peculiar elation of fairly clapping an opinion on a fact as it passes, the writers for the magazines can not feel. Consequently, their readers can not feel it." Yet, as the *Post* hints in another place, this word "nearest his heart" is usually that of some special interest while the magazine stands independent of any ties. To offset this damaging confession the fervid writer quoted above asks, "How long can the magazine resist the pressure of the special interests? How long will it remain undefiled by the filthy lucre of the corporation or the political party?" Verily, this is a wicked world. But if the newspaper, as its evolution seems to indicate, will finally stick to news, and uncolored news at that, without throwing the fig-leaf of policy before the nakedness of fact, one source of our darkening will be removed. We shall at least know who is lying. We shall see things face to face, not through a prevaricator, darkly.

It's cold in New York. In fact, the average temperature for the first nineteen days of January was the lowest on record. The mortality rate is shockingly high. The New York newspapers are printing editorials in vain endeavor to keep New Yorkers' spirits up, as the mercury goes down and down and down. The gem among these editorials is unmistakably the *Tribune's*. "Frost-bitten Americans," it says, "as they rub their stinging ears, and beat together their numbed fingers, complain

bitterly that this winter is almost intolerable." But the *Tribune* brings hope; it is the balm in Gilead to frozen ears. "The Thames in England in 1063," exclaims this joyous journal, "was frozen over for many weeks." And oh, joy! "In 1234, so it is said, parts of the Mediterranean Sea were crossed on ice." And veritable wellsprings of delight does the *Tribune* find in the fact that "the horrors of the retreat from Moscow of Napoleon's grand army" were worse than the horrors of daily life in the great metropolis. Finally, "it should not be forgotten that Boston Harbor was sealed by the cold in 1844, and navigation was suspended entirely. Let us take heart, then," says this journalistic Cheeryble, "and, as we buffet our breasts, we may cheer one another with the comforting thought that even colder winters than this have been known in past centuries."

The *Tribune* is indeed a great optimist. With what astonishing ease does it extract the sanguine liquid of hope from vegetal despair! Imagine the shivering New Yorker "buffeting his breast," and drawing solid comfort from the fact that exactly eight hundred and forty one years before, there was good skating on the River Thames! And next summer, about the nineteenth of July, we shall eagerly scan the pages of the *Tribune* for an editorial which will read: "In 1141, in Makhlaif, Arabia, it was very hot; in 949, so it is said, they fried pancakes in the sun at Tidekelt, in the Sahara Desert. Let us take heart, then, brothers, and, as we gently fry in our own fat, we may cheer one another with the comforting thought that even hotter summers than this have been known in past centuries—yea, even now 'tis hotter Down Below."

Verily, the climate east of the Alleghenies is a horrendous and a fearful thing.

Everybody in San Francisco who has occasion to mail many letters to persons living in the city knows that sometimes they get there within twenty-four hours, sometimes within forty-eight, sometimes not even then. It actually takes about as much time for a letter to get ten blocks in San Francisco as to reach Sacramento or Stockton. Some light is thrown on the reason why by the recent statement of Postmaster Fisk that "carriers work eight hours a day. If there is any hold-over mail they deliver it the next day." Such a condition of affairs is disgraceful. Any "holding over of mail until the next day" is a practice that should not for a moment be tolerated. But it is necessary now, it seems, because the carriers have more work than they can do. Postmaster Fisk has asked the authorities at Washington for thirty-one more carriers, but is doubtful if they will be granted him. As usual, when San Francisco wants anything from the national government, she has to wait for it. We are too far away from Washington, and our representatives are apparently too torpid to stir into rapid action the complacent Easterners who hold all the offices. Besides, it is rumored that ex-Congressman Loud has not a very friendly feeling for San Francisco, since his defeat, and that he has even threatened to use his influence with the Washington authorities to the hurt of this city. However this may be, the fact remains that, although the growth of San Francisco during the past three years has been phenomenal, only ridiculously inadequate additions have been made to the city's force of mail carriers. Every merchant in the city is more or less injured by delay in delivery of mail. Mr. Fisk is keenly alive to the situation, and actively endeavoring to remedy it. Perhaps it would not be a bad plan to follow the example of some Eastern cities, and send a man to Washington to enter upon a campaign for what we need, and to take nothing less.

A valued correspondent sends us a brilliantly written, highly instructive, and deeply interesting article on the Kaiser's bad treatment of his Danish subjects. We quote:

Barhovedet over Grænsen. En udvist dansk Undersaat, der nu er hosiddende i Vejen, havde, efter hvad der fortælles i danske Blade, sagt de tyske Autoriteter om Tilla-delse til at overvære sin Søn Bryllup i Skodhorg, men ikke herpaa modtaget noget Svar. Han besluttede imidlertid at overvære Brylluppet og indfandt sig i Brudehuset. Om Aftenen, da Gæsterne sad ved Festmaalidet, hortes Fodtrin udenfor Huset, og Svigerpapa krog derfor resolut under Bordet. En snarraadig Gæst, som stillede sig op ved en Dor, smuttede rask ud af denne, saa snart Gendarmen stak Hovedet ind ad Indgangsdøren. Gendarmen troede nu, at Gæsten var den udviste og foer afsted efter den urette. Imidlertid aahnedes et Vindue, og Manden under Bordet forsvandt hurtigt gennem dette. Da Gendarmen opdagede sin Fejltagelse, var Manden et godt Stykke fra Brudehuset, og i et Væddeløb til den nærmeste Skov sakkede Gendarmen langt hægud for den rapfodede Dansker, der barhovedet maatte en lille Omvej over Vandrup for at komme til sit Hjem i Vejen.

We know everybody will heartily agree with our correspondent that such treatment is simply abominable. In fact, it is awful! The veriest tyro in home and politics can see at a single glance that this



situation can not thus long continue. Besluttet imidlertid! Og indfandt sig i! Langt bagud for den rappedede! Well, we should think so! For our part, we should have thought the Danes would have revolted long ago. But our correspondent also writes us a letter, which runs as follows:

In conversation with a gentleman who is in touch with the Danish part of Schleswig—now a province of Prussia—I recently learned, to my amazement, of the conditions there—of the brutal browbeating the Danish sympathizers are subjected to. It seems incredible to me, but I was shown the enclosed clipping from a Danish local paper, *Bien (Bee)*, and that corroborates the story.

In order to Germanize the people of North Slesvig—or, as the Germans spell it, Schleswig—nobody is allowed to sing any Danish songs which breathe patriotism or love for the Danish language, country, or conditions. The writer was told that at the wedding of any Danish sympathizing people in Schleswig, a gendarme has to be present, and does not allow reference to anything Danish, be it in speech or in song.

People who are found to be Danish citizens are given short notice to leave. Girls wearing dresses are not permitted to have same trimmed with red or scarlet ribbons—for red and white are the Danish colors. Nor will pinning up of small Danish flags inside of a house, or on the curtains, be tolerated—arrest follows. In short, the most despotic, brutal browbeating is resorted to. Of course, the Danish language is not allowed to be taught in schools—only German is taught. I did not learn if they allow old people, who never learned German, to speak Danish. And this in the year 1904! By the orders of the man, who is Kaiser by the grace of God,—"Gott and Ich"—"Hoch der Kaiser"!

On the other hand, Denmark is overrun by poor Germans. The Danes allow them to come and enjoy their prosperity, which is said to be greater per capita than in any other country in Europe.

We particularly agree with Mr. Clifford that persons—"old people" or otherwise—who have once learned to speak the Danish language should not be compelled to learn another. Udviste og foer afsted, no!

It is to be hoped that Senator Perkins fulfilled his expressed intention of having "a heart-to-heart talk" with Rear-Admiral Taylor at the Naval Training School here. about the latter's ridiculous and absurd recommendation that the Naval Training Station be removed from Goat Island, San Francisco Bay, to San Diego. As Senator Perkins points out, the island is "the healthiest and most available on the Coast." It is situated in the very centre of population. San Diego is at the extreme corner of a State seven hundred and fifty miles long. Here centres the shipping of the whole Pacific Coast; it naturally follows that here is to be found the greatest number of youths whose tastes incline to a naval career. Here, also, is the navy-yard, and here the transport service centres. Not a single valid reason can be found for removal of the school to San Diego. Rear-Admiral Taylor's alleged reason for desiring the school moved is reported to be that the army needs the whole of the island for its purposes. Senator Perkins denies this, declaring that the consent of the War Department has already been obtained to move its submarine cable and torpedo station to the Presidio or Angel Island. But even if Rear-Admiral Walker is correct in his assertion, there are innumerable sites about San Francisco Bay, any one of which would be vastly superior to a site at San Diego, down by the Mexican boundary.

Gossip about the congressional elections in this State this fall is already beginning to be heard. Kahn's contest against Livernash, on the ground that there were errors in the count of votes, is yet undecided, but whatever may be the outcome, it is certain that he will make a strenuous fight against Livernash at the polls this fall, with good hopes of winning out. Congressman Wynn, who was elected by fusion of Democrat and Union Labor forces, will also have a hard struggle to keep his place. His district includes part of San Francisco County and all of San Mateo and Santa Clara. State Senator E. I. Wolfe is prominent as an aspirant for the Republican nomination. Others mentioned are Charles M. Shortridge and Colonel George H. Pippy, president of the Union League Club. In the other local district, the ninth, which includes Contra Costa and Marin Counties, E. B. Martinelli and E. C. Chapman are mentioned as Republican aspirants.

Some figures furnished us show in an interesting manner what large proportions the California colonist movement assumed, during the year 1903, and under the superintendence of Passenger Traffic Manager McCormick. These figures show that the month of the year in which the largest immigration took place was November, when no less than 18,210 persons entered this State over S. P. lines. The table also shows a general, though irregular, increase during the entire year. The figures for April, for example, were 9,580; for May, 9,709; for October, 11,902. About twice as many people came by way of Ogden as by way of El Paso. Dur-

ing the period February 15th-June 15th (four months) the total number of immigrants was 44,136; during the period, September 15th-December 15th (three months), the figures were 39,787, making a total for seven months of 83,923 persons.

The serenity of mind of our neighbor, the *Bulletin*, is seriously disturbed by the fact that we, the people of the United States, have no fit name by which to call ourselves, as have Englishmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, etc. True, says, the *Bulletin*, "we have seized upon the name, Americans, but the Canadians are also Americans, so are the Brazilians, and the Patagonians." The *Bulletin* thinks we sorely need "a derivative adjective which may also be employed as an adjectival noun." Now we don't, we really don't. We took the name American; yet a little while, and we shall have taken all America, and will be entitled to the name!

Here is as choice a specimen of Wattersonian English as it has yet been our good fortune to see. In criticising the speech of Mr. Olney, Watterson said that the thing he ought to have done was to have turned to George B. McClellan, mayor of New York, and to have addressed him thus:

Son of an illustrious sire, your time has come at last; forty years of history look down upon you; Antietam lives again in George B. Gird up thy loins and go after Teddy. I myself am too stiff of joint and Gorman is too nimble. Hill and Parker are too sick abed, and Delaware is not quite big enough to name a President. But thou, child of battle, the fairy godmother bending above thy cradle gave thee every grace, including good fortune; the stars in their courses fight for thee. Go in, thou bully boy with brass boot-heels, and let the people say which of the two Knickerbocker cubs shall rule, thee or Theo.

#### THE PRESS ON THE HEARST BOOM.

As we pointed out in these columns last week, the long silence of the press regarding the Presidential boom of William Randolph Hearst was shattered into fragments by the necessity of chronicling the panic of the Democratic National Committee. Not only were the news columns of the big and little journals speckled with the name of Hearst, but we are able to cull from our exchanges a sufficient number of editorial utterances to exhibit, in a measure, the trend of comment, criticism, and attack.

To begin with, here are a few sentences from a long editorial in the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*, a Republican journal:

It may as well be admitted that Hearst will be a strong factor in the convention, and that his following will be a stumbling-block to reaching a decision. Hearst will not be nominated, but if he remains in the contest he may be able to create a condition that will almost prevent the making of a nomination. With Hearst and Bryan as factors opposed to the conservative element now in control, a dead-lock is not impossible. That Hearst is to have a considerable following is becoming more evident every day. The yellow newspaper publisher can not be laughed out of the race. He is a prime favorite with certain labor unions. He has scared the Democratic leaders almost into a fit. The extreme fright of the leaders indicates clearly that Hearst has a strong following. He has agents working all over the country, and they find the labor unions full ready to lend their aid. Bryan has a most friendly feeling for Hearst. His newspaper supported Bryan loyally, and Hearst has employed the Nebraskan as a correspondent. The party may as well prepare for a bitter struggle. Hearst has shown in his newspaper ventures great ability as an organizer. He seems to have unlimited funds. A certain element in the labor unions is devoted to him, and will fight to the last ditch for him.

The Democratic Savannah *News* seems to view the Hearst boom without alarm. It says:

William Randolph Hearst has been doing a great deal of advertising of himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. As to the extent of his strength for the Presidential nomination no one seems to be prepared to speak with any degree of certainty. For some time there has been a suspicion that Mr. Bryan is prepared to throw his influence for him. It is probable that this suspicion does Mr. Bryan injustice, for how could he make such a concession to the power of money, having been such a bitter enemy of the money power? Mr. Hearst isn't very well known to the politicians or the people. He hasn't figured in a large way in public affairs, having served in a public position for only a short time—that of a member of Congress. He has gained some notoriety, however, as an antagonist of trusts, and has posed liberally as the friend of the workman. His stock in trade as a candidate may be summed up as money, and his reputation for opposition to trusts, and as a friend of the laboring classes. It wouldn't be surprising if he should appear at the nominating convention with a much bigger support than it is now generally believed he will.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* is one of the most ably edited Republican papers in the Middle West. It says:

W. R. Hearst appears to be applying, in his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, the same tactics as those used by Addicks in the effort to secure his election as a senator from Delaware. There is sufficient venality among those having charge of the political machines, in a great many quarters, to make the working up of a Presidential boom on a cash basis, by the possessor of many millions, not so difficult as it may appear. With astute man-

agers working in every State to control the selection of delegates to the Democratic National Convention, it may be by no means impossible for Mr. Hearst to enter the convention with such a backing as, if it does not insure his nomination, may enable him to dictate the candidate. The rumor that William J. Bryan is not averse to the nomination of Hearst gives additional significance to the latter's self-inaugurated and well-greased boom. Hearst gave the Nebraska man in both his campaigns the most important newspaper support he received.

The New York *Mail and Express* is pleased to be facetious over the boom of its competitor, and discusses it, under the heading, "A Fugitive Convention," in part as follows:

Surely the chiefs of Democracy are not so afraid of the "plain people," whose champion Mr. Hearst has constituted himself, that they have scuttled away to a less central city in order to escape the mandates of public opinion. It must be that they profess to discover in the boom which his friends have worked up, despite his protests, a factitious and meretricious quality—something remotely suggestive of "hot air." The Democratic convention in the rôle of a fugitive from a reluctant young candidate is a novel and scarcely dignified spectacle. If no other place is safe on the mainland, and if they can not bond his friends to keep the peace, the elder statesmen of the party are urged to consider the convention advantages of far away Guam. It also is "a summer resort."

The Milwaukee *Daily News*, which not long ago declared with double-leaded emphasis that Mr. Bryan was the man to lead the party for a third time, says:

From now on Mr. Hearst's Presidential candidacy may be taken seriously. A candidate that is so formidable that Gorman has taken fright lest he shall capture the convention may have some advantage in that fact.

The Hartford (Conn.) *Post* remarks:

Confessedly the extent of the progress made by the Hearst Presidential boom caused a succession of chills to toboggan down the spinal column of the Democratic National Committee. In Illinois and thereabouts, and in various sections of the South, the Hearst boom has unquestionably made a lot of progress. Hearst is tremendously in earnest about it himself. His check-book is being subjected to great strain to promote his aspirations. It's difficult hereabouts to take his boom seriously, but the truth is that it's a thing the conservative Democracy has got to reckon with.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* felicitously refers to the Hearst boom as the "yellow peril":

The National Democratic Committee got away from Washington without being kidnapped in the interest of any particular candidate, and the sighs of relief which its members emitted as they separated filled the whole country like the sound of a tornado. All accounts, friendly and unfriendly, picture the members as looking furtively over their shoulders, peering under tables, examining anxiously the fastenings of skylights, and watching the bolts on cellar doors, lest the eager boomers of some candidate break in upon their meeting and run away with the whole of them. The Gorman men were watching the Bryan men, the Bryan men were keeping a sharp eye on the Parker men, both sets were shying nervously every time Mr. Murphy, of New York, made a motion or cleared his throat, and the whole assemblage fairly took to its heels at the mention of a "yellow peril" that hung over it like a dynamite bomb suspended on a thread of gossamer. The one point upon which there seems to be general agreement is that Mr. Murphy and Mr. Bryan together hold the fortunes of the various candidates in the hollows of their hands.

The Oregonian says:

How will the Democrats feel about the Bryan-Hearst descent on their national convention at St. Louis in July? The party's loyalty to the Nebraskan has hitherto been as creditable to its heart as it was damning to its brains. But there are two considerations which cast a doubt upon the continuance of this fidelity. Much as the Democrats enjoy being stamped by a boy orator, they may think it is crowding the mourners a little to be pushed off the equilibrium by boy orator and boy editor, too. But we shall see.

The New York *Times*, the organ of conservative Democracy, refuses to mention the boom, except by the way:

W. J. Bryan announces that during the week of the National Democratic Convention he will publish in St. Louis a daily edition of his paper, the *Commoner*. It is also reported that William R. Hearst will some time prior to the convention found, publish, and consecrate to the service of his "boom" a daily newspaper in the same city. It is evident that the doctrines of the new Democracy will not lack for organs of publicity and dissemination in the convention city. Whether Judge Parker, Judge Gray, ex-Secretary Olney, and Senator Gorman will publish newspapers in St. Louis during the convention, in support each of his own candidacy against all others, has not yet transpired.

The Chicago *Chronicle* belongs emphatically to the conservative faction of Democracy. It has advocated in many editorials the nomination of Grover Cleveland. It is the bitterest newspaper opponent that the labor unions of the country have. Of the Hearst boom the *Chronicle* says:

Can a Democratic nomination for the Presidency in the United States be "rushed" like a play in football? Can it be "rushed" by a lot of mercenaries in the service of an upstart with millions of inherited money to squander? Can the Presidency of the United States be bought? Yellow journalism and yellow politics appeared in this country simultaneously. The first act of Mr. Bryan's continuous performance in the West was synchronous with the initial bow of the yellow kid at the East.

It is a significant fact that Mr. Bryan is on the pay-roll of the yellow kid. No doubt the service which he is expected to render embraces such support as he may be able to give to the yellow kid's somewhat grotesque ambition to be President.



## EXPENSIVE NEW YORK.

Flats, Servants, and Restaurants High-Priced—San Francisco Conditions in Contrast—Some Parisian Cafés—Nothing Like Them in New York.

New York is not a city for cheap living. It is not a city in which to be genteelly poor, like Paris, for instance, where one can be as poor as the students Murger writes of, and yet live with a sort of cozy comfort. Coziness comes high in Gotham. The only people who can achieve it at a reasonable outlay are those who know the city well, who are conversant with the peculiarities of different localities, who know where flats are cheap and clean, where the neighborhood, though old fashioned, is respectable, and from what points transportation is within easy reach, and is quick and uncomplicated.

The particular in which New York is essentially deficient, when viewed as a city for those of small means, is in its low-priced restaurants. One can form a good estimate of the style of a people and the character of their domestic life by the number and the class of restaurants they support.

Look at London, where the natives are inclined to be peacefully home-keeping, and everybody has servants. Outside those connected with the big hotels there are no restaurants. Prince's, on Piccadilly, is more or less of an innovation, and an innovation of a rather frisky tone. But there are tea-rooms by the dozens. There seemed to me to be tea-rooms in London on every other block, and in the warm summer days, when one was wilting with the heat, one went into the tea-rooms and drank boiling tea and ate steaming muffins or large, fruity slices of plum cake. No wonder the most brilliant playwright in England has written a comedy on the subject of the British stomach.

Take San Francisco, on the other hand, where housekeepers furiously rage together in battle for a cook, and the chambermaid has some idea that she ought to see her company in the parlor, and one is not surprised to find it a city of restaurants. The day is dawning for San Francisco when nobody will keep house, and whole families will go meekly out for their three meals. There is no better comment needed on the lack of domestic life than the fact that a town of four hundred thousand inhabitants has numerous cafés where an excellent dinner can be had for a dollar, and a good one for fifty cents.

New York stands between the two. You can get a fairly decent servant in New York for from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, and you can get a fairly decent apartment for from sixty-five to seventy-five dollars. With these encouragements to domesticity, the majority of the Empire City's modestly well-to-do keep house. It is cheaper than going out for your food. Even in the apartment-hotels, with the cafés on the lower floors, the rates for meals are on a high scale, and you can cater for yourself much more cheaply in your own flat with your own servant.

The restaurants that represent New York are of the most expensive and elaborate type. They are the sort of places that fit in here. Delmonico's and Sherry's are probably the finest of their kind. They are housed in magnificent buildings, and they give you the best at the highest prices. They are the typical New York restaurants, the places which, in thinking of memorable meals you have had in Gotham, instantly rise to your mind and fall into rank in the splendid and costly New York perspective. Half a dozen queer, characteristic cafés come to your memory when you think of Paris: The Café Voltaire, on the Rue Gauche, with red velvet seats along the walls and round mirrors in dull gold frames; La Perouse's, on the *quai*, whence you could look out on the gray-stone coping where the bookstalls are, and see the naked trees etched against the wall of the Louvre; Joseph's, with the eddying crowds of the boulevard sweeping past the door; Paillard's, with the green of the summer Champs-Élysées casting flickering shadows on the balconies. But when you recall the restaurants of New York, a memory rises before you of glittering walls and veiled electric lights, of the rhythmic rise and fall of soft music, of women in gorgeous raiment, of a long, rich menu, of champagne chilled to just the proper point, and of a tip left on the tray which makes you wish it had been possible for you to have been a waiter instead of a hard-worked purveyor of literary wares.

When you drop from these heights to the level of, say, the dollar to a dollar and a half dinner, you begin to realize that Gotham is not a town where bohemian delights can be compassed on a meagre income. There are several freak restaurants, like "Little Hungary," where you can get a dinner for a dollar. At that particular place you pay for a variety of saccharine, beady wines, some excellent music, and the probable entertainment offered by the spectacle of half-drunk men and women. But when it comes to the eatables, only a hardened Hungarian stomach can stand them. Nobody takes the dinner at "Little Hungary" seriously, unless it may be the families of decent Jews, who go there for an occasional carouse on the food and drink of their distant fatherland. And how exceedingly glad they must be that they have got well away from it, if that is what they had to eat there!

There are two restaurants in the centre of the city where they serve a good dinner for from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars. These are the old Martin, now called the Lafayette, and Monquin's. Both places

are largely patronized by the foreign element. To go to the Lafayette for Sunday-night dinner is to feel yourself once again in Paris, in some respectable café with a rather smart clientèle, but far removed from the glittering splendors of Paillard's or the Café de Paris. Everybody round you is talking French. The menu—there is an excellent table-d'hôte dinner served for one dollar and a quarter—is printed in French as well as English. At from half-past seven to eight the place is full. The orchestra plays a medley of melting French waltzes, such as "Amoureuse" and "Soupir d'Avril," alternated with the popular American ditties, "Bedelia" and "The Owl in the Sycamore Tree."

I was there, the other Sunday evening, and felt as if suddenly blown back to Paris by a magic breeze. At the table next us sat one of those peaceful, amiable *bourgeois* families that belong in the stories of Alphonse Daudet, or Maupassant, when his muse was respectable. There was a fine-looking old gentleman, sedate, unsmiling, and engrossed to the exclusion of all minor details in the excellent dinner before him. Two old ladies sat at one side of the table. I set them down as his wife and his sister-in-law. They were dressed with careful elaboration in colored silk waists, black skirts, and feathered toques, which they had undoubtedly made themselves. Opposite them sat a young girl, fresh, blooming, and with the beauty of youth, if not of feature. She was evidently the daughter of the old couple, probably an only child. Beside her sat a man, large featured, tall, and well built, but rather heavy, and fully double her age. Without a moment's hesitation we decided he was her *fiancé*. It was a chapter out of a French romance. She looked so pleased with him, evidently thought him a king of men, and blushed in the most charming way every time he cast a somewhat slow, unbrightened eye upon her. He, I must confess, looked more bored than anything else; but then he evidently thought that was the right pose for a public restaurant.

Monquin's is not exclusively French. It is a great place for foreigners of all sorts. You see Cubans there, Spaniards, and all kinds of queerly dressed flotsam and jetsam. One evening, when I was there, the giant from a near by museum was at the next table. He must have been nine feet high, and the first sight of him—he was rubbing a hand as big as a ham over his head, as if he had a headache—gave one a shock. The distinct, *bizarre* style of the patrons does not repeat itself in the viands. There is no table d'hôte at Monquin's, but you can get a first-rate dinner for from one dollar to two. The appearance of the place is quite attractive. It was evidently an old house when the district still retained its semi-rural character. It is of wood, with a flight of steps running up to the porch, and in summer a wisteria vine is trained over its façade. Inside no money has been spent on beautifying. You are supposed to go to Monquin's only for dinner.

When you get down to the level below this, you fully realize the inadequacy of New York in its provisions for the itinerant bohemian. Many of these worthy but poorly dowered souls live in the vicinity of Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue, or further back in the humbler purlieus of Greenwich Village. Here one might expect the choicest of cheap restaurants, as the patronage should be large. It is possible through this district to find more than one place where a fairly good table-d'hôte dinner can be had for sixty cents.

It is true that I was once taken to a place—on Tenth Street, I think—where an entire Italian family run a restaurant in a basement, and give you dinner with wine for forty cents. There was no sign out; no outward indication that a forty-cent dinner with wine was in progress within. It had rather a surreptitious, formidable air, as if you might find yourself in a smuggler's den when you got inside. What you did was to knock on the door under the porch stairs. A child—the youngest of the family—opened to you, gave you a smiling good-evening, and invited you in. The smell of cooking, the hum of voices, and the blows of smitten crockery announced to you that you had evidently got somewhere where the consuming of food was the occupation of the hour. The basement was neither altered from its original form, nor in any way decorated or done over. All the rooms were full of tables, and all the tables were full of people. It being yet the autumn, and not too cold, we passed through the kitchen and went out into a little, dreary, sooty New York backyard, where in summer one dined festively out of doors, with little lamps on the tables.

It was not summer, but as we could get no table indoors, we went into the garden and sat down in an angle sheltered from draughts by a high fence. A sort of glass partition divided us from the pantry, where we could see a lean-armed female member of the family washing dishes. All around us the backs of old houses rose sombrely; and people came and stood in the windows and looked curiously down at us and such other strayed revellers as had found their way into the garden. It was picturesque, and it was extraordinarily clean; our walk through the kitchen showed us that. But it was damp, and as the night advanced it grew chill. To keep the chill out we drank copiously of the wine (we each had a bottle to ourselves), and it tasted like a sort of thin, sour memory of once joyous, able-bodied Zinfandel. The next day I woke up with an embryo attack of grippe from sitting in the garden.

The Griffon, a French hotel on Ninth Street, is the best place I know of in New York for a really cheap

dinner. The Griffon has an air; from the two dejected evergreen trees in tubs that flank its front steps, to the ear-wiggly garden in the back, where in summer one dines rustically at little metal tables under arbors, the whole place has the suggestion of a hotel in a novel. If I mistake not, the Griffon has figured more than once in contemporaneous New York fiction. It is much affected by authors; especially poor ones, for the six-course dinner at sixty cents is by no means bad, and then authors like to dine at a place which looks as if it belonged in a story. There is that curious air of thrifty comfort about it which distinguishes small French hotels of the kind. There is even the black cat that wanders round among the diners, but is too well fed and too well behaved to ever mew or beg for morsels.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1904.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Bachelor's Wish.

["The Bachelor's Wish" was written by Alfred Wheeler when he was twenty-two years old, and published in a volume of verse in New York. Twenty years ago, Mr. Wheeler, who is still living, printed much verse and prose in the *Argonaut*. These verses have never been reprinted in California.]

Wanted a wife,  
To sweeten life,  
By a bachelor young and healthy!  
I do not care,  
So the lady he fair,  
How poor she may be or wealthy.

She must not be tall,  
Nor yet very small,  
But beautiful, gentle, and young;  
With eyes that are bright  
And a heart that is light,  
And one who can hidle her tongue.

With a soul full of love,  
And as pure as a dove,  
And a form that is slender and airy;  
With a voice like a bird's,  
Though of not many words,  
And as light on her foot as a fairy.

And when I can find  
One just to my mind,  
Who'll love me sincerely and ever,—  
I vow not to leave her,  
Nor harm her nor grieve her,  
Till death shall the pair of us sever!  
—Alfred Wheeler (1844).

## "Afraid of a Gal."

Oh, darn it all—afraid of her,  
And such a mite of a gal;  
Why, two of her size rolled into one  
Won't ditto sister Sal!  
Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwill's,  
And the sunshine's in her hair;  
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,  
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.  
Yet Sal says, "Why, she's such a dear,  
She's just the one for you."  
Oh, darn it all!—afraid of a gal,  
And me just six feet two!

Though she aint any size, while I'm  
Considerable tall,  
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,  
She makes me feel so small.  
My face grows red, my tongue gets hitched;  
The cussed thing won't go;  
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think  
I'm most tarnation slow.  
And though folks say she's sweet on me,  
I guess it can't be true.  
Oh, darn it all!—afraid of a gal,  
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just s'pose if what the folks  
Is saying should be so!  
Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,  
Find out and let me know;  
Tell her the gals should court the men,  
For isn't this leap year?  
That's why I'm kind of hashful like,  
Awaiting for her here;  
And should she hear I'm scared of her,  
You'll swear it can't be true.  
Oh, darn it all!—afraid of a gal,  
And me just six feet two.—Anonymous.

## "Spacially Jim."

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,  
Pearl an' black-eyed an' slim,  
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,  
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,  
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;  
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,  
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'  
(Spacially Jim!)  
I made up my mind I'd settle down  
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,  
'Twas crowded full to the brim;  
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,  
'Spacially Jim.—Bessie Morgan.

## Eve's Daughter.

I waited in the little sunny room;  
The cool breeze waved the window-lace at play,  
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,  
And out upon the bay  
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.

"Such an old friend,—she would not make me stay  
While she hound up her hair." I turned, and lo,  
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay  
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:  
Gold hair, that streamed away  
As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.  
"She would not make me wait!"—but well I know  
She took a good half hour to loose and lay  
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!  
—Edward Rowland Sill.



## IN THE LONG, LONG NIGHT.

The Story of a Soul That Wandered Far.

The doctor fumbled through layer after layer of furs and woollens. He brought the one sputtering candle nearer to his work, looked closely, and turned away for a moment toward the cabin door. The aurora was crackling and blazing along the northern horizon, making quick stabs in the blackness. He had pronounced sentence before, but never such a black, hard sentence as this.

"Well?" said the other man, sharply. He was huddled at the foot of the bed, all in a heap.

"No, not well," said the doctor; "she's—brace up, Jim—she's—" and then he hesitated. Death and bereavement he knew was a part of his daily routine in the past, but never such a bereavement as this—in the dark, the three-month night, and they six the only human beings in a principality of darkness and snows.

"It's all over, poor old man, she's dead."

"She aint!"

The doctor turned sharply. He had heard that before as reason why sentence should not be pronounced, but never in that same tone, that quiet, calm, determined negation.

And so silence for a moment. The doctor looked out again and watched the horizon crumpling into light—and the tears came. He wiped them away as they froze on his face, and they came once more. She had been so much to them all in the long night, that one woman of the blithe spirit and the rough, kindly hands! It was his place to be calm and comforting, and there he was crying.

He heard a movement behind him. Jim was tearing savagely at the bed-furs, pulling back wrapping after wrapping.

"She aint dead! She aint dead!" repeated Jim. "Look at her eyes. They never look that way. It's only one of her spells!" He cast himself full length on the furs.

Footsteps crunched on the beaten trail outside. Old man Sacrison came in at the door, a cloud of steaming breath before him. Dr. McGrath raised his hand. The two stepped out together, dropping the bear-skin door.

"It is all over," said Dr. McGrath.

"I knowed it," said old man Sacrison. "What'll Jim do?" Then he swore softly to himself. Moved as much as the doctor, he was showing it in his own way.

"Jim won't leave her," said the doctor, "says she aint dead."

"Let him think it," said old man Sacrison, "Good God, let him! He'll go bugs if you don't. After you've been in the North as long as I have, you'll know enough to leave them alone."

This wisdom of the unwise came home to the doctor. When he spoke again, he had resigned the position of guide, and placed himself in the hands of old man Sacrison.

"You mean—" began the doctor.

"Let him find it out for himself, unless you want to take him out clean crazy. There was never a man fonder of his woman than Jim. And for that," he added, "he had a license to be."

Of the six exiles, caught over the long winter on their lonely claim, five were from the same town. To the kinship of loneliness, they added the brotherhood of past association. And so when Dr. McGrath had passed the news among them, they fell like sentinels into a quiet watch over Jim Mastick.

For four days, as the clock reckons days where there is no sun, Jim Mastick sat beside his dead, and said foolish, lover things to her. The first night old man Sacrison, taking his watch just outside the tent, heard him saying softly: "Why don't you wake up, Mollie? You've slept long enough, dear heart!" saying it in the tone of one who wakes a child. The second night, he called loudly once or twice; but when the others came he was making no sound. Next day, the doctor heard him say, almost roughly: "Come now, old girl. This is foolishness. You've got to come out of it. Try, won't you? Try!"

After that, the doctor said to old man Sacrison: "This has gone about far enough."

The fourth day, Jim made no sound that any one heard, and at length the doctor drew back the hide door, and entered the tent. Jim was sitting quiet but tense, looking, looking into the eyes of his dead. "She aint dead?" said Jim. No longer the quiet tone of positive negation, but a searching, quivering question.

"I'm afraid so, Jim."

The other man threw himself on the body, and the tears came. Dr. McGrath stood back and said nothing. He knew this for the crisis. The sound of weeping stopped, and then there came a long, quivering cry: "Mollie—Mollie—it's so dark—so dark—don't leave me, sweetheart, don't!"

The doctor braced himself to interfere. This had gone far enough. Gently he lifted that troubler of the dead; he took up the candle and began to cover the dead face. And then—every nerve in his body exploded into a thousand jets of flame.

The lashes over Mollie's staring eyes were moving, and, as he looked, the lips parted in a long, quivering breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Never mind, girlie," said the man at the foot of

the bed; "yes, I know all about it." His was the tone who humors the brain-sick.

"But I want to tell you, Jim. Let me, please." She took his hand, clasping it with a weak, sick pressure.

"There's nothing to dying, Jim. It's the easiest thing! Half the dead people could come back if they wanted. You just go where you please and as quick as you please."

"It's just like passing out of the door. You're here now, listening to what they say, and next second you're outside—watching. You know what's going on, but you're outside."

"First, I saw you and the doctor—you wouldn't believe I was dead, would you? And I couldn't seem to care. Jimmy boy, you don't mind if I say that? 'Twas just a big rest. I'd been so sick, and it had been so hard to get away, and I guess I kind of forgot for awhile. And next I was going anywhere I pleased. Just like getting home it was—getting home where I belonged. You won't understand until you die, Jim."

"I don't know all the places I went. That aint all clear now. I suppose I wasn't what you could call awake. But the first thing I remember I was back at home—back in Oakdale. Seemed like things were all stirred up; and then I saw people running back and forth, and the hose-team out, and I knew there was a fire. There was, too—the opera-house was burning. I felt real sorry for Mr. Richards—you know how he skimped to build it, Jim—and thinking about him made me think of the folks—and the next thing I was there, the way things happen when you are dead."

"There, there, Mollie. Tell me the rest some other time. Rest a little while."

"No, Jim. I want to tell it all now. Then I won't talk any more. I promise."

"Because—I'm coming to something. Mother's dead."

"I saw her, and I didn't mind. You mustn't, either. She'd just gone—in the front room—and Jack and Anne, and all the folks were there. I didn't feel bad for mother—I couldn't—but I did for poor old Jack. How could he understand? I tried to get to him, tried to touch him, and I couldn't. But it was the first time I'd felt sorry since—since I'd left you. I wanted to tell him that it didn't matter. I wanted to find mother, and have her try to tell him."

"That was the funny thing about it all, Jim. You're all alone. You'd think that all the other dead people would be there to meet you, but they aren't. Maybe—after awhile, when you're clear away from people on this side—you find them. I suppose you must."

"But there I was, beside Jack. I remembered how much you thought of him, and how much you'd mean to each other just then."

"You won't like this, maybe, because you don't understand either—but that was the first I'd thought of how you'd feel. It wasn't so much my being gone as you being up here alone in the dark. If you could only die, too! But I knew you wouldn't, and I knew how awful it would be for you—waiting."

"The next I knew—I was here. I don't know how I came. I wanted to come, and I was here, just like the fairy-stories."

"There you were, and there was the rest of me. I knew you'd waited a long time. I could see in your face how you'd changed, and—oh, Jim, dying's nothing, nothing, but if you only knew how I fought and prayed with something pulling me away and you wanting me! I saw the doctor come in. And then you called me—and I came."

He gathered her tight in his arms, holding her not like a husband, but like a father. Presently she said: "Not for long, dearest. If it came again, I don't believe you could call me back. Just long enough, maybe, to get you ready to let me go when you could leave here and go back to Dawson, where there'd be light and you wouldn't be so lonesome. Because there's nothing to it at all. What they tell you in church is true, only not the way they tell it. And if—if it should take me again—" she was whispering in his ear now—"you'd let me go and you wouldn't be really sorry."

Ten minutes later, she was sleeping the tired sleep of those who are very, very sick. Jim covered her head and went outside. He met Dr. McGrath, and followed him without a word to the sleeping-tent. Inside, they turned and looked at one another. So they stood, each realizing without speech that the other knew.

"Is she out of her head?" asked Jim, at length.

"Delirium," said Dr. McGrath, "or hallucination. Only natural at this stage of the disease." With the ghosts of darkness all about him, he was making a stern effort at professional cheerfulness.

"When did she tell you?" asked Jim.

"That stuff about home and the theatre burning up and her mother. A little after she—revived. The time we made you go to get some sleep. You remember. She asked me not to tell you. Said she'd do it herself. It's best to humor hallucination, you know."

"If she's out of her head," asked Jim, "how does it happen that she knows what went on while I was waiting?"

"The sub-conscious mind," answered the doctor, "is something about which science knows very little as yet. Very little."

"Do you think all she said might be true?"

"I wouldn't let myself get superstitious, if I were you. It's been a hard sickness, and it's only natural that the mind should be affected here in the dark. We'll bring her through, I hope."

But when Jim was gone, Dr. McGrath sat and gazed into the blackness for a long time. "It beats me," he said, at length.

The clock ticked off the days where day there was none, and Mollie grew no better. She was not in pain, and mostly she slept. When weariness forced Jim to abandon his watch, the others cared for her by turns. The south burned with dawn now for a few minutes each day; and at that time she used to waken and watch it through the open door until it faded out. At last the sun came, pushed a distorted rim over the white horizon. That day she revived enough to touch Jim's hand and say: "You could let me go, couldn't you, dearest?"

And Jim put back his soul with all his strength, and said: "If you really want it, Mollie."

Faintly she pursed up her lips. He kissed them, and she went to sleep. Two days later, she did not waken when the south reddened. That time, no one tried to call her back.

The sun began to clear the horizon in his daily visits. They prepared to move. They had composed her body, dressed it for the grave in their rough fashion; they were going to bring it down to Dawson for Christian burial. The last packs were making when the mail-carrier, toiling north to the furthest outposts of the American advance, came over the snow with a winter's mail. Even Jim Mastick grew cheerful and excited at the thought of news from the world. There were letters for all, and a bundle of home newspapers for Dr. McGrath. These he opened before the letters, and ran eagerly over the first pages, to learn what men had been doing those many months.

He had come to January, when he stopped, straightened out, stared.

"Opera-house destroyed in fierce conflagration," he read, and then: "Richards staked all and lost in ill-fated theatre."

He turned to find Jim holding out an opened letter. The doctor took it, and read:

DEAR JIM: A terrible thing has happened. We want you to break it to Mollie as gently as you can. Mother died yesterday—

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1904.

WILL IRWIN.

## Love, Hate, and Hypnotism Explained

Professor Charpentier, a French scientist, following up the experiments of Professor Blondlot, another French scientist, has found that the penetrating rays, the "N" rays, discovered by the last-named savant, are diffused by the human body, and have many peculiar and useful qualities. They are capable of traveling through metals and opaque substances, under certain conditions, and excite and brighten up phosphorescent bodies. Sunlight contains "N" rays, which, when the sunlight has been shut out, continue to pass through the interposed barrier, and will excite the phosphorescence of a small quantity of feebly insulated sulphure of calcium contained in a thin tube of glass. A cigarette paper dipped into fresh water will intercept these rays, while if salt water is used it is not a barrier. Professor Charpentier, using a totally dark room, approached platino-cyanure of barium, and found that, as he drew nearer to it, its luminosity increased, thus proving that "N" rays are sent out by the body. He found, too, that the brightness of the object increased when he contracted his muscles. It was asserted at first that these rays are stored in the body by the sun, but Dr. Charpentier has found that, after remaining hours in total darkness, his body gave out more and stronger "N" rays than before.

There is much speculation as to the effects this new discovery will have on medical science. One writer, in discussing the matter, tells of the ease with which an examination of the heart may be made by "N" rays. "A little luminescent object may be moved slowly over the skin around the cardiac region," he says; "the exact limits of the organ and the exact character of its pulsations will be beautifully shown by the increasing and decreasing luminosity of that little luminescent object, pulsating light in response to the 'N' rays sent out in greater intensity when nearer to the contracting muscle."

It is asserted, too, that these "N" rays are responsible for the powers exerted by hypnotists, telepathists, and mind-readers, the person diffusing many and strong rays easily dominating one who is weak in that respect. According to Sterling Heilig, who writes from Paris regarding the new discovery, it will be a very important factor in psychological investigations.

Mirza Ali Asgar Khan, who, with the title of Atabaka Ayam, is prime minister, and, next to the Shah, the most powerful man in Persia, was in San Francisco this week on his way to Mecca. He will go almost around the world in order to reach the city that is visited by all the faithful of his country. Direct transportation facilities between Teheran and Mecca are so primitive that the prime minister of the Shah has discovered that he can approach the mystic Caaba by way of the Transsiberian Railway, Japan, San Francisco, New York, the Mediterranean, and the Suez much more comfortably and with less time than it would take by caravan across the hot, sandy wastes of Arabia. Besides, he enjoys travel, and believes in improving his mind by taking a view of Western civilization.



## "HAWTHORNE AND HIS CIRCLE."

Reminiscences of the Novelist and His Friends—Life in America, in Liverpool, in Rome—Stories of Noted Englishmen—Hawthorne's Love of England.

Any biography of a great man that gives a legitimately intimate view of its subject is welcome, and doubly so is one like "Hawthorne and His Circle," by Julian Hawthorne, son of the novelist; for Mr. Hawthorne has written a most delightful book, easy in style and interesting in matter, boyishly naïve in parts, and brimming with reminiscences of his father and of the great people he met. A good deal of space is given to his own boyhood, and this, too, is entertaining.

The author tells with feeling of the hold that the creation of "The Scarlet Letter" took upon his father. He had, through political chicanery, lost his custom-house position, which had supported the family for years. His literary work had yielded him little or nothing. There was not much market for the kind of things he wrote, and the payment was small. Twenty dollars for four pages in the *Democratic Review* was the average figure, and that represented about a month's work. So it was that when he lost his position he was in despair. He found, though, to his surprise, that his wife had saved money out of his meagre salary. "The Scarlet Letter" had then been partly planned. "He ought to be able to finish the story before the savings gave out; and then all he would have to do would be to write others. And, after all, to be rid of the surveyorship was a relief." The story was longer and more elaborate, though, than the author had at first intended, and before its conclusion the pinch of poverty was felt in the Hawthorne household. His mother died; "his own health was shaken to its foundation; his children fell ill, his wife underwent acute sufferings; and through all this, and more, 'The Scarlet Letter' must be written. No wonder that, when he read the story in manuscript to his wife, his voice faltered and broke; and that she slipped to her knees and hid her face on her arms in the chair." There were many dark days before the following incident brought sunshine:

One day a big man, with a brown beard and shining brown eyes, who huddled over with enthusiasm and fun, made his appearance and talked volubly about something, and went away again, and my father and mother smiled at each other. "The Scarlet Letter" had been written, and James T. Fields had read it, and declared it the greatest hook of the age.

The Hawthornes moved shortly after this to Lennox, then to West Newton, where "The Blithedale Romance" was completed, and where Horace Mann, the abolitionist, who thought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a milk-and-water tract; Grace Greenwood, the writer of gushing, exuberant letters of travel; and other more or less notable people, were among their acquaintances. Then came the removal to Concord, where Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Channing, and many others were their neighbors. The relations between Hawthorne and Emerson were not the most happy, as will be seen:

My father read Emerson with enjoyment; though more and more, as he advanced in life, he was disposed to question the expediency of stating truth in a disembodied form; he preferred it incarnate, as it appears in life and in story. But he could not talk to Emerson; his pleasure in his society did not express itself in that form. Emerson, on the other hand, assiduously cultivated my father's company, and, contrary to his general habit, talked to him continuously; but he could not read his romances; he admitted that he had never been able to finish one of them. He loved to observe him; to watch his silence, which was full of a kind of speech which he was able to appreciate; "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night!" My father was Gothic; Emerson was Roman and Greek. But each was profoundly original and independent. My father was the shyer and more solitary of the two, and yet persons in need of human sympathy were able to reach a more interior region in him than they could in Emerson. For the latter's thought was concerned with types and classes, while the former had the individual touch.

Richard Henry Stoddard, "a handsome man, strong and stanch, black-haired and black-bearded, with strong eyes that could look both fierce and tender," was also a visitor, and Hawthorne, through his friendship with President Pierce, secured him a custom-house appointment that he held for twenty years. Shortly after this, Pierce offered Hawthorne the Liverpool consulship, and literary matters were laid by for a time.

Life in Liverpool was pleasant for the family, although Mrs. Hawthorne's health was not good, and he was perturbed by the efforts that were made to drag him into social affairs, which he detested. Rock Park, just across the river from Liverpool, was the family's abode for a while, and in this connection the author tells of an amusing thing that occurred thirty years after their residence there:

Somebody wrote to me from Rock Park, stating that the local inhabitants were desirous of putting up on the house which Hawthorne had occupied there a marble or bronze slab, recording the fact for the benefit of pilgrims. The committee, however, did not know which of three or four houses was the right one, and the writer enclosed photographs of them all, and requested me to put a cross over our former habitation. Now, all the houses in Rock Park had been turned out of the same mold, and I knew no more than my interrogator which was which. But I reflected that the committee had been put to trouble and expense for photographs, postage stamps, and what not, and that all that was really wanted was something to be sentimental over. So, rather than disappoint them, I resorted to a kind of *sortes Virgilianæ*; I shut my eyes, turned round thrice, and made a mark at hazard on the line of photographs. The chances against my having hit it right were only four to one; the committee were satisfied, the pilgrims have been made happy, and it is difficult to see where the harm has been done.

Disraeli was one of the people the Hawthornes met, and of him the following characteristic incident is told; and at dinner of persons eminent in political life, about this

juncture, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli were present, and also Bernal Osborne, a personage more remarkable for cleverness and aggressiveness, in the things of statesmanship, than for political loyalty or for a sense of his obligations to his associates. This gentleman had drunk a good deal of wine at dinner, and had sat next to Mrs. Disraeli; when the ladies had left the table he hurst out, with that British brutality which often passes for wit. "I say, Disraeli, what on earth did you marry that woman for?" All talk was hushed by this astounding query, and everybody looked at the tall and grim figure to whom it was addressed. Disraeli for some moments played with his wine-glass, apparently unmoved; then he slowly lifted his extraordinary black, glittering eyes to those of his questioner. "Partly for a reason," he said, measuring his words in the silence, "which you will never be capable of understanding—gratitude!"

Douglas Jerrold was then in the height of his fame. Julian Hawthorne remembers him, and tells of some of his characteristics:

Douglas Jerrold, however, is by no means fully pictured by anything he wrote; his charm and qualities came out in personal intercourse. Nor does the mere quotation of his brightness do him justice; you had to hear and see him say them in order to understand them or him. He was rather a short man, with a short neck and thick shoulders, much bent, and thick, black hair, turning gray. His features were striking and pleasing; he had large, clear, prominent, expressive black eyes, and in these eyes, and in his whimsical, sensitive mouth, he lived and uttered himself. They took all the bitterness and sting out of whatever he might say. When he was about to launch one of his witticisms, he fixed his eyes intently on his interlocutor, as if to call his attention to the good thing coming, and to ask his enjoyment of it, quite apart from such application to himself as it might have.

Grace Greenwood, whom they had known in America, was also among their Liverpool coterie. That her letters indicated her real characteristics is denoted by the following story of her:

Grace was invited to a private reading of Shakespeare by Charles Kemble, and she thought it behooved her to manifest her good taste and depth of feeling by going into hysterics and finally fainting away upon the floor. Hereupon Charles Kemble looked from his book and addressed himself to her sternly and severely: "Ma'am," said he, "this won't do! Ma'am, you disturb the company! Ma'am, you expose yourself!" This last hit had the desired effect, for poor Grace probably thought that her drapery had not adjusted itself as it ought, and that perhaps she was really exposing more of her charms than were good to be imparted to a mixed company. So she came to herself in a hurry, and, after a few flutterings, subsided into a decorous listener.

After giving up the Liverpool consulship, the Hawthornes went to Rome, where they lived for some years. They arrived there in the winter. The weather was damp, chilly, and dismal, and remained so. Hawthorne had a bad cold, and this, combined with the weather, and the inconveniences of life there, had a bad effect upon the novelist, who, for the first few months, took a jaundiced view of everything. Afterward, though, he looked at things in a more charitable light. The boy was constantly exploring Rome, and was particularly interested in St. Peter's Church, finally inducing his father to become a devotee to its charms. He writes:

My father enjoyed the church more after each visit to it. But it was the confessionals and their significance that most interested him. "What an institution the confessional is! Man needs it so, that it seems as if God must have ordained it!" And he dwells upon the idea with remarkable elaboration and persistence. Those who have followed the painful wanderings of heart-oppressed Hilda to the carven confessional in the great church, where she found peace, will recognize the amply unfolded flower of this seed.

While in Rome they met William Wetmore Story, Hiram Powers, Harriet Hosmer, sculptors, and Cephas Giovanni Thompson, the artist. Powers and Hawthorne took a great fancy to each other, and their relations are set forth in the following:

Spiritualism was a fad at that time, and Powers was pregnant with marvels which he had either seen or heard of, and which he was always ready to attempt to explain on philosophical grounds. My father would listen to it all, and both believe it and not believe it. He felt, I suppose, that Powers was telling the truth, but he was not persuaded that all the truth was in Powers's possession, or in any one else's. Powers also had a great deal to say concerning the exoteric and esoteric truths of sculpture; his racy individuality marked it all. He would not admit that there was any limit to what might be done with marble; and when my father asked him, one day, whether he could model a blush on a woman's cheek, he said, stoutly, that the thing was possible. My father, as his manner was with people, went with the sculptor as far as he chose to carry him, accepting all his opinions and judgments, and becoming Powers, as far as he might, for the time being, in order the better to get to the root of his position. And then, afterward, he would return to his own self, and quietly examine Powers's assertions and theories in the dry light. My father was two men, one sympathetic and intuitional, the other critical and logical; together they formed a combination which could not be thrown off its feet.

The author tells of meeting the calf that figured in "The Marble Faun":

I went with my father, afoot, along the Appian Way, beside which rise so many rounded structures, vast as fortresses, containing the remains of the dead of long ago, and culminating in the huge mass of the Cecilia Metella tomb, with the medieval battlements on its summit. And it was on that walk that we met the calf of "The Marble Faun." A well-grown calf, my father says in his notes, "who seemed frolicsome, shy, and sociable all at the same time; for he capered and leaped to one side, and shook his head as I passed him, but soon came galloping behind me, and again started aside when I looked round." How little I suspected then (or the bull-calf either, for that matter) that he was to frolic his way into literature, and go gamboling down the ages to distract the anxious soul of the lover of Hilda!

"The Marble Faun," planned and partly written in Rome, was finished at Redcar, in England. Hawthorne, patriotic American that he was, loved England, as these lines show:

Liverpool was now a smoky mass off our starboard quarter. It sank and dwindled, till the smoke alone was left; the blue channel spread around us; we were at sea, and home lay yonder, across three thousand miles of tumbling waves. But my father leaned on the rail, and looked backward toward the old home that he loved and would never see again. It was the hour for good-by; there would come another hour for the other home and for welcome.

Published by Harper & Brothers; \$2.25.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, former pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, and one of the best-known clergymen in the country, celebrated his eighty-second birthday last week.

William Jennings Bryan is said to have been deeply impressed with the non-resistance ideas of Tolstoy, with whom he had a long interview while in Russia, and even to have been converted to his views so far as they relate to national policies.

The Prince of Monaco has presented to the French Academy of Sciences a new map of the oceans, showing the depth and formation of all places. All soundings up to June, 1903, are marked. The chart is called a bathymetric map, and is in relief.

Four Confederate generals are still living. General Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi, the first on the list, is the ranking Confederate general of the United Confederate Veterans. General S. B. Buckner, of Louisville, Ky., is next in rank to General Lee. General A. P. Stewart, who comes third, now lives in Chickamauga. General Joseph Wheeler, veteran of two wars and a native of Alabama, completes the list.

Charles Heber Clark, who, under the name of "Max Adeler," was well known as a humorous writer twenty years ago, is dying at his home in Conshohocken, Pa. He is sixty-three years old. Two of his books, published years ago, "Out of the Hurly-Burly" and "Elbow Room," gave him a wide popularity, but he gave up humorous work for trade journalism, and for ten years he was secretary of the Philadelphia Manufacturers' Club, and an unexcelled authority on textiles.

Mrs. Gilbert, the most venerated woman on the theatrical stage, and one of the most consummate of its artists, has been so seriously incapacitated by an accident and by subsequent illness, that her final retirement from public life is feared as inevitable. Mrs. Gilbert is now in the eighty-second year of her age; yet, when the accident befell her at Washington, recently, she was a chief member of a dramatic company "on the road," and had sustained her part in it for many months. She has been for nearly three score years an actress.

Speaker Cannon's bow is said to be at present affording much entertainment and amusement to Washington society. Since being elected Speaker and taking a private residence on Vermont Avenue, Uncle Joe has blossomed out into a carpet knight of the first degree, and his old-fashioned deference and high-flown compliments to the ladies are noticeable at every social gathering where the Speaker is a guest. Compliments roll off the Speaker's tongue when he is with the ladies, as readily as his admonition does when presiding over the House, "Members will please be seated in the aisles." It is when first presented to a handsome woman that Uncle Joe puts in all the frills with his unique and characteristic bow. He drops one foot behind the other, makes a little salutation with his right hand, starting from his chin, and his left describing a circle just above his knee. Then, with his face smiling and rosy, he makes a low salaam, and comes up like a fish jumping out of water with the smile of a conqueror.

The Tolstoy family was originally of German extraction, and settled in Russia in the days of Peter the Great. The great philosopher was married on September 23, 1862, to Sophia Andrejevna Baer, the daughter of a fashionable German doctor in Moscow. He has had thirteen children, of whom the eldest was born in June, 1863. English and German governesses were engaged for them, punishment took the form of boycotting, and manual labor was taught. Tolstoy's sons, like their father, are great upon the hunt. He was once nearly killed at a bear hunt, and on a more recent occasion he severely dislocated his arm while out shooting. The eldest son, Leo, was born on June 28, 1863. He is married to a Dane, and lives in St. Petersburg. Another son is an official in government service, and some of the others have married rich wives. Two of the daughters have married nobles of the highest rank, so that nearly all Tolstoy's children have gone over to the camp of the enemies whom he has been fighting strenuously for so long.

The announcement from London that Mrs. Maybrick would be released in April is now said to be erroneous. She will be set free during 1904, but the exact date is not yet fixed. If Mrs. Maybrick remains in prison until July next she will have served fifteen years for the crime of poisoning her husband with arsenic, of which she was convicted. Maybrick was a cotton broker of forty-four, and she was but seventeen years old when they were married. Her father was a banker in Mobile, Ala. Maybrick abused her, she retaliated by finding a lover, and finally poisoned her husband with arsenic. After being out only thirty-eight minutes, the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, but the sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. The evidence on the trial left Maybrick and his wife without any character for morality. He was a drunkard, a drug eater, and a debauchee, and she had become so demoralized by his brutal treatment and his low life that her social morals were not far superior. She is now forty-one years old.



## SIX NOTABLE MEN.

Three Englishmen Who Have Lately Died—Allan, Keppel, and Gissing—Young Men in Politics—Parker, Churchill and Lloyd-George.

England has lost a remarkable figure in Sir William Allan, M. P. Big, bold, bluff, good-natured, and sincere, he was one of the best-liked men in Parliament. In early life he was "a sailor hold." During the Civil War he was chief engineer of one of those "long, low, rakish crafts" (as we like to think they were) that tried to sneak cotton out of, and arms into, Charleston Harbor. One dark night, Allan and his crew were captured by a United States vessel, and he was carried captive to Washington. He was a great story-teller, and with immense gusto used to relate what he called the "horrors" of the military prison. Eventually he bribed a sentry to carry a note to Lord Lyon, the British ambassador, who got him released on parole with neatness and dispatch.

Another story the old sea-dog loved to tell was of a long, stern chase, in the fog off Wilmington, when a black cruiser, creeping up on his ship, a blockade runner, apparently doomed it to capture. The captain, so the story runs, prodded the engineer to make better speed. The latter replied that his fires were clean, and he couldn't do it unless the skipper could spare a few gallons of choice whisky to sprinkle on the fires. The captain agreed. The ship began to gain speed, and at last slipped into port under shelter of the fog. Extremely amusing was old Allan's imitation of the Scotch stoker's protests against wasting such good "whuskey."

Sir William was not only an expert on things marine, but he published several volumes of poems, and had pretensions as a literary critic. He was a great friend of America, and I hear that, when, during the Spanish war, he received private information that Spanish vessels would attempt the destruction of the *Oregon* after she had passed the Straits of Magellan, he made all haste to put the information into the hands of those who would give it to the United States War Department in a hurry.

He was quite a phrase-maker, too. He used to call Mr. Gladstone a "churchy Christian"; and after British reverses in South Africa, he is said to have exclaimed: "The days of British impudence are over!" The Commons will indeed miss Sir William's thunderous voice, his gigantic figure, great head, and flowing mane of hair, and above all his unruffled good-nature.

Another interesting figure that we have lost is George Gissing. He was a writer of real and original genius and high literary ideals. He was only forty-seven when he died, and the melancholy thing about his death is that he appeared really to have suffered from actual want. While everybody who knew him at all, knew that he was poor, scarcely anybody suspected that he was poverty-stricken. It is said of Thomas Hood that, in his later, consumptive years, "he used to spit blood and puns." But Gissing's works and life were alike melancholy.

But the most interesting figure of all, among those who have lately died, was Admiral Keppel, the "grand old man" of the British navy, ninety-four at his death, yet still in nominally active service. Think what a man must have seen and experienced who fought under five kings, in every corner of the earth! Sir Henry was the son of the fourth earl of Alhermarle and Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord de Clifford. He entered the navy as a boy; at twenty, he was a lieutenant. He witnessed the disappearance of the wooden warship, and the advent of the ship of iron and steel. He commanded a naval brigade in the Crimean War, and in the China war of 1857, he took a prominent part. His greatest interest, in fact, has always been in the Far East. Only four years ago, when he was ninety, he visited Singapore, with the development of which city he had much to do.

With the present king and queen, Keppel was a great favorite. There are photographs extant, showing him with the queen's hand placed affectionately on his arm. As a youth, Keppel was emphatically a harum-skarum; once, while under Sir Charles Napier, being arrested for "cheeking" a superior officer, and then breaking arrest to attend a negro hall! Great seaman as he was, he once lost his ship, the *Raleigh*, on an uncharted rock in Chinese waters. He was a celebrated teller of sea-yarns, and gives many in his autobiography. There also he relates the story of the only duel he ever fought. It seems he had by accident spilled a glass of grog upon the clothes of a brother officer; the officer was ugly about it; and Keppel thereupon pretended that it was intentional. An apology was demanded, refused, and a meeting thereupon arranged. I quote from the book:

As I had been the aggressor, I did not wish to draw blood, but held straight enough to make my opponent believe I meant business. As the handkerchief dropped, Hutton fired low and sprinkled me with gravel. Our seconds held counsel and said honor was satisfied. I know I thought so, but Hutton declared for apology or blood. On retaking our

places I began to think that I would rather bleed Dirk (Hutton) than die myself. When the handkerchief fell, I thought I had spotted him. His pistol missed fire. My ball went through the thick part of his cap, and I was saved a life's misery. Seconds declined to load again, and recommended the necessary shaking of hands. Hutton stated that I should go to him. I refused to go more than half way, which the seconds decided was just, and so ended the affair. I think I said my prayers more earnestly that night than ever I did before.

It often seems that we are losing our great men, and finding no young men of the same calibre to fill their places. But, of course, it isn't so. Among the young men in politics whose promise seems great just now, I might name Sir Gilbert Parker, who is fighting hard for tariff-reform, supported valiantly by his constituency, and I should not be surprised to see him given a ministerial post before many years have passed. Then there is Winston Churchill, who is fighting for the other side, though, perhaps, he lacks somewhat in breadth of view and in thorough-going sanity. Lloyd-George is another young man in politics whose great talent as a speaker will yet make his name well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

LONDON, January 18, 1904. PICCADILLY.

## How to Prevent Theatre-Disasters.

The reason why we think that William Paul Gerhard's work on "Theatres" is so sane and sound is because he warns theatre-builders so earnestly against the very things that caused such terrible loss of life in the Iroquois fire. Almost prophetic, indeed, seem some of the passages in this book, whose preface is dated March, 1900.

In the first chapter, "Safety From Fire and Panic," the author lays down the proposition that the highest duty of theatre-managers is not to give attractive performances, but to provide "absolute safety to the public while assembled in their buildings." But safety can not be attained merely by fire-proof construction. Altogether too much stress has been laid upon that. "An ill-planned theatre, having its exits badly arranged or insufficient in number, may, in case of a real or false alarm of fire, prove a veritable death-trap, though its construction may be thoroughly fire-proof," says the author, and the reader can only remember the Iroquois.

Fifty per cent. of theatre-fires originate on the stage. Up to 1897, 1,115 theatre-fires are recorded. They are increasing in frequency. For example, between 1841 and 1846 there were 32; between 1883 and 1888 there were 215. During the last century, 9,355 persons lost their lives in theatre-fires.

Of supreme importance in making a theatre safe are proper exits. Mr. Gerhard places that feature unquestionably first. Each section should have at least two exits. The exit passages from different sections should, under no circumstances whatever, cross each other, meet, or be combined. The minimum width of an exit and exit-door for five hundred persons or less should be five feet, and for every additional hundred persons twenty inches should be added to the width. All doors must swing outward. Doors leading to staircases should never open directly upon the stairs, but there should always be a wide landing to prevent people from stumbling. There should never be any winding steps, nor should there be single steps. Passages should be not less than three and one-half feet wide for two hundred persons, and for every additional one hundred persons, six inches in width should be added. Aisles should never have steps.

So much for exits and passages. As for preventive measures, Mr. Gerhard strongly advocates the substitution of fire-resisting materials for inflammable in construction of the wings, the fly-galleries, the gridiron, and the stage roof. He recommends the fire-proofing of all woodwork, scenery, and costumes by chemical impregnation. He would replace wooden and canvas decorations with those of sheet iron, held in light iron frames, or else by asbestos cloth. Instead of hemp cords, he would have wire ropes; instead of wooden hoisting drums, hydraulic appliances.

The part of the book in which the author describes what usually happens when a fire breaks out on the stage of a theatre might almost serve as a description of the Iroquois fire. He speaks particularly of suffocation by thick smoke, of the flames leaping from the stage into the upper galleries, and of the fact that in many theatre-fires the deaths were due principally to suffocation by carbonic oxide, or to the inhalation of hot air. Strangely prophetic, also, is the statement that the air expansion on a burning stage often causes the fire-proof curtain to huckle out in the centre where it reaches the floor, thus rendering it useless. Of the four sorts of curtains—wire, flat iron, asbestos, and corrugated iron—the author favors the last.

The most important thing in fighting outbreaks of fire on the stage are automatic sprinklers—a system of roof tanks, pipes, and sprinkler-heads arranged in such a manner as to protect every foot of the stage.

Mr. Gerhard's book should be in the hands of every theatre-manager.

Published by the Bates & Guild Company, Boston.

## THE POETS ON POLITICS.

## With a Charmed Life.

Despite the bopes it may be tumbling,  
The Hanna boom persists in rumbling;  
And politicians in the dark  
Suspect he's not an easy Mark.  
—*Indianapolis News.*

## Our Non-Union President.

[In protesting against the deportation of John Turner, the dangerous anarchist, a New York Socialist Labor leader declared that Mr. Roosevelt is "a poor union man."]

Teddy is a villain,  
Teddy's cruel and hard.  
Teddy is a President without a Union  
card;  
Never led a riot,  
Never bricked a cab—  
Teddy (in the union term) is nothing but  
a "scab."

Though he's rather strenuous,  
Though he loves a fight,  
Teddy doesn't countenance the use of  
dynamite;  
Though he wastes his moments  
On affairs of state,  
When did Teddy ever belp a Walking  
Delegate?

Teddy, in his blindness,  
Loves the worker best—  
What is work to Delegates, whose motto  
should be "Rest"?

Teddy hunts the wild cat,  
Teddy shoots to kill,  
Yet forbids the laborer to murder whom  
he will.

Teddy is a despot,  
Teddy is a king,  
Who prefers his country to the Emma  
Goldman ring;  
So let each good anarchist  
Scratch him from the tab—  
Teddy's not a union man; Teddy is a  
"scab."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

## Grover Cleveland—Jest Fishin'.

Though other leaders faint and pine  
I still am plump and hearty,  
A sort of Izaak Walton of  
The Democratic party;  
For what's the use of prophecies,  
And what's the use of wishin',  
When I can get the same results  
Jest fishin'?

How do I stand in politics  
For nineteen hundred four?  
Will I become the candidate  
For President once more?  
Say, do you see my baited line  
Down there where trout are swishin'?  
That's how I stand in politics—  
I'm fishin'.

For fishing is an antidote  
For morbid thoughts and brown.  
It kind of keeps the spirits up—  
And keeps the spirits down,  
And what on earth can be the use  
To outline my position,  
When all the world can plainly see  
I'm fishin'?

How do I stand on labor votes,  
How do I stand out West?  
How do I stand on open trade,  
Expansion, and the rest?  
Young fellow, if to pump me is  
The secret of your mission,  
Please go away and let me sleep—  
I'm fishin'.—*Wallace Irwin.*

## All Hail the Boom.

The Boom of Hearst,  
The Boom of Hearst,  
May he who'd squelch it stand accurst:  
Proclaim it from the mountain tops,  
In palaces, in butcher shops,  
Mid luxuries and mutton chops;  
In hovels small,  
Sky-scrapers tall,  
In 'bus and trolley car,  
In sweat-shop mean,  
In fields of green,  
Wherever list'ners are;  
Disseminate  
And propagate;  
Diffuse, report, and eulogate,  
The boom, the boom, the booming boom,  
Of him for whom  
The public thirst  
Is all aburst.  
With trump and thunder give it tongue,  
With tinkling cymbals be it sung,  
From every belfry be it rung,  
Buzzed and banded, spread abroad,  
Bruited, blazoned, underscored,  
Till all the land from far Manunk-  
A-Chunk to Port of Kennebunk,  
From plains of distant Idaho,  
To craggy heights of Coney O,  
From Adirondack's towering pines,  
To old Nevada's glistening mines,  
Hath heard that Hearst  
Is soon to burst  
The shackles of our blistering doom,  
With the booming, booming, booming of his  
boom.—*The Henchman in Town Topics.*

## Diplomats Ahead of Judges.

Judicial, political, diplomatic, and social circles in Washington are stirred up over the White House reception to the judiciary on January 22d. Inasmuch as the reception was for the judges of the Supreme Court and their wives, these gentlemen and their wives have not been slow to express their anger at the fact that the diplomatic corps was first in the line of people received. Not only this, but the dignified judges had to cool their judicial heels in the Blue Room, while consuls, consuls-general, ambassadors, ministers, and attachés were presented to President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt. That their feelings were more than merely abraded by the incident, is indicated by the fact that Associate Justice Harlan protested to Major McCawley, who had the function in charge, setting forth that, as it was a reception to the judiciary, the justices of the Supreme Court should go first. McCawley was very polite, but very firm, stating that at all White House receptions, no matter in whose honor, the representatives of other governments must go first. On the following day, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan personally voiced to the President their dissenting opinion regarding Major McCawley's ruling. The President listened, and was sorry, saying that Major McCawley was the responsible party—but, that Major McCawley was right.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Literary Digest, New York:

If Mr. Hart had taken the counsel of his friends on the Riviera he would not have crossed the Pyrenees. They warned him of brigands, heggars, fleas, and garlic; of bad hotels, slow trains, and over-zealous customs-officers. But he went. He crossed Spain from north to south, had an excellent time, and met with many surprises. In these pages are the pen-sketches of his journey, rapidly made, light in tone, and thoroughly amusing. Also they are informing, although the author avoids saying anything about religion, revolutions, and politics. Of Spanish politics he remarks: "Even Spaniards say they do not understand them, and I doubt whether foreigners ever can."

One of the first surprises he had on crossing the frontier was the leniency of the customs-officials. "They gave us much less discomfort than we have experienced on the piers in New York." The next surprise was to find a railway train having corridor cars, electric lights, steam heat, and luxurious upholstery. If not so fast as trains in the United States, those in Spain always arrive on time.

To these surprises was added another when Barcelona was reached. It was seen to be a handsome modern city, showing no signs of the decay and degeneracy expected in Spain. Its many schools, seminaries, and colleges were noteworthy; and so were its tall chimneys, for Barcelona is a great manufacturing town.

Spanish is not the tongue generally spoken by the natives of Barcelona. They speak Catalan and call themselves Catalans. Spanish, according to the author, is a difficult language to acquire thoroughly. A courteous priest, to whom Mr. Hart mentioned his troubles with the subjunctive mood, promised to send him a few lines on the subject. He sent sixteen pages, after reading which our author knew rather less about the subjunctive than he did before.

As to the Spanish character, it is an incomprehensible mixture. As an index of its inscrutable twists, take the incident of holding a hull-fight at Madrid for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. An unlooked-for trait in the Spanish is their amazing freedom with strangers. They have a democratic proverb which runs: "Below the king, all men are equal."

The first view our Argonaut had of the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's famous Gateway of the Sun, dispelled another illusion. He saw only a shabby square filled with shabby heggars and traversed by dingy tram-cars. "Madrid," writes Mr. Hart, "is a curious city. Being the capital of an idle nation, it is the concentrated quintessence of idling and idlers. The principal occupation is talking politics, and, odd as it may seem, there are cafés in Madrid frequented entirely by politicians out of a job—*cesantes*."

Eight pages of the book are devoted to the incessant smoking of the Spaniards. The cigarette is omnipresent. To it the author attributes the prevalence of tuberculosis in Spain, and inclines to think that the marked degeneracy of the Spaniards, as compared with other Latin peoples, may be traced to the same cause.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Story of a San Francisco Girl.

Mary Hallock Foote's story, "A Touch of the Sun," begins promptly at the shrill blast of the five-o'clock whistle on the stamp-mill of the Asgard Mining Company, up in Northern California. It's hot up there. The superintendent's low, shingled bungalow had had every shutter closed all day. "The whole house-front," we hear, "was decked with dead roses, or roses blasted in full bloom, as if to celebrate with appropriate insignia the passing of the hottest day of the year."

A mournful spectacle, indeed. And therefore we wonder why Mrs. Thorne, the slender, sweet mistress of the bungalow, has come up from San Francisco into such a hell of heat. Something unusual, surely. Just then "the gate clucked to. A stout man in a blaze of white duck came up the path, lifting his cork helmet slightly to air the top of his head." It was Mr. Thorne. He, too, is surprised. He hasn't been shaved for two days, and Mrs. Thorne, after greeting him, reproaches him mildly thereat, which we think a bit hard of her. But let it pass. More serious things impend.

Not until after dinner (the author mentions that they had cold wine soup), however, do we hear about it. Then it transpires. It is—"the inevitable woman!" "Their boy" is in love—is engaged. And the girl is—well, has—a "past." Mr. Thorne was innocently concerned in it. Quite an interesting situation, we think.

Seven years before, Mr. Thorne, on one of his trips to "the city," noticed, as the morning train stopped at Colfax, a pair of horses that had evidently been ridden all night. It was plainly an elopement. "The young man," we regret to hear, "was of the country sporting type, distinctly not a gentleman. In a cattle country he would have been a cowboy simply." The girl "was simply and tragically a lady." Mr. Thorne's tender heart was touched. He resolved to keep an eye on them. The story says: "The young man was outwardly self-possessed, as horsemen are, but he seemed constrained with the girl. They had no conversation, no topics in common. He kept his place beside her, after watching her in silence, but he did not obtrude himself. She appeared to have a certain power over him, even in her helplessness, but it was slipping from her. In her eyes, as they rested upon him in the hot daylight, Mr. Thorne believed he saw a wild and gathering repulsion."

His belief was justified. "It was ten o'clock when they reached Oakland. He lost the pair for a moment in the crowd going aboard the boat, but saw the girl again far forward, standing alone by the rail. He strolled across the deck, not appearing to have seen her. She moved a trifle nearer; with her eyes on the water, speaking low, as if to herself, she said: 'I am in great danger. Will you help me? If you will, listen, but do not speak or come any nearer. Be first, if you can, to go ashore; have a carriage ready, and wait until you see me. There will be a moment, perhaps—only a moment. Do not lose it. Your understand? He, too, will have to get a carriage. When he comes for me I shall be gone. Tell the driver to take me to —,' she gave the number of a well-known residence on Van Ness Avenue."

To shorten a long tale, Thorne did as bid. Next morning, we hear, "there was a paragraph in one newspaper which gave the girl's full name, and a fancy sketch of her elopement with the famous range rider, Dick Malaby." "But money," according to Mrs. Foote, "can do a great deal. The newspapers that society reads were silent." So? Also, aha!

So the girl and her mamma (their name in the book is Benedet) went to Europe. San Francisco society "wondered why, with their beautiful homes empty and going to destruction." The silence of Malaby was bought. They stayed seven years. Now they were back. Miss Benedet engaged to their son! She couldn't have told him! Bold, designing creature! But they would tell him! And so Mrs. Thorne writes a passionate letter, and gives him the story. Then—enter Miss Benedet. We read: "A lady was coming up the walk. She was young and tall, and had a distant effect of great elegance. She held herself very erect, and moved with the rapid, swimming step peculiar to women who are accustomed to the eyes of critical assemblages."

Miss Benedet had come to confess. She had realized that she ought to have told him before affairs went so far. But friendship was so sweet; she could not resist his pleading; she couldn't tell him then. But afterward, memory was to her like red hot needles. She wrote him that she did not love him, and fled to his parents that they, at least, might understand—might know the whole truth.

It wasn't such a bad story after all. Only a lonely, romantic girl, charged with Tolstoy and Turgeneff, making a hero out of a cowboy desperado who was her servant-escort on her evening rides. She had never seen him by daylight. By moonlight he was romantic; in the glare of the day, common. That was the tragedy.

Yes, Mrs. Thorne was sorry. Emphatically,

Helen Benedet was not a "creature." "The mother put out her hand timidly. The girl's hand clasped hers and drew it around a slender waist, and they walked like two school friends together."

Then He came. "A tall young man in traveling clothes stepped out upon the horse-block, left his luggage there, and made ten strides up the walk." The girl fled. "Where is she," he asked his mother. "I knew all about it all the time—a nice old lady told me—do you think a man can't see where a girl is?" His mother didn't tell him where she was, but the young man had "long gray eyes and a set mouth," and also "when he aimed for a thing he usually got somewhere near the mark." So it isn't a bit surprising that he found Helen where she had hid in the garden. For our part, we are jubilantly glad he did—you will be, too.

And there are three more good stories in the book.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A homicide in English literary circles is the next thing we expect to hear of. Andrew Lang will be the victim. He writes in his last letter to the New York *Evening Post* that in his opinion if Miss Corelli and other ladies such as Mrs. Meynell and Lady Colin Campbell had not leaped into the fray, an old house of a neighbor of Shakespeare's would certainly have been destroyed by the worthy trustees of the poet's birthplace. That is very flattering to the ladies concerned. But he continues: "Birds not usually esteemed by strategists saved the Capitol." Oh, gracious!

Jack London is said to have sold the copyright of "The Call of the Wild" outright for \$1,500, after receiving \$1,000 for the serial rights. So that altogether he will get only \$2,500 for writing the story.

We hear that Stewart Edward White expects in future to make his home in California. A new novel from his pen, entitled "In the Silent Places," is announced. It is a tale of the "mystic North."

Clinton Scollard, novelist and poet, has the distinction of being the only poet who is also president of a railroad. To be sure, the railroad is a short one, running between Rome and Clinton, N. Y., but it is a fully equipped and profitable line.

The London critics are puzzled by Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," which violates all the traditions of the drama and does not command attention as a great literary production. One most sympathetic reviewer compares it to the second part of "Faust," with the symbolic, imaginary figures left out. The book has not yet appeared in this country.

"In Chicago, we have produced a great mass of intelligent, aspiring, mediocre books," says Elia W. Peattie; "we have among us some persons of charming talent, and two or three writers of deep sincerity. But no genius has, among us all, yet revealed himself."

In a late number of the Boston magazine which he edits, Bliss Carman finds fault with the publishers for issuing, indiscriminately, worthless books. He writes: "Perhaps one book in a hundred is worth reading. Perhaps one in a thousand is worth preserving. But, to the critical mind, with its cultivated taste for the best, there is something discouraging in the complete worthlessness of the vast majority of current books. Without thought, without style, without a grain of beauty, or an iota of sense, they are dumped upon us by the bushel. . . . I do not believe that the ambitious but wholly unqualified author is to blame for this enormous waste of energy. I very much blame the publishers."

What is believed by *El Nacion* of Madrid to be the most important part of General Weyler's forthcoming book, "My Military and Political Campaign in Cuba," includes two interesting letters—"My Project for Landing on United States Territory" and "The Reasons Why I Was Obligated to Abandon the Project." General Weyler's scheme was to seize every available vessel in Havana Harbor, and, before the appearance of the United States squadron off the coast, to land twenty-five thousand men in Louisiana, where, he argued, "the malcontents of the United States Government, still smarting under their defeat in the Civil War, would rise en masse and make common cause with Spain."

"Reader" calls our attention to an inaccuracy in the statement of dates of theatre fires. The fire in the Théâtre Français in fact occurred on Thursday, March 8, 1900, while the Paris Bazaar fire occurred May 4, 1897, three years earlier, not later.

Homer's "Iliad" and the "Æneid" of Virgil were recently denounced by Dr. J. A. Leavitt, of Ewing College, who addressed the Baptist Ministers' Association at the Masonic Temple, Chicago. In the story of the siege of Troy he saw nothing more than "the story of a man running away with another man's wife." He admitted that there was something heroic in the wandering of

Ulysses, but he could find nothing to admire in the hero's loiterings on an island with Calypso. "All these pagan classics, notwithstanding their popularity, leave their stain on the purity of our literature," declared Dr. Leavitt; "they should be succeeded in our colleges and schools by the more wholesome and elevating literature of the Bible. Our land is being flooded with paganism and pagan works. Our poetry has become as sensuous as that of the old Greeks and Romans."

Dr. Herman H. Behr's Bohemian Club "Jinks Papers" have been collected and put in book-form by some admiring friends as a compliment to an old and respected fellow-member of the club. The volume, entitled "Hoot of the Owl," now in press, will soon be ready for distribution. Members desiring copies will please address the secretary of the club. The price is one dollar and a half, and the edition is limited.

Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin are about to publish a book entitled "The Picaroons." It appeared serially both in England and America.

Professor Rennert, of the University of Pennsylvania, is about to publish a full biography of the Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega. In it he brings together a great deal of new material.

It is reported from London that "publishers find the executors of the late Herbert Spencer unmanageable."

## Writing Books by Proxy.

A few weeks ago, we printed in these columns an extract from the London *Daily Mail*, in which that paper expressed the opinion that anybody could be an "author" if he "had the price"—in other words, that the practice of hiring hack-writers to turn out books to which another's name was affixed, is common. Both these types of writing men have been regarded with scorn—the man who "farms out" a literary job to a "ghost," publishing the result over his own name, and the man who is willing to play the "ghost." But apparently one has only to acquire the right point of view in order to see good in everything in this world. The New York *Tribune* says:

Some one signing himself "Proxy," has recently contributed to the *Author* a curious defense of "ghosting." He puts the whole question on a practical basis. A popular author, he argues, must either content himself with a comparatively small amount of work, turning profitable offers away, or, having agreed to do more than he is able properly to do, he must "scamp" things. Therefore he is justified in falling back upon a "ghost." Proceeding from this beautiful assumption, "Proxy" relates some of his own experiences. "For the first long story I 'ghosted,'" he says, "I received two pounds fifteen shillings a thousand words all the way through, one-third of the total amount being paid to me before I had written a line; one-third when I had completed about one-half of the story; one-third, on the day I delivered the MS. complete." Are we touched by these figures? Perhaps not, but let "Proxy" continue his tale. "Now, supposing," he says, "that I had written that story on the chance of its being accepted by some newspaper, some syndicate, or some publisher, what would have happened? In the first place, I should have worked hard for four whole months without receiving a single shilling, and so on and so on, his plaint leading up to a burst of enthusiasm over "the well-known writer who farms out his work," that hero striking him "as a sort of heaven-sent being, and not, as some appear to consider him, a species of impostor."

Andrew Lang also discusses the question in a recent letter, saying:

I have seen few things more curious in the literary way, lately, than the "Confessions of a Ghost," published anonymously in the *Author*, the organ of the Society of Authors. . . . Perhaps his is only a ghost story; it does not sound very convincing. I should like to write Sherlock Holmes yarns for Sir Conan Doyle, and Wessex novels for Thomas Hardy, and the "History of Lady Rose's Thackeray's Mother" for Mrs. Ward. But the difference of style might be detected, and neither of these authors nor any one else has, in fact, invited me to play the obscure but diverting part of ghost. Perhaps it is the modesty of our great novelists which prevents them from attempting my literary virtue; indeed, as to their probity there can be no doubt. But it would also be dangerous to employ a ghost who had any sense of humor. Put on to counterfeit the manner of Henry James, he might glide into that of Guy Boothby; or, engaged by Thomas Hardy, he might introduce the easily recognizable figure of Sherlock Holmes. Hired by Rider Haggard, the nefarious wraith might work in the style of "Marius the Epicurean"; he might go so far as to make Mr. Mason dull, and Hall Caine erudite, or might curb the passionate utterances of Miss Corelli to the simple, classical manner of Miss Austen. The temptations of the literary ghost are too strong for flesh and blood.

If "ghosting" is so prevalent a practice in England, it would not be strange if it had already invaded this hitherto literarily innocent land. Now, how many "ghosts" does the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady employ? Has John Kendrick Bangs a bevy of familiars? And what of Carolyn Wells?

We supply about one-fifth of all the glasses used in Saa Francisco.

Most of the trouble is caused by the other four-fifths.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

## ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in *The Argonaut* can be obtained at  
**ROBERTSON'S**  
126 Post Street

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter St., S. F.

**HOT AND HANDY**  
**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.  
**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

AUTOGRAPH  
LETTERS

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, President. T. T. DARGIE, Secretary.



## THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

Jack London, Judges Beatty, McFarland, and Angelotti, and Many Others, Name Books, Read in 1903, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.

Jack London—whose story, "The Call of the Wild," has been five times mentioned by Californians who have replied to the *Argonaut's* question, "What two books, that you read in 1903, proved most interesting and pleasurable?"—sends us his reply to the same question from on board the *Siberia*, via Honolulu. He writes:

My two favorite books of 1903 are Joseph Conrad's "Youth" and Kipling's "Five Nations."

Conrad seems to be especially admired by men who are themselves short-story writers, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. London having all named one of his books. William H. Beatty, chief justice of the supreme court of California, writes:

I am obliged to confess that my reading in the line of general literature has been very meagre during the past year, and has been mostly confined to books of long established reputation. This makes it easy to answer your inquiry, but detracts from the value of the testimony. The two books that most interested and pleased me were the "Confessions of Saint Augustine" and Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" (re-read after an interval of forty years).

Judge Beatty's colleague, Justice McFarland, sends a reply of similar tenor:

I fear that your inquiry was intended to embrace only new books, or, at least, those which one had read for the first time during the year 1903. If so, I can not answer; because during that period I did not read any new book, nor any book with which I had not before been familiar. However, during that year I did again read, among other books, Scott's "Ivanhoe" and nearly all of Macaulay's essays, and, if permissible, I will name those two. In my opinion, "Ivanhoe" is the best novel ever written, and Macaulay's essays contain more of the very best of English prose than can be found in the writings of any other one author.

Justice Frank M. Angelotti, however, names a "book of the year." He writes:

I have little hesitation in giving the first place to Mr. London's "Call of the Wild." Of the few other books I have had time to read during the year, no one stands out so prominently above the other as to enable me to say that it is one of the two that I most enjoyed.

Justice Shaw also replies:

The two books I have read during 1903 that proved most interesting were the one-hundred-and-thirty-ninth and one-hundred-and-fortieth volumes of the California Reports, the former in print, the latter in press. I can not say so positively in regard to the pleasure derived therefrom, though I have taken a sort of pleasure of action from them, and as they are the only books worth mentioning that I have read during the year, I suppose I can truly say that they are the two that have given me the most pleasure. Speaking seriously, however, the fact is that I have been so much occupied with the work of performing official duty that I have had no time to devote to the reading of anything, except for mere mental diversion, outside of the necessary reading incidental to judicial work; and the books of general literature that I have read have been very trashy and light, as well as few in number.

The reply of Thomas McCaleb runs as follows:

Did your inquiry refer to works actually published in 1903, I should answer by naming (1) Anatole France's "Histoire Comique" and (2) Morley's "Life of Gladstone." I also read, however, during the year, many older books, from a few of which I derived even greater interest and pleasure. This is particularly true of (1) Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," which the late Walter Pater reckoned among the perfect things in art, (2) "History of the Rise and Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," by W. E. H. Lecky, one of the earliest publications of that very gifted writer.

Will S. Green, editor of the Colusa *Sun*, replies:

The two books of the year that have given me the most pleasure are "The Leopard's Spots" and "Two Argonauts in Spain." Permit me to warn you that my reading of books is not extensive enough for my judgment to be of much value. I am too busy a man to keep up with current literature, and a book must have something out of the ordinary to induce me to take it up.

Another editor, Alfred Holman, of the Sacramento *Union*, replies as follows:

The answer to your question is not easy, but, on the whole, I think I got more of interest and pleasure out of Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" and the second volume of Thomas E. Watson's "France"—the chapters in which he deals with the Revolution—than out of any other of the books I have read during the year. The latter book is by no means above criticism, and I do not wish to be understood as giving it unqualified approval. Its defects are manifest; but it had for me this merit, namely, that it developed an entirely new view of one of the greatest incidents of history and of one of the greatest historical figures—Napoleon Bonaparte.

The lawyers appear to have been particu-

larly busy during 1903. E. S. Pillsbury replies: "Sorry—did not, during 1903, read two books of the year, not even one, for want of time," while Edgar D. Peixotto names a book that, we are sure, is not among the "best sellers." He writes:

Busy people I think read very little current literature. Truthfully to answer your question I must confess that I read through only "The Virginian" and volume 138, "California Supreme Court Reports." The former has interested many, and it served to pass some pleasant hours during my summer vacation. The latter is interesting only to the profession. I find desultory reading from favorites on my book-shelves most satisfactory. I never tire of re-reading such books as "Memoirs of Max Müller," "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," "Schopenhauer," and frequently turn to the poets, the lesser as well as the greater. Perhaps a better report might be made at the close of the year.

Another attorney, John S. Partridge, writes:

If Mrs. Ward only had humor enough to know when she is slightly ridiculous! If she had only collaborated with Mr. Jerome or the Duchess! (I wish you would let me know whether the Duchess really is still dead.) I asked a friend, the other day, if he had read "Lady Rose's Daughter," and he said he had read "Helbeck of Bannisdale." If Mr. Booth Tarkington only hadn't been elected to the legislature. If Mr. James Lane Allen had only studied biology. If Mr. Winston Churchill (Winston Cissatantius) had only studied history. If Mr. Jack London had only visited the pound! But these are vain regrets. If it is "up to me," and you insist on current literature, I would name (in the order of preference) "Wolfville Days," and the fifth book of the "Odyssey."

General Lucius H. Foote replies gracefully:

I read more book notices, and less books, than I did thirty years ago, but I shall not go far from home to name the two publications that have given me the most delight during the year 1903. They are both by that young wizard of the north, Jack London—"The Son of the Wolf" and "The Call of the Wild." Like "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," they are types, and have caught their color and flavor from a new world.

Alden Anderson, the lieutenant-governor of the State, writes:

All my reading of a substantial nature during that time has been regarding the political and social life of our country during the earlier days. I have been particularly interested in the "Messages and Papers of the Presidents," and from those books have probably derived my most pleasure and satisfaction during the preceding past twelve months, as none of the current books that I have read have advanced any new thoughts, arguments, or ideas.

Miss Mary L. Jones, librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, replies:

The two books which proved most interesting in my last year's reading were Chesterton's "Browning" and "The Little Green God," by Caroline A. Mason, this, of course, not taking into account the good, old standards, beside which much modern literature pales.

Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn, president of the California Geographical Society, replies:

Professionally, one sees so much of the "phases of life" that, instinctively, the "novel" rather falls upon the palate, hence my enjoyable books for 1903 were:

"Modern Dogs—(Terriers)," by Rawdon B. Lee, a book breezy with the aroma of copse and stubble.

"The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, a pleasant panorama of personal experiences from the ambitions of boyhood to the laurels of the veteran.

Reuben Lloyd, attorney, names "The History of Egypt," by E. A. Wallis Budge, and the "Life of George Washington," by Henry Cabot Lodge, while H. Weinstock, business man and author, mentions Jack London's "People of the Abyss" and the "Twentieth Century Edition of the New Testament."

## Another "Nature" Book.

"Wild Brutes I Have Saw," by Bridget Seton-Clancy. This charming group of essays (says the reviewer of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*) has about it the odor of the backwoods to a remarkable degree.

The author explains, in the preface, that her early life was spent in the wilds of Northern Minnesota, where she associated almost entirely with wild animals. She says: "Many times I used to set under a tree for hours to a time, watching for to get a shot at a rabbit. I could shoot good with a rifle, and have often saw men who were worse shots than I be. When the other girls were wasting their time going to district-school, I would be walking through the woods, watching the wild beasts playing in the trees and on the grass, and learning something every minute. I seen lots of funny incidents, which I will try to mention in this here book."

Miss Seton-Clancy is one of those free, untamed souls who occasionally startle the literary world by their supreme disregard for the statute in such case made and provided. If she is ever worried by the rules of grammar, it does not appear in her work. She has something to say, and says it straight from the shoulder.

This is one of the best hooks of the year, and it should enjoy a large sale.

"Wild Brutes I Have Saw," by Bridget Seton-Clancy. Pewaukee Press, publishers.

## A Queer Libel Case.

In a recent novel, Georges Ohnet called one of the products which his principal character placed on the market "Abrictonine." He was not aware at the time that a liquor of that name actually existed, but its manufacturer promptly brought an action for damages. The civil tribunal of the Seine gave its decision against the novelist. While it exonerated M. Ohnet from malicious intent, it held that ignorance was no excuse, and that it was the duty of writers to satisfy themselves that products to which they intended to refer did not exist. In this case, added the court, M. Ohnet could easily have consulted the Register of Trade Marks. Consequently the court ordered the passages objected to to be erased from the book, under a penalty of ten francs a copy, while the plaintiff was awarded five hundred francs damages, and the right to have the judgment inserted in two newspapers.

## New Publications.

"The Lost King," by Henry Shackelford. Fontispiece. Brentano's.

"The Manor School," by L. T. Meade. Illustrated. Mershon Company.

"The First Loves of Perilla," by John Corbin. With frontispiece in color by C. Allan Gilbert. Fox, Duffield & Co.—a pretty little story.

"Anthony Wayne," by John R. Spears. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00—a clear and vigorous account of a romantic and picturesque career.

"The Romance of Old New England Churches," by Mary E. Crawford. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co.—a slight but entertaining volume.

"Daphne: An Autumn Pastoral," by Margaret Sherwood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00—a short story written with singular delicacy and charm.

"The Damsel and the Sage: A Woman's Whimsies," by Elinor Glyn. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25—this book is a good example of Miss Glyn's cynical wit.

"Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Profusely illustrated by J. M. Marchand and Will Crawford. The D. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.50.

"South Carolina as a Royal Province, 1719-1776," by W. Roy Smith, Ph. D., associate in history in Bryn Mawr College. The Macmillan Company—a competent and exhaustive work.

"A Book of American Prose Humor: Being a Collection of Humorous and Witty Tales, Sketches, etc.," by the best-known American writers. Herbert S. Stone & Co.—a first-rate collection.

"The Curious Book of Birds," by Abbie Farwell Brown. With illustrations by E. Boyd Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10—an entertaining collection of old stories about birds retold. It is for children.

"A Keystone of Empire," by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$2.25—gossip about royalty; supposedly true; probably in large part fiction.

"The Scarlet Banner," by Felix Dahn. Translated by Mary J. Safford. A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50—Herr Dahn is one of the leading novelists of Germany; this novel is strong and historically accurate.

"The Analysis of the Hunting Field, Being a Series of Sketches of the Principal Characters that Compose One: The Whole Forming a Slight Souvenir of the Season 1845-6." Profusely illustrated in color. Reprinted from the edition of 1846. D. Appleton & Co.

## Pope Manufacturing Co. Famous Chainless Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame

## All Standard Chain Models

Eastern Dept.  
Hartford  
Conn.

Columbia  
Tribune  
Cleveland  
Crawford

West-  
ern  
Depart-  
ment  
Chicago  
Ill.

Crescent  
Monarch  
Rambler  
Imperial



Catalogue free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## "MISSOURI PACIFIC LIMITED"

AN IDEAL TRAIN FOR SCENERY AND SERVICE.

Through sleepers daily San Francisco to St. Louis, via Rio Grande Scenic Route and Missouri Pacific Railway. The best dining-car service, new equipment.

For sleeping-car reservation and full information apply to

## GENERAL TICKET OFFICE

625 Market Street, S. F.  
Under Palace Hotel.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

THE PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

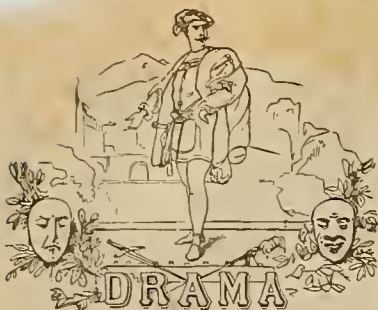
## COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre.  
PARIS, FRANCE.

"The truth,  
the whole truth  
and nothing but  
the truth"  
in time telling means  
the time as told by the  
**ELGIN**  
**WATCH**

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timekeepers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to  
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILLINOIS.





At present, it seems San Francisco is the hope of the nation—in the theatrical business, at least. The Eastern slump in theatrics continues, and grows worse. The managers, in dismay at their beggarly receipts, are be- thinking themselves of San Francisco, and of the bags of shekels which Patti and Lang- try, in spite of the pampered old of the one, and the carefully groomed middle age of the other, are bearing joyfully away with them. We are, indeed, likely to have strong attrac- tions this coming season.

The Weber-and-Fieldian organization, con- taining the neglected pets of New York, has advanced the date set for hastening its de- parture, and is now looking to casting itself for consolation upon an assorted heap of San Francisco money-bags. And there's more to come.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and there's a silver lining to every cloud. At present, the silver lining is in San Francisco pockets, but shortly it will be casting an argent ray of hope and consolation over the horizon from its proud position aloft on the under side of a particularly large theatrical storm cloud.

What curious transformations time and changed conditions bring about. Once upon a time, when famous players from foreign shores regarded coming to San Francisco quite as much a matter of course as going to the little-big cities on the Eastern circuit, we could not have foreseen the interim in the 'nineties when we were so coldly neglected by everything but ten-cent talent and second-rate attractions. And in the stu- pendous future awaiting California, when San Francisco shall be a winter city crammed with pneumonia-evading multi-millionaires who shall attract in their train the luxuries, the splendors, and the amusements of the very rich, our heirs of yesterday shall marvel at the former insignificance and obscurity of their meek ancestors. For meek we are. It sometimes seems, when one recalls phases our theatres have passed through, as though the San Francisco stage took an occasional vaudeville turn at being an old ladies' home.

Within the past year or so I can recall half a dozen attractions from the effete East that were headed by leading ladies in their 'fifties. And San Francisco, which had given these ladies lifts in their youth, and had been coldly neglected by them in their prosperous prime, ever eager and good-natured toward celebrities, hastened to pour lapfuls of dollars at their feet, and only criticised the nerve of their managers under its breath.

The truth is that out here we are fonder of celebrities than we are of modest merit. Langtry has been even more advertised than Sunny Jim, who has passed into literature. People who had not seen her on previous visits, supposed her to be still one of the great beauties of the stage. Many have not yet gotten over the shock sustained upon first beholding her beauties—a shock that a certain proportion felt when the Jersey Lily was young. For she was not even then beautiful to every eye, in spite of her milky skin, her sleek, glossy hair, her satin shoulders, and the air of superb physical health from which sprang the vitality which has enabled her to preserve, in great part, her attractions.

The truth is, a woman with Langtry's mouth could not be beautiful without youth. Every one pronounces her to be "still a handsome woman." But few can get over the shock of that large, loose-lipped feature that is modeled on a scale so liberal as to be a marked flaw to beauty.

How the world, men and women alike, prizes the fatal gift. So we have hastened to "The Chinese Honeymoon" to see what they could do for us there in that respect.

Not very much, it can not be denied. Frances Knight, the soprano, who should by rights hold up the beauty end of the enter- tainment, is negative both in voice and looks, and Stella Tracy, the honeymooning bride, has just the typewriting prettiness that we can see daily down town behind counters and office desks. Miss Toby Claude, during the entire length of the first act, has her round, child- ishly contoured and attractive features buried under the smears and smudges of a grotesque make-up. But what a genius for furnishing inconsequent, unreasoning, and utterly irre- sistible fun this tiny midget has. She is as irrepressible as a school-boy, as spontaneous as the weather. You can never foretell what she is going to do next, but you have an absolute certainty in advance that it will be like nobody or nothing else, and that it will unfailingly awaken irresistible amusement. She

seems to be so at one with her part that she almost persuades you into the belief that she herself has originated the effervescent comicalities with which her rôle is diversified. As, indeed, perhaps she has; or some of them, at least. They say that, in these inconsequent mixtures of song, fun, and frivolity, an ex- temporized bit that is particularly telling is instantly woven into the main fabric, and stands for all time.

Was ever anything more absurdly in keep- ing with the minute size of this little jumping- jack of a woman, with her eccentric devia- tions from the beaten path of humor, her apt- ness in hitting off burlesque postures, and her Chinese bloomer rig, than the trunk-carrying act? We were at first conscious that some one, who was concealed by his burden—for it was presumably a he—was making stupendous efforts to carry on a trunk from invisible space. An unsuspecting audience awaited without any special interest the appearance of the burden-bearer. Then a pair of minute feet and bloomed legs were seen staggering under the weight of the bride's luggage. The feet, which had already wiggled, danced, pigeon-toed, slid, skated, and otherwise gayly frolicked themselves into the enthusiastic ap- preciation of the audience, were instantly identified by their curly Oriental toes and a certain skylarking individuality which belong to none other in the company. They ap- proached the edge of the step, lowered them- selves with infinite precaution, and with every appearance of an immense strain to a lower one, upon which their owner after shouldering the trunk, reposed for a brief space with an infinitesimal thump. In such manner, the queer little waitress—Oriental from the waist down, Occidental from the waist up—advanced to the centre of the stage, rested upon her load, panted, communed in Cockney with her soul, hoisted up the trunk again to her atom of a back, and went through the whole absurd pantomime of carrying it off, a roar of appreciation follow- ing the curly-toed feet upon their final, strenu- ous, and staggering exit. Miss Claude was emphatically the star of the performance, but it is such an all-round good one that there are plenty of honors left.

Mr. John E. Henshaw is an excellent comedian, with features capable of such a va- riety of humorous expressions that they en- able him to ably back up methods and effects that are of the quiet kind. He drops his lines in a casual way, but the point is neither dulled nor lost. In fact, his humor is just so much more penetrating from not being too broadly emphasized. His former associate, May Ten Broeck, was extremely well-placed in the very good rôle of the official mother-in-law, giving to that formidable personage a height, weight, and unction of authority, and a mas- sive and rubicund majesty of aspect that really gave new color and vitality to the ancient mother-in-law joke. These were among the most notable members of a clever company, although we must not forget Mr. Edmund Lawrence, whose make-up as the Chinese emperor's lord chancellor was most extraordinarily clever. His very wrinkles had a sort of Oriental craft about them, and the little dried-up mummy of a figure, with its queue, its yellow, wizened features, its long, straight mustache, and its bleared and crafty eyes, suggested a characteristically Chinese carving in old ivory. There is a very fine bass singer in the troupe—W. H. Clarke by name—who performs marvels in descending to the low-water mark of song, and another Clarke, a good-looking young baritone, who can let down the brakes and "beat the band" in vol- ume, though every instrumentalist in the ranks applies himself with furious energy to heading him off from being heard. Curious how often orchestral effects are invoked apparently for the express purpose of overwhelming the hu- man organ that is supposed to be merely ac- companied and sustained thereby. It is hard to say whether the composers or the leaders are generally responsible for this state of things, but the probabilities are that they take turns. It is apparent that a quantity of money has been spent on the costumes of the piece, the Chinese ones more especially, which are of striking design and beautiful colors and fabrics. Eight show-girls appear during one scene, while the pretty typewriter bride chants in that mongrel mingling of speech and song which is at present having such senseless vogue ditties that are, on the whole, almost unintelligible, although, in dialogue, Miss Tracy is particularly distinct.

The action, groupings, and settings of this opera suggest "The Mikado" more than once,

although the resemblance is but brief, for there is plenty of originality and brightness, both in the score and the text of the piece.

The Nursery Rhymes Sextet is a bit of gay fooling, as brightly inconsequent as the frolics of childhood, and full of a champagne effervescence of careless high spirits.

In fact, George Dance and Howard Tal- bot, who are, respectively, writer and com- poser of "The Chinese Honeymoon," have shown such aptitude for this kind of theatrical composition that their names, still compar- atively unknown to us out here, probably have a big sound on the New York Rialto.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The many personal and business friends of W. J. Pattosien, head of the well-known fur- niture company on Mission Street, will regret to learn that his recent accident is likely to result in his permanent retirement from busi- ness. About three weeks ago, Mr. Pattosien was thrown from a buggy, and had three ribs broken. His physician is hopeful of his ulti- mate recovery, but declares that it will be many months before Mr. Pattosien will again be able to resume an active part in business affairs.

Word has been received of the death, in London, of Thomas Watson, son-in-law of Claus Spreckels. Mr. Watson was married in 1897 to Miss Emma Spreckels, and for the past five years they have been living in a suburb of London. Mr. Watson was a native of Liverpool, England, and was between sixty-five and sixty-eight years of age.

Long before they come to California, tour- ists hear of Mt. Tamalpais, and the glorious view they can obtain from the top of it. In fact, as is usual in such cases, more strangers than residents take this trip up the crook- edest railroad in the world. The Tavern, at the top of the mountain, is also a great attraction.

John Drew, Louise Drew, Georgie Drew, Mendum, Ethel, Lionel, and John Barrymore, all playing in New York this season, moves the clever Matinée Girl of the New York Dramatic Mirror to remark that the Drews and their offspring have broken out like a rash on Broadway.

#### A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

##### A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.



#### C. H. REHNSTROM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

#### TAILOR AND IMPORTER

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO.

#### LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 7th, at 3, first

#### KOFTA QUARTET "Pop" Concert

MRS. O. MANSFELDT, Pianist.

Tickets, \$1.00 and 50c. Apply at hall.

#### COMING

#### BLAUVELT The Great Lyric Soprano

IN THREE PROGRAMMES OF SONG.

Evenings Feb. 15th and 18th. Matinee Sat- uryday, Feb. 20th.

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Mail orders now re- ceived.

"The Kilties are Comin'."

## SHREVE & COMPANY'S STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

will be opened on Monday, February 1st. It will have in its work rooms complete facilities for the production of Fine Stationery in all its branches. Exclusiveness will char- acterize the products of the Department.

POST AND MARKET STREETS

**The Ocularium**  
IMPROVED  
**Eye-Glasses**  
AND  
**Spectacles**  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Beginning Monday, Feb- ruary 1st, fourth week of

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**  
A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Next—The Gypsy Baron. Secure seats in ad- vance.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Matinée Saturday only. To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, the international musical comedy triumph,

**A CHINESE HONEYMOON**

Company of one hundred.

February 8th—James and Warde in **Alexander the Great.**

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, February 1st, first San Francisco production of

**A COLONIAL GIRL**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday, 15c to 50c.

Monday, February 8th—The French farcical fri- volity, **The Gay Parisians.**

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow matinee, Jules Murry's big scenic production of JOSEPH ARTHUR'S greatest play of heart interest,

**LOST RIVER**

Usual popular prices.

Announcement extraordinary: For two weeks only, beginning Monday night, February 8th, WEBER & FIELDS, and their entire New York company.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, February 1st, matinees Sat- uryday and Sunday, the emotional drama,

**EAST LYNNE**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of February 8th—In Sight of St. Paul's.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 31st. A bounteous bill! Monroe, Mack, and Lawrence; the Two Silvas; Stuart Barnes; Robertus and Wil- fred; Cordua and Maud; Duffy, Sawtelle, and Duffy; Holden and Florence; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Johnny and Emma Ray.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thurs- day, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischers THEATRE

Fourth and last week, beginning next Monday,

**THE BEAUTY SHOP**

Beyond doubt the best musical comedy ever pre- sented in "Frisco. Our remarkable "all star cast."

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Next sensation—Roly Poly.

## RACING EVERY WEEK DAY RAIN OR SHINE.

New California Jockey Club

## INGLESIDE TRACK

Commencing Monday, February 1st.

SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY

RACES START AT 2 p. m. SHARP

Reached by street cars from any part of the city.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Streets at 1:15 P. M., and leaves the track immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

## CEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

## ARTIFICIAL STONE

Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Colonial Drama.

Next week the Alcazar Theatre is to submit another play that is new here. It is "The Colonial Girl," and is by Grace Livingston Furniss (author of "Mrs. Jack") and Abbey Sage Richardson. It was originally produced at the Lyceum, New York, with Virginia Harned and E. H. Sothern in the leading parts. Although the play is of the time of the American Revolution, there is only a slight military coloring to it, love being the principal theme. There is humor as well as tragedy in the piece, which deals with a loveless marriage. Miss Adele Block will be the heroine, Molly Hedden, and James Durkin will play Godfrey Remsen. On February 8th, "The Gay Parisians," a piquant French farce, last seen here six years ago, will be presented.

## Drama to Follow Comedy.

"A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Columbia, has won merited success. It is a round of absurd complications set in a framework of jingling music, and is interpreted by over one hundred people, twenty of whom have principal parts. The comedy element of the piece is well to the fore, and, beside the music and songs, there is some witty dialogue. John Henshaw, as the husband, acts and sings well, and Miss Toby Claude's song, "I Want to Be a Lady," provokes many encores. The costumes are bright and new, the stage settings adequate, and the songs many in number, and of more than ordinary merit. The Columbia's next attraction will be Frederick Warde and Louis James in a new spectacular drama, "Frederick the Great." It is to be one of the most elaborate scenic productions on the stage. There are over fifty people in the company. Supporting the two stars will appear, among others, Norman Hackett, Thomas Cooke, Wordsworth Harris, Alma Kruger, Engel Sumner, Clara Hoffman, Aphie James, and Elona Leonard.

## "East Lynne" Revived.

Following "Quo Vadis," at the Central Theatre, on Monday evening next, the attraction will be a revival of "East Lynne," adapted from the famous novel of that name by Mrs. Henry Wood. Since "East Lynne" was first staged, thousands of plays have been brought out and have run their course and been forgotten, but this work has remained an unceasing favorite with people everywhere. It has been produced more times than any other drama, with perhaps the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has been translated into nearly every living language. "East Lynne" is a story of life, with a realism about it that drives its lessons home to every heart. It has a well-defined, clear-cut story, and every word in it has perfect relevancy to the object of the play. The drama will be staged with new scenery. Herschel Mayall will have the part of Archibald Carlyle, and George P. Webster that of Sir Francis Levison, while Eugenia Thais Lawton will sustain the dual rôle of Lady Isahel and Mme. Vine.

## Weber and Fields Coming.

Next week's bill at the Grand Opera House will be Joseph Arthur's melodrama, "Lost River," which was presented in San Francisco last year. It is a love-story, containing incidents of homely life, and full of exciting episodes, as well as massive scenic effects. Weber and Fields, and their entire New York company, which includes Lillian Russell, Ross and Fenton, Louis Mann, and Peter F. Dailey, will commence a two weeks' season at the Grand on Monday night, February 8th. During this engagement there will be Sunday night performances, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The prices will be \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75 and 50 cents.

## One Week More of "The Beauty Shop."

On Monday evening, at Fischer's Theatre, Miss Helen Russell, John Peachey, Ben Dillon, Miss Georgia O'Ramey, and Allan Curtis will have new songs, while Kolth and Dill have added to their part of the performance of "The Beauty Shop." On January 8th, a new burlesque, "Roly Poly," will be put on. It is said that it will unravel a spool of comedy, musical numbers, and new songs in plenty. The story drifts from the race track and south of Market to the final scene on Noh Hill. Miss Nellie Lynch, the new soubrette, will make her San Francisco debut in "Roly Poly."

## Many New People.

Ned Monroe, Harry Mack, and Nellie Lawrence, who will be remembered for their sketch "How to Get Rid of Your Mother-in-Law," will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week in "The Two Senators," by Charles Horwitz. The two Silvas, imported direct from Europe, are equilibristas, carry much interesting paraphernalia, and are said to present a most astounding act. Stuart Barnes, who sings and talks, will return with a little crop of freshly culled stories and parodies. Robertus and Wilfredo, rubber

hall manipulators, promise a distinct novelty. With the assistance of a highly intelligent and agile fox terrier, they keep a couple of dozen balls flying around the stage in systematic and pretty style. Johnny and Emma Ray have reserved for their second and last week their original and best sketch, "Casey, the Fireman," abounding in laughter. Duffy, Sawtelle, and Duffy, with the precocious and versatile member of the trio, will continue "Papa's Sweetheart," and Oliver T. Holden and Winifred Florence will introduce new songs in their comedy operatic sketch, "The Fairy of Killarney." Cordua and Maud, hand balancers, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing many novelties, will complete the programme.

## Johnny Still Marching.

Mme. Caro Roma, the singer, will be added next week to the cast of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which enters upon its fourth week at the Tivoli Opera House. There seems to be no diminution of public interest in this opera, which, with its catchy music, excellent stage settings, and meritorious people, continues to draw large crowds nightly. During this extended run, the full strength of the Tivoli company is preparing for an elaborate revival of "The Gypsy Baron." This romantic comic opera, by Johann Strauss, will be finely staged.

## Davis's Army Play.

The New York critics do not care for Richard Harding Davis's new play, "Ransom's Folly," dramatized from the story of that name. The story is of an officer at an army fort, who, to win a bet, holds up a stage with a pair of shears as a weapon. Complications and circumstances go to prove his guilt, but his innocence is finally established, the young lady in the case, the post-trader's daughter, being loyal all through. One critic says that the central idea of the play, while odd, is good, but that it is slovenly in construction and highly incredible. He says that Davis's army officers and ladies are of very common clay. Harry Harwood is given credit for good work in the play as the post-trader, while Robert Edson's portrayal of the leading part is pronounced good of its kind—but a poor kind, on account of the author's limitations.

Edna Wallace Hopper, the actress, was in San Francisco this week with her attorney, Judge Coyne, of New York, who is conducting her contest for a share of the estate of her step-father, the late Alexander Dunsmauir. Miss Hopper is much encouraged by the fact that the mother and sister of the deceased have joined her in the battle against Alexander Dunsmauir's brother, to whom the fortune was left. The estate was thought at first to be worth about \$3,000,000, but now it is estimated at \$10,000,000. A decision is expected in the course of a few months.

Mr. Edward G. Taylor, of the Union Club, New York, son of Commander Taylor, U. S. N., and well known in San Francisco, had a narrow escape from drowning in Pennsylvania, recently. He was skating, and, breaking through the ice, struggled in the water for thirty minutes before being rescued.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Verdi Concerts.

The first of the operatic concerts by the newly organized Verdi International Sextet will be given at Lyric Hall, 119 Eddy Street, on Thursday evening. The sextet is composed of Miss U. G. Hickey, soprano, Signor G. Cortesi, tenor, Signor G. S. Warrall, basso, Miss M. Judson, mezzo soprano, Signor D. Borghesi, haritone, and Signor S. Martinez, pianist. The programme will include selections from "Pagliacci," "Trovatore," "Lombardi," "Lakme," "Lucia," and "Zaza," besides the quintet from "Mose," and the quartet from "Stabat Mater."

The first Sunday novelty concert by the Kopta Quartet and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be given at Lyric Hall, Sunday afternoon, February 7th. The novelty of the programme will be Sinding's quintet for strings and piano. Tickets, 50 cents and \$1.00, for sale by Will Greenbaum, or at the door on the evening of the concert.

Several Scottish clans are getting up theatre-parties for the concerts to be given by the Kilties at the Alhambra, commencing February 23d. The band is larger than ever, and has some strong additional attractions in the way of dancers and singers.

The programmes for the concerts at Lyric Hall, by Lillian Blauvelt, will consist of groups of Italian, German, French, and English songs, in addition to operatic arias from her favorite rôles.

The race that will excite the most interest at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) will be the "California Oaks" stake, one and one-eighth miles, for three-year-old fillies of 1904. Two thousand dollars has been added to the entry and forfeit money, and a large field may be looked for. On Monday, the racing will change from Oakland to Ingleside.

## Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

## OWNER WILL BUILD TO SUIT TENANT.

## ADDRESS

MADISON & BURKE  
30 Montgomery Street

# \$250,000

Worth of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies. Stores to be sold out in quick order at the Pattosien "Retiring Sale." This is a great chance for hotels and housekeepers. Sale will commence next Monday, February 1st, 10 A. M., at

## PATTOSIEN COMPANY

Corner Sixteenth and Mission

### California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
Safe Deposit Building. SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,433,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. E. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,186,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....4,734,791  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street. Manager Pacific Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.



## VANITY FAIR.

"Fashionable families," says William E. Curtis, "are gradually turning ocean voyages into social festivities and millinery shows. People used to wear their old clothes when they went to sea, and took as few with them as possible. Now they dress as much on shipboard as they do at a house-party, and show off all their new clothes on the deck regardless of the damage from dampness. They come to dinner in full dress also, with low necks and bare arms and diamonds and bracelets, until the dining-room on a big steamer nowadays is as gay as a banquet hall. The English are responsible for this ridiculous custom, which was originally intended to relieve the monotony of long voyages, but has gradually spread until every steamship line is infected with the vanity. But the idea of wearing jewelry on shipboard is even worse. That is English, too, for it is the Duchess So-and-So and the Countess What's-Her-Name and Lady Lighthouse who lie around in their deck chairs wearing all their gold and silver and precious stones like the women of a savage race. At first I thought they were the wives and daughters of Chicago pork-packers, because they are the only people who do such vulgar things in the novels of English society, and it is quite a shock to an American to discover that the British nobility are robbing us of a notoriety we never deserved. And the same women sit around on deck after dinner and smoke cigarettes. It is considered smart for them to do so. I have seen a good many wives and daughters of Chicago pork-packers in different parts of the world, but I have never known them to make such vulgar displays, or be guilty of such rudeness as is frequently shown by Englishwomen with long titles."

The marriage of Mrs. M. J. Plant, widow of the millionaire, Henry B. Plant, to Robert Graves in New York recently, recalls the story of Mrs. Plant's fight in the courts for her dower rights in the will that she contested and won. It will be remembered that Plant, desiring that his enormous fortune, estimated at more than twenty millions of dollars, should become the greatest in the world, provided that the entire estate should remain undivided until the youngest unborn son of his grandson (the latter then only four years old) should reach his majority. An annuity of twenty thousand dollars each was set aside for the widow and only son, Morton F. Plant. Plant drew up this provision of his will under the direction of shrewd lawyers, but a legal flaw was found, and the instrument was broken. The ground upon which the will was set aside was that Plant's seven years' residence in Connecticut did not establish a bona-fide citizenship in that State, the laws of which permit the entailing of property. He was declared to have been a resident of New York, where the laws forbid entailing, and the property was divided under the statutes of that State.

Commenting on the Pope's facetious remark about décolleté gowns, Edith Sessions Tupper agrees that a decently cut low gown certainly enhances a beautiful woman's charms. But a woman who sins against beauty, she declares, should be suppressed. "What do you think of when you are forced to gaze upon an expanse of hee—tough, red, weather-beaten? How do you feel when you have a choice collection of bones and pimples and goose-flesh displayed for your benefit? I wish the Pope or the legislature or something," she continues, "would utter a hull or pass an ordinance against the wearing of décolleté gowns by very old or very young ladies. Nothing is more ghastly than to see an old lady exhibit her withered skin in an evening gown. And it is equally painful to witness the unveiling of immature charms. I have been so distressed at the play looking at the bony necks of young actress ingénues that it has spoiled the evening for me. And the little slim show girls—picked chickens—who stand in front and bare their poor skinny throats and scraggy shoulders—what an appalling sight they are! If I had my way I would suppress the pompous old frump who exhibits her big red arms and beefy shoulders; the grandmother who should be veiling her sunken chest and withered throat in a delightfully picturesque mull fichu, but who totters to the front of her opera-box in the evening like a death's head at the feast; the young girl with bones starting through the scant covering. Yes, I would suppress all these, because they sin against beauty."

The exaction of customs duties in the sum of two hundred thousand dollars from Mrs. "Jack" Gardner on her treasures of art, has stirred numerous Eastern journals to wrath. The *World* says that the payment "chronicles the end of a plucky fight against a fool law," while the *Herald* remarks that this act of the government calls attention "to a provision in our present tariff law that is a monument of idiocy." Mr. Gardner's house—Fenway Court it is called—is one of the most remarkable in the country—nothing less than an Italian palace, brought stone by stone across the sea, and recreated. Within are

some of the finest paintings of the old masters outside of Europe, and bronzes, ivory carving, and ancient specimens of the art of the silversmith make the house a real marvel of beauty. In order to avoid paying the large duties that the United States Government imposes on such paintings and *objets d'art*, Mrs. Gardner incorporated her "palace" as a museum, and admitted a limited number of people on two days of the month. Complaints were made to Secretary Shaw by people who could not get in. Secretary Shaw asked Attorney-General Knox whether Mrs. Gardner's display constituted a public exhibition. Mr. Knox investigated the case, and reported that the exhibition was not a public one in the sense that the law contemplates. Mr. Shaw then gave Mrs. Gardner her choice between throwing her art works open to public inspection without any unreasonable restrictions, and paying the duty. She chose the latter course, and sent a check for two hundred thousand dollars.

This is by no means the first time that Mrs. "Jack" Gardner has been prominently in the public eye. Hers has been a picturesque career. She was Miss Isabel Stuart, daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, a self-made man. She married John Lowell Gardner, a member of one of Boston's oldest and most conservative families, and a man of large wealth. Mr. Gardner died in 1898, leaving all his riches, without restriction, to his widow. Before the death of her husband and afterward, Mrs. Gardner could be counted upon to give Boston a number of thrills each year. Her ideas were novel. She hired a hox to see Corbett spar. She started the woman fad of inspecting Sandow's muscles. She wears white stockings because other fashionable women wear black. She mopped up the steps of the high Episcopal Church, of which she is a communicant, on bended knees as a penance during Lent. She was painted by Zorn in a startling pose. She was painted by Sargent in a clinging costume, but the picture is only for her intimates. She goes to the "pop" concerts, and drinks beer in public. She once horrified a lion from the Zoo, and paraded him in public.

One Ernestina Schmidt, of this city, has won a certain measure of attention by filing a petition with the board of supervisors asking that an ordinance be passed providing that "any male person over the age of twenty-one upon being proposed to by an unmarried female over the age of eighteen years, and who is of the same religion and is not engaged or prohibited by the law from intermarrying, who shall refuse to accept such proposal and to marry said female, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." In her communication, Miss Schmidt further calls attention to a proclamation issued by Mayor W. J. Wyncoop, of Severance, Kan., declaring that bachelors must accept offers of marriage under penalty of forfeiting their citizenship. Miss Schmidt says: "In this city it is a notorious fact that there are hundreds of single men in all walks of life of marriageable age and well qualified to take unto themselves a wife. I think that there should be a law in this city making it a misdemeanor for any man to refuse to marry a young lady who proposes to him so long as it does not interfere with the principles of his religion. And I think it is in accordance with God's ordinance that every man should be married. This being leap year, a young lady would have the excuse to make the proposal. Hoping that your honorable board will see the justice of my request that the accompanying ordinance be passed, I am, very truly yours."

Doubtless Miss Ernestina is blissfully unaware that, according to the great Lecky, bachelors and spinsters are one of the distinguishing features of civilization as opposed to savagery. Savage man is, almost everywhere, a marrying man. Often he is a much married man. He abhors the single state. Old maids and old bachelors are rare in all savage and barbarous communities. The rule is to marry early, and sometimes also to marry often. Children are pledged in marriage even before they are born; among the Talamancas Indians "a bride is generally from ten to fourteen years old"; among certain other Central American tribes the parents "try to get a wife for their son when he is nine or ten years old"; among the Guanas, "the girls who marry latest marry at the age of nine"; among most of the Australian tribes "nearly all the girls are betrothed at an extremely early age"; among the Santals, a lad marries "as a rule about the age of sixteen or seventeen, and a girl at that of fifteen"; and among the Kandhs, "a boy marries when he reaches his tenth or twelfth year, his wife being usually about four years older." "So strong is the sentiment in favor of marriage among uncivilized races," declares one writer, "that a person who does not marry is looked upon almost as an unnatural being, or at any rate is disdained. It is or was a matter of universal belief in Fiji," he continues, "that he who died without having been married was stopped on the road to Paradise by the god Nangananga and 'smashed to atoms.' The Santals regard

the obstinate bachelor as little better than a thief, and not at all better than a witch, and both sexes treat him with supreme contempt. In Kaffir kraals a bachelor has no voice. In Tlascala a man of full age who refused to marry 'had his hair cut off for shame.' In Corea, on the authority of Rev. John Ross, 'the male human being who is unmarried is never called a "man" whatever his age, but goes by the name of *yatow*, a name given by the Chinese to unmarried young girls, and a "man" of thirteen or fourteen has a perfect right to strike, abuse, and order about the *yatow* of thirty, who dare not so much as open his lips to complain.' Modern Hindoos honor marriage so highly that no bachelor is ever consulted on any important affair, and the man who can not be induced to marry is looked upon as 'beyond the pale of nature.' In Japan, as in China, celibacy is both eschewed and tabooed, and in the latter country especially it is all but impossible to avoid marriage, he you 'robust or infirm, well formed or deformed.' Indeed, if a Chinese he sick with a disease which is practically incurable his parents will by no means suffer him to die until they have procured him a wife. 'Nay, so indispensable is marriage considered among this people,' observes Dr. Westermarck, 'that even the dead are married.' Thus the spirits of all males who die in infancy or in boyhood are in due time married to the spirits of females." Ernestina will please observe that enforced marriage is the stigma of savage and unenlightened peoples. Would she have us follow in the ways of the black, brown, and yellow races? We wot not.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 27, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed
	Shares.		Bid. Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	900 @ 102½	102	
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000 @ 107½	107	108
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	6,000 @ 99	98½	99½
Los An. Ry 5%	1,000 @ 114½	114½	115½
Los An. Pac. Ry.			
Con. 5%	2,000 @ 102½	102½	
Market St. Ry. 6%	2,000 @ 117	116½	117½
Market St. Ry. 1st			
Con. 5%	5,000 @ 115	114½	115
N. R. of Cal. 5%	35,000 @ 106½	106½	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	4,000 @ 104½	104½	105
Oakland Transit			
6%	40,000 @ 117½	117½	
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	2,000 @ 124	123½	125
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	49,800 @ 105	104½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley			
Ry. 5%	36,000 @ 118½	118	113½
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	17,000 @ 111½	111½	112
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1909	24,000 @ 105½	105½	
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1910	2,000 @ 106½	106½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%			
S. A. ....	5,000 @ 104	104	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%			
1912	15,000 @ 118½	117½	118½
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%			
Std. ....	2,000 @ 109½	109½	110
S. P. Branch. 6%	13,000 @ 134	133½	
S. V. Water 6%	10,000 @ 107	106½	107½
S. V. Water 4%	16,000 @ 99½-99¾	99½	
S. V. Water 4% 3d	1,000 @ 99½	99½	

	STOCKS.		Closed
	Shares.		Bid. Asked
Contra Costa.....	85 @ 40-40½	39½	40
Spring Val. W. Co.	420 @ 39½-40½	39½	39½
Banks.			
Bank of California	20 @ 442½	442	450
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	255 @ 62-63½	63	64
Sugars.			
Honokaa S. Co....	75 @ 12½-12¾	12½	12¾
Hutchinson.....	770 @ 8¼-8½	8¼	
Makaweli S. Co....	10 @ 21½	20	22
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers....	165 @ 139½-144	139	
Cal. Fruit Cannery.	100 @ 95	95	
Cal. Wine Assn....	60 @ 95	94½	95½
Oceanic S. Co.....	50 @ 5	3¼	
Pac. Coast Borax....	15 @ 167	167	

The business for the week was small. Spring Valley Water was in good demand, 420 shares selling from 39½ to 40½, closing at 39½ bid, 39½ asked.

The sugar stocks have been weak, 855 shares changing hands at fractional declines. Alaska Packers sold off five and one-quarter points to 139½ on sales of 165 shares, closing at 139½ bid.

Giant Powder was strong, and on sales of 255 shares advanced three and one-quarter points to 63½, closing at 63 bid, 64 asked.

There has been a very good demand for light and power stocks, with small offerings; 550 San Francisco Gas and Electric changing hands at 58 and 59½, closing at 58½ bid, 58½ asked. Mutual Electric sold up to 12 on small sales, closing at 11½ bid.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW &amp; CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## An Investment that Courts Investigation.

Call on us or write, and we will fully explain how to double your money in one year. No mining or gambling "scheme," but a guaranteed legitimate investment within the reach of all.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to solicit applications. Double commission.

THE GOLD BOND MERCANTILE CO.,  
406 Crossley Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ALWAYS  
INSIST UPON HAVING  
THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY &  
LANMAN'S**  
FLORIDA WATER  
THE MOST REFRESHING AND  
DELICIOUS PERFUME FOR THE  
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON &amp; CO.

Dealers In **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping, } 401-403 Sansome St.

**Free Trial**  
DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH  
New  
Discovery  
by the  
**MISSISS BELLS**  
A Trial Treatment  
FREE to Any One  
Afflicted with Hair  
on Face, Neck or  
Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bells have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourself what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

THE MISSISS BELLS  
d 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

FOR SALE BY  
**OWL DRUG CO.**  
San Francisco, Cal.

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critter.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lew Dockstader and his company were in South Carolina recently, where the dispensary system is in vogue and "literary and social clubs" are as frequent as saloons are in other States. Going into one of them, the first day he arrived in town, Dockstader said: "What do you keep in the way of periodicals?" "Well, sah, corn liquor, beer and wine, but mostly corn liquor," was the answer.

General Pleasant Porter, the last chief of the Creek Indian nation, is a sufferer from that highly civilized disease known as gout. "If I had stuck to the life of my youth," he says, "I should not be a sufferer from any such trouble. I used to live out of doors, sleep on the ground, and eat plain food. Then I was healthy. Oh, but this gout hurts. It just compels you to swear. A religious friend told me I ought to pray for relief. Maybe so, but it's easier to swear, and seems to be more natural."

From a Chicago theatre comes a story of two small newsboys who were watching with breathless, pop-eyed interest, a production of "Hamlet." The duel had been fought, and before their eyes the queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the king killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound. In the gallery sounded a clatter and crash as one of the boys bolted for the door. "Come on, Jimmy!" he shouted back to his "pal"; "hustle up! They'll be extras out on dis."

Once, after a matinee, Joseph Jefferson was persuaded to take behind the scenes several pretty girls who had just watched his portrayal of Rip Van Winkle from a box. "Oh, Mr. Jefferson!" exclaimed the prettiest of the girls, while he was showing them around; "we enjoyed your performance so much; but, do you know, we could hardly hear a word you said." The comedian smiled good humoredly. "Well, I should say that was strange," replied he, "for I distinctly heard every word you young ladies uttered!"

"Ah, Mr. Belmont," said William Jennings Bryan, on meeting Perry Belmont in Washington recently, "I am glad to see you again. I have been up before the committee to-day advocating better accommodations for the ministers and ambassadors." Mr. Belmont was tickled. "He is a clever man," he said; "I was on the foreign relations committee when I was in Congress, and Mr. Bryan remembered it, and instead of naming the committee he said 'the' committee, knowing he had appeared before my old committee. Clever, wasn't it?"

A young woman, secretary to a representative, went to see the President, recently, on some business for her employer. She was shown into the President's office, and sat down near the door while the President talked with a man she didn't know. The man asked the President about something. "No!" shouted the President, so emphatically that the windows rattled. There was a lively discussion, and the young woman arose and began to tiptoe out of the room. "Keep your seat, madam," said the President; "there will be no blood shed here unless I do it, and I will give you ample warning."

When Representative Morris Sheppard, of Texas, was nominated for Congress as the successor of his father, he was but twenty-seven years old, and his opponents lost no opportunity to make capital of his youth. In joint debate, one day, one of Sheppard's opponents proceeded something like this: "Why," he said, "it is ridiculous to think of sending a mere boy to Congress. It is a time and place where we need mature men with mature minds. It reminds me of the old darkey who thought the end of the world was at hand and who got down on his knees to pray. 'O Lord,' he pleaded, 'come down and save this sinful world. And come yourself, Lord; don't send your son. This aint no time for boys.'"

When Felix Faure was president of France, some Cossacks in the Ural Mountains sent him a large quantity of caviar, and he, in return for the courtesy, sent to the Hetman of the Cossacks a cask of the very best French cognac. It was delivered to the French consul at Odessa, and he delivered it to the South Russian Railway authorities. The cask was never seen afterward. Volumes of correspondence went back and forth, and an employee, who suggested that the liquor had evaporated in transit, was discharged. For five years the matter of that cask of cognac was investigated, and at last the railway officials adopted the employee's excuse that it had evaporated, and wrote to that effect to the French consul at Odessa. The letter in time reached President Loubet, and he, as his predecessor had done, sent a cask of the best cognac to make up for the "evaporated" one. Extraordinary precautions were taken by the railway people that

this cask should arrive intact. Each station-master was ordered to inspect the cask as it passed his station, also to inspect the inspector who was to guard it, and the conductor and train hands. At each station a gendarme was also detailed to watch all of them, as well as the cask. That all of them took a hand at "inspecting" it, or that the cask was "inspected" before it reached Odessa, is shown by the sequel—for, when it reached its destination, and was broached for the benefit of the Cossacks who had waited so long for it, the cask was found to contain nothing but colored water.

Speaker Cannon has been in public life for a quarter of a century, and during a great part of that time he was on the committee of appropriations. He had such a sharp eye for appropriation bills that should not pass that he has gained the title of "the watchdog of the treasury." "You can't fool Uncle Joe" became a by-word at the Capitol. Now he has been fooled, and by a book-agent, who unloaded upon him a set of books that called forth the acknowledgment made in the following press telegram from Washington: "In transmitting payment by check to a publishing house for sixty volumes of an American historical work, Speaker Cannon to-day made this indorsement on the back of the check: 'This check is in full payment, both legal and moral, for sixty volumes of books called in the contract with the payee ("—").' The books are not worth a damn, and are high at that. 'We are never too old to learn,' but the way your gentlemanly agent came it over your 'Uncle Joseph' is worth the check."

Jules Huret, the French journalist, says that his father, afterward a wealthy merchant, had, in the beginning of his career, a small shop in a large building, the rest of the building being occupied by a rich clothing firm, which, on leasing their portion of it, made an arrangement with the owners that they should also have Huret's shop when they needed it. This time arrived, and the manager of the clothing firm, estimating Huret's wealth by outside appearances, went to him and told him, patronizingly, that he would have to leave. "I have leased the whole building," he said, "and need your shop. Go, and don't make any fuss, and we will help you find a new place. Otherwise, we will charge you a rent that will simply beggar you." Huret asked two weeks' time to think the matter over. The manager called at the end of that time, and Huret, receiving him with smiles, said: "Ah, it has been nicely arranged. We are all to stay here. I don't pay any rent at all, but you pay twenty-five hundred francs more than last year. I have bought the building."

## Asking Papa.

The lovely girl tapped softly at the door of her father's private office. There was no response. She tapped a little louder.

"Come in."

She turned the knob and entered. The gray-haired money-grabber looked up from his little desk.

"Hullo, Lucie."

"Hullo, pop."

"Money?"

"No, pop."

"Eh! Anything wrong?"

"No, pop."

"Talk faster, my girl."

"Well, you see, pop, I want—"

"How much?"

"Wait, pop. Give me time."

"That's something I can't spare."

"Just a minute, pop. I want to give—"

"What will it cost?"

"Don't interrupt, pop, I want to give a young man something."

"Birthday present?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't come to me. I haven't any idea what a young man wants."

"But I have, pop. I—I know just what he wants."

"Then why do you come to me?"

"Because I want you to approve, pop."

"Oh, that's all right, of course. Give him anything you please. Want a check?"

"N—no, pop."

"Oh, speak up."

"I want you to say it's all right, pop."

I want you to say again that I can give him anything I please."

"Silly girl. Of course you can. You've always had your own way. Is that all?"

"Wait, pop. You see I know just what he wants."

"You said that before."

"Because what he wants is—"

"Well?"

"M—m-me!"

Tableau.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Unique Advertising Card.

Hunter Baltimore Rye has just issued an effective new card to advertise their celebrated whiskey. It is of celluloid of the finest finish, in colors of softest, richest tints. The card represents a mounted hunter, faultlessly costumed, his steel leaping the bars far in the lead. It is spirited, graceful, and lifelike, and bears the inscription "First Over the Bars," a telling play on words.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Striking Affair.

He struck a striking attitude,  
And then he struck a friend  
Who struck him for a dollar that  
He did not care to lend.  
—Polly Pry.

## Marriage.

Marriage is a lottery?  
Not by all the twinkling stars!  
Marriage is a pottery,  
Where are made the family jars!  
—Puck.

## A Fish Story.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer  
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;  
A cod, with a grin,  
Pulled the fisherman in—  
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.  
—Cincinnati Tribune.

## Thursday.

I wonder why this should be Thursday;  
Why should it come Thursday to-day?  
Of all days in the mystical seven—  
Of all days in the magical seven—  
Why should it be that day to-day?

I woke as the dawn was a-dawning,  
As the dawn was declaring it day,  
And mistily murmured, "Good Heaven"—  
And listlessly lisped out, "Good Heaven,  
I wonder what day is to-day."

And the landlady answered: "Tis Thursday.  
'Tis Thursday the day is to-day."  
And I sighed at the sibilant Sybil—  
And I sighed at the sinister Sybil—  
Why should it be that day to-day?

I binted surprise at a Thursday—  
If yesterday happened to-day?  
But she questioned my quivering quibble—  
She sought of a quizzical quibble—  
Why should it be that day to-day?  
—Wes Jones in Oregonian.

## Evening in Suburbia.

The sun behind the purpling hills hath rolled,  
And soulful signs along the landscape bare  
Display "Scourene," "Use Fakem's for the  
hair,"  
"Uwanta cake," and "Curem's for a cold."  
Slowly along the terra-cotta wold  
The lone commuter wearily doth fare,  
Laden with bundles large and many a care,  
While the wind tints his horn with rosy gold.  
So still it is that he can almost hear  
The mortgage working overtime, alack!  
He sadly smiles and thinks the joke im-  
mense.  
And, silhouetted dangerously near,  
The yellow canine with the razor back  
Sharpens himself against the yielding fence.  
—Eugene Geary.

According to the Clinton (Mo.) Herald, the following notice was recently found tacked on the door of a local church: "There will be preaching in this house a week from next Wednesday, Providence permitin', and there will be preaching whether or no on Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at three-thirty in the afternoon.'"

Row in the Jones flat: Mrs. Jones—"It's queer that baby doesn't talk. She's almost two years old, and she hasn't spoken a word yet." Mr. Jones—"I know, dear, but do you ever give baby a chance?"—Boston Transcript.

Ted—"What makes you think old Rocksey doesn't intend to let you marry his daughter?" Ned—"The tip he gave me on the stock market was a loser."—Town Topics.

## Many Appetizing Dishes

can be made doubly delicious and nutritious by the use of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which is not only superior to raw cream but has the merit of being preserved and sterilized, thus keeping perfectly for an indefinite period. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Pbelan Building, 805 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAfee,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. fall.	State of Weather.
January 21st.....	52	40	.00	Clear
" 22d.....	56	40	.00	Clear
" 23d.....	56	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 24th.....	58	46	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	60	44	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	56	46	.00	Clear
" 27th.....	64	40	.00	Clear

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Louis.....Feb. 6 | St. Paul.....Feb. 20  
New York.....Feb. 13 | Philadelphia.....Feb. 27  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Westernland.....Feb. 6, 2 pm | Noorla'd.....Feb. 20, 12.30 pm  
Haverford.....Feb. 13, 8 am | Friesland.....Feb. 27, 8 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

## NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha.....Feb. 6, 9 am  
Minneapolis.....Feb. 13, 3 pm  
Mesa.....Feb. 20, 9 am  
Minnetonka.....Feb. 27, 2 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

## NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BRUGES.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Rotterdam.....Feb. 2 | Rotterdam.....Feb. 23  
\*Sloterdyk.....Feb. 16 | Amsterdam.....Mar. 1  
† Steamer only. \* Freight only.

## DOMINION LINE.

## Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Canada.....Feb. 6 | Canada.....Mar. 12  
Dominion.....Feb. 27 | Vancouver.....Mar. 26

## RED STAR LINE.

## NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Finland.....Feb. 6 | Kronland.....Feb. 20  
Vaderland.....Feb. 13 | Zealand.....Feb. 27

## WHITE STAR LINE.

## NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic.....Feb. 3, 10 am | Cedric.....Feb. 24, 11 am  
Oceanic.....Feb. 10, 1 pm | Majestic.....Mar. 2, 10 am  
Celtic.....Feb. 17, 6 am | Oceanic.....Mar. 9, noon  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cretic.....Feb. 4, Mar. 3, Mar. 31  
Cymric.....Feb. 18, Mar. 17, April 14

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Canopic.....Jan. 30, Mar. 12  
Republic (new).....Feb. 13, Mar. 26  
Romanic.....Feb. 27, April 9, May 14  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Gaelic.....Wednesday, Feb. 10  
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, Mar. 5  
Coptic.....Thursday, Mar. 31  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO KISEN KAISHA

## (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

## IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.  
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First,  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Jan. 30, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Feb. 11, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Feb. 17, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

## MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1735 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—15,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## In Honor of Mrs. William Taft.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. William Taft, wife of Secretary of War Taft. Others at table were Mrs. Cary Van Fleet, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Peter D. Martin, Mrs. Fred Pickering, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Miss Sara Drum.

Mrs. Davenport also gave a luncheon for Mrs. Taft at the Knickerbocker on Tuesday. Others at table were Mrs. Charles Willard, Miss Beaver, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. King, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Goodfellow, Miss Lake, Miss Harrison, and Mrs. Sanborn.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Taft was the guest of honor at the Century Club. Mrs. Bernard Moses, of Berkeley, gave a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Taft on Friday, and on the same afternoon Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler gave a reception for her.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Platt Coxhead, daughter of Dr. T. C. Coxhead, of Oakland, to Mr. Henry Patterson-Fraser, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Johannesburg, South Africa. The wedding will take place early in April in Johannesburg, where the couple will live.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Quatman, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Quatman, to Lieutenant Alexander Neely Mitchell, U. S. N. The wedding will take place on February 10th.

The engagement of Miss Frances Harris to Mr. Ernest Albert Stent was announced on Tuesday at a tea given by Miss Harris at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Christian Reis, 835 California Street. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Helen Baily, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Alice Meyer, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Beatrice Fife, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Isabelle Kendall, Miss Lottie Woods, and Miss Fanny Arques, of San José.

The wedding of Miss Bernice Robinson Drown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Newell Drown, to Mr. Samuel Hort Boardman, will take place at St. Luke's Church at noon to-day (Saturday). Miss Virginia Newell Drown will be the maid of honor, and Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Estella Kane, of New York, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and Miss Suzanne Blanding will act as bridesmaids. Mr. George C. Boardman, Jr., will be best man, and Mr. John Lawson, Mr. William Page, Mr. Percy King, and Mr. Phil Tompkins will act as ushers. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 2550 Jackson Street.

The wedding of Miss Jacqueline Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, of Oakland, to Mr. John J. Valentine, will take place to-day (Saturday) at the Church of the Advent, Oakland. The wedding ceremony will be performed by Bishop Nichols, assisted by Rev. William Carson Shaw.

The wedding of Miss Emma Wallace Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. George Crocker, to Mr. Philip Kearny took place in St. Thomas's Church, New York, last Saturday. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by Mr. George Crocker. Miss Alice Rutherford was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Ella de Peyster, Miss Laura

Swan, Miss Jessie Fanshawe, and Miss Beatrice Wright. Mr. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. John Langdon Erving, Mr. Franklin Plummer, Mr. Henry Ward, Mr. John Gallo-way, and Mr. Gardner Brown acted as ushers, and Mr. Thomas Kearny was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Kearny have gone to Europe on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Rose Payne—youngest daughter of the late Judge D. S. Payne, of San José, and niece of Mrs. Lewison Fairchild and Miss Dow, of Cazenovia, N. Y.—to Lieutenant Thaddeus Brem Seigle, U. S. A., of Charlotte, N. C., took place on January 14th at Saint Peter's Episcopal Church, Cazenovia, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a dinner on Monday evening at their residence, 1750 Franklin Street, in honor of the Drown-Boardman bridal-party. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. George Chauncey Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Estella Kane, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Philip Tompkins, Mr. Everett Bee, Captain Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. John Lawson, Mr. William Page, and Mr. Percy King.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore gave a dinner on Thursday evening at their residence, Hyde and Chestnut Streets, complimentary to Miss Jacqueline Moore and Mr. John J. Valentine. Those invited to meet the guests of honor were Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Marion Goodfellow, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Florence White, Miss Isabelle Hooper, Miss Edna Barry, Miss Anita Oliver, Mr. Hugh Goodfellow, Mr. Fred Dieckmann, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, Mr. Edward Hume, Mr. James Kenna, and Mr. Philip Clay.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, Laguna Street and Pacific Avenue. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Emory Winship, Mr. Frank Owen, Dr. Eugene Zeile, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. Richard M. Hotaling.

Mrs. Maurice Casey has issued invitations for a card-party to be given on Saturday, February 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel gave a ball at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening.

Miss Elizabeth Bender received on Monday at her residence, 1020 Green Street, in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Gaston Ashe, Mrs. F. H. Davis, Mrs. E. V. Ward, Mrs. Fred S. Knight, Mrs. Robert W. Towart, Miss Katherine Dillon, and Miss Clara Lewis.

Miss Emily Park gave a luncheon at the University Club on Saturday in honor of Miss Helen Baily. Others present were Mrs. James Deane, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Alice Boggs, Miss Lily McCalla, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Paula Wolff, and Miss Elizabeth Mills.

Mrs. William Hopkins will give a euchre-party at the Hotel Richelieu on Wednesday.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill will give a musicale at her residence, Sacramento and Laguna Streets, on the afternoon of February 4th.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier will give a luncheon at the St. Dunstan's next Thursday.

Mrs. Thomas W. Huntington and Mrs.

Wallace I. Terry have sent out cards for an "at home" at their residence, 2629 Pacific Avenue, on Friday, February 5th, from three to six.

Miss Jennie Blair will give a luncheon at the Hotel Richelieu on Friday in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and the Misses Huntington will give a dance at the Huntington residence on the evening of February 8th.

Mrs. Lucie May Hays gave a tea on Tuesday at her residence in Oakland, in honor of Miss Constance de Young. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Russell Cool, Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mrs. W. C. Ralston, and Miss Jennie Dunphy.

Miss Claire Chabot will give a dance at her residence in Oakland on the evening of February 10th.

Mr. John C. Wilson gave a farewell bachelor dinner at the Bohemian Club last Saturday night to a number of his friends.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick gave a dance at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave a luncheon at the University Club on Tuesday, at which she entertained Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. C. W. McAfee, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Latham, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Low, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Otis, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Miss Lena Blanding, and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre.

Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon at her residence, 2728 Pacific Avenue, on Thursday, in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon at the Hotel Richelieu on Wednesday in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith. Others at table were Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Emilie Parrott, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Marie Christine de Guigne, Miss Josephine de Guigne, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Lucie King, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss Florence Callaghan, Miss Mabel Dodge, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Constance de Young, and Miss Ella O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a tea at their residence, 1919 California Street, last Saturday afternoon, at which their daughter, Miss Constance de Young, made her formal debut. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Arthur Brander, Mrs. Martin Regensberger, Mrs. John Dean, Mrs. William Dean, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. N. T. Messer, Jr., Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mrs. J. R. Clark, Mrs. M. Dean, Miss M. Dean, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Lucie King, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Ella O'Connor, Miss Lizzie Hennessey, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Alice Duffy, Miss Jane Wilshire, and Miss Amy Kahn.

Mr. Richard M. Hotaling will give a house-party from to-day (Saturday) to Monday at his country place, "Sleepy Hollow," in Marin County, at which he will entertain the Wilson-Cluff bridal-party. Mrs. William Cluff will act as chaperon, and the other guests will be Miss Mabel Cluff, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss California Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frank Frank Owen, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. George Field.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Coleman gave a ball on Tuesday night at Century Hall in honor of their daughter, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, and Miss Christine Pomeroy. One hundred invitations were sent out, mostly to the younger set. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Captain and Mrs. Robert Fletcher, Mrs. William M. Graham, and Miss Coleman.

The Church Club gave a banquet at the Palace Hotel Wednesday night, at which Bishop Nichols was the guest of honor. Besides the laymen who compose the membership of the club, there were over one hundred clergymen present to meet the bishop.

The concert to be given at the Alhambra Theatre for the benefit of the naval clubhouse at Vallejo will take place Wednesday evening.

Automobile-parties are very numerous at Del Monte, the oiled roads being an attraction. A few of these last week included Mr. L. F. Douglass and party, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton and Mrs. Harry P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore.

TO ORDER, FRENCH CORSETS, TAILORED SHIRT-waist suits, and shirt waists, imported patterns, careful designing. Mrs. N. Fairchild, suite 731, Starr King Bldg, 121 Geary St. Private Exchange 216.

# Pears'

Which would you rather have, if you could have your choice, transparent skin or perfect features?

All the world would choose one way; and you can have it measurably.

If you use Pears' Soap and live wholesomely otherwise, you will have the best complexion Nature has for you.

Sold all over the world.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

## THE DAMES PHOTO STUDIO

374 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

For one month sittings will be allowed without charge. MRS. A. C. DAMES, Proprietor.

## COCKTAIL FACTS

About 90% of the Cocktails now drank are either Manhattans or Martinis; no good bar-keeper uses any bitters but "English Orange" in making them. The "CLUB COCKTAILS," Manhattans and Martinis, are made as they should be with English "Orange Bitters," are properly aged and are better than any fresh made cocktail possibly can be. A fresh made cocktail is like a new blend of any kind, unfit for use. Age is what makes a good Punch, age is what makes a good Cordial, age is what makes a good blended whiskey, age is what makes a palatable sauce, and above all age is what makes a good cocktail. These statements can be verified by any reputable blender.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
**THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.**  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

### OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

**MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,**  
1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

**HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE**  
America's Best Whiskey.

There is no Substitute for

# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart and family returned on Wednesday from an extended tour in Europe, and are registered at the Hotel Granada.

Mrs. William Taft, wife of Secretary of War Taft, has been spending the week here. To-day (Saturday) she will go to Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Houston and family are settled in their new residence at Vallejo and Devisadero Streets.

Mrs. Oscar F. Long has returned to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sloane and Miss Sloane, of New York, are in San Francisco for the winter.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey, and Miss Genevieve Harvey are in Paris.

Commodore and Mrs. Eldridge T. Gerry, Mr. Peter G. Gerry, Miss Gerry, and Dr. Robert C. James, of New York City, arrived at Del Monte last week in their private car.

Miss Bessie Ames leaves to-day (Saturday) for Baltimore, where she will visit her sister.

Mrs. C. A. McNulty and Mrs. Thurlow McMullin have gone to San Diego, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. W. Northrop Cowles was registered in New York last week.

Mr. E. Courtney Ford was among the guests at Del Monte during the week.

Mrs. John F. Swift has gone East for a month.

Mrs. M. L. Nokes and Miss Anna Sperry left on Thursday for Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyo., where they will visit Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy.

Miss Daisy Van Ness and her sister, Mrs. Deruyter, are spending several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. David Minor, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. D. B. Wilson, returned to Arcata last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Hubbard intend to remain in Santa Barbara until early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley, who have been in Santa Barbara for some months, are visiting Mrs. C. K. McIntosh at Woodside, San Mateo County.

Mrs. Harold Sewall, who is here visiting her mother, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, expects to return to Washington, D. C., about the middle of February.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury have returned from their visit to the southern part of the State.

Among the week's arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mrs. M. Grogan, Miss E. McGuire, Miss M. A. McGuire, and Mr. W. A. Allen, of Chicago, Mr. C. A. Cooke, of Boston, Mr. N. J. Pickle, of Sonoma, Mr. Henry Gage, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stearns, Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Millbury, Mr. and Mrs. John Porter, Miss Porter, Mrs. W. S. Ciprico, Mrs. S. Phillips, Mrs. E. Bass, Mrs. George Kiddell, Mrs. F. B. Cranston, Miss F. D. Pratt, Miss M. Phillips, Miss Mahel Bass, Mrs. F. Stark, Miss Stark, Miss Dorothy Wood, Miss Berandine Becker, Miss Bohl, Miss Virginia Braston, Mr. J. T. Bowers, Mr. L. M. Upton, Mr. W. M. Bohl, Mr. S. D. Braston, Mr. George H. Cutts, and Mr. E. Herrick Brown.

## Army and Navy News.

Colonel W. H. Comegys, U. S. A., who succeeded Brigadier-General Frank M. Cox as chief paymaster of the Department of California, has assumed charge of the office at army headquarters in the Phelan Block.

Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Glennon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Glennon and their family have arrived at Mare Island, where Mr. Glennon goes on duty as executive officer of the Independence.

Lieutenant Joseph I. McMullen, U. S. A., and Mrs. McMullen have gone to Fort Ethan Allen to join Lieutenant McMullen's regiment.

Captain R. N. Duncan, U. S. M. C., was a guest at Del Monte this week.

Mrs. Hulme, wife of Lieutenant O. W. Hulme, U. S. N., has taken apartments at Vallejo.

Captain Frank Long Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., will accompany his regiment to the Philippines in March.

The United States steamship *Mohican* has returned from her practice trip to Monterey.

Mr. A. A. McCormick, until recently publisher of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, and chairman of the arbitration committee of the Publishers' Association of the United States, was in San Francisco this week. He is spending the winter with his family at Pasadena.

Mrs. Drusilla Apperson, mother of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, died at her home, at Lawrence Station, eight miles west of San José, on January 21st. She was the widow of Randolph W. Apperson, eighty-seven years of age, and a native of South Carolina.

Isadore Duncan, the California dancer, appeared before an aristocratic audience in Berlin on Monday night with great success, being recalled seven times, and responding with a speech.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

Invitations have been sent out for the Mardi Gras masked ball, which will be given at the Hopkins Art Institution, by the San Francisco Art Association, on February 16th. The invitations, done by Alberta Randolph Whelan, gracefully portray, in harmonious colors, art and a clown. Many boxes have been sold, and tickets are going rapidly. Admissions this year will be ten dollars for gentlemen and five dollars for ladies. The proceeds will be devoted to the support of the Art Association's school of design.

The following are the committees who have the carnival in charge:

Executive Committee: Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. Lorenzo P. Latimer, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. George W. Turner, and Mr. Newton J. Tharp.

Committee on Decoration: Mr. John M. Gamble and Mr. Harry W. Seawell.

Committee on Music: Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Sidney J. Salisbury, Mr. Percy L. King, Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, U. S. A., Mr. Josiah R. Howell, Lieutenant H. H. Rosseau, U. S. N., Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. W. F. Goad, Lieutenant Joseph V. Kuznik, U. S. A., Mr. Latham McMullin, and Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto.

Reception Committee: Mr. William Alvord, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. M. H. Hecht, Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., Mr. Arthur F. Matthews, Dr. Benjamin Ice Wheeler, Mr. W. E. Dean, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. T. C. Van Ness, Mr. William Babcock, Rear Admiral B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Horace Davis, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Charles Bundschu, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Wakefield Baker, and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs.

## Brilliant Reception at Hotel Del Monte.

It was like the gaiety of midsummer at Hotel del Monte last Friday evening when the officers and their ladies of the Fifteenth United States Infantry gave a reception to Colonel Henry C. Ward and Mrs. Ward. The attractive halls, parlors, and ball-room of the hotel were elaborately decorated with greens and the flowers that grow the year round in the surrounding grounds. The elaborate evening gowns of the ladies and the striking uniforms of the army men combined to form a most charming spectacle. Over eighty officers were present, coming not only from the army barracks at Monterey, where Colonel Ward commands, but from all the army posts about San Francisco. The music was excellent, and the special arrangements made by Manager Snell for the occasion were the cause of favorable comment from all guests. The affair was under the general direction of Captain H. A. Smith, adjutant, Fifteenth Infantry. Among the officers and ladies in attendance were Colonel Henry C. Ward and Mrs. Ward, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Pratt, Major and Mrs. Charles St. J. Chubb, Major and Mrs. William Lassiter, Major and Mrs. Van Vliet, Chaplain and Mrs. Joseph Clemens, Captain and Mrs. Schorff, Captain and Mrs. Edward Lloyd, Captain John Cotter, Captain and Mrs. William N. Blow, Captain and Mrs. Willis Uline, Captain and Mrs. H. A. Smith, Captain and Mrs. William Brooke, Captain F. M. Savage, Captain C. H. Bridges, Captain and Mrs. T. R. Harker, Captain Bryan Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sargent, and Mr. Francis McComas.

As soon as the grounds can be put in proper condition (probably about a month), the California Polo and Pony Racing Association will give exhibition games of polo at Golden Gate Park during the season. They wish to make the game popular, and the attendance of the public is earnestly desired. The association will give a polo and pony racing tournament at Del Monte February 18th to 22d, and at Burlingame February 27th to 29th. The polo tournament for the championship of the Coast will begin March 12th, and continue until all the finals are played off.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, has returned from his Eastern visit. He attended many scientific and other conventions, and had several conferences with President Roosevelt in relation to the fisheries interests of the United States. At St. Louis he delivered an address on "The Resources of the Sea," before the American Society for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Jordan was a guest of President Roosevelt at luncheon, and the latter took occasion to speak highly of Stanford University, which he visited last year.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry,

## Wills and Successions.

The will of Charles F. Doe, who died on January 16th, has been filed for probate. The estate is worth between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. Over half a million was left for educational purposes. Twenty-four per cent. of the estate is bequeathed in trust to the board of regents of the University of California, for the erection of a library building for the academic department at Berkeley, and whatever part of the money is not needed for the building is to be expended for books. This bequest amounts to between \$500,000 and \$700,000. The following bequests are made to charitable institutions: To the San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, and the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, each six-tenths of one per cent. of the entire estate, and to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home Society of San Francisco, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, of San Francisco, and the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, each four-tenths of one per cent. of the estate. To his only surviving brother, Bartlett Doe, the decedent bequeathed his interest in several valuable pieces of city realty. This bequest is in trust, Bartlett Doe to have the use and benefit of this property during his life, and at his death it is to go to the residuary legatees. The rest of the estate is divided between these residuary legatees, nearly all relatives, and about twenty-five in number. The Union Trust Company, which is named in the will as executor, has been granted special letters of administration by Judge Coffey, as the estate needs immediate attention.

Nearly three hundred applicants for positions on the police force of San Francisco took the physical examination at the Olympic Club Tuesday, performing athletic feats with an agility, energy, and singleness of purpose that, if continued by those lucky enough to pass, will bring about good results. In a variety of abbreviated costumes, scantily covering every sort of form, they ran, jumped, "skinned the cat," and in many ways demonstrated their fitness or unfitness for the force. The running, in which they were required to do eighty-three yards in fifteen seconds, called forth speed that very nearly broke records, and that brought perspiration to the fat. The three graceful evolutions that had to be made on the "German horse" was the worst test. To get under from over, was easy; but to get over from under, weeded the contestants out by about one-half.

Mrs. Charles Walter Clark, of San Mateo, daughter-in-law of Senator Clark, of Montana, died in New York City Wednesday evening, after an illness of six weeks. Mr. Clark, who was at Albuquerque, N. M., hastened to New York on a special train, but his wife died while he was en route. Mr. and Mrs. Clark had been married eight years, Mrs. Clark, being, before marriage, Miss Kate Cunningham. Two years ago they purchased the Hobart place at Burlingame for a winter residence. There were no children.

—THE PATTOSEN COMPANY, SIXTEENTH AND Mission Streets, announce that a sale of furniture, the greatest ever known here, will begin at their store on Monday, February 1st, at 10 A. M. The store was closed Friday and will remain dark to-day (Saturday), to make preparations for this sacrifice of goods. Everything contained in this immense establishment, which occupies a block of land, is to go in short order, and wonderful bargains will be offered in furniture of all kinds, carpets, draperies, curtains, stoves, and bedding. An opportunity to buy new, first-class goods at the prices at which this stock will be offered, seldom occurs. The Pattosen Company has a reputation for good goods that will bring a large attendance to this sale, the most sweeping ever held in San Francisco.

## An Open Shop.

All fair-minded people should patronize Johnson's Open-Shop Restaurant (hoycotted), 725 Market St.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE. KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR," 121 Post St., cuts fine fitting shirt-waists for ladies.

## Tourist Policies

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes wherever it may be in any part of the world.

Applications can be obtained at the office, or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

## Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd.

C. F. MULLINS, Manager,

416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

**FERRY'S**  
**Seeds**  
cost more—yield more—  
save all experimenting—  
save disappointments. 48  
years the Standard Seeds.  
Sold by all dealers. 1904  
Send Annual postpaid free,  
to all applicants.  
**D. M. FERRY & CO.,**  
Detroit, Mich.

**REMINGTON**  
Standard Typewriter  
211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Educational.

Oregon. Portland.

St. Helen's Hall

Home school for Girls.  
Ideal location. Expert  
teaching in all departments.  
Outdoor exercise. Illus-  
trated book of information  
sent on application.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS  
Principal.

## Gongtze School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Gongtze School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S**

BUSINESS  
COLLEGE,  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.



**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1404.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 8, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Special Eastern Representative—E. Kat. Advertising Agency, 230-234 Temple Court, New York City, and 317-318 U. S. Express Building, Chicago, Ill. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beconsfield Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: National Politics the Dominant Topic—News-papers Still Wondering if Hanna Will Run—Taft and Root Mentioned as Republican Possibilities—No Harmony Yet in Democratic Camp—Adding a Day to June—The Queer Bank-Note of the Chilean Republic—The Isthmian Canal and Railway Traffic—Inspecting School-Children—A Salt-Water System—The Bill-Board Evil—The Habit of Expectoration—New Maps of the City.....	81-83
"A CORNER IN LABOR": R. S. Baker on Industrial Conditions in San Francisco.....	83
A HAUNTED HOUSE: An American Woman's Strange Experience in Mexico. By Elizabeth Gilbert.....	84
NEW YORK LIBRARIES: Poof from Any Standpoint—No Freedom Allowed Visitors—New Yorkers Not Reading People—Girls Trained for Society—Charming, But Not Educated. By Geraldine Bonner.....	85
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	85
NEW YORK'S AUTOMOBILE SHOW: A Gratifying Exhibition—Attendance Very Large—Americans No Longer Behind—Sales and Orders Are Many—Notes on Improvements....	86
THE ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE: The Voice and the Lamp. By J. Ricard.....	86
ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD: Sven Hedin's Three Years in Central Asia—The Russian Secret Railway—Floating Down Unknown Tarim—A Buried City—Turned Back From Thibet To Him. By Ethel M. Kelley.....	87
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	88-89
BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST: A Few More Prominent Men of the State Name Books, Read in 1903, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.....	89
DRAMA: "The Eternal City" at the California—"A Colonial Girl" at the Alcazar. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	90
STAGE GOSSIP.....	91
VANITY FAIR: Dangers to Bachelors—Damages Easily Gained—A Hint Taken for a Proposal—Silence Gives Consent—Women Better Protected Than Men—Empress Eugénie's Jewels—How They Were Sold—Perilous Task of Getting Rid of Them—A Letter From King Edward—An English Estimate of American Women—Matilde's Shoulders—Children of Loveless Marriages—The Sultan's Wives....	92
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Watterson's Pup—Train's Simile—New England Bar-Rooms—A Girl on Men—Patiently Waiting—Sir Robert Ball on "Dumping"—Taft's Sarcasm—Huntington's Industry—Burlingame's Coyote Hunt.....	93
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "A Psalm Up to Date," "The Octopus Was Made for Love," "His Philosophy".....	93
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	94-95
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	96

Not a comet, not a meteor of brilliancy, has flashed athwart the political heavens the past week. The political star-gazers have nothing new and of first-rate importance to record. They have, however, been occupied, very assiduously and faithfully, in watching the same old luminaries, which still retain their relative brilliancy and position in the political firmament. The star Marcus Aurelius, in the constellation Ohio, still hides under a dense cloud of uncertainty. They still speculate if it would excel in brilliance the star Roosevelt (which shines with a steady, undiminished lustre) should the "clouds roll by." As for the star Bryan,

the tendency to wane, noted last week, continues; but still much anxious figuring is being done to determine whether, as feared, the Bryanic orbit will cross that of the twinkling star named Hearst about July 6th so that they will merge their brightness as twin stars. The cold, pale light that the star Parker emits still fails to awake enthusiasm, while the dark Ethiopian moon of the star Gorman continues to repel. And lastly, a multitude are eagerly watching that quarter of the heavens where, long ago, the star Cleveland passed into eclipse. And they confidently assert that this luminary, once again shining in the sky, would pale all other ineffectual fires, and draw all eyes unto it.

Dropping the unwieldy metaphor, one of the most important facts that appear this week is Governor Durbin's stout adherence to his statement that Hanna is stronger than Roosevelt in Indiana. "Furthermore," he says, "it is not with the politicians; it is with the people generally that Mr. Hanna is strong."

Governor Durbin's ideas do not tally very well with the census of sentiment taken by the *World's Work* during January. That magazine sent questions to "representative, well-informed men in all States west of New York," not office-holders, or under senatorial or Wall Street influence, but editors, lawyers, men of affairs. It was agreed that their names should not be used. Ninety-eight per cent. "regard Mr. Roosevelt's nomination as assured." Eighty per cent. say there "has been no diminution of his popularity during the last few months." The others express "varying degrees of doubt." The replies about Roosevelt's trust policy are unanimously commendatory. To the question, whether the President's Panama policy is popular, the answers are practically all in the affirmative. One man wrote: "Public opinion strongly approves it, but regards it as arbitrary." From the answers received, *World's Work* concludes that "Roosevelt is the most popular man in public life," only adding, as an offset, this opinion of a correspondent: "The greatest danger to the President is his own early excessive popularity. He was at first too popular. We are given to hero worship—then to hero forgetfulness."

The same general conclusions quoted above were amusingly supported by Bede, of Minnesota, in his maiden speech in the House last week. "Why," he said, "the election returns from the West will simply be supplemental census figures." He spoke feelingly of Roosevelt's opponents—the "little bunch of Populists down on Wall Street," and said he had heard the objection raised that the digging of the canal would permit the two oceans to enter into a combine. He predicted that Minnesota would give Roosevelt one hundred thousand majority.

This charming picture of harmony is shattered into bits if we turn to the columns of New York papers like the *Sun*, the *Times*, the *World*, and the *Herald*. Here is a sample heading from the last named: "Republicans Find Pecks of Trouble—Administration Managers are Worried Over the Increasing Number of Faction Fights—Many States Involved—Rival Leaders at Odds, and President Roosevelt's Prospects Likely to Become Entangled—Iowa Dissensions Serious—Disputes in New York, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Numerous Southern States." This is the typical heading. A half-dozen of such articles are printed daily. But, curiously enough, the Washington correspondents responsible for the articles find few or no prominent men willing to be quoted in support of their assertions.

It is no doubt true that the reason these same organs do not attack Mr. Roosevelt with straightforward virulence in their editorial columns is because they fear effects contrary to those desired. "They attack him as much as they dare," says the *Independent*, and we are

assured that "anybody to beat him" is still the constant expression of Wall Street's "stern determination." Indeed, *Harper's Weekly* (which journal has been accused of a suspicious intimacy with "the Street," and really ought to know) gives it out cold that "any conservative Democrat would be backed by a campaign fund ten times as large as could be raised for Mr. Roosevelt." The New York *Press* still talks about Wall Street's ten-million-dollar campaign fund, and Perry Heath assures the reporters that he knows fifteen railway presidents that are all anti-Roosevelt. But somehow the politicians of the Middle West still seem to think that the more the fifteen railway magnates and financiers fight the President the stronger he will be. Even Sereno S. Pratt, the well-known writer on financial topics, who says he is "in Wall Street, though not of it," admits the force of this argument, but points out another striking phase of the matter which has seldom been touched upon. He calls attention to the fact that the same interests that were opposed to Mayor Low last fall, because they could not "do business with him," are the ones opposed to Roosevelt. "It has not failed of public notice that, since the election of the Tammany mayor, there has been a remarkable advance in the prices of traction and gas stocks. In like manner, millions [?] of holders of American stocks are being made aware that the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt by a 'conservative' would cause an advance in the price of securities. This is the great bribe offered to American electors."

So far, it is almost universally admitted that the nomination of Senator Hanna would result in a powerful movement in favor of any radical candidate that the Democracy might put up. In fact, *Harper's Weekly* goes so far as to predict that "if Mr. Hanna shall defeat Mr. Roosevelt in Chicago, Mr. Bryan will be nominated in St. Louis, and win to a certainty in November." Mr. Hanna's present position, as outlined by those in Washington best entitled to speak, is something like this: An understanding has been reached with the President; Mr. Hanna will not announce his candidacy; neither will he issue any more denials; he will, in short, make no move one way or the other. It is the understanding, however, that he desires that delegates shall go to the convention uninstructed, so that it may really be a deliberative body, and may consider the then situation carefully. If it should be the opinion of the delegates that another man than Roosevelt is needed to carry New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois, Mr. Hanna thinks that the delegates should be free to nominate such a one.

When the hour of decision comes, it may not be a question of whether or not the West wants Roosevelt; it may be merely a question of who can carry New York and one or two other doubtful, desperately necessary States. Already, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, hitherto a stalwart Rooseveltian journal, admits the existence of a feud that "almost surely will cost the Republicans New York State." Looking forward to such a contingency, with Hanna out of it because of his Wall Street affiliations, there occur to mind the names of Elihu Root, William H. Taft, and John Hay.

The readers of this journal are very widely scattered. Letters from our subscribers come to us from all sorts of odd corners of the globe. The annexed note from an *Argonaut* subscriber in South America may not come from an odd corner, but it certainly contains an odd enclosure:

VALDIVIA, CHILE, December 12, 1903.

I send you herewith a little bill which is rather unique in its way. Evidently the gentleman in the Chilean "Casa







in the Eastern and Middle States, will be diverted from San Francisco to Atlantic ports with a great proportion of the present trade with South America. To meet this, he sees a reduction in freight rates on all rail lines that will so greatly impair the value of railway properties that a sweeping readjustment will ensue. This will be especially the case with those lines which run through comparatively unproductive areas affording little local traffic. A second official is more hopeful. Admitting the necessary reduction in rates, this gentleman says: "The opening of the canal will afford a new transportation agent of importance, and while it will compel a readjustment of business, a revision, and in some cases a reduction, of rates, the railways will nevertheless find business to do, and the traffic and travel of this country and the business done at home and abroad will so increase as ultimately to make both the railways and the canal a necessity."

Professor Johnson agrees with the assertion that the railways will be obliged to meet very strong competition with the canal, and he is of the opinion that the South-Western lines may go into insolvency for a time, but he firmly believes that "the additional facilities for transportation will be accompanied by a larger demand for commodities and an increased traffic for the old routes as well as the new." And he says with explicitness, "If the Isthmian canal produces any changes of importance, one effect will be to give greater prosperity to the Western third of the United States, where the Pacific railways must always perform the transportation service, to stimulate the growth of population there, and to increase the consumption of such articles as are imported from the Orient."

Among the various staples of trade discussed by Professor Johnson and the men he has quoted are: Wheat, teas, silks, matings, curios, fruits, and manufactured domestic goods. The wheat is going more and more to the Orient, and therefore, it is argued, the canal will not benefit California. About the teas and silks and matings, there is much doubt, Professor Johnson believing, in opposition to the two traffic managers quoted that lower freight rates by rail will keep the trade as it now is. Fruits, it is admitted, will go by the fast rail lines. In the matter of manufactures, one traffic official says: "California and the Pacific Coast do not constitute a manufacturing section, nor will they become such."

All this is worth considering. The *Argonaut* would like to know what the business men of this city think about it. Do they believe the Isthmian canal will injure San Francisco? How do they expect it to affect trade here?

The joint plan of the health and school boards for a daily inspection of the pupils of the public schools is a laudable one. It is expected to provide a large corps of volunteer medical inspectors, who will visit each school each morning and decide whether each pupil is fitted physically for the day's work. The various inspectors are to report to a district inspector, and these in turn to the health board and the school board, each and every case of sickness among the pupils. It is also proposed to make occasional examinations with reference to diseases of the eye and ear. This plan will insure the immediate detection of any illness among the children, and will protect the healthy community from contagion or infection. The virtue of all such measures lies in their completeness. The objection brought forward that this is a step too far in the way of a paternal government has no foundation. It is not for the sake of the sick individual, but for the sake of those who are not sick. It is a perfectly justifiable ounce of prevention.

At a time when the city is alarmed about the sufficiency of its water supply, the communication of Fire Commissioner M. H. Hecht to the supervisors, in which he repeats his arguments in favor of a salt-water system for fire and sanitary purposes, should be given thoughtful consideration. The bay and the ocean provide us with an inexhaustible reservoir of clean water. To be sure, it is not drinkable in our present state of physiological development, but drinking is not the only manner of using water. The sprinkling of the streets, the flushing of the sewers, and, above all, the provision of an adequate supply for the extinguishing of fires, demand a great quantity. The only requisite for these uses is wetness and volume. Both these are abundantly satisfied by the Pacific at our doors. As Commissioner Hecht points out, other large cities have availed themselves of such natural advantages, and when it is very doubtful if a conflagration would not find San Francisco ill provided with water, it would seem that this suggestion of an auxiliary system is a good one. As Mr. Hecht says, "it is very well to talk of beautifying the city, but before doing that we should take every

measure to preserve it." As to the objections urged against salt water, among them that it oxidizes and wears out the pipes, so does any water wear out any pipes. The ordinary water we drink wears out our pipes. Atheromatous degeneration of the arteries is generally due to lime salts in potable water. And when our pipes wear out, so do we. So salt-water pipes would probably outlast a good many of us. Pipes of stone and iron last longer than poor human pipes. The Cloaca Maxima outlasted the Roman Empire.

### "A CORNER IN LABOR."

Ray Stannard Baker on Industrial Conditions in San Francisco.

Ray Stannard Baker's article in *McClure's* for February on the labor situation in San Francisco is calculated to make him beloved neither by labor leaders nor the moving spirits in employers' association. For he deals out with seemingly impartial hand a generous measure of blame to both; and only the public that is neither on one side or the other will find these "revelations" both pleasurable and profitable.

The article (entitled "A Corner in Labor") is evidently the result of personal examination of the situation. It is extremely interesting. Though like in character to previous articles by the same writer on Chicago and New York, it differs from them in that in this city Mr. Baker finds that "the employer has been hopelessly defeated and unionism reigns supreme." This condition, in his opinion, was brought about by the strike of 1901. We quote:

The real cause of the great strike of 1901 in San Francisco was the mighty forward movement of the new unionism in its efforts to monopolize the labor market. Directed on one side by the Labor Council, and on the other by a powerful Employers' Association, the struggle tied up all the sea commerce and much of the other business of San Francisco for months, involving fearful violence and bloodshed, and costing great sums of money. Non-union teamsters were dragged from their wagons and their arms broken with iron bars, so that they could not drive again; "seahs" were shot and beaten in the streets; the city was the battle-ground between an army of sworn deputies and an army of strikers. . . . On paper the employers were successful in their main contentions; they avoided "recognizing" the union; their workmen came back without reference to their affiliation with any labor organization; the right of free contract was established. But it was a barren victory. Practically, the union won the day. There is a kind of fighting which makes the enemy stronger; that was the method of the San Francisco Employers' Association. It was an example of how not to combat unionism. The police had been injudiciously used, and the stand of the employers had been too sweepingly against the very principle of unionism, so that when the strike was over the unions found public sentiment strongly in their favor. They put up a candidate for mayor, and he was elected. Then they proceeded to convert or drive out non-union men in nearly every industry in San Francisco. In a very short time they had secured a practical monopoly of the labor market.

Mr. Baker says the price of the "remarkable victories of unions has been the putting up of wages until they are higher to-day in San Francisco than in any other city of the world." He writes:

Within the last few weeks plasterers have been paid eight dollars a day and lathers ten dollars a day for eight hours' work. The minimum wage of bricklayers is six dollars a day, of carpenters four dollars, of tile-layers five dollars, of hod-carriers—who are practically unskilled workmen—three dollars and a half. Wages in some industries have been doubled since the strike of 1901, and in few, if any, branches of employment has the increase been as low as thirty per cent. Living in San Francisco to-day is cheaper than in any other important city in the country. The fuel bill here is inconceivable, for there is never frost enough to kill the orange blossoms. Vegetable and fruit products, especially, are plentiful and cheap. Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the University of California, gives it as his conclusion (dated August 17, 1903): "San Francisco is undoubtedly the cheapest place to live in the fourteen cities included in the investigation." Hence we find in San Francisco the highest wages and the cheapest living of any important American city. It is doubtful, indeed, if the conditions of workmen were ever better at any time, in any country, than they are to-day in San Francisco.

Of the effect of boycotts it is Mr. Baker's opinion that:

Among stores, restaurants, and saloons which wholly or partly cater to the working people, the boycotts have been highly effective, soon driving the employer either to submit to the demands of the union or to go out of business. In a few cases, like that of the Owl drug store, the boycott worked in exactly the opposite direction, attracting the customer class who oppose boycotts and increasing the company's business. One dealer in shirts has built a great success upon union opposition; but few business houses and fewer non-union men are able to withstand this methodical grinding fight upon them.

Mr. Baker relates at length the experience of the Techau Tavern with the musicians' union:

Techau was boycotted because he hired non-union musicians. When weary of the struggle, he finally tried to make a settlement; the musicians' union demanded that he discharge the leader of his orchestra absolutely. This leader had been a faithful worker, and Techau refused to discharge him. The boycott continued, and finally became so annoying that Techau sold out. His orchestra was immediately thrown out of employment, and the players had to make the best peace they could with the union. One of the members with whom I talked was fined \$135; \$10 for rehearsing with a non-union orchestra, \$25 initiation fee into the union. He was also ordered not to play in Techau Tavern for one year. He paid his fine and agreed to all of the union demands; he is now a "good" union man. The leader was also fined \$100, and ordered not to work for a year. Since then he has not been able to get any work at all, and his family has had to be assisted by friends. Such is the fate of the man who will not go into the union; he is pursued with implacable hatred until he either gets out of town or joins. As a labor leader told me: "If he don't obey, let him look for another city to live in."

Another incident in a different line of business:

The stone-cutters' union demanded, one day, that the stone-yard employers discharge all their planer-men and substitute members of the stone-cutters' union in their places. These planer-men were expert workmen, trained to the handling of

machinery, whereas the stone-cutters knew little about machinery. The employers protested that it was not stone-cutters' work to run the planers, but the stone-cutters used their invincible argument: they struck. The employers asked to have the question at issue submitted to arbitration.

"We won't arbitrate," said President Burns, of the union; "we've got the power, and we are going to use it."

Use it they did. The employers finally proposed discharging their planer-men one at a time, substituting stone-cutters gradually, so that the new men could learn without crippling the plant, and so that all the unfortunate planer-men would not be thrown helplessly out of employment at the same time. The union, however, refused to accede to this proposition. The planer-men then applied for admittance to the union; but the stone-cutters refused to admit them, on the ground that they were not expert stone-cutters. The employers finally had to surrender unconditionally, discharge a whole class of labor, and put inexperienced men on their machinery with the immediate result of numerous accidents and a lessened output. These were some of the fruits of monopoly.

According to Mr. Baker, the Building Trades' Council is absolutely dominated by a boss—P. H. McCarthy. Here is the interesting sketch of Mr. McCarthy's character:

McCarthy is a very different sort of boss from Sam Parks, of New York. Parks based his reign upon intimidation, terrorism, and wholesale bribery. McCarthy, on the other hand, has reduced bossism to a cold business proposition. He constantly expresses in public the highest ideals of the purposes of unionism. But he is none the less an absolute dictator of the entire building industry of San Francisco; he has used this monopolistic power to squeeze the last cent of wages out of the employers. McCarthy has not scrupled to use doubtful electioneering and political methods to secure his ends. If any delegate appears who is likely to oppose the boss, he is promptly turned out. There are three hundred members of the Building Trades' Council, but the control of affairs is really in the hands of an executive committee of sixty-two members, which McCarthy dominates.

Mr. Baker charges that there is a complete monopoly of the planing-mill business in San Francisco through a hard-and-fast agreement between unions and employers. He says:

Prices of mill products were raised at an enormous percentage. And the employers, as usual, profited much more than the workmen. There had been a wage increase of some twenty-five per cent., but the prices of mill products were put up from fifty to a hundred per cent. For instance, the price of sizing floor joists went from one dollar to two dollars per thousand, planing on one side rose from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars and fifty cents a thousand, and so on. And the public, as usual, paid the bill. It is always the public that is mulcted. Some remarkable conditions resulted. Lumber formerly shipped, sized, from Oregon had now to be shipped rough, so the mills in San Francisco could get two dollars per thousand for sizing it. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company shipped a load of finely dressed wood from its factory in the East for a howling alley, but the union men refused to lay it until it had been given the union stamp—which cost two dollars per thousand feet—though no work was done upon the lumber. A contractor named Rigney, with whom I talked, had an agency for Eastern-made mantels. The monopoly wanted to gobble the mantel business, so the workmen were required to strike against Rigney on an important job, and he was fined two hundred and fifty dollars for trying to put in a mantel made in Chicago. He was directed by McCarthy to pay this money to a charity—and when he agreed to do so he was declared "fair" again, and a delegate of the union came and stamped the Chicago mantels he had on hand, but left a warning that he was not to repeat the offense. The Mill Owners' Association has now fixed an initiation fee of five hundred dollars, and the union has an initiation fee of twenty dollars, so that competitors who wish to come in and partake of the rich fruits of monopoly must, if they get in at all, pay well for the privilege.

Similar monopolistic combinations are alleged to exist in other industries. For instance:

Each week a committee of the Building Trades' Council, McCarthy being a member, meets a committee from the employers' association, and this joint committee absolutely regulates prices and all details of the painting trade in San Francisco. This combination was like all the others; the journeyman got an increase in wages of sixteen and one-half per cent., whereas the employers increased the price of painting by twenty-five per cent., and of papering by fifty per cent. I talked with a stubborn German contractor named Postler who was bold enough to bid below the monopoly price.

"I could do it and make a big profit," he said to me; "why, they charge thirty and forty cents a roll for hanging paper. I had men who could hang thirty rolls a day. That would mean a cost to the builder of nine or twelve dollars. The paper-hangers' wages were four dollars a day; that meant a profit for the contractor of from five to eight dollars on the work of a single man. If a contractor employed ten men, his profits would be fifty to eighty dollars a day. I could hid under that and still make good money."

They fined Postler twenty-five dollars for bidding under the scale, and, when he refused to pay it, McCarthy ordered all his men on strike, and he was expelled from the employers' association. Since then he has had to struggle along as best he could, getting no new contracts, boycotted by both union and association. Oh, the employers are not a whit better than the unions!

Other features that Mr. Baker finds to be characteristic of San Francisco unions are restriction of apprentices; the fixing of a prohibitive initiation fee; the limiting of the output by not doing a fair day's work, and such opposition to the militia as has reduced most of the companies to half normal strength. In conclusion, Mr. Baker says:

These are, all too briefly, the conditions of labor unionism as they exist to-day in San Francisco. Here we have a tremendous new force, intelligently directed, just fairly awakening to its strength, reaching out, voting, legislating, entering into business, fortifying itself. Indeed, we find that many of the amazing new things that have been happening recently in the industrial world are traceable directly to this immensely forceful, perhaps not altogether self-conscious, movement of organized labor toward monopolizing the labor market. In looking into the methods employed by the new unionism in San Francisco, as well as elsewhere, we should never forget that they are essentially similar to those employed by capitalistic combinations. Both have exactly the same object in view—to crush competition. One drives the independent company ruthlessly to the wall, the other knocks the "scab" on the head with a brickbat. The union boycotts, the trust blacklists; the union has its pickets, the trust its paid spies; each limits output, each restricts membership; one fixes a minimum wage, the other a minimum price; each equally clamors for special legislation. In principle, neither trust nor union is wrong; both have immense capacities for good, each a corresponding power for evil. A wholesale condemnation of either, then, is the height of foolishness and shortsightedness.



## A HAUNTED HOUSE.

An American Woman's Strange Experience in Pinal, Mexico.

When my husband took over the direction of the Gertrudis and Santa Maria Mines, near Pinal, we brought down from "the States" our various goods and chattels, and began the attempt to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the huge, Spanish-built house which was the only thing in the way of an abode that could be secured, for love or money, in the very inconvenient new-old town of Pinal.

At first, I liked the queer, rambling old house, with its wide, heavily pillared corridors, thick walls, high-barred windows, and enormous carved doors. It had been built, according to a half-effaced date, in the year 1603, and had been the habitat of more than one famous man in its time. But, even after our modern furnishings were put in, flowers and vines arranged about, and everything possible done to brighten it, the house still had a dreary, ghostly air about it, and one always had the sensation that some one else was about—some one unseen, but felt—and altogether there was an indescribable eerie feeling about the place that did not tend to make one very cheerful. However, I consoled myself by remembering that big, old houses generally make one nervous at first; also, the rent was surprisingly low for so large an establishment, with its fifteen rooms, corridors, and corral. And, as one can get used to very nearly anything in this world, by trying hard, I gradually got over the uneasy feeling which I had mostly felt, when entirely alone, and put it down to "nerves."

There was the slight drawback, however, that we could not keep servants. In spite of good wages, light work, and short hours, our servants would invariably leave after two to five days' service, refusing, under any circumstances, to stop longer. They gave no reason for this, beyond the fact that the situation was not to their liking. So I could only pay them, and, with indignant sorrow, view their departing backs, then fare forth in search of further *criadas*, inwardly consigning Mexican servants to a future which it would be unladylike to put into bald words.

In the midst of these turmoils, "Society" (with a big, big S) began, slowly and carefully, to call, and pleasantly hinted, in divers ways, that there was something wrong about our house.

The leader of Pinal society, Mrs. Isaacstein, was the last to call. She had at first been somewhat dubious about visiting me. As I have before said, she "led" Pinal society (for her husband was the principal grocer of the place), and therefore she could not, as she sweetly explained to me, be too careful about "beobles she galled upon."

Waiving, however, discussion of this excellent lady, for indeed she is "another story," her statement during her call that our house was said to be haunted by evil spirits, and that we would never be able to keep a servant in it, was somewhat dispiriting. In vain did I inquire particulars. No, she knew nothing beyond the fact that servants and "tradespeople" gave the place a bad name; that it was certainly troubled by *something*, and that no one ever lived long in it.

Here was a pretty mess! And, indeed, as if in confirmation of the woman's prediction, the very next day both servants left, after they had been with me four days, and I was on the point of beginning to expect better things of them. I sat down and wept. Then, disgusted with native servants, I hid me forth and wired to the "Border" for a couple of old and well-tried Chinese servants, determined that I would not abandon my house, and live in hotels, to please ghosts, Mexican servants, or any one else.

In due course the new servants arrived. One, a sturdy, taciturn Celestial, rejoicing in the name of Ching, was to act as porter, caretaker, and general watch-dog—the ghost would have to be lively that could get ahead of Ching. Charley, his cousin, was of the same ilk, being besides a splendid cook. But I explained matters duly to the two, and could have warbled for joy over their derisive smiles and grunts when I timidly alluded to "ghosts," and hinted that they might be disturbed by mysterious sights or sounds.

And now did I begin to be acquainted once more with peace, with the coming of Ching and Charley, who feared neither "hog, dog, nor devil," and certainly seemed able to deal with anything in the way of terrestrial or supernatural beings.

In fact (for such is the inconsistency of woman), I rather began to wish that the ghosts would walk, or otherwise make themselves known; or that *anything* exciting would happen. For, after the advent of my two Celestials, my occupation was entirely gone; no longer did I daily wrestle with the kitchen *brasero*, and harangue the fruit-man and the other purveyors to our inner needs. In other words, matters waxed deadly dull and boring, so that I complained bitterly to my other half, who only laughed uproariously, and gave me little sympathy. (You see, *he* had his work.) And said he: "My good wife, you don't know a fine thing when you see it. Here you are with plenty of leisure and all the chance you want to shine in the American Colony of Pinal, yet you let it slip. Put on your gaudiest gown (if you have one); all the jewelry you can beg, borrow, or steal; go and pay your calls, and I'll wager you a Viro that that you'll have all the diversion you can stand."

Naturally, but without the jewelry, I did as I was told.

I called on many ladies, and I opened up a new horizon to myself in the way of topics of conversation. For in Pinal, you always discuss your servants, and other people's servants; your own, and other people's position in society; and the fact that "*society in Mexico is not what it is at home.*" To hear the wives of grocerymen, cheap clerks, and machinists discussing "social position" gave me rather a sort of "Alice-in-Wonderland" feeling, but I held my peace.

Not many weeks passed before society and I mutually dropped each other, and I gave my husband no peace until he decided upon and arranged a nice, long ducking-trip to the lakes, some forty miles from Pinal. And, oh me, *how* enjoyable it was. But when we returned, with sunburned faces and hands showing traces of powder and hard work, the ladies of the American colony shook dubious heads over me and my probable fate. A woman who actually went hunting with her husband, could ride thirty miles in a day, and was reported to shoot as well as a man, was a paradox to them. For their parts, they wondered why any man wanted to marry such a woman so unfit for society.

To tell the truth, I rather regretted the tan and sunburn myself, when I found upon our return invitations to the usual yearly big *baile* at the Casino. I hadn't been to a dance of any sort since our last country-house visits on Long Island. I had a particularly pretty gown, knew that the floor would be good and slippery, the native Mexican band fair, and that there would be plenty of presentable men to dance with, mostly delegations from the outlying camps. But how in the name of all that was consistent could I appear in an evening gown, topped off by a face, neck, and arms that were about the consistency of color of burned leather? My husband unfeelingly suggested whitewash, but I applied lemon juice, and mourned. It really was disappointing, you know.

Three days before the dance, the partner of my joys and sorrows was called away to inspect the installation of some new machinery. He left with reluctance; for, while our big, old house seemed absolutely safe, there had nevertheless been some burglaries of late, and he dreaded leaving me alone with the servants for a couple of nights. But I urged him to go, saying that the doors were perfectly robber-proof, the servants trustworthy, and that I would keep a shot-gun handy, so that he need have no fears. In point of fact, for once I preferred his room to his company, having a face-bleaching process in view, the which I knew he would never consent to, did he come to know of it. So he departed, and, feeling relieved and sneaky by turns, I set about preparations for the surreptitious whitening of my unlucky countenance. Most school-girls will recognize the beautifier which I hastened to apply, as soon as my light dinner had been dispatched, that night. With doors carefully locked, and a revolver handy, in case of burglars, I experimented with a piece of chamois-skin until it amply covered my face, concealing even the ears. Then I cut very small holes for my eyes, nose, and mouth, so that I could barely breathe comfortably. Then, sewing on strings to hold the contrivance in place, I proceeded to smear it liberally with good, strong Mexican leeks—and how they did smell to high heaven!

When ready for bed, I carefully applied this odorous mask, and tied it on so that it could not by any possibility come off. As I put out the candles, I caught a glimpse of myself, and came near shrieking at the sight, for I looked more like a first-class ghost than anything else. I had twisted my hair back tight, and, to protect it from the leeks, covered it with an old white bathing cap. The mask entirely hid my face, and I looked like some unearthly, tall, white thing, with a flat nose, and no eyes and mouth. I assure you that I was as ghastly an object as one could well imagine; so hideous, in fact, that I precipitately shut out the view, blew out the lights, and hastily sought my couch.

My "beautifier" murdered sleep; I tossed about for hours, vainly endeavoring to doze off. Now and then a whiff of the fragrance of leeks would steal up through even the small pin-holes I had cut to breathe through, and more often the tightly knotted strings caused me great discomfort as I moved my head, vainly seeking that rest in slumber which seemed denied me. At last, however, some time after the nearby bells had chimed midnight, I dozed off, despite leeks and strings.

The next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed, my heart beating wildly, while I listened breathlessly for a repetition of the sudden wild cry that had thrilled through the great, empty house, waking me from deep sleep. Motionless, I waited there in the dark, not daring to light the candles, and wondering at the *song froid* with which I had assured my husband that "no burglars could worry me." In a moment, there it was again—a cry for help, not so loud as it had been at first, and half strangled, choking, this time.

Without stopping to put on more clothes, my feet bare, and my husband's loaded .38 Colt in my hand, I noiselessly opened my door, passed through it, and crept down the corridor toward the back entrance of the house, where Ching and Charley had their rooms. As I went, I concluded that burglars had got in and had killed the two Chinamen; next, they would dispose of me, and then rob the house. So furious did the thought make me that I lost all fear, and fairly ached to get at the wretches.

Noiselessly stealing along, close to the wall, my pistol cocked and ready for work, I caught a glimpse of what was happening before I myself was seen. The light of

several lanterns set about showed me poor, old Ching, evidently dead, lying almost across the back entrance door, which was wide open; Charley, bound and still moving, had been flung over him, while several men in *peon* blouses were busily hauling up mysterious boxes and cases through a hole which gaped in the middle of the paved corral. (I gaped myself, in my astonishment, for I had never seen the hole before.) But that was all I did see just then, for at that very moment one of the men caught sight of me, and glared, aghast, as I advanced upon them. Then he gave a loud yell that fairly terrified me into standing still for a moment, dropped his boxes, and took to his heels, yelling that the devil was upon them.

As he fled, the other men stared about, and seeing me, also emitted screams of terror, and made wildly for the back door, dropping their burdens as they went. I fired twice only, for their terror had somewhat taken me aback, and had the supreme pleasure of seeing two of the miscreants clap hands to their legs, and fall, with grievous groans. (I had fired purposely at their legs, for I didn't want to kill them—Mexican jails aren't overly comfortable.) Then, allowing the two to groan and pray alternately where they had fallen, I went over to attend to the two poor servants.

Neither of them were dead; Ching was badly cut and unconscious, but Charley wounded my feelings by shutting his eyes tight, and trying to wriggle away from my touch. "Go 'way," he moaned; "me good Chinaman—no steal, like Mexican boy—go 'way, devil!"

So they had all taken me for a ghost, or the devil. I could hardly contain my laughter as I enlightened and untied Charley, and left him to revive his unconscious cousin. Then, having relieved myself of my ghostly attire, I sent out for two gendarmes, to whom I confided the wounded burglars, and told my tale of woe.

Next morning, as soon as it was sufficiently light, we inspected the scene of the night before, and found out that the burglars had not been burglars at all, but the members of a famous counterfeiting band who had simply flooded Northern Mexico with bad money, and whom the police had never been able to locate. It seemed that they had made unto themselves a secret place under our old house, with a secret entrance covered by stones just inside our back *patio* wall, and there had stored their contraband goods during many past months. In this way, with their mysterious movings about, it had gotten out that the house was haunted, and I myself was pleased to verify my past feeling that some one, *unseen*, was present.

Well, they all went to prison for several years, and the secret entrance to our house was securely stopped, thus doing away forever with its reputation of being haunted by evil spirits.

As for my providential mask, I threw it away, and went to the ball regardless, with my brown face and hands. And the Pinal social leaders, sitting out, wondered audibly "how any woman could have the heart to dance and enjoy herself, after having actually shot with her own hands two poor, helpless human beings!"

ELIZABETH GIBERT.

PARRAL, MEXICO, January, 1904.

## Delegates to the Congress of Jurists.

The President has appointed delegates to the Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists to be held at St. Louis in September, 1904. Among them are the justices of the Supreme Court; Attorney-General Knox; Secretary Hay; Secretary Root; Secretary Shaw; Secretary Moody; William H. Taft; Richard Olney; George H. Williams, Portland, Or.; Judson Harmon; W. H. H. Miller; John W. Griggs; John F. Dillon; James C. Carter; Joseph H. Choate; Charles F. Manderson; Platt Rogers, Denver; John W. Noble; G. W. Turner, Spokane, Wash.; W. H. Pope, associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico; Edward Kent, chief justice of the supreme court of Arizona; James Wickersham, United States district judge, Eagle, Alaska; Sanford B. Dole, Honolulu; Lorin Andrews, attorney-general, Honolulu; Willis Sweet, attorney-general, San Juan, Porto Rico; Luke Wright, vice-governor-general, Manila; L. R. Wilfay, attorney-general, Manila; Cayetano Arellano, chief justice supreme court of the Philippine Islands, Manila; Senators George F. Hoar, John C. Spooner, John T. Morgan, John W. Daniel, Charles W. Fairbanks, Francis M. Cockrell, Alfred B. Kittredge, Representatives John J. Jenkins, John Dalzell, Henry W. Palmer, Charles E. Littlefield, David A. de Armand, Henry D. Clayton, John S. Williams, and Francis J. Heney, San Francisco.

The octopus is very largely used as an article of food in Southern Italy. Its long tentacles are cut transversely, so that, when served at table, they have the appearance of rings. The fish, when taken by day, are lured from the crevices of the rocks by a piece of red flannel, and they are then speared with a trident. At night an iron cradle with a bright flame of resinous wood is fixed to the bows of the boat. This attracts the fish and leads him to his doom.

A curious phenomenon has been noticed in the tropics that can never be seen at higher latitudes. A mining shaft at Sombrero, Mexico, is almost exactly on the Tropic of Cancer, and at noon on June 21st the sun shines to the bottom, lighting up the well for a vertical depth of eleven hundred feet or more.



## NEW YORK LIBRARIES.

Poor From Any Standpoint—No Freedom Allowed Visitors—New Yorkers Not Reading People—Girls Trained for Society—Charming, But Not Educated.

A short time ago, having to look up a subject on which I was writing, I made the discovery that, where libraries are concerned, New York is one of the worst provided places in the world.

It was at first hard to believe of the greatest city in the United States, and one of the greatest anywhere. I toiled after my subject in a spirited and hopeful manner, and I not only found nothing about it, but I found nowhere to go and look for it. People here, when they want to be learned and literary, belong to the old Mercantile Library, and think they are doing something smart and original. The Mercantile is far down town, occupies a top floor in an office building, and refuses to allow its subscribers to go in among the books. Its main recommendation to the writer was that it has one of the finest reference collections of bound magazines in the city. It was, therefore, somewhat of a shock to learn that this collection was packed away and entirely ungettable, which caused no inconvenience to anybody, as there was so "little demand for magazine reference."

After this I tried the Astor and the Lennox. They are at opposite ends of the city, in fine buildings, free to all. At the Astor, on ascending a stately flight of very dusty stairs, a dejected old man met me at the top and asked me, with a weary air, what I wanted. I told him I wanted certain information about the State of Nevada, and he looked surprised, as if no one ever before had wanted to know anything about the State of Nevada; and he had his doubts as to whether such a place existed. But he directed me to the card catalogue arranged in a system of drawers. There was not much to be found in the drawers, and I had to fall back upon Poole and the magazines. The Astor, at least, has its bound magazines handy and ready for reference.

This library, however, after the manner of the others, refuses to allow the reader among the books, and, being a free reference concern, no books are taken out. All one's work has to be done there, sitting at long tables with others of one's kind. As the building is open to everybody, is well warmed and lighted, there are a good many habitués, who, like the *ouvriers* in the Louvre, go to the library because they know no other place where they can sit in a comfortable chair, and be kept warm for nothing. All that is required of them is that they shall not speak, shall behave decently, and not mutilate the books they provide themselves with.

Last winter I noticed a quaint old woman who was often there. She used to sit near me at one of the tables set aside for women, and the volume she had in her hand was invariably Taine's "L'Ancient Régime." She would arrange herself comfortably, open "L'Ancient Régime" at one of the first chapters, drop her eyes toward the words, and sit thus for an hour, never turning a page. I think she went to sleep. If any one near her moved, or a pile of books for a newcomer was set down on the table with a thud, she would start, clear her throat, and hastily turn the page. She looked as if she had been left over from the days when John Leech drew for *Punch*. She wore the most wonderful old clothes, polonaises elaborately looped up, and with a long trickle of buttons down the front, a remarkable round turban hat set very far forward on her forehead, and pathetic, old, ladylike gloves, carefully mended. I think her hair was a solid wig; a large, ebullient mass of it, golden brown in hue, protruded from beneath the back of the turban in the most completely improbable chignon. One saw little of her face. A green veil was festooned round the edge of the turban, and interposed concealing films of drapery between her visage and the curious. I always supposed she arranged it thus so that she could sleep more comfortably.

But to return to the libraries: The Lennox is much the same as the Astor. I have heard it contains some rare and valuable volumes, but I never had time to investigate. It was about this time that I had hopes of finding the main building of the Free Public Library, and started on a quest of inquiry. But nobody had even heard of it. Public libraries in New York are like public schools—they are a thing completely outside the experience and ken of the average run of people. I asked various acquaintances of reading tendencies where they went for their books, and they said, "The Booklovers." After that I gave up hope.

Just about this time I met a man who is a most learned person, an acknowledged authority on a certain subject. Here was my opportunity. I asked him with eagerness where he and his ilk got their books and did their work. He answered, without hesitation, at the Congressional Library at Washington. It was the only place in the country for students. Some went down there, but others, who could not get away, made an arrangement by which books were sent on to them. Of course, everybody knew there was no library in New York. Real students, serious workers who were studying deeply, found nothing here. It was one of the most barren cities in the world for the scholar.

I had realized this myself, even from my own little amateur excursions. New York is the last place in the world for the scholar, and a bad place for even the

general literary workman, who has no library of his own. There are, of course, many magnificent private collections. But the libraries, pay or free, are about the most unsatisfying I have ever had to read in. Any one whose line of work lies among books, will know the hopelessness of a place where the searcher is refused admittance to the shelves.

New Yorkers—unless it is part of their business—are not readers. I know few women—and hardly any men—whose reading goes much further than the daily paper and a few popular novels. The great student class lies outside and beyond this. What I refer to is the average, educated man and woman that you sit next to at dinner, and meet at your best friend's at tea time. Unless they have especial affiliations with the book world, it is as foreign to them as is the country that extends west of Chicago.

I must confess that I have rather a dread of that determined, unquenchable ardor for culture which ravages portions of the West. It is a terrifying experience to have some fresh-faced, amiable-looking lady in beautiful clothes get you into a corner, and ask you your opinion of Maeterlinck and the true symbolic meaning of the character of Kundry. The same sort of person in this section of the republic knows nothing about either, and is rather pleased than otherwise with her ignorance. But worse even than this is the person who wants to talk "literary talk" with you, and when you try to break away to cheerful, frivolous subjects, asks you sternly if you did not find the construction of Mr. Jones's new novel faulty and the style at times a little too reminiscent of Meredith.

This type is rare in New York. I am fain to confess that I think the women of society here are extraordinarily ignorant, astonishingly deficient in education, and unusually rich in natural brightness. There is a deal of talk about education, but where it is not seriously undertaken by girls who come of studious families, or who will have to support themselves later on, the results are almost ridiculous. A year or two ago I was thrown for a space of time among several young girls, the children of rich parents of high social position. They were in the end of their teens, just finishing their last terms at school, and to say that all were ignorant, and that some were frankly illiterate, is not stating the case too strongly. It was really astonishing that, after the years they had been at school and the money that had been spent on them, they could have absorbed so little.

The ideals of female education here, and the ideals in the West, are entirely different. The New York woman is trained on much more old-fashioned lines. The purpose of her education is to add to her attracting powers, and fit her, not for a struggle with men for mental supremacy, but for any social position to which she may be called. It is looked to that she has good manners and a pretty voice. Hundreds of rich New Yorkers employ English ladies to walk and talk with their daughters after school hours, so that the little girls may learn the English manner of speech and intonation, which is admittedly prettier than the American. They are taught to speak at least one language beside English, and though they may not be able to spell in their own tongue, they can hold a fluent conversation in French. They know something of art, for they are taken to all the great exhibitions, and they grow up with quite an extensive acquaintance with operatic music, one of their tasks being to attend the *matinée* performances of the opera.

Girls educated in this manner grow up with great social adaptability, graceful manners, and a capacity to talk on a variety of current topics. They know nothing thoroughly, and it is not desired that they should. What finishing touches are added as they develop into women come from traveling in Europe and mingling socially with the European connections which they nearly all have. Where they show the natural brightness of the American is that they are never dull, heavy, or tiresome. I am of the opinion that New York women of this class are among the most amusing and attractive in the world. They may not know anything, and they may never read, but the one unpardonable sin (where a woman is concerned) they never commit—they do not bore you. From the youngest to the oldest, they are masters of that most important branch of a woman's work in the world—they cheer and amuse.

The Western manner of education is much more advanced, more serious, and more thorough. Its aim is quite a different one; not to render the women more seductive and ornamental, but solely and only to develop her mentally. It is the same principle that makes the female doctor and the female lawyer more successful out there than they are in this section of the country. Whether it is her heavier education, or whether it is the lack of leisurely social life among her forefathers, the Western woman is not so bright, so adroit with her tongue, or so engagingly humorous and sparkling in general converse. She knows a good deal more, reads twice as much, has by far the better mind of the two, but when it comes to being witty, piquant, dainty, and coquettish, her Eastern sister is unquestionably on top of the heap.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, January 22, 1904.

Lick Observatory seems to Professor Newcomb to be most efficient in observational astronomy. "If any rival is to appear, it will probably be the Yerkes Observatory."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William Rainey Harper, president of the University of Chicago, has been created by France a knight of the Legion of Honor.

A dispatch from Florence, Italy, says that a notable improvement has taken place in the health of Mrs. Samuel L. Clemens.

Professor Pierre Curie has refused the cross of the Legion of Honor offered to him as the discoverer of radium, on the commendable ground that he was simply a collaborator with his wife in the discovery, and that he can not accept an honor which is withheld from her.

The campaign of Joseph Folk, the boodler-hunting circuit attorney of St. Louis, for the Democratic nomination for governor, has brought him some unexpected supporters. At Hardin College, of Mexico, Mo., recently, he spoke to the students, and at the end of the address the girl students raised this cry in chorus: "Joe Folk! Joe Folk! He's the man! If I can't vote, my sweetheart can!"

The University of Berlin has conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy, with the greatest praise, on Miss Ina Milroy, of Detroit, Mich., for her work in chemistry; her dissertation being the result of original work on the influence of inactive substances on the optical rotation of dextro-glucose. She orally defended against three male opponents her proposition that the effort of the natural sciences to reduce everything to a common denominator has received valuable support through the recent investigations of radioactive substances.

Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, poet and writer, recently fought a duel with swords in Paris with Jean Stern, a widely known sportsman, over the count's public criticism of Mme. Stern. The count received three wounds, but was not seriously injured. Count Robert's extreme æstheticism and his eccentricities of dress and manner made him a target for caricature and broad burlesque in the New York papers when he visited that city last year. He replied, good-naturedly, that New York was "a city of barbarians" whom he was trying to teach.

Princess Youriekwski, morganatic widow of Emperor Alexander the Second of Russia, who, since the murder of her ill-fated husband, has lived entirely abroad in the enjoyment of the large fortune which he settled upon her children and herself, has just been subjected to a very unpleasant experience at the opera at Monte Carlo. For, in ignorance of the rule which has recently been inaugurated by the management against the wearing of hats by women at the opera, she took her seat in the box which she had purchased, wearing a large, black hat. She was called to account for this none too politely by the officials of the opera, and was given the alternative of either removing her hat or of leaving the house. She chose the latter on being given to understand that in the event of her declining to take off her hat or to leave she would be forcibly removed. Being to all intents and purposes an exile from Russia, and ignored by the Muscovite embassies abroad, she is unable to appeal to them for redress.

Mr. Bryan says that his call upon President Loubet was the most interesting incident of his visit to France. It was arranged by General Horace Porter, American ambassador to France, who conducted Mr. Bryan to the Elysée Palace, "the White House of the French republic." "President Loubet," says the Commoner, "is probably the most democratic executive that France has ever had. He reminded me of our former President Benjamin Harrison, and of another of our distinguished citizens, Andrew Carnegie—not exactly like either, but resembling both—the former in appearance, the latter in manner as well as appearance. President Loubet is below the medium height, even of Frenchmen. His shoulders are broad, and his frame indicative of great physical strength. His hair is snow white, as are also his beard and mustache. He wears his beard cut square at the chin. His eyes are dark blue, suggesting that his hair and beard were blond before the years bleached them. His voice is soft, and he speaks with great vivacity, emphasizing his words by expressive gestures."

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, who resigned from the Hearst papers recently, made his debut as a lecturer at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, last week, with an address on "The Power of the Cartoon." One report of his "performance" says: "He didn't lecture. He did better. He talked. He yarned. He talks nasally, and uses homely language. When he says, 'I aint,' it sounds much better than the 'I am not' of another man. He has an aversion to formality in clothes, and wears his hands in his pockets when he isn't drawing pictures. He holds his head away up as boys do who are taught in school to 'speak a piece.' He described a visit to Gladstone, and drew in what seemed to be five strokes of his crayon a portrait of Gladstone as he saw him. He thinks there are more indications of force in the faces of English statesmen than in those of United States senators. Some of the latter, he thinks, use their heads for nothing but to wear hats on. Then he told a story of Spooner and one of Dewey, and another about two ducks on his poultry farm that hadn't the least connection with the 'Power of the Cartoon,' but was a rattling good story."



## NEW YORK'S AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

A Gratifying Exhibition—Attendance Very Large—Americans no Longer Behind—Our Machines as Good as Any—Sales and Orders Are Many—Notes on Improvements.

New York has just had another automobile show, the biggest and the most successful yet held. Madison Square Garden was for a week the Mecca of auto enthusiasts, one notable fact being that there were few curiosity seekers. The attendance was about twelve thousand per day, and nearly all who came did so because they were really interested. They proved it by purchasing. Two or three firms, as a result of this exhibition, made contracts for all the machines they could turn out during the coming year. So the show was as successful financially as from a spectacular standpoint, and the spectacular display was aided by the visitors, whose appearance recalled the Horse Show and the opera.

The exhibition was a great advance over those held previously. The first one was in 1899, when some of the pioneer automobile manufacturers made an exhibit in New York that was merely an adjunct to a bicycle show, and attracted little or no attention. In 1900, the Automobile Club of America gave a show in Madison Square Garden, of which track racing was a feature. It was not received with much favor, and was laughed at by foreign automobilists. Then, in 1901, the same organization exhibited in conjunction with some of the manufacturers. The display was a success. Nothing was done in 1902, but in January, 1903, an exhibition was held that was an eye-opener. Then, a year later, came the exhibition just closed. It astonished people by the number, variety, and character of machines on display. There were 258 vehicles shown, classified as follows: Gasoline, 185; electric, 45; steam, 9; large electric trucks, 7; large gasoline delivery wagons, 5; motorcycles, 7.

The most gratifying feature of the exhibition was the realization that American machines are now as good as those made in Europe. For years the French beat us on every point. They developed better speed and wearing qualities, and made machines as good-looking as those manufactured by the Americans. To tell the truth, good looks were, for some time, the principal recommendation that the Yankee automobiles had. They were handsome, but not altogether practical, and did not wear well. Now, they combine all the good qualities of foreign machines, and eclipse them in some respects. Many of the carriages are models of luxury, with the richest and most artistic of decorations, and upholstered in the very finest leather. Then, too, are the practical improvements which give a guarantee of usefulness. One new feature was an electric touring car with the motor under a hood in front, and having a shaft transmission from the front to the bevel gears on the rear axle. An engineer who had attended the show every day did not discover this feature until the exhibition was nearly closed, and took that fact as evidence of the magnitude of the display. "I have found enough," he said, "to say that one of the strongest impressions made by the show is that the American makers are no longer slavishly copying foreign devices and patterns. It is the most original of all shows. The American maker has arrived."

In the 1904 model of the Consolidated Motor Company the transmission gear is done away with, the system of transmission being by friction wheel against two rotating disks. The flywheel of the motor, which is in the form of a large disk, transmits its power directly to the friction wheel standing in contact with it.

The new Pope-Hartford automobile has a chassis constructed of angle steel, fitted with drop-forged spring hangers and guard braces. The engine is of the slow-speed, horizontal type with a large cylinder, and is located in the middle of the chassis so as practically to absorb vibration.

The 1904 Locomobiles, both steam and gasoline, have all-steel chassis, vertical multi-cylinder motor, one-brake horse-power for every one hundred pounds of weight, jump-spark ignition, and sliding gear transmission. The White steam car is of increased size. The steam is generated in a series of coils of seamless steel tubing through which the water is pumped, issuing from the last coil as superheated steam. There are never more than a few cupfuls of water in the generator at any one time. Something less than two minutes is required to light the pilot light and heat the vaporizer, after which the main burner is opened.

A feature peculiar to the Winton is the spring governor button under the driver's right foot. By simply increasing the pressure on this button the speed of the car is increased; relieve the pressure and the car slows down.

The new Thomasine body, with removable glass panels for summer use, is practically an open bus with accommodations for six persons, and without panels it affords canopy protection. In some of the larger enclosed touring cars, safety to the driver has been provided for by the installation of polished wire glass in the windows that lower in front. Wire glass is window glass, having embodied between its surfaces a steel wire netting. The netting strengthens the glass against breakage, and if broken, prevents large pieces from flying.

A change in the fashion is noted this year, there being considerable demand for touring cars with entrance to the tonneau from the side. The limousine, or enclosed body, has also come up with a rush, and the maker who had them on exhibition got the better of

those who could not foresee that the enclosed touring car was likely to become popular.

Air-cooled motors are being generally adopted, and a valuable device is one by means of which a strong current of air is sent down over the wheels, keeping the dust laid to an appreciable extent. Nothing, though, has yet been invented to do away with the inconveniences caused by mud. An automobile lawn mower, to be used in large parks, created much interest.

Automobiles are coming down somewhat in price, one runabout being on sale at \$450. Buckboards and runabouts, and machines suitable for physicians, run from \$750 to \$900. Touring cars and racing machines are of all prices, from \$2,500 to \$13,000. Speed is being developed, too, despite legislation that limits it. It was noted that prospective buyers were all anxious as to how fast the cars could go. Records are being broken so rapidly that there is no telling what speed will be developed. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has the record so far, going a mile, one day last week, in thirty-nine seconds.

On the other hand, vehicles for strictly commercial use are in great demand. Horseless trucks are being used more and more, and some predict that it will be only a short time until few horses will be used for heavy hauling. One wag, during the show, made a suggestion to a manufacturer for the quicker accomplishment of this result. His plan was to have horse-hide employed for all automobile upholstery. "You see," he said, "that will exhaust the supply of horses, then people will have to buy automobiles."

## THE ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE.

The Voice and the Lamp.

About a fortnight ago I spent an afternoon with my friend Brignac, who owns a charming country seat, not too suburban, and yet far enough from town to make the trip refreshing. A branch of the river Marne flows within a line's throw of the house, and while we awaited the time for drawing in the nets, we chatted pleasantly on the broad veranda, heavy with the odor of heliotropes.

A charming man, this Brignac! He was formerly an officer in the "guides," and has the pompous bearing of a soldier. His complexion is a bit florid, his eye alert; but his beard, long and fine, is as white as the drifted snow.

He was in existence—and had been for some time—when the empire was at the height of her glory, and he enjoyed all the privileges that she accorded her favorites. The republic, I dare say, appeared to him a miserable interloper that forced him to renounce the pleasures of that other world. But he managed to continue to amuse himself under M. Thiers, under McMahon—even under M. Grévy. It is indeed only a bare seven years since the gout saw fit to interfere with his enjoyment. Brignac was then—

But why disclose the age of a gallant man, whose friendship is proven, and whose cuisine is without second? He was advised to take the waters for his malady, and it was at one of the basins that he met an agreeable young English girl, tall, slender, and graceful. He was still good to look at; his fortune was large, hers small. The following winter the pretty English girl married the former officer of the "guides." They now have a child, and have settled down in domestic felicity; only Brignac has aged a good deal, and has become terribly serious. But I like the man. When I was extremely young, he gave me some very practical advice—the kind one never forgets. I take pleasure in being with him from time to time for an hour or two.

While we chatted, strolling the length of the veranda, I chanced to glance through a glass door, and saw Gaston, the young son of my host, sitting pensively at a table. He had let his pen roll under the table, and with eyes, which seemed to me full of melancholy reflection, was watching the antics of some swallows that were flying close to the lawn in pursuit of a horde of gnats. The beauty of the day made the room seem a veritable prison in comparison. I turned to my friend. "How have you the courage to shut up the poor child on a day like this?" I asked.

Brignac smiled.

"When he learns to write he shall be set at liberty. He is only five years old, and is extremely bright, but it is absolutely necessary for him to learn to write—to write well. I insist upon it."

"Is it because you yourself write like a cat?"

"That is one reason. We ought to try to correct in our children faults that have been stumbling-blocks in our own path, and then—"

"My poor Brignac, I do not know whether it is because you have lived too long in the country, but it seems to me you are becoming very commonplace and overprudent!"

He interrupted me brusquely.

"Prudent, perhaps. Prudence conducts a bark well. Besides—do you want me to tell you why I insist that my child shall learn to write a good hand? It is a story from a period in my life when you would not have called me overprudent. It was a long time ago—in '63. Then Baden was—Baden; and Monte Carlo was a mere fisherman's village. Any one who was at all chic, or believed himself to be, went down there in early July. During that month the club-houses were empty—just as they are now during the

races at Deauville. That particular year I happened to remain in Paris, in a small suite of rooms. I was really enjoying myself fairly well, when one morning I was disturbed by a letter. The letter was a demand for money. Not one of those vulgar requests filled with recitals of misfortunes, invoking old remembrances and former devotion; no, it was short, precise, and to the point. 'I have not a sou left. Send me immediately three hundred francs to pay my hotel bill and my passage to France, so I can enlist in the army.'

"The note, horribly scribbled, was dated at Baden. As for the signature, it was impossible to read it. I studied it minutely, and searched my memory for a clew to the perpetrator of what seemed the worst scrawl I had ever seen. It was impossible to discover anything that gave me any light. Baden? I had three hundred friends at Baden. I felt, however, that it was absolutely necessary to discover the writer's name. For two days I could not get it out of my head. I handed the letter to every one I met, in the hope that some one would decipher it. It was useless; each person had a different opinion.

"You can not imagine the agitation into which it threw me. At that time in my life I was weighed down with ideas. I thought it cowardly to refuse money to a comrade in distress. One is foolish when one is young! But what disheartened me most of all was the thought that perhaps this ignoble writer was a person for whom I had a genuine fondness.

"I telegraphed ten or twelve intimate friends at Baden. Not one was the author of the signature.

"Then I called on a few handwriting experts. One said the name was Casernier, without doubt—he would pledge his word in court to it; the second said he would defy any one to say it was not Lutinais—and he also would give his word in court; the third maintained it was not a signature, but a word—in his opinion it was 'Civilites.'

"Lutinais and Casernier were strangers to me. I went through the year book of the club; I reread my book of addresses, but discovered no clew. By that time I was in a fever over the thing. I was even getting a little daft on the subject. The obligation to an unknown friend did not interest any more than the problem of the name so tantalizingly hidden. On the third day I was seized by an inspiration so simple that it did not come to me until all the other combinations had failed. I wrote to Baden and asked for a list of all the Frenchmen staying at the hotel indicated by my unfortunate scribe. I then intended to write to every man known to me in the place. That calmed me. And truly I had need of calmness, for I was in a wretched state of nervousness, feeling as if some fatal and mysterious thing were pursuing me.

"I went to bed early on the evening of the third day, and fell asleep at once.

"I must now tell you I had a weakness—I have it still, indeed—for a night lamp; I can not bear to find myself even for a moment in the dark.

"But that night—it is truly a singular thing, and one I am never able to recall without a queer sensation—that night I was awakened by a little sharp noise that broke through the deep silence. I have never known what made the noise. Perhaps it was the last flicker of the lamp, for I found myself in the dark.

"At first a feeling of fright took hold of me, but before I had time to rouse myself completely, I heard a voice—I did not think, but I positively heard. The result of a nervous disorder, you say? Well, no matter—I heard a voice which breathed in a husky whisper, very low, 'Jacques Lerminier!'

"My skin grew cold, and I started up. In an instant I was thoroughly awake. I sat upright, I lighted a candle and reread the letter from Baden. Why had I not deciphered it at once? It was perfectly evident.

"Lerminier was a youth of some promise, obliging, but a trifle foolish about some things, for whom I had formerly had a great attachment. I had lost sight of him, as one will, but needed merely a 'Do you remember?' to recall to my mind our old tender relations.

"Poor Jacques! That was the name we always called him at the military school at Saint-Cyr. I promised myself that he should have a thousand francs—at once!

"I looked at the clock. It was a little after midnight. I could do nothing definite until morning. But I wrote a letter immediately, excusing myself; I inclosed an order for the money, and sealed it. And while I was doing this, the memory of the voice I had heard kept recurring to me—the voice was exactly like Jacques's when he was under stress of deep emotion. Memory plays strange pranks on us sometimes. I kept asking myself how it was that I was roused from a deep slumber to thus recall the name and the voice of poor Jacques. Then I went to bed tranquil and satisfied, nor was I again disturbed during the night by whispers of names or anything else. In fact, I did not think of the matter again until the next day, when I received a dispatch from Baden. It told me that my registered letter had been returned to the post-office unclaimed. Poor Jacques had killed himself the evening before—at midnight—at the very moment when my night lamp extinguished itself with a sharp noise—very like a shot from a pistol."

Brignac coughed a little to clear his voice. "I insist absolutely that my son shall write a fine hand," he said with a smile of infinite sadness.—Translated from the French of J. Ricard by Mabel H. Brown.



## ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

Sven Hedin's Three Years in Central Asia—The Russian Secret Railway—Floating Down the Unknown Tarim—A Buried City—Turned Back from Thibet.

Mongolia, East Turkestan, and Thibet, three countries together almost as large as the whole of the United States, inhabited by nomad shepherds with their flocks, traversed by great, strange rivers that lose themselves amid shifting sands, dotted with vast, shallow salt lakes, infested with wolves and tigers, and roamed by herds of wild camels and yaks and wild asses, containing deserts like seas with waves of sand in whose hearts ancient cities lie buried, and invaded and bounded by mountain ranges the highest in the world—such is the land of which Sven Hedin writes in two huge volumes entitled "Central Asia and Tibet."

Just now the work has special interest. England has sent an expedition into Thibet, ostensibly to ascertain why treaties have not been kept; really, it is thought, to block the scheme of the Russian to fasten upon the land of the lamas his unrelaxing grip. And, in faith, Dr. Hedin found evidence enough of the onward, ever onward, movement of Russia toward the south—toward India and the Persian gulf and the open sea. For example: Russia has a railway, on which all may travel, that stretches along the southern boundary between Siberia and Persia, passes north of Afghanistan, and ends at a city in the centre of Russian Turkestan. But there is another railway, a secret military road, that strikes off at right angles due south toward Herat to Afghanistan. Dr. Hedin thought it would be a fine thing to take a look at this strategic railway, and as his pass said "in plain and unmistakable language that 'Dr. Sven Hedin was to be granted free passage for himself and his belongings over all the imperial railways, both in Europe and in Asia,'" he simply asked the proper official to uncouple his car at Merv and attach it to the first train going South. But the Russians were too foxy for that. We quote:

Colonel Svinhufvud smiled significantly, and taking out his pocket-book, drew forth a telegram from the minister of war, which he read to me. "In case Dr. Sven Hedin should contemplate going to Kushk, please inform him that that line is closed to all travelers."

Imagine how, in event of war with England, troops would be poured down that "strategic" railway almost to the borders of India itself. So far as known, no European not a Russian has ever had a glimpse of the line. And as Dr. Hedin journeyed on toward Kashgar he found that roads which, on his visit nine years before, were mere trails, were now provided with bridges and embankments:

Artillery also can now cross the desolate plateaus of the Pamir. At several points along the route the Russians have built station-houses of stone well masked with earth, so that they merely look like hills or mounds, and might easily be passed by anybody unacquainted with their position.

The real beginning of Dr. Hedin's three years' wandering through "the heart of the great and desolate continent of Asia" was at Kashgar. There he changed his money into Chinese silver, there he purchased "fourteen camels and a dromedary" at thirty dollars a head; there he packed his goods (nearly two tons and including fifty-eight pairs of spectacles, he tells us), and set out. Here is the traveler's picture of the start in the rain:

The road was for long stretches under water, and the soft, clayey soil became so slippery that the camels with their flat, yielding, padded feet, had the utmost difficulty in keeping on their legs. They slipped and slid incessantly, until at last their legs went from under them, and they fell. Very often they went down so suddenly and with such aplomb, I could well have believed they had been tripped up by some invisible giant, and when their heavy loads dumped on the ground the mud flew for yards. Shouts, cries, arose from every side! The caravan halted to a man. The men rushed up and tried to get the foundered beast straight and on his legs again, or if he lay awkwardly, set about unloading him, and then had to reload him again. In consequence of this, we crawled like snails through the treacherous mire.

Dr. Hedin's journey by camel was then a short one, for when he struck the river Tarim the camels were sent forward across the waste in charge of trusty servants, while the doctor himself went by boat down the great, shallow, muddy river flowing through a vast desert, its banks lined with poplar forests.

It was a remarkable journey. Hedin was like some Marquette on an Asian Mississippi. Since the river at last ends in the desert, there is no commerce upon it. The traveler was the first white man—perhaps the only man—who ever floated down its whole length:

Thus we glided on through the heart of Central Asia, beside one of the greatest deserts of the earth, as though we were floating down the avenue of a park, a canopy of green leaves above our heads, and a mantle of refreshing shade wrapped about our shoulders. Truly a wonderful journey! No need now for the boatmen to be incessantly on the watch. The river carried us safely and well. Our craft might have been a gondola drifting through the water-streets of Venice, save that our palaces were the groves of the poplar forest. Even the rude boatmen of Laikil felt the magic spell of those ever-silent woods, and almost slumbered at their posts.

Only the gnats were "a perfect plague":

The gnats of Turkestan can make themselves veritable fiends of torment. It was as if they had been patiently waiting for our arrival to hold a carnival of malice on the exposed parts of our persons. I wonder what they lived on before we went there.

As the huge, heavy boat floated down the lonely river, its passengers caught sight now and then of fires built by solitary shepherds to frighten tigers away from their flocks. Sometimes the shepherds themselves were seen, but not for long:

The moment they caught sight of our ferry-boat, with its

white spectral tent and pitch-black hut, they took to their heels and fled as if the Foul Fiend were after them, abandoning sheep and dogs and fires to their fate. We shouted, we sent messengers after them; but no, they were gone, and we never set eyes on them again.

A little further on, a body of horsemen awaited the boat on a projecting headland with presents of various fruits, eggs, bread, a whole slaughtered sheep, and a welcome from the governor of the district. Here Dr. Hedin discovered the ancient art of falconry in full flower:

Among the horsemen were eight falconers, two of whom carried eagles, the others falcons, all duly hooded. In this part of the world falconers form an indispensable adjunct in any formal parade or procession. Later in the day they gave us an exhibition of their birds' powers by letting them kill four hares and a deer, all of which were presented to me.

Looking back on his remarkable trip by water, Dr. Hedin muses upon its effect on the native mind:

I wonder what strange stories are now current in the forests of the Tarim with regard to our remarkable colossus and its prolonged voyage! How many and many a time did we not find empty huts, which their owners had only just deserted! What must these simple shepherds have thought when they saw such an odd-looking monster approaching them silently, like a crouching tiger? Did they imagine it was some monstrous amphibian, with terrible antennae, which it moved backward and forward? Many took to their heels straight-away, as though the Author of all Evil were after them. Others probably stood at a safe distance, on the edge of the forest, to see what was going to become of this unspeakable thing. And I dare say yet others are running still, as terrified out of their wits as if they had seen a hobgoblin of the forest. Who that knows the genius of the Asiatic mind for exaggeration and superstition can doubt that a plentiful crop of legends and tales has already grown up around the track of our uncouth leviathan, and that these in process of time will crystallize into a marvelous relation of the triumphal progress of some river deity, desert king, or forest magician along the great watery highway of his dominions?

At last the journey by water ended, and the bold adventurer prepared to make his way across the illimitable desert. He thus describes the scene:

Upon climbing to the top of the highest dunes to obtain a survey of the country around, my eyes fell upon what was little short of an appalling spectacle. Imagine an ocean of sand, crumpled into gigantic waves, and suppose these waves to come rolling straight in upon you, and to be suddenly arrested just when on the point of breaking and overwhelming you. You will then be able to conceive the scene which I looked upon—an ocean of stupendous waves—waves not of water, but of loose sand, poised and threatening, and ready to burst and roll onward again the moment the magic *sesame!* was uttered.

One of the most interesting chapters in the whole work is that in which the author tells of the discovery of the ruins of an ancient city—the city of Lop-Nor. The discovery was pure accident. He was traveling across the barren waste, when one of his men brought him some pieces of carved wood, different from anything to be found in the modern cities of Turkestan. Unfortunately, it was impossible then to halt the caravan, but the following year Dr. Hedin revisited the place. He writes:

The view was broad and open, and altogether *sui generis*. The desert presented a uniform dreary aspect, with its sharp-edged broken terraces and "tables"—yardangs of yellow clay. At intervals stood a house, more or less mutilated by time; but the entire region was absolutely uninhabited. Would this niggardly soil which, beyond doubt, contained many secrets hidden in its bosom—would it reveal to me something that was known to no other human being in the world? . . . How different, how exceedingly different, this region was now as compared with what it must have been formerly! Here was now not a single fallen leaf, not a single desert spider; the scorpions, which are very fond of withered poplars, would have sought a hiding place in vain. There was only one power which brought sound and movement into these dreary, lifeless wastes—the wind.

Yet here had been the site of a considerable city, situated on the shore of a great lake (long since vanished) and surrounded by trees. "One could nowhere find in that part of Asia," says the author, "houses decorated with such tasteful and artistic feeling as these were." Here he found a small iron ball like a cannon-ball, an ancient rowlock of copper, Chinese coins, earthenware cups, some corn (wheat?), a rusted cable chain, a copper lamp, pieces of rope, cloth, and earrings. A wooden Buddha was also found and carved panels with Buddhist emblems. Finally Dr. Hedin himself picked up a piece of wood, covered with writing in script, every letter sharp cut and distinct, and written in India ink, "but the script was neither Arabic, nor Chinese, nor Mongolian, nor Thibetan." It was a mystery—yet unraveled. But still more wonderful was it to find two hundred strips of paper and forty-two tablets of wood, covered with legible Chinese writing. These have partly deciphered, with the following result:

The data point to the period between the middle of the third and the beginning of the fourth century A. D. The particular place where the discovery was made seems to have belonged to a well-to-do Chinese merchant, who carried on a sort of livery business, for he let out carriages and beasts of burden on hire, undertook to deliver letters to Sachow, etc. One document speaks of a military expedition. The inhabitants must have carried on agriculture, for the documents made frequent mention of seed-corn. Very possibly at the place where these pieces of paper were excavated there formerly stood a sort of treasure house or species of seed-corn bank where seed-corn was bought and stored, or received as security for debt. Some of the sheets consist simply of exercises in writing. The wooden tablets, as a rule, convey some real information, e. g., an antelope has been delivered, so much seed-corn has been brought in, so many people have been provisioned for a month or more, etc.

Other interesting things found were a red clay vase more than two feet tall, some pencils, and a whip. There was also found a carved gem showing clearly a Hermes who, as the deity of travelers, found his way through Bactria to Central Asia. By these discoveries a great flood of light is thrown upon the commercial and political relations of Central Asia during the early centuries of the Christian era.

Dr. Hedin's gallant endeavor to enter Lhasa dis-

guised as a lama was vain. He was finally turned back by the Thibetans, after enduring infinite hardships from the rigors of climate on this "Roof of the World," seventeen or eighteen thousand feet above sea-level. He passed over huge ranges where man had never set his foot before—an "accursed land" of perpetual frost by night, of marshes among the peaks that by day turned to sloughs of despond, among which the baggage camels sank and blundered. In its strange silence, its utter solitude seemed "like entering the ruins of a monastery in which no man had put foot for a thousand years."

In his last attempt to enter Lhasa, the author left his caravan, and journeyed with only a servant. He found a young lama willing to help him forward, perfect him in the language, and do everything possible to help him in his venture. This promise the young priest kept, even to the serious extent of losing caste and promotion, and finding himself practically exiled at the end in a Kalmuck monastery in Astrakhan. But it was all in vain. News of Hedin's coming reached the authorities, and when only four days' march from the Holy City, they were stopped and turned back by an official. This was Kamba, the Bombo of Nakkchu, who made his appearance, garbed like a rainbow, and escorted by a hundred troops: "'I have just had express orders,' he said, 'with regard to you. . . . You will not go to Lhasa. If you do you will lose your heads,' and he drew his hand significantly across his throat. . . . 'You have slunk in by a back road, and must just go back to your headquarters.'"

So Dr. Hedin was sent back unharmed. But the lama who had guided him was sternly interrogated and severely reprimanded. He was informed that "his name was recorded in the black books of the temples, and he would never be permitted to set foot in the holy city again. If he attempted to enter it hidden among a pilgrim caravan, he must take the consequences. He had been faithless to his priestly dignity and was a traitor."

Baffled in his dash for Lhasa, the intrepid Swede swung around into India and visited Lord Curzon, and then returned to Kashgar, where his three years' wandering ended. He had traveled four thousand miles. His maps filled one thousand one hundred and forty-nine sheets, and his diaries extended to four thousand five hundred pages. He had taken two thousand five hundred photographs, many of which are reproduced in the work.

It is a great work of travel—one worthy of being simultaneously published in eleven editions in six languages—in English, German, Swedish, French, Russian, and Italian.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$10.50.

## TO HIM.

You, whom mine eyes have never seen, are where?  
You are my own in God's most sacred sight.  
Your voice cries out to me across the night.  
I feel your heart-throbs beating on the air.

The little white guest-chamber of my heart  
Is spread for you; you only have the key.  
It holdeth that which no man else may see—  
A shrine to you, where pray I, far apart.

Life has not come to me in gracious guise,  
Nor fingered over oft the joyous chord  
Upon my soul strings, that for you, my lord,  
Will sound to greet the laughter in your eyes.

It was to make me wise for loving you,  
And strong to struggle through your hours of woe:  
It was to make me wise to say, "I know,  
I understand, for I have suffered, too!"

Somewhere a pillow dimples to your cheek,  
To-night, somewhere, your breath falls on the air;  
Still must I wait till God reveal me where,  
Still must my heart be silent till you speak.

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!  
The horror of your coming overlate  
Is strong within me—lest you find the gate  
Spring shut, and, loitering, have lost the key;

Or should some careless morning on you shine,  
When life has donned a wanton gypsy guise,  
And love looks out from some fair woman's eyes  
And wrests that from you that is mine, is mine!

I doubt you not, my lord, save as I doubt  
The manhood of the world; impatiently  
You men look out from eager eyes to see  
The hour-glass sands drip slowly, slowly out.

And sometimes, maddened by the day's dull tale,  
You shred your destinies ere scarce the woe!  
Is on the loom, and then, with loud reproof,  
You blame your God who let your weaving fail.

But I can teach you patience. I must ask  
So many paths your hand to guide me through.  
But in the waiting times to sit with you  
And guard you from yourself—this is my task.

And if you should not find me—not to know  
Your foot upon the stair, while I shall live,  
Not to bestow the gift I have to give—  
I wonder if my heart could bear it so!

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!  
I am a woman, I can only wait.  
Somewhere in God's great world you are my mate,  
My lord, my king; you only have the key!  
—Ethel M. Kelley in February Scribner's Magazine.

An unused blue Mauritius stamp of 1847 has been sold in London for fifty-eight hundred dollars, the record price for a postage-stamp. The owner had had the stamp since his boyhood, and did not know its value.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Antiquity of Anecdotes.

When Robert J. Burdette lectured in this city, a few weeks ago, he said (according to reports) that Mark Twain's story of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was twenty-four centuries old. In so stating he was in error. For Mark Twain has lately discovered that his story is not an ancient Greek story at all, but, so far as he knows, comparatively new, originating somewhere near Angel's Camp, in the State of California, in the spring of '49. According to the original account in earlier editions of the book, Mr. Clemens was taxed by Professor Van Dyke, of Princeton, with the question: "Do you know how old your Jumping Frog story is?" Mark replied: "Yes—forty-five years." Whereupon Van Dyke brought him Sidgwick's "Greek Prose Composition," and showed him on page 116 the identical story told of an Athenian and a Boeotian. This Twain accepted as veritable fact, and appended a note to the story in future editions saying that the frog was no Californian but a native of a pond in Greece. But in the new edition before us (Harper & Brothers) he takes it all back. We quote:

By and by, in England, after a few years, I learned that there hadn't been any Greek frog in the business, and no Greek story about his adventures. Professor Sidgwick had not claimed that it was a Greek tale; he had merely synthesised the Calaveras tale and transferred the incident to classic Greece; but as he did not state that it was the same old frog, the English papers reproved him for the omission. He told me this in England in 1899 or 1900, and was much troubled about that censure, for his act had been innocent, he believing that the story's origin was so well known as to render formal mention of it unnecessary.

So vanishes the antiquity of the story of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." But other authors are not so fortunate. Hopkinson Smith's story of the one-legged goose, which, he says, he thought was a creation of his own, is surely as ancient as the "Decameron," and how much older no one knows. So with other stories. In the memoirs of Tennyson there are related two stories, in which, if our memory serves us, Tennyson said he would rather have played the hero's part than have written his best poem. One of the stories runs something like this:

There appeared once at the court of Louis the Fourteenth a certain gentleman who was at once seen by the courtiers to bear a very striking resemblance to the king himself. This fact having been brought to the king's notice, he desired that the man be at once brought before him. This being done, the king eyed the new-comer for a time, and then sweetly inquired: "Did your mother use to frequent my father's court?" Whereupon the gentleman replied: "No, but my father was here often."

This story had not been in print very long when a noted scholar pointed out that the tale was current some fifteen hundred years before Louis the Fourteenth, having been told of no less a person than Augustus Caesar! He quoted it from the Polycratius of John of Salisbury as follows:

Intraverat urbem adolescens simillimus Cæsari perductumque ad Cæsarem interrogavit Augustus, Dic mihi adolescens fuit unquam mater tua Romæ. Negavit ille, nec contentus adiecit sed pater meus sæpe.

But even here the story did not rest, for it was shown that John of Salisbury had only taken the tale from the "Joe Miller of Ancient Times"—Macrobius, Saturnalia, ii, IV.

Bewildering in their variety are some of the forms that stories take. For example, persons familiar with Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" will perhaps remember a ballad by William Warner, entitled "The Patient Countess." It relates how a noblewoman, having discovered that her husband frequented the house of a poor but beautiful girl on his estate, visits her, and, finding the place a mean one, furnishes it as becomes her husband's rank, whereat the husband, made ashamed by his wife's generosity, forsakes his evil course and visits the woman no more. The same tale is related by the author of the "Ménager de Paris." It is the seventy-second of Morlini. It is stated to be in the manuscript copy of the "Varii Succedi" of Orlogi, and is also told by Erasmus in one of his colloquies, entitled "Uxor Memthaginosive Conjugium," and it is in the "Hep-tameron."

It is a mere commonplace to say that the same good stories are frequently told of many and various great men. But in general they are so told by the unauthorized, not by official biographers. Yet in the newly published "Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney," we find this anecdote about a diminutive officer on "Stonewall" Jackson's staff:

One day when ["Stonewall"] Jackson was on the march, his men began to guy his chief of staff, crying, "Come out from under that umbrella! Come out! I know you are under there; I see your feet a-shaking!"

According to John Clifford, however, the story is English in origin, and was a favorite of Dean Hole's, besides being printed in "Aunt Sarah's Religious" in this form:

A tall officer trotting by on a little mule,

beneath an enormous beaver, received the running fire of the whole line: "Come down out of that hat! I know you are there—I see your boots!"

As for a striking sentence or phrase, any discussion as to its author invariably leads "to the limbo of anecdote in 'the dark backward and abysm of time.'" For example, a dispute recently arose as to who was the author of the phrase "Hell with the lid off," applied to New York City under the Tammany régime. First the question was only between Mark Twain and Dr. Parkhurst. Then somebody made the assertion that Sarah Bernhardt, when she visited Pittsburg some years ago, was taken at night to a scenic height to view the city, and that her comment was: "Why, it is hell with the lid off." Thereupon some one else stoutly averred that the honor of its origination belonged to John Burns, and another that it emanated from the brain of James Parton. Finally a scholarly person put to shame the moderns by showing that the "lid" of hell was a Danish commonplace.

Truly, men may come and men may go, but a good story once told, a good thing once said, flows on forever

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen," the latest work of Jacob A. Riis, is to be an unconventional biography. Mr. Riis came into intimate relations with Mr. Roosevelt when the latter was police commissioner in New York City, and the two worked together with equal vigor and grit in fighting against graft and in behalf of decent living—parks and schools for the children, safe and healthful tenements, a clean and honest city. Since then the two have been warm personal friends, and Mr. Riis's opportunities for knowing about the President's life, opinions, and feelings have been peculiarly full and even unique. In this book, as in Mr. Riis's "The Making of an American" and "How the Other Half Lives," he shows the power of a born storyteller. It is to be published this spring.

Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Crossing," deals with the winning of the North-West, a subject which has occupied a prominent place among literary themes of the year. At least six of this season's books have dealt with Clark's North-Western expedition and its results.

"Nostromo" is the queer title of Joseph Conrad's new novel. Its author, although he has not yet completed it, is already thinking about its successor.

The late Seton Merriman left a novel in manuscript, and it will soon be brought out in serial form. It is a curious coincidence that this last book of his is entitled "The Last Hope."

"Veranilda," one of the two unpublished novels left by Mr. Gissing, goes back to the period of Justinian and the Byzantine Empire. Veranilda, the heroine, is the grandniece of King Theodoric. The story is full of historical interest, and its author said of it some weeks before his death: "It is harder work than any I ever did—not a line that does not ask sweat of the brain."

H. Belloc offers a criticism of Zola's "La Terre," which is terse and true. He calls it a "book full of facts which could be matched in the actual life of the peasantry, but facts arranged in such a manner, interpreted in such a way, as to produce an ugly and hellish nightmare for a picture of the happy and well balanced thing which the peasant himself at least discovers in his own life."

England's poet laureate, Alfred Austin, is to lecture at the Royal Institution next month, and has chosen for his subject the "Growing Distaste on the Part of Many for the Higher Kinds of Poetry." Has Mr. Austin a sense of humor?

Henry Cabot Lodge has promised to write an introduction for a volume containing some speeches and writings of President Roosevelt which are in preparation. It will be entitled "Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904." The volume will be dedicated to the American public, and the author, who regards the material therein as public property, will receive no remuneration from the publication in the form of royalties.

Professor George E. Woodberry will furnish the "Swinburne" in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series.

Another of the Bandar Log Press's odd little volumes has been issued. It contains a story called "Her Navajo Lover," by W. H. Robinson, with pictures cut in wood by Frank Holme. It was printed on hand-made paper in the press at Phoenix, Ariz. The edition consists of four hundred and seventy-four copies, and after the press's stockholders have received theirs, the public may buy the remainder at one dollar a volume.

J. K. M. Shirazi, a Persian journalist living in Teheran, has apparently been touched by the Occidental enthusiasm for his poet compatriot, and written a little volume called "Life of Omar al Khayyâmi." Western

Omarians may receive something of a shock on learning that their favorite poet-philosopher was not a tent-maker after all, but a farmer.

"The Home: Its Work and Its Influence," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, is shortly to be brought out in London. Mrs. Gilman's "Woman and Economics" has appeared in Dutch, German, Italian, and Russian, while "The Home" is now being translated into German.

In March next will appear the "Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900," a two-volume autobiography, in which the journalistic portion outbulks considerably the financial. Many of the leading engagements of our Civil War are described from personal observation and from special research in the official war records. There will be maps and portrait illustrations.

The publishers say that Beatrice Harraden's recent novel, "Katherine Frensham," is having a marked success in England, and, indeed, in Europe, it having already been translated into French, German, Danish, and Norwegian.

According to an interesting compilation made by the Publishers' Circular (London), every day last year saw thirty-three books presented to the public. Every one of them to-day is on the shelves of the British Museum, taking up a quarter of a mile of space. Of the 8,381 books which appeared during 1903, 1,682 were new editions; of the 6,699 books which were published for the first time, about thirty per cent. were novels and children's books. The total number of books of all kinds made up exactly one thousand more than in 1902.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Washington Star:

Interest in Spain, aroused by William E. Curtis's letters of travel in the *Star*, will be deepened by a perusal of the sketches taken by Jerome Hart on the wing.

The contents of the book, "Two Argonauts in Spain," appeared originally in the form of letters of the light, gossip sort that dealt with matters that interest the ordinary traveler. For instance, Mr. Hart writes of the cigarette factory at Seville, made famous by the fact that Carmen worked there. Thus he touches lightly on many a scene famous in literature, history, or song.

## Alameda Argus:

Jerome Hart's new book, detailing his travels through Spain, is a collection of letters that have appeared in the *Argonaut*. They have been revised and put in attractive shape. In book-form they make a volume of unusual interest. Mr. Hart saw the country of the Don from the unaccustomed side. In a paragraph he sometimes hits off a national trait that chapters of other works might not disclose. He is a very direct and lucid writer, and has evidently become a systematic traveler, distinguishing with unerring judgment what is worth while and what is not. Few books of travel have lately appeared of as keen and true interest.

## The Fourth Estate:

In a respite from his editorial labors, Jerome Hart of the *Argonaut* made a trip through Spain. His journeyings, sight-seeings, and comments he set forth in letters to his journal. These sketches are too valuable to lose; therefore, for their wider reading and their permanent preservation, it is well that they are now published in book-form. In "Two Argonauts in Spain," the author describes not only ancient castles, such as the Alhambra, but the Spanish people of to-day, their life, politics, institutions, amusements, and industries. He is a keen-eyed observer, and what he observes is most entertainingly portrayed. Many full-page pictures help to illustrate the scenes described.

## Pomona Progress:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," just published, is written by Jerome Hart, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and author of that interesting volume, "Argonaut Letters," which described the author's journeyings, three years ago, through the Mediterranean countries. Few writers have the faculty of describing what they see and experience in traveling so interestingly as Mr. Hart. The book is a handsome 12mo volume of three hundred pages. The letter-press is printed on fine linen wove paper; the book, illustrated with half-tones and other plates, is neatly bound, and makes an attractive volume.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco.

We manufacture glasses on oculists' prescriptions.

We put brains into our work, honesty into our materials, and keep faith with our customers.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
**ROBERTSON'S**  
126 Post Street

## "MISSOURI PACIFIC LIMITED"

AN IDEAL TRAIN FOR SCENERY AND SERVICE.

Through sleepers daily San Francisco to St. Louis, via Rio Grande Scenic Route and Missouri Pacific Railway. The best dining-car service, new equipment.

For sleeping-car reservation and full information apply to

## GENERAL TICKET OFFICE

625 Market Street, S. F.

Under Palace Hotel.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE,  
President.

T. T. DARGIE,  
Secretary.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

## MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1735 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT,  
Manager.

JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Proprietor.



## THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

A Few More Prominent Men of the State Name Books, Read in 1903, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.

A judgment on the books of 1903 from one really competent to speak with authority is contained in a letter from Bailey Millard, poet and critic. It runs:—

Being in the book-reading business and having waded through many new literary works during the past year—in some cases, if it must be confessed, on stilts—I am free to say that I did not take the greatest interest or pleasure in any of the books bearing the figures "1903" on their title-pages. I found time of evenings to read thoroughly several older books, among them "Middlemarch" and "The Wrecker," which I have read but skimmingly before. In these two novels, so widely dissimilar, I took the greatest interest and pleasure. The reason for this is found not only in the consummate art of their authors, but in the fact that, because of the extent of the stories, one lives with the characters long enough to get well acquainted with them. Casaubon and Lydgate, for example, are as real to me as any character in history or in the life I know. Which leads me to observe that a great novel is bound to be great in bulk as well as in language and construction.

Dr. Jordan also seems to regard the books of 1903 with no great favor. He writes:

Your kind letter of January 4th I find on my return from the East. Not many books published last year will be remembered in 1905. Of the recent ones, "The Life and Letters of Huxley" ranks with the most valuable, a fine showing of a sane, virile, and human man. In its way, Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant" is worthy of notice as a character study in horse sense. Lloyd Osbourne's "Queen versus Billy" is full of fine local color, the spirit of the South Sea.

General Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times, replies as follows:

To tell the truth, away down back in the rear office, I read but few books during the entire year, because of the lack of the necessary time. "The Call of the Wild" gave me pleasure and profit, stimulated the imagination, and set my thinking machine in motion in an unaccustomed direction. "The One Woman" is, in many ways, the strongest book I have read in years, and conveys a powerful lesson, showing the tendencies of the time wherever socialism has a foothold. It is, in my opinion, a notable book, written in a striking style, original, penetrating, and pungent; and it uncovers and blazes to the world dangerous social conditions that should not be concealed, but exploited. It is not history, but it is fiction with a point to it.

Another editor, Major Ben C. Truman, replies:

I regret to admit that I have read none of the new novels of the past twenty years except, perhaps, two of Marion Crawford's, "Ramona," "Conqueror," "David Harum," and one or two others. I tried the "Christian" and the "Octopus," but never took them up the second time. But I do read with avidity books of foreign travel; and especially of travel in Egypt and Spain. And I occasionally take up "Prue and I," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Vanity Fair," "Ernest Maltravers," the incomparable "Pickwick," and some others. To answer you, more promptly, I would say that my two favorite and most enjoyable books are "Pickwick" and "Vanity Fair."

Frank J. Symmes, president of the San Francisco Merchants' Association, sends a rather deprecatory letter:

Courtesy demands that I should reply to your letter, but statistics from my direction can be of little real value to you. You want your answers from real literary men—not from the supposed-to-be literary or even the would-like-to-be literary. My reading has, unfortunately for me, been very restricted in quantity and limited in its field, but I have had a great interest in Mulford Robinson's "Modern Civic Art," and a supreme pleasure from London's "Call of the Wild," which I fancy may not be equaled by himself or any one else for a long time to come.

Alex. G. Hawes replies:

My reading has been along special lines, almost exclusively, and can not interest the rest of your subscribers. If cross-questioned, I should admit that the histories of Egypt, one by Dr. Budge and the other by Professor Maspero, have interested me most.

Secretary of State C. F. Curry replies:

The two books that I have read during the preceding year with most interest and pleasure are Parson's "Life of Aaron Burr" and Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." As you know, these books were published a number of years ago, but I read them for the first time during the past year.

## A New Edition of Walpole.

The first four of the sixteen volumes in which Mrs. Paget Toynbee's new edition of Walpole's letters is to be completed have appeared in England. They show that Cunningham and other editors did a great deal of bowdlerizing upon these epistles. Mrs. Toynbee has discovered that in many of the original transcripts of the letters there was no indication whatever of the suppressions made by copyists and editors. The thirty-four letters to Hannah More have many cancellations and erasures, and that good lady

herself apparently inserted in the text words and phrases which were not Walpole's. In the new edition many of the suppressed passages have been restored, and absolutely necessary omissions are carefully indicated, but in spite of the fact that Mrs. Toynbee is doing so much to strengthen the integrity of her text—she is printing four hundred and seven more letters than were given in the last edition of Cunningham, by the way, and one hundred and eleven of these appear in print for the first time—there are not wanting critics to sigh over what they call the "emasculated" and "mutilated" work she is placing before the public. They have been answered in a letter written by the editor's husband, who points out the explicit statement in Mrs. Toynbee's preface that the passages omitted "are quite unfit for publication," and adds that to tolerate mere coarseness is possible, but that to print such stuff as is contained in the omitted portions of Walpole's letters is quite impossible, "as impossible as Mr. Wheatley found it to print certain passages in the Diary of Pepys."

## Wanted: An Author for a Perfect Poem.

The Argonaut is in receipt of the following letter:

In 1893 or 1894, there was published in your paper a poem about the story of Fair Rosamond and the King of England. It was at the time that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were playing "Thomas à Becket" here. The poem was descriptive of Fair Rosamond on her death bed, waiting for the king to come and bid her farewell. A frequently recurring line was this:

"I must arise and go into the south."

There was also, I believe, half a page at least of narrative devoted to the tale, and the poem closed the article. Can you give me the poem in its entirety? Very truly yours,

W. R. TOWNSEND.

The poem to which our correspondent refers was published in the Argonaut for September 18, 1893, and, as he correctly recalls, closed an article of some length on "Fair Rosamond"—"daughter of a noble and mistress of a king," who lived and loved more than seven hundred years ago. Singularly enough, however, a reference to our files reveals the fact that the poem there printed is untitled, and the name of the author is not given. Furthermore, inquiry ascertains that Dr. C. T. Deane, the writer of the article in question on "Fair Rosamond," was then, and still is, ignorant of the poem's author and of its title. It is his belief that it was published during the early decades of the last century in some English quarterly. But even that is doubtful, and a hasty hunt through anthologies on our own part proves fruitless. That the poem is nameless and apparently anonymous seems the more strange since it is a lyric of singular loveliness. Perhaps some reader of the Argonaut can solve the problem that has baffled Dr. Deane so long. Meanwhile let us call the poem provisionally

## ROSAMOND'S FAREWELL.

Bow down once more, and kiss me on the mouth.  
I must arise and go into the south,  
While yet the swallow lingers in the south;  
Bow down, O love, and kiss me on the mouth.

Nor tears, nor prayers, nor love, nor lover's vow,  
Can stay the spirit on the portal now;  
A mightier monarch's hand is on my brow;  
Yet ere I rise and go into the south,  
Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

Lo! they have spoken evil words and said:  
"Go let her hide her shameful, wanton head."  
Nor will they grieve for me when I am dead.  
Yet ere I rise and go into the south,  
Bow down, my love, and kiss me on the mouth.

Dear, let them speak—it will not hurt me there,  
Nor will their sharp words make our love less fair.

Wonderful, excellent, beyond compare  
Of aught that lies between us and the south;  
Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

They have not loved! Surely their hearts are small.

This is not love which fears to stand or fall—  
For love regardeth not herself at all,  
So ere I rise and go into the south,  
Bow down thy head and kiss me on the mouth.

Dear, I can die for thee! Exceeding well  
To die for thee, O love! Though cruel hell  
Gape for my soul! Hie, that's the curfew bell,  
And we must part before we meet 'er the south,  
Yet kiss me, dear, once more upon the mouth.

And hear me speak one word before I go,  
Even if the cool and healing waters flow  
Far from the road that leads me to the south;  
I am not sorry that I loved you so,  
Then kiss me, dear, once more upon the mouth.

A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., says: "Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, author of 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' has just bought the residence of former Mayor George D. Todd, at No. 33 St. James' Court, and will make her home there. The price was ten thousand dollars. The house is in the principal residence section of Louisville. Mrs. Mary Bass, the original Mrs. Wiggs, can well reflect over the caprices of fortune. While the character in fiction, which she inspired, has given Mrs. Rice's books a charm that has brought the author wealth, Mrs. Bass continues to reside in her home in the 'Cabbage Patch' with a horse occupying part of the first floor."

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
2. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
4. "The Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar.
5. "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.
2. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
3. "Life of Gladstone," by John Morley.
4. "Memoirs of M. de Blowitz."
5. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Through Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.
2. "The People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
3. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
4. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.
5. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.

## New Publications.

"The Baronet in Corduroy," by Albert Lee. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

"Six Giants and a Griffin," by Birdsall Otis Edey. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.

"The Thirty Years' War on Silver," by A. L. Fitzgerald. Ainsworth & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"The Cathedrals of Northern France," by Francis Miltoun. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co.

"Bunte Geschichten für Anfänger," an elementary reader, by Erna M. Stoltze. The American Book Company.

"The Free-Will Problem in Modern Thought," by William Hallock Johnson, Ph. D. The Macmillan Company; 75 cents.

"Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edited with introduction and notes by Carrie E. Tucker Dracross. D. Appleton & Co.; 60 cents net.

"On the Storied Ohio," by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co.—an interesting historical work by a master of his theme.

"Conquering Success," by William Matthews, LL. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50 —a work to inflame puerile ambitions already too much inflamed.

"American Myths and Legends," by Charles M. Skinner. Two volumes. Profusely illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Company —a collection of entertaining stories, and at the same time a valuable contribution to folklore.

"A Book of American Humorous Verse: Being a Collection of Humorous and Witty Verses," composed by the best known American writers. Herbert S. Stone & Co.—an exceedingly good selection; one of the best anthologies of the sort extant.

"The United States in Our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion, Being an Extension of 'The History of the Last Quarter Century,'" by E. Benjamin Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4.00 net —a handsome volume, spiritedly written, containing many good illustrations.

## Pope Manufacturing Co. Famous Chainless Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame

## All Standard Chain Models

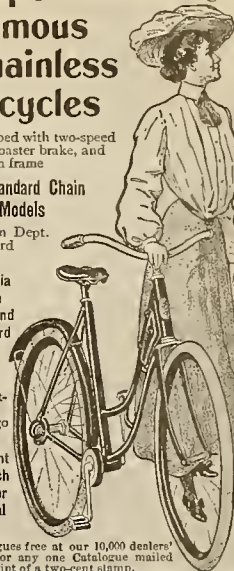
Eastern Dept.  
Hartford  
Conn.

Columbia  
Tribune  
Cleveland  
Crawford

West-  
ern  
Dept.  
Chicago  
Ill.

Crescent  
Monarch  
Rambler  
Imperial

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.



## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,

246 Sutter St., S. F.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## ESTABLISHED 1888. ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.  
Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political. Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1042.

## Remember



when fitting yourself for business that

Remington operators are wanted everywhere

Other operators only here and there.

## Remington

Typewriter Company

Branches Everywhere.

327 Broadway, N. Y.

228 Bush Street, San Francisco.







Like all of Hall Caine's dramatized works, "The Eternal City" is theatrical and melodramatic. It does not seem to make a very strong appeal even to the superficial emotions of auditors, although they have turned out in good numbers; and the piece is not only well put on, but satisfactorily acted.

It seems surprising that Mascagni should have undertaken to compose the incidental music for a piece of so little weight or seriousness of purpose, but the subject no doubt appealed to an Italian.

In the book are evidences of a protracted study by the author of Rome and its people, the character and occupations of the populace, the political conditions and popular conviction that obtain there, the interesting juxtaposition of the Vatican and the court, the civil and religious street pageants, and numerous picturesque elements which go to give Rome its individuality among European cities. The result has been to lend—for him—unusual variety and picturesqueness to Mr. Caine's novel, and the story proper is not lacking in interest, although told with a length and prolixity that becomes extremely tedious and conducive to liberal skipping on the part of the impatient reader.

In the play, however, the greater part of what gives the book its chief merit is necessarily sacrificed. The title becomes a misnomer, for the plot is merely the love-story of a Roman patriot, whose sweetheart is a woman with a past. It would be quite as appropriate to call it "La Donna è Mobile"; more to name it "The Jilted Prime Minister." For when you come to analyze her character, Roma is merely a handsome and susceptible woman whom love, as with many women, has nerved to the point of turning her back upon guilty luxury.

Mr. Caine, who is greatly given to mingling much lip-piety with indubitable appeals to the senses, dwells at length in "The Eternal City" upon Roma's voluptuous beauty and ripe and rounded figure. Her fall from grace he palliates by the circumstances which accompanied it, much as Hardy exculpated Tess of the D'Urbervilles. But he wishes us to understand that Roma is a fine and noble character.

The reader, however, is prone to question this conclusion. Roma, from the conditions attending her father's exile, although the daughter of a noble, has the rearing of a girl of the people. Nevertheless, a love of luxury induces her to continue secret relations with the Baron Bonelli, in spite of the fact that he is unloved by her. Subsequently, when she has given her affections to Rossi the patriot, while concealing her impure past from him, she develops an inconvenient faculty for confessing his political secrets, by which she brings about his deadly peril and ultimate capture. When she nerves herself up to the point of pistoling the baron, her courage fails at the last moment, and the attempt ends in futility. Even her assumption upon her own shoulders of her lover's burden of responsibility for the death of the baron ends in her usual itch for confession, and she relates to the Pope her participation in the apparent crime. The author turns it to account, but that does not prevent the shrewd reader from estimating Roma's Spartan silence at its true value. Mr. Caine has tried to indicate, in his play, so far as was possible, the purity and singleness of purpose which animated David Rossi. We see him in his lodgings, holding Bruno's boy on his knee, and receiving a delegation of workmen, to whom he gives prudent counsel to abstain from violence. This is Edward Morgan's rôle, and one in which he is considered to be particularly well suited. Mr. Morgan, however, impresses me as an actor who does not develop. He is precisely the same, a player with marked limitations, and an inherent inability to express love or tenderness, although he is often called upon to play the rôle of a lover. One looked in vain to see the illumination of affection or tenderness in his face when he held the child, and when Joseph's head-time came he handed the slumbering little figure over to the mother as carelessly as if it were a bag of meal. Similarly, in the love scenes between Rossi and Roma, Mr. Morgan seemed to be postponing as long as possible the evil moment when he must assert his love and give evidence of it in his demeanor. When he held Roma's hand, instead of letting it go lingeringly, he threw it from him as if he were glad to be rid of it.

There is one sort of character that Mr. Morgan, whose histrionic manner is a com-

bination of gloom and distrust, could play admirably: that of a man in the grip of a secret and guilty despair. But David Rossi is frank, brave, manly, and trustful. The only time in which Morgan's manner was appropriate to the emotions portrayed was during the scene in which he seeks Roma to reproach her for her share in his capture. This manner of repressed intensity is a natural gift that Morgan has, and one upon which he relies too much. If he would but add to it the fuller interpretation that comes from an intelligent study of the character portrayed, and add meaning to it by the suggestion that emanates from illuminative detail, it would be possible to estimate his work at a much higher value.

Frederic de Belleville is one who affords an admirable example of the actor who offers completeness of detail and perfect consistency in his character study. Mark the air of dignity and restraint with which Baron Bonelli's pride impels him to receive Roma's declaration of contempt. Observe that this man is able to assume the demeanor of one who has breathed the air of courts.

Mr. Bangs was an excellent selection for the rôle of the Pope. Neither plot nor situation would have suffered by omitting this character, but the wily Mr. Caine was perfectly aware that people would express strong disapprobation of the Pope being represented upon the stage, and thereafter take particular pains to go and be shocked in person. Such was the case, more particularly as the astute author pointed out that no one Pope was being represented.

Mr. Caine is rather prone to fall into a sanctimonious, organ-ground chant in the Pope's dialogue, but Mr. Bangs, whose reading has some of the finer qualities of the old school, and who is a striking-looking old man, does admirably in depicting the deliberate dignity and saintly beneficence of the venerable Pontiff.

Sarah Truax impresses one as being an actress with a New England conscience. She goes through all the pantomime appropriate to the scenes in which Roma figures, but the spirit is absent. She lacks in personality and magnetism. In the court scene, in which they were trying to prove that her lover was planning the crime of regicide, her presence, although she was placed in a prominent position, had so little weight that one found one's self forgetting that she was there. True, it was Bruno's moment, and Mr. Bonney played his little scene effectively, but Miss Truax, who is very much lacking in facial play, or in the power of silent suggestion, was unable to express either the jealousy or the alarm with which Roma was wracked by the cunning of Bruno's inquisitors.

To my thinking, Frederic de Belleville ranks first in the company, and Mr. Frank C. Bangs next in histrionic ability. Neither one, however, is young, and Morgan, with all his faults and perfunctoriness and air of indifference and self-absorption with which he makes love, has some romantic glamour about him which enables him to stand high in the popular estimation.

"The Colonial Girl" at the Alcazar is an entertaining trifle that offers plenty of opportunity for showing off the good-looks of the very personable company at that popular house. Oddly enough, in the first-act costume, Adele Block came off badly worsted in this respect. Miss Block played a rôle, that of an unsophisticated country girl, that was an unqualified misfit; in this same unlucky first act, at least. If that young lady should give its dues to the costume worn in this act, a violent eruption in pink that was absolutely destructive to her good looks, she would twist it into an ignominious bundle and throw it into the middle of the street. Not only was Molly's country finery a crushing extinguisher to Miss Block's charm, but her style of acting is too much emphasized to adapt itself to a rôle that requires lightness and deftness of handling, and the ingenuousness of manner that a leading lady in her constant experience with heavy emotional rôles is seldom able to retain.

Frances Starr would have been better adapted to the character of Molly, both in appearance and natural method, although she appeared to advantage in a light comedy rôle. Eleanor Gordon was really the beauty on this occasion, her handsome costumes and the powder and patches of the period being particularly becoming to her. She was obliged

to sustain a rôle containing a liberal proportion of stiff-necked melodrama, which she did in appropriate style, save for a rather calamitous exit which was too strenuously accomplished.

The plot of the piece does not possess a grain of originality, but Grace Livingston and Abby Sage Richardson, the two collaborators, have pieced familiar scraps together with sufficient ingenuity to lend a modicum of freshness to well-worn situations.

These two ladies have shown the usual intrepidity of the female literary mind in dealing with scenes akin to that in which Captain Lovelace reveals to Polly the baseness of his designs. It recalls a similar situation in Paul Potter's "The Conquerors." In "The Colonial Girl," however, there was something of the unreality of old-fashioned romance, and less of brutality than in "The Conquerors," and Mr. Connors had the good taste to act out the scene in a tone of careless gallantry.

The fault of the piece is a too obvious theatricalism in the scenes and situations, while its principal merit is an ability to keep the interest well sustained. The theme allows of occasional appeals being made to national patriotism, while lovers of romance will relish the piquant sentiment which inevitably attaches to the affectionate reunion of an estranged pair of married lovers.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### Dancing Masters Recommend It

Dancing Masters all over the United States recommend Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It makes neither dust nor dirt, does not stick to the shoes or rub into lumps on the floor. Sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

**Bowdlear's Floor Wax.**

### LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

### BLAUVELT The Great Soprano

IN THREE PROGRAMMES OF SONG.  
Tuesday Night, Feb. 16; Thursday Night, Feb. 18; Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20.

Reserved seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Saturday, where complete programmes may be obtained.  
To-morrow (Sunday), at 3 p. m., first KOPTA POP.

### HARRY DE WINDT

THE FAMOUS EXPLORER,

Will give Illustrated Lecture on his Perilous Nineteen-Thousand-Mile Journey

From Paris to New York by Land  
**LYRIC HALL**

Tuesday, February 9th, at 8:15 p. m.

Reserved seats, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Management Pond Lyceum Bureau.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

### Quina LAROCHE

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO.,  
26-30 S. William St., N. Y.

## SHREVE & COMPANY STATIONERY.

Invitations to Weddings and all other social occasions. Marriage announcements. Reception and Visiting Cards. Correspondence papers embellished with monograms, crests, et cetera.

POST AND MARKET STREETS

**The Ocularium**  
IMPROVED  
**Eye-Glasses**  
AND  
**Spectacles**  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinées every Saturday. Beginning Monday, February 8th, fifth week of

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**

A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Next—The Gypsy Baron. Secure seats in advance.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, February 8th, Matinée Saturday only, the one great classic event of the season,

**LOUIS JAMES AND FREDERICK WARDE**

in Wagenhals and Kemper's massive and sublime spectacular drama,

**ALEXANDER THE GREAT**

### ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."

BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinées Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, February 8th, the furiously funny French farce,

**THE GAY PARISIANS**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday, 15c to 50c.

Monday, February 15th—The Charity Ball. In preparation—Parsifal.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Two weeks, beginning next Monday night, the Weber & Fields' all-star company in

**WHOOPEE-DEE-DOO**

—AND—  
**CATHERINE**

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

### CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, February 8th, matinées Saturday and Sunday, the sensational melodrama,

**IN SIGHT OF ST. PAUL'S**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinées, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of February 15th—Men of Jimtown.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinée, February 7th. An entire comedy bill! Billy B. Van, Rose Beaumont and Company; Thorne and Carleton; Snyder and Buckley; Rice and Elmer; Two Silvas; Stuart Barnes; Robertus and Wilfredo; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Monroe, Mack, and Lawrence.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinées Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischers THEATRE

The end at last of THE BEAUTY SHOP.

Commencing with Monday, February 8th, another musical comedy that will prove a great sensation,

**ROLY-POLY**

Three acts of whirlwind fun. New music, specialties, etc. First appearance of Nellie Lynch. Matinées Saturday and Sunday.

### RACING EVERY WEEK DAY RAIN OR SHINE.

### New California Jockey Club INGLESIDE TRACK

Commencing Monday, February 1st.

SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY

RACES START AT 2 p. m. SHARP

Reached by street cars from any part of the city.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Streets at 1:15 p. m., and leaves the track immediately after the last race.  
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. THURTELL, Secretary.

### GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Engagement of James and Warde.

Louis James and Frederick Warde will appear at the Columbia Theatre, commencing Monday night, in Wagenhals and Kemper's scenic production of "Alexander the Great," a new historical play by Rupert Hughes and Collin Kemper. The new play is described as being the most able attempt by modern authors to picture the strenuous lives of the ancients. The play is arranged in five acts, which are laid, respectively, in Macedonia, Persia, Egypt, and India, from which may be imagined the variety of its stage pictures and the oriental coloring of its costumes. The great scene of the story, in which it is said the limit of modern stagecraft has been attained, is that of the fourth act, showing Alexander's army encamped among the jagged peaks of the mountain tops. The constant transformations present a pandemonium of the elements. Nearly fifty people are concerned in the performance, among whom are Norman Hackett, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Abbie James, Miss Alma Kruger, Wadsworth Harris, and Miss Engel Sumner.

## Merry French Farce.

Farce will succeed drama at the Alcazar on Monday, "The Gay Parisians" being the management's next offering to its patrons. It is a frivolous French farce, in which Sadie Martinot formerly appeared. A private supper-room in a restaurant is the scene of most of the fun, which is complicated by the appearance of unexpected guests. The proprieties are not shattered, the scene involving no greater moral turpitude than the picturesque lying in "Too Much Johnson." John B. Maher will be the feisty husband, while Miss Block, Mr. Durkin, Miss Starr, Mr. Osbourne, and others have prominent parts. "The Charity Ball" follows on February 15th. Preparations will soon begin at the Alcazar for the first production on any stage of the dramatic version of "Parsifal."

## "Roly-Poly" Next.

"The Beauty Shop," after a run of four weeks at Fischer's Theatre, will be succeeded next week by a new musical burlesque, "Roly-Poly," written by Will Carleton, with the music by Lee Johnson. Mr. Carleton, before settling in San Francisco, wrote skits and songs for May Irwin, Peter F. Dailey, and other stars, and sang the principal comedy part in Weber & Fields's first successful burlesque, "The Princess Lough." Mr. Johnson, whose songs and music have been repeatedly heard at Fischer's, is well known among composers of light music. The cast includes all the principals at Fischer's, and marks the first appearance of Miss Nellie Lynch, a well-known souhrette, who, it is predicted, will make a hit by her singing, dancing, and specialties.

## An English Melodrama.

The Central Theatre will follow "East Lynne" on Monday night with a production of the English melodrama, "In Sight of St. Pauls," by Sutton Vane. It treats of two brothers, one of whom is weak and wayward, and is influenced by a woman known as "the Panther." This woman attempts the destruction of her victim's fiancée, but herself meets death, as does the man she has ruined. The latter's brother is accused of his death, but is cleared at the last moment, and marries the girl who had been engaged to his brother. The play offers plenty of opportunities for fine scenic effects.

## Still Continues.

On Monday night, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will enter upon its fifth week at the Tivoli Opera House. Besides good music, pretty songs, and adequate scenery, there are some striking pictures of patriotic character. The costumes are unique and beautiful. Mme. Caro Roma has replaced Miss Anna Lichter, who is suffering from a cold. The only matinees at the Tivoli are on Saturdays. Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron" is in preparation.

## Weber and Fields at the Grand Opera House.

For the first time since its organization, seven seasons ago, the Weber & Fields' all-star stock company will visit San Francisco, playing a limited engagement at the Grand Opera House, beginning next Monday night. The entire company, numbering upwards of one hundred persons, and carrying the complete scenery and costumes of the New York production of "Whoop-Dee-Do," arrived in a special train, and after a day or two for rehearsals will present their latest mixture of fun and music exactly as seen in New York. The company includes Lillian Russell, Peter F. Dailey, Louis Mann, Charles Ross, Mabel Fenton, John T. Kelly, and Weber and Fields themselves. They are surrounded by a chorus of pretty and graceful girls. "Whoop-Dee-Do," which is this season's offering, is by Edgar Smith, who has written all the Weber & Fields successes for several seasons. The music is by William T. Francis. There is no particular plot aimed at, the object being to

amuse. The story told in the burlesque is of a countess (Lillian Russell), who, in male attire, is purchasing art treasures in France. Peter F. Dailey, who is promoting "rag-time" dances in Europe, and has a heavy of pretty pupils, and Weber, Fields, and Louis Mann, who become proprietors of a beer-garden, add to the fun. The second part of the Weber-Field entertainment is devoted to a brief travesty of "Catherine," the play made famous by Annie Russell. All the principals appear in the skit, which is freely interspersed with musical numbers. Among the songs in the dual production are: "On the Boulevard," which serves to introduce Miss Russell in male attire; "In Dreamland," "I Want to Go Back to Dear Old U. S. A.," "Rag-Time in Europe," and "Maid of Timbuctoo."

## Varied Comedy.

Comedy features are in evidence from the beginning to the end of the Orpheum bill the coming week. Billy B. Van and Rose Beaumont and their supporting company will begin a brief engagement, presenting, for their first week, "My Busy Day," a comedy sketch by George Totten Smith; John T. Thorne and Grace Carleton, "the American Jesters," will appear in a specialty well calculated to display their peculiar abilities. They are said to be funnier than ever; Snyder and Buckley, "the merry monarchs of the musical world," return after a successful trip to London. They are good instrumentalists; Rice and Elmer, comedy horizontal bar performers, will produce their original novelty, "The Ruhe and the Chinaman"; Monroe, Mack, and Lawrence, the comedy trio, will present, for their second and last week, their farce, "How to Get Rid of Your Mother-in-Law"; and Stuart Barnes will be heard in new songs and stories; Robertus and Wilfredo, the rubber-ball manipulators; the two Silvas, equilibrists, known as "the Portuguese firemen," and new Orpheum motion pictures will complete a varied and interesting entertainment.

The greatest lyrical triumph ever achieved in Naples by an American artist was gained there on January 20th by Alice Nielsen on her second appearance at the Teatro San Carlo as Violetta in "Il Traviata." The royal and court boxes were crowded. Miss Nielsen was the recipient of continued applause. After the opera she was compelled to respond to eleven calls, and was presented with a laurel wreath by the San Carlo orchestra. Her majesty summoned Miss Nielsen to the palace to receive the decoration of "La Scala."

The second series of Bohemian Club pop concerts will be held at the Bohemian Club on the Saturdays during February on the dates and hour announced below: Saturday, February 6th, 12 M. to 2 P. M. (luncheon); Saturday, February 13th, 3:30 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Saturday, February 20th, 12 M. to 2 P. M. (luncheon); Saturday, February 27th, 3:30 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.

The great Burns Handicap, one and one-fourth miles, will be run at the Ingleside track to-day (Saturday). To the entrance and forfeit money, the club will add enough to make the gross value of the stake ten thousand dollars. Two thousand dollars will go to second, and one thousand dollars to third. There is an unusually large number of entries.

The professional matinee of the Paul Gerson School of Acting occurs at the California Theatre, Friday afternoon, February 12th. An interesting programme has been arranged.

## The Carpet and Furniture Combine to Raise Prices.

The fact that nearly all the hotel and housekeepers are now laying in a supply of carpets, furniture, draperies, pictures, and stoves, leads the public to believe the rumor is true that is now afloat, regarding the combine's intention to raise prices from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. as soon as Pattosien Company, corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets, close their doors.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Blauvelt Concerts.

The programmes for the three concerts by Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano, will contain a group of English, Italian, French, and German songs and some operatic arias. At the opening concert on Tuesday night, February 16th, the operatic *pièce de résistance* will be the "Una Voce Poco Fa" from the "Barber of Seville." The complete programmes can be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of reserved seats opens next Saturday morning. The prices for the Blauvelt engagement will be \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. The dates are Tuesday and Thursday nights, February 16th and 18th, and Saturday matinee, the 20th.

## Novelty Matinees.

The first Sunday novelty matinee by the Kopta Quartet and Mrs. Mansfeldt will be given at Lyric Hall to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at three o'clock. The programme includes two waltzes for strings by Dvorak, a Cherubini scherzo, Haydn's Lark Quartet, Sinding's new piano quintet, and a group of soli by Kopta. Admission is \$1.00 and 50 cents, and tickets can be obtained only at the hall.

## An Explorer to Lecture.

Mr. Harry de Windt, the explorer and traveler, will lecture at Lyric Hall, 119 Eddy Street, Tuesday evening, the subject being "Paris to New York, Overland." Mr. de Windt is a most indefatigable traveler and courageous explorer, and on the journey that he will describe in his lecture the adventures and experiences were many and varied. The interest will be heightened by a number of stereopticon views from photographs by Vicomte Clinchamps, a member of his expedition. Mr. de Windt has lately appeared in London before the London Geographical and other societies, and has awakened great interest by his descriptions of strange lands.

## Test by Taste

and you'll take

## Hunter Whiskey



HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presidents.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier,  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Goddard, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President, HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President, H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## VALUABLES

Of all kinds may be safely stored in the

## Safe Deposit Vaults

—OF THE—

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Safes to rent from \$3.00 a year upwards.  
Trunks, \$1.00 a month.  
Careful service to customers.  
Office hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President, F. L. LIFMAN, Cashier, FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier, JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 4,734,791  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,302,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
411 California Street, Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In..... 2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund..... 300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00  
WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

"King Edward," says "Cockaigne," our London correspondent, "is going to do a real bit of kindness and give a helping hand to the young Duke of Manchester—not financially. The king doesn't do that sort of thing. His purse, deep as the kind country makes it, is not deep enough to let him help needy people with money. He is not Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who lives with his hand on his check-book only waiting for people to ask him. Besides, the young Duke of Manchester does not need any money help from anybody—that is, *now*. His duchess's 'popper,' Mr. Eugene Zimmermann, of Cincinnati, has fixed that up all right. No, what the king is going to do is to give the young duke a leg up socially, a thing he needs far more than money. In short, King Edward and Queen Alexandra have actually decided to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester at their fine new place in Ireland, Kylesmore Castle. This they will do for a couple of nights when they go to Ireland in the middle of next April for the Punchestown races, which meeting is the most fashionable turf event of the Irish year. This is a big thing for the young couple—few people out of touch with English society in the highest and smartest sets can realize how big. It will put them where no one can hesitate to recognize them."

An article on "Courting and the Courts," by Albert W. Gaines in a lawyers' magazine, contains some excellent pointers for ardent lovers who still desire to avoid the married state. "Many a young man, not fatally bent on matrimony," he says, "has been surprised to find that his language, intended only as a compliment to some charming damsel, or his conduct, meant solely as an act of gallantry, is sufficient in the eyes of the law to support proof of a promise to marry. A gentleman once concluded that it would be a very elegant and a very funny thing to send to his dulcinea a newspaper article entitled 'Love, the Conqueror,' marking it: 'Read this.' The lady did read it, and when the funny gentleman declined to marry her, she brought suit against him, and read the article to the jury, who gave her four thousand dollars damages. The supreme court of Illinois, sustaining the verdict, said: 'The article may be regarded as the defendant's own letter; it doubtless contained sentiment which he sanctioned, couched in language more choice than he could compose. It was his appeal for marriage—it foretold in clear and emphatic language his object and intent in his courtship with her. She doubtless placed this construction upon it, as she well might do, and laid it aside as a rare treasure.'

"In a New York case, it was shown on the trial that a widower, a pious elder of fifty-three years of age, soon after the death of his wife, visited the plaintiff, a maiden lady of thirty, and taking out a memorandum book, from which he read, or pretended to read, stated in a confidential way that he had noted down some requests made by his wife four days before her death, that it was something he 'could not tell her now,' but that she (the maiden lady) 'would know some day,' darkly hinting, so the lady took it, that the deceased wife had requested the forlorn widower to lighten his grief by marrying the plaintiff. It was proved that after this confidential talk, there were rides and drives together, frequent visits extending till late in the evening, and, to cap the climax, the widower told the plaintiff that after the lapse of a year from the death of his wife (the widower's quarantine, it seems), he intended to marry, and he then entered into a minute description of the lady he wanted to marry, which description was an exact photograph of the plaintiff. But the sanctimonious Proteus forgot his Julia, and found him another sweetheart, and, knowing that he had become somewhat involved in his affair with the plaintiff, he diplomatically undertook to checkmate the lady. He told her that he did not want her people to think that he was paying her the attentions of a lover so soon after the death of his wife, and, in order to allay that suspicion, he drew up a note, in which the plaintiff was made to say that she regarded his visits as 'simply evidences of friendship and nothing more,' and got her to sign it. The jury found in her favor, and the court of appeals of New York upheld the verdict.

"In a Vermont case, the plaintiff and defendant were neighbors, and the defendant paid neighborly visits to the plaintiff's family. It was shown that these visits were at first to the entire family, and that they were gradually narrowed until they were confined to the plaintiff alone. This fact, together with the proof that during the periods of the defendant's visits lights were frequently seen burning in the parlor on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and some other circumstances, led the jury to find for the plaintiff. A very cruel case occurred in Michigan. A man, a strange to relate, bore the name of Conington while engaged in courting had his eyes closed, and borrowed money from

the lady. On his last visit to her he renewed his notes for one and two years, and then went off and married the other girl. The court held that it was proper to allow proof of this money transaction, holding that 'an engagement broken off suddenly and without warning would very naturally create more pain and mortification than if ended under any other circumstances, and if a jury were to regard this conduct concerning money matters as calculated, under the circumstances, to have caused additional grounds of pain or grievance to the defendant in error, we think they would not be violating ordinary probabilities.' Where the defendant asked the hand of the lady in the presence of the latter's mother, who consented, and the lady said nothing, and the defendant thereupon gently took the hand of the mother and touchingly said: 'Henceforth consider me as your son,' it was held sufficient proof of the lady's consent; and in a New York case the lady was permitted to show that she had procured a wedding dress and had gone so far as to get a wedding cake, as showing her acceptance, while in Iowa the plaintiff was allowed to prove in support of her acceptance that she was making preparation for her marriage 'piecing quilts and doing fancy work,' and that when she heard of defendant's marriage, 'she hated it awful bad.'

At a recent sale of autographs in New York, the catalogue contained this item: "A letter of King Edward the Seventh, four pages octavo, 'London, December 10th,' to Mrs. Langtry, answering a letter of condolence, and adding, 'I pass through London on Monday next. May I come to see you?'" It brought ninety dollars.

A writer in the London *World* says that "the American woman is delightfully pretty, often extremely lovely, but rarely classically beautiful. Beyond all women, perhaps, does she possess the gifts of expression and genius for pose. With her sense of knowing what is proper to do under certain conditions seldom fails. She knows her strong points physically and how to throw them into most striking relief. An American woman's taste in dress is as perfect as anything can be in this imperfect world. Of her genius for adapting herself to her environment there can be no question. Such a mere accident of birth as the one which gives her a pork butcher or a patent-pillmaker for her father is no drawback to her ultimate career. One secret of the American woman's charm is her individuality. She is always original and gay and merry, generally amiable, and more often than not, good-tempered. All American women are born talkers, and they possess the faculty of interesting their listeners in subjects no more occult than a visit to the milliner's or 'Mamma's' love of 'tomatoes.' To her husband the American may be capricious, inconsiderate, selfish, exacting, but in her relation to her children all the nobler qualities of her character come out. In them she forgets egotism, and is ready for self-sacrifice. As years lay hold upon her, she becomes more and more disciplined by her children, and more and more unquestioningly obedient. In this phase the American is at once a pathetic and curious spectacle."

J. E. C. Bodley, a member of the French Academy, writes in the London *Athenaeum* of the Princess Mathilde, that "she was at home to her friends almost every evening of her life, always décolleté in the simple style of the Second Empire, displaying her marvelous shoulders, which had been admired for sixty years."

"The story of the Servian jewels," says the *St. James Gazette*, "must recall to the ex-Empress Eugénie her own experiences when the waves first began to dash about her throne. She determined to sell the greater part of her jewels in hope to do something to save the dynasty. Publicity had to be avoided, and a market was not to be found in Europe, newly thrilled by the horrors of Sedan. The empress looked to the East for a market. An Englishman was on his way home for a holiday. A telegram at Bombay awaited him from one of the greatest European financial houses, and informed him of the determination of the empress. The difficulty had been to find a man with sufficient influence to be able to approach the princes of India in secret with a view to selling them the jewels. Not less hard was it to lay hands on the man who had moral strength sufficient to carry with him surreptitiously hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of jewels in lands where the queen's will did not run, and where the protection of the constable is not immediately available. Every care had been taken to insure secrecy. The jewels had been taken to pieces; the gems removed from their settings; the latter 'jointed' to admit of their holding and being worn around the waist of their bearer in a belt of soft leather. The Englishman put on the belt, armed himself with a trusty revolver, engaged a trusty servant, and set forth on his mission. For three months he wandered over road, rail, and river. The responsibility of his trust, the constant danger of discovery, the difficulty of disposing of his burden, were

worries that combined almost to kill him. At last he was successful. The jewels were sold to a prince who esteemed them the more for that they were the property of a distressed empress. There would have been trouble, no doubt, had the matter been known at the India office, but the man who discharged the undertaking afforded an example of courage and a solid worth in trying conditions which merit a place in the story of commercial integrity and disregard of personal danger. Far less exciting enterprises have served to make popular novels before now."

The following question is propounded to the public at large by a correspondent of the *Sun*: "In line with some recent discussions I have been hearing, I desire to ask if the children of so-called loveless marriages are morally and ethically inferior to those of pure love marriages?"

According to the Paris *Grande Revue*, "the wives of the young Sultan of Morocco are of every shade of skin, from the white Circassian to the Venus of the Niger. Their board and lodging form an insignificant item in comparison with the amount of perfumery they consume."

During a lecture on the position of woman in civilized countries, Professor John Bassett Moore, of Columbia University, recently said: "Two kinds of polygamy are practiced in the United States—simultaneous polygamy in the West and successive polygamy in the East. In the West, it is sanctioned by their religion, and in the East by the divorce courts."

## Many Beverages

are so vastly improved by the added richness imparted by the use of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The Eagle Brand is prepared from the milk of herds of well fed, housed, groomed cows of native breeds. Every can is tested and is therefore reliable.

## An Open Shop.

All fair-minded people should patronize Johnson's Open-Shop Restaurant (boycotted), 725 Market St.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 3, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,200	@ 106½-107	106½	107½
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	4,000	@ 102½	102½	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	12,000	@ 115	115	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 118	118	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 104¾	104¾	105½
North Shore Ry 5%.....	1,000	@ 99¾	99¾	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	50,800	@ 105-105½	105½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 118¾	118¾	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	32,000	@ 105¾	105¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stps.....	25,000	@ 109¾	109¾	110
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	30,000	@ 134-134½	134	
S. V. Water 6%.....	20,000	@ 107	106¾	107¾
S. V. Water 4%.....	3,000	@ 98¾-99¾	98¾	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	20,000	@ 99¾	99	

	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Val. W. Co.	442	@ 38½-39½	38¾	39
Insurance.				
Fireman's Fund.....	100	@ 340	345	
Banks.				
California S. D. T.	100	@ 147¾	148	
Street R. R.				
Presidio.....	10	@ 40½	42½	
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	280	@ 60-64	60½	62
Sugars.				
Hawaiian S. C.....	50	@ 44½-45	44½	
Hutchinson.....	465	@ 8-8½	8	8¾
Gas and Electric.				
Pacific Lighting.....	10	@ 57	57	
S. F. Gas & Electric	515	@ 57-58½	56¾	57½
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	65	@ 139½-140	140	
Cal. Fruit Canners.....	130	@ 96	96	97½
Cal. Wine Assn.....	15	@ 94½	95	
Oceanic S. Co.....	50	@ 5	4¾	5½

The market has been very quiet, with small sales and narrow fluctuations. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 515 shares sold off one point to 57, closing at 56½ bid, 57½ asked. Giant Powder was sold down four points to 60 on sales of 280 shares, closing at 60½ bid, 62 asked. The sugars have been weak, with little stock changing hands. Spring Valley Water has about held its own in price, 440 shares being traded in at 38½ to 39½. Alaska Packers was steady at 140.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

## A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

## A. W. BLOW &amp; CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## An Investment that Courts Investigation.

Call on us or write, and we will fully explain how to double your money in one year. No mining or gambling "scheme," but a guaranteed legitimate investment within the reach of all.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to solicit applications. Double commission.

THE GOLD BOND MERCANTILE CO., 406 Crossley Building, San Francisco, Cal.

## Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's

## Cocoa and

## Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

## Gluten Grits

## BARLEY CRYSTALS,

Perfect Breakfast and Desert Health Cereals.  
PANSY FLOUR for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.  
Unlike all other foods. Ask Grocers.  
For book of sample, write  
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criticism.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Henry Watterson is well known for his puns. "Can you make a pun on the constellations?" asked a friend, one day. "By Gemini," answered Watterson, quickly, "I Cancer."

One of George Francis Train's sayings which has been widely quoted is: "People call me insane. I don't wonder. What would a village of peanuts say if a coconut rolled in among them?"

"In country bar-rooms," said Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, the sociological expert of Princeton, "there are rarely chairs, as there are in our urban cafés, but every one must stand up to drink. One day, in a New England tavern, I was inquisitive enough to ask the barkeeper why he had no chairs for his guests. 'No man drinks here,' said the barkeeper, severely, 'longer than he can stand.'"

This story of an Oklahoma girl's composition on "Men" shows that the seed of the women's club is sown on the territorial prairies: "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear and have ever so many pockets, but they won't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and always more zoological. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprung further than the men."

John S. Flaherty, manager of the Majestic Theatre, tells that, while traveling through the South, he once saw a negro, hoe in hand, sitting under a tree at the edge of a cornfield that was badly overrun with weeds. The negro, in reply to a question as to what he was doing, said, drawlingly, that he was out there to "hoe dat cohn." "Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?" persisted Mr. Flaherty. "No, sah, I'se not restin'," was the answer; "ah'm not tiahed. Ah'm waitin' faw the sun to go down so ah kin quit wuhk."

One of the things which is worrying the protectionists in England is the habit of foreign manufacturers selling articles cheaper in Great Britain than in their own countries, as the American steel rail makers, for example. This is called "dumping." Sir Robert Ball made use of the current interest in fiscal subjects in a recent lecture on volcanoes. He said he had been warned before coming on the platform on no account to mention the fiscal question, but, he added, "I can not help characterizing this (a fragment of a meteorite) as a flagrant case of dumping."

Major Ben C. Truman, writing of the late Collis P. Huntington, tells of an incident illustrative of the railroad magnate's industrious habits and abstemiousness. Major Truman called on Mr. Huntington in his New York office, and at about noon his host drew from his pocket something that looked like a sandwich or two done up in a napkin, and said: "Here is my lunch, major. I have so much to do, you know; and I can not spend much time eating in the middle of the day. But I have requested your old friend Colburn to take you around on Broadway and see that you have something more to your liking and time."

After a fire last year in the old city of Marienburg, Emperor William offered two hundred and fifty dollars to each of the five owners of burned houses if they would rebuild them in the quaint gabled style of the middle ages. Four of the owners received prizes, but the fifth, making some slight deviation from the Kaiser's plan, received no money. So he took down the gables, built the rooms in modern style, and put this inscription right across the front of the house:

Baue nicht auf Herrengunst;

Uebe Deine eignen Kunst.

This may be freely translated:

Rely not on the favors of the great;  
The art that is within thee cultivate.

Foxes are few at Burlingame, San Mateo County's fashionable resort, and following a dead aniseed bag on live horses has become rather tame sport; so, when the word was whispered, recently, that a live coyote (price, three dollars and fifty cents) had been secured, there was great joy, much brushing of pink coats, and vigorous polishing of horns. The chase came near being a failure on account of the coyote's ignorance of his duties. Instead of running, he sat still and looked friendly and puzzled. Noises of various kinds were made, and when the coyote at last decided to move, he proved himself a descendant of the animal Mark Twain made famous. When he had a good start the hunt followed. The chase was hard, and the triumph stolen. The coyote, thoroughly enjoying the sport, was peacefully loping across the San Mateo landscape, in advance of the

hounds, where he was seen by a Chinese cook. There is a Chinese superstition that the flesh of wild animals makes one brave, so this cook obtained a gun and slew the beast just as the hunters were becoming excited over who would be in at the "death." They were all there, and their wrath was such that the Chinese felt the need of a courage-inspiring coyote steak at once.

When Secretary of War Taft was a young man, he was driving, one day, on the outskirts of Cincinnati, when he was accosted by a pedestrian, who wanted to know the way to a certain village. Mr. Taft told him that he was going right past the road that branched off to the town in question, and invited the stranger to ride with him. The pedestrian accepted the offer with the grudging remark that "poor company was better than none." He occupied his seat in haughty silence, answering his companion's efforts to entertain him only in monosyllables. He drew out a well-filled case and selected a cigar, but did not offer one to his companion. Altogether, he was unsocial and ungenial. At last, though, he found his voice. "How about that branch road I was to take?" he asked. "Oh," said young Taft, "we passed that six miles back." "Why didn't you tell me?" asked the stranger in anger. "Because I didn't want to lose your society," was Taft's reply; "poor company, you know, is better than none."

## An Interesting Record.

General John B. Gordon, who died recently, had a bitter quarrel with Roscoe Conkling during the Hayes administration, according to the New York Evening Post. Senator Gordon had helped gain Southern votes for Hayes, and felt himself entitled to a large share of patronage. Conkling, accustomed to receive his share under the Grant administration, did not propose to lose any privileges, and blocked Gordon's moves at every opportunity. This aroused Gordon's ire, and he was always on the lookout for an affront from Conkling. This very nearly led to a duel. One day, when the clerk of the Senate was reading a list of appointments to be acted upon, Gordon attempted to have one of his own nominations considered before the man's name was reached on the calendar. Conkling, who was reading a paper, said, without looking up: "Go on with the calendar." Gordon protested hotly against this, saying that Conkling had ordered the chair to go on with the calendar. Conkling denied having done any such thing, and questioned Gordon's veracity. Hot words followed, other senators interfered, and the trouble was referred to Senators Hamlin, of Maine, and Howe, of Wisconsin, as friends of Conkling, and Senators Ransom, of North Carolina, and McDonald, of Indiana, as friends of Gordon, to straighten out if possible. These men were in conference half the night, and for several hours the next morning, and seemed unable to arrange any way out of the trouble. At one stage of the proceedings there seemed to be no way of averting a duel, and Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, undertook the duties of a second for Gordon, while Senator Jones, of Nevada, and General Philip H. Sheridan were called into consultation by Conkling. Finally, on the afternoon of the second day, a truce was arranged, and a report made to the Senate in executive session, and the following minute was entered on the journal and thrown open to the public:

WHEREAS, A misunderstanding having arisen between the Hon. Roscoe Conkling and the Hon. John B. Gordon in the course of the executive proceedings of the Senate of yesterday, and mutual understandings thereon having been arrived at as set out in the following paper, it is ordered that said paper be entered at large on the legislative journal of the Senate.

During an executive session of the Senate held yesterday, words were uttered both by Senator Gordon, of Georgia, and by Senator Conkling, of New York, which were mutually felt to be unkind and offensive. Reports of the incident appearing in the papers of this morning which are inaccurate and unjust to both speakers, upon a careful inquiry as to what was said by each speaker, and what was understood to be said by the other, it is certain that the first offensive words were inspired by an honest misunderstanding of what had been innocently said by the other speaker. One harsh remark provoked another, as too often happens, but all that was offensive was the outgrowth of misapprehension. Since such was the fact, we, who are mutual friends of both senators, are of the opinion that it is due alike to the Senate and to the speakers that whatever was felt to be unkind or offensive in the remarks of either should be treated as if never uttered, and, we are now authorized to state, are mutually simultaneously withdrawn.

H. HAMLIN. TIMOTHY O. HOWE.  
M. W. RANSOM. J. E. McDONALD.  
December 15, 1877.

This entry was the first of its kind that had been made since the celebrated affair between Senators Poindexter and Forsyth, similarly arranged through the agency of Henry Clay more than forty years before.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR

## A Psalm Up to Date.

Lives of financiers reminds us  
That our fame will be a wreck  
If the name we leave behind us  
Was not good upon a check.  
—Washington Star.

## "The Octopus Was Made for Love."

The octopus was made for love,  
As his construction strange will prove;  
In fact, he lays it over us,  
The smooth, seductive octopus.

Suppose, for instance, he should ride  
With her he hopes to make his bride,  
And, her embracing, should let fall  
The reins, 'twould matter not at all!

While holding her with utmost grace  
Close in a long and fond embrace,  
He could a dozen arms detach  
The loosened huggy reins to catch!

And if a man with just two arms  
Enjoys embracing female charms,  
A hundred times the pleasure thus  
Enjoys the lucky octopus.

And when the parting hour doth chime,  
Releasing one arm at a time,  
He need not leave the maiden meek  
Until the middle of next week!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## His Philosophy.

Wish I had notbin' else to do but set around an' laugh at things!  
The whole world's funny through an' through,  
from you an' me clear up to kings.  
You think that I am gay an' glad with not a thing to worry me;  
I think the outlook's pretty bad, but your good fortune I can see,  
Each woman sees a hat or dress that she thinks should ha' been for her—  
An', take it by an' large, I guess this world keeps gettin' funnier.

Each town is full o' candidates that thinks they are the people's choice,  
All over these United States they're harkin' for the callin' voice;  
An' each one wishes he'd the chance the other fellow has to win,  
But, after all, it's just a dance—some goin' out, some comin' in.  
We know the office seeks the man, an' that is why we never fail

To try to hit upon a plan to leave a mighty well made trail.

You worry when the agent calls to get his little monthly rent,  
His heart with disappointment falls if he finds you without a cent;  
We read about some millionaire who sings the joy of hein' poor.

An' know of poor men everywhere who scheme to make their fortune sure.  
The man who has an appetite must be content plain things to eat;  
The rich man's in a sorry plight—his appetite he must entreat.

Wish I had notbin' else to do but set around an' laugh at things!

I'd chuckle for a while at you, an' then I'd sneaker at the kings.

You think it would be very fine to loll around an' wear a crown;

The king is anxious to resign an' lay the heavy headgear down.

I'd laugh at them that wants to walk; I'd laugh at them that wants to ride.

At them that talks, or doesn't talk—if I was only satisfied.—Chicago Tribune.

"Like the rest of my sex," said the mermaid, "I suppose I open my mouth a good deal, but—" "But what?" interrupted the lobster. "I never put my foot in it," continued the helle of the sea, as she plunged into the surf.—Chicago News.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

Tesla Bricquettes are

Excellent domestic fuel

Since recently improved.

Let us send you

A ton—and please you,

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
January 28th.....	62	46	.00	Clear
" 29th.....	62	56	.00	Clear
" 30th.....	60	46	.00	Clear
" 31st.....	62	46	.00	Clear
February 1st.....	54	48	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 2d.....	52	46	.00	Cloudy
" 3d.....	52	44	.00	Cloudy

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHEROBURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

St. Louis.....Feb. 6 | St. Paul.....Feb. 20

New York.....Feb. 13 | Philadelphia.....Feb. 27

Philadelphia—Queensdown—Liverpool.

Haverford.....Feb. 13, 8 am | Falmouth.....Feb. 27, 8 am

Noordla.....Feb. 20, 12.30 pm | Merion.....Mar. 5, 12.30 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha.....Feb. 6, 9 am

Manitou.....Feb. 13, 9 pm

Mesa.....Feb. 20, 9 am

Minnetonka.....Feb. 27, 2 pm

Only first-class passengers carried.

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

\*Sloterdijk.....Feb. 16 | Amsterdam.....Mar. 1

Statendam.....Feb. 23 | Rotterdam.....Mar. 8

\* Freight only. † Steamer only.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Canada.....Feb. 6 | Canada.....Mar. 12

Dominion.....Feb. 27 | Vancouver.....Mar. 26

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.

Finland.....Feb. 6 | Kronland.....Feb. 20

Vanderland.....Feb. 13 | Zealand.....Feb. 27

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic.....Feb. 10, 1 pm | Majestic.....Mar. 2, 10 am

Celtic.....Feb. 17, 6 am | Oceanic.....Mar. 9, noon

Cedric.....Feb. 24, 11 am | Teutonic.....Mar. 16, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Feb. 18, Mar. 17, April 14

Cretic.....March 4, Mar. 31, April 28

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Republic (new).....Feb. 13, Mar. 26

Romanic.....Feb. 17, 6 am | Oceanic.....Mar. 9, noon

Caopio.....Feb. 24, 11 am | Teutonic.....Mar. 16, 10 am

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Gaelic.....Wednesday, Feb. 10

Doric (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, Mar. 5

Coptic.....Thursday, Mar. 31

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO

## KISEN

## (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

## IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

## U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan

Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG

calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Feb. 11, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Feb. 20, at 11

A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## GREAT

## TYPEWRITERS. BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than

any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE

a new and original process through which we

are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pic-

tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film

is developed separately, thus making it possible

to assure the correct treatment for every ex-

posure. There is no increase in cost; simply

more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-

velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-

thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San

Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-

lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED

1805—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-

lished 1835, re-incorporated 1859—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223

Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED

June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures

mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards

—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and

artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn Van

& Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Boardman-Drown Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Bernie Robinson Drown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Newell Drown, to Mr. Samuel Hort Boardman, took place at St. Luke's Church Saturday. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. Burr M. Weeden. Miss Virginia Newell Drown was the maid of honor, and Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Estella Kane, of New York, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and Miss Suzanne Blanding acted as bridesmaids. Mr. George C. Boardman, Jr., was best man, and Mr. John Lawson, Mr. William Page, Mr. Percy King, and Mr. Phil Tompkins were the ushers. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast and reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 2550 Jackson Streets. Those at the bride's table were Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Stella Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Greer, Mr. Will Page, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Philip Tompkins, and Major Boyd, U. S. A. Mr. and Mrs. Boardman have gone to Honolulu on their wedding journey.

## The Valentine-Moore Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Jacqueline Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, of Oakland, to Mr. John J. Valentine, took place Saturday at the Church of the Advent, Oakland. The wedding ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Bishop William Ford Nichols, who was assisted by Rev. William Carson Shaw. The bridesmaids were Miss Marian Smith, Miss Florence White, Miss Isabelle Hooper, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Ethel Valentine, and Miss Edna Barry. Mr. Hugh Goodfellow was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Edwin Hume, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. James Kenna, Mr. Fred Dieckmann, Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, Mr. Philip Clay, and Mr. Whipple Hall. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Sixth Avenue and East Twentieth Street. Mr. and Mrs. Valentine have gone to Portland, where they will reside for the present.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Appleton Hooper, of Alameda, to Mr. Wigginton Ellis Creed.

The wedding of Mrs. Mary Blethen Sherwood, daughter of Mr. C. P. Blethen, a former resident of this city, to Mr. Walter W. Kaufman will take place at the bride's residence, 1917 Baker Street, on the evening of February 16th.

The wedding of Miss Louise Harrington, daughter of Mrs. W. P. Harrington, to Lieutenant William H. Leahy, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's mother, 2129 California Street. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Chaplain A. A. McAlister, U. S. N. Miss Marie Louise Harrington attended the bride, and Lieutenant David C. Hanrahan, U. S. N., was best man. After their return from their wedding journey, Lieutenant Leahy and Mrs. Leahy will be at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels will give

a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 1900 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss E. V. Huntington, and Miss Marion Huntington will receive on Friday at their residence, 2840 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gray gave a dinner Monday night at St. Dunstan's, in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, of Honolulu. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and Dr. and Mrs. John Rogers Clark.

Miss Ethel Beaver gave a tea on Monday at her residence, 1300 Taylor Street, in honor of Mrs. Bernard Moses. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William Mintzer, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. E. C. Wright, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Evelyn Norwood, and Miss Fitch.

Mrs. Allen Lewis gave a luncheon at the University Club on Monday. Others at table were Mrs. George Boyd and Mrs. William H. Taylor, who assisted in receiving the guests, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Walter Dean, Miss Maude O'Connor, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Homer King, and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

Miss Margaret Postelthwaite gave an informal dance on Monday evening at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Those invited to attend were Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Beth Allen, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Helen Murison, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Mabel Dodge, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Melaine Lancel, Miss Margaret Mee, Mr. Douglas Waterman, Mr. J. Early Craig, Mr. John Young, Dr. Dunbar, Mr. William Petherick, Mr. J. O. Burrage, Mr. Percy Mills, Mr. Herbert Bonfield, Mr. Newbold, Mr. Almer Newhall, Mr. Sherril Schell, Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. Arthur Foster, Mr. Eugene Farnham, Mr. Perry Evans, Mr. William Goldsborough, Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Lucius Allen, and Mr. Edgar Zook.

Mrs. Cora V. Stinson will give a luncheon at the University Club on Friday, complimentary to Mrs. Joseph C. Meyerstein.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Heyneman gave a theatre-party Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Heyneman's cousin, Miss Stella Kane. The guests were Miss Stella Kane, Miss Rodgers, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Helen Bailey, Mr. Richard M. Hotelling, Colonel Parker West, U. S. A., Captain George Squier, U. S. A., Lieutenant Emory Winslip, U. S. A., and Mr. William Fisher.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden gave a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. Frank S. Washburn, of Nashville, Tenn. Others at table were Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. W. A. Bissell, Mr. C. N. Beal, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. T. Sanford Beatty, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. H. B. Chase, Mr. H. J. Crocker, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. G. D. Cooper, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. A. Chesebrough, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. E. J. de Pue, Mr. F. G. Drum, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Edwin Duryea, Jr., Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Charles

Webb Howard, Mr. C. O. Hooker, Mr. R. G. Hooker, Mr. Alex. Hamilton, Mr. W. F. Herrin, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Mr. G. W. Kline, Mr. Homer S. King, Mr. L. O. Kellogg, Mr. G. W. McEnerney, Mr. W. H. McKittrick, Mr. M. F. Michael, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. A. F. Morrison, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Edgar F. Preston, Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. M. L. Requa, Mr. F. F. Ryer, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. D. G. Seofield, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. John I. Sabin, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. W. S. Tevis, Mr. H. L. Tevis, Mr. E. G. Wheeler, Mr. R. J. Woods, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, and Mr. F. W. Zeile.

Mr. John C. Wilson gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mabel Cluff. Others at table were Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Dutton, Miss Spreckels, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Wagner, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Jean Downey, Miss Lillian Downey, Miss Blair, Miss King, Miss Herrin, Miss Bailey, Miss Hennessey, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Dr. and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Agnes Wilson, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. George R. Field, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. R. M. Hotelling, Mr. James B. Smith, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. Peixotto, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. William H. Smith, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Charles Earl, Mr. William G. Harrison, Mr. Josiah R. Howell, Mr. Thomas Barbour, and Judge Kerrigan.

The last Assembly ball of the season was held at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, January 29th. The guests were received by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and Mrs. Malcolm Henry.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will give his last ball of the season at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Hazel King, and Miss Genevieve King gave a dance recently at their residence on Broadway in honor of their guest, Miss Herrick, of Boston.

Mrs. Frank D. Bates gave a card-party at her residence, 2932 Clay Street, Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. George Beveridge, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, and Mrs. Willard Wayman.

Miss Jane Wilshire gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, 2109 Baker Street, in honor of Miss Constance de Young. Others at table were Miss Mabel Cluff, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Ruth Foster, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Clara Carpenter, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Florence Cole, and Miss Alice Treanor.

Mr. E. M. Greenway gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Mabel Cluff and Mr. John C. Wilson. Among others at table were Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Jr., Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Miss California Cluff, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Hazel King, Miss Ethel Herrick, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Mr. Richard Hotelling, Mr. Leon Sloss, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. George Field, Mr. William H. Smith, Mr. Zeile, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Josiah Howell, and Mr. Orrin Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Miss Edith Chesebrough gave a dance on Wednesday evening at their residence, 3508 Clay Street.

Mrs. James A. Robinson gave a luncheon at the Hotel Knickerbocker on Monday in honor of Mrs. Oscar Sewall. Covers were laid for eighteen.

Miss Alice Wilkins gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Oscar Sewall.

A gift of five thousand dollars has been made by Edward F. Searles to the San Francisco Art Association.

Class or Individual Coaching, or graduate pupils desiring advanced courses in literature, composition, and history. Box 76, this office.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

— SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

Sold all over the world.

## Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

OWNER WILL BUILD TO SUIT TENANT.

ADDRESS

MADISON & BURKE

30 Montgomery Street

**HOT AND HANDY**

**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**

Phone South 95.

**C. H. REHNSTROM**

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

**TAILOR AND IMPORTER**

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO

**VIENNA MODEL BAKERY AND CAFE**

222 Sutter Street

ABOVE KEARNY

**Restaurant a la Carte**  
ALL DAY

**BREADS AND PASTRY**  
DELIVERED DAILY

**There is no Substitute for**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**It is a Matter of Health**



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman (*née* Drown) have gone to Honolulu on their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have been sojourning at the Villa Clementine in Cannes, France.

Mr. George Crocker has been in town this week, coming from New York for a short visit. He was accompanied by Mr. T. Sanford Beatty.

Mr. D. O. Mills and party will leave New York for California on February 20th, and will go direct to Millbrae, where a month or more will be spent.

Mrs. William Taft and Mrs. E. O. McCormick left on Sunday for Del Monte and Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Eyre has returned from a year's trip abroad.

Mr. Harry Williar and Miss Etelka Williar will return to their home in Sausalito soon.

Mrs. McBean, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Kiersted, in Washington, D. C., nearly all winter, arrived from there last Sunday.

Miss Kirk, of Chicago, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame.

Miss Georgie Speiker, who accompanied Mrs. Linda H. Bryan as her guest to Mazatlan last Saturday, will not return until early in April.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip, Miss Kip, and Miss Lillie McCalla left on Sunday for Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, who arrived from abroad last week, have gone to their country place at San Mateo.

Mr. Addison Mizner and Mr. John Baird have gone south on a long automobile tour.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jackson have gone on a four months' trip to Honolulu and the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Crawford, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Oakland, for some weeks, have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. John F. Swift has gone East for about a month.

Mrs. George Pinckard, who has been in New Orleans for some time past, returned last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hardy, of San Rafael, are at 1526 Sutter Street for the winter.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has decided to remain in San Francisco until the early summer and possibly longer.

Mrs. Allen Lewis, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Kittle, for several weeks, left on Monday last for the south, en route to her home in Portland, Or.

Mrs. Melville E. Stone and her daughter, Miss Bessie Stone, who have been passing the winter at Pasadena, intend to spend some time in San Francisco before returning to their home in the East.

Miss Alice Sprague expects to return from her trip to the southern part of the State about the middle of the month.

Mr. Bernard Faymonville has gone to the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sewall, of New York, are in San Francisco for a few weeks.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Morris, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morris, of San José, Mrs. Harold Bolce, of Washington, Mrs. F. P. Stearns, of Boston, Mrs. Dr. J. D. McGowan, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Vignier, Dr. and Mrs. Mohun, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Rosenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Fritch, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hirschman, Mrs. C. A. Grow, Miss Hawkins, Miss McNally, Baroness Von Meyerinch, Miss Corey, Miss M. Taliferro, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. H. P. Sonilag, Mr. Lewis S. Rosenbaum, and Mr. A. E. Barrett.

## Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Alfred Mordecai, U. S. A., who was stationed in California for several years, has just been retired from the army, and with his family will reside in the East.

Lieutenant-Commander W. Truxton, U. S. N., who has been detached from the *Independence*, will report to the president of the naval retiring board at Mare Island next Thursday for examination for retirement.

Brigadier-General William S. McCaskey, U. S. A., will report to the commanding-general of the Philippines division for assignment to duty in that division.

Major William E. Birkheimer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is at present in Washington, D. C., a member of the general staff of the army.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., who is in the Philippines, has been ordered to Fort Riley, Kans., to assume charge of the school of application for cavalry and field artillery.

Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. A., has been added to the general staff of the army.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Garrard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was one of the passengers to Manila on the transport *Sheridan* last Monday.

Captain W. C. Coulson, revenue cutter ser-

vice, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Coulson are spending the winter at 800 Sutter Street, where they expect to remain until the first of April.

Captain Uriel Sebree, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Wisconsin* and ordered home. In company with Mrs. Sebree, he will reach here about March 1st.

Captain Louis R. Burgess, U. S. A., has been assigned to staff duty with the commanding officer of artillery, district of San Francisco.

Captain M. G. Spinks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Spinks sailed Monday on the *Sheridan* for Manila.

Lieutenant Claude C. Bloch, U. S. N., has returned from Samoa, and with Mrs. Bloch, who has been here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, will go East.

Lieutenant W. B. Elliott, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Elliott sailed on the transport *Sheridan* last Monday for the Philippines, where Lieutenant Elliott will join his regiment.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

The annual masked ball held by the San Francisco Art Association has at last won not only recognition but marked favor from society. To go to this great carnival has now become a matter of course; to stay away is a matter of surprise, of comment. It is eminently right that this should be so, because the ball is given for the benefit of the association's funds, and no association puts its money to better use in the city's progress than this society of artists and lovers of art; moreover, the board of directors has made this ball the most delightful as well as the most refined of merrymaking. Young as well as old have learned that they may have a really good time frankly and happily, with the pleasant consciousness that the affair is in the hands of gentlemen who are exercising the greatest care and good judgment in its management. All of the boxes in the Searles gallery and several in the House gallery were sold the moment they were offered. In fact, premiums have since been offered for these places by disappointed applicants, with the result that next year it is likely the boxes will be put up at auction to the highest bidders. The following are the names of the purchasers: Mr. James L. Flood, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. M. H. de Young, Major Darling, U. S. A., Mr. George H. Lint, Mr. J. E. de Salla, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. H. P. Hussey, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, and Colonel M. H. Hecht.

The decorations, which are in charge of the artists, Mr. Gamble and Mr. Seawell, are already giving to the great, dignified picture gallery a most gay and carnival-like effect, the principal color-note being a very beautiful one of violet and pale yellow. While it is customary each year to declare that the decorations are the most beautiful, there is no doubt that the display at this ball will fully equal, if not surpass, all previous attempts of the artists in this direction. A great deal of interest is being excited over the secret preparations of the alumni of the School of Design, an organization of artists and former students of art, for a pageant that is to have a place at the head of the grand march. It is known that this group is to be Egyptian in character, and very gorgeous, but exactly what the details are have not been divulged.

The sale of tickets has begun earlier this year, and the enthusiasm which is usually awakened by the ball seems more general than ever, judging by the requests for invitations and the number of masking-parties and dinners that have already been planned for Mardi Gras night.

News comes from Paris that Maurice Grau has entirely recovered from the illness that compelled him to give up the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. His friends did not look for his recovery, but the doctors, adopting the "don't worry" cure, compelled him to give up stock deals and business of every kind, convert everything he had into coin, and purchase absolute rest. Grau carried out these instructions to the letter, and, after ten months' idleness in Europe, is in better condition than he has been in twenty years.

Rainy weather always leaves the air so clear that the view from the top of Mt. Tamalpais, wonderful as it is at any time, is much enhanced in scope and beauty. The ride up the crooked railroad affords a variety of picturesque scenery, and the Tavern at the top of the mountain is cozy and hospitable.

## Smart Stationery at Shreve's.

Aside from its interest as a commercial feature, society will naturally appreciate the new departure recently announced by Messrs. Shreve & Company of a stationery department. This house is following in line and keeping pace with the important concerns of like character in the East, so that the feature of "stationery" was to be expected. Eastern experience and skill has been secured, and those who demand the latest touches and fads now in vogue in the East, will find what they want at Shreve's.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## Death of William C. Whitney.

William C. Whitney, formerly Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, died in New York on Tuesday of appendicitis.

Mr. Whitney was born at Conway, Mass., in 1840. His father, General Whitney, was a prominent politician. Young Whitney was graduated from Yale in 1863, and from the Harvard Law School in 1864. He entered the office of Judge Lawrence, of New York, and after two years formed a law partnership with a classmate, Henry Dimock. Mr. Whitney took an interest in politics, and became attorney for the city of New York. While in that position he prosecuted and broke up the Tweed ring, and completely reorganized the legal department of the city, greatly to its advantage. He was the chief legal adviser of the city of New York for seven years. In 1885, President Cleveland appointed Whitney Secretary of the Navy, a position in which he made a brilliant record. After retiring to private life he made a large fortune in various enterprises.

Mr. Whitney was a man of many attainments. He was recognized as one of the best attorneys in the United States, and he proved himself a capable financier. He went into the street railway business in 1884, buying a line five miles long on Broadway, New York. After his retirement from the Secretaryship of the Navy, he continued to buy and lease railways, until he controlled the present Metropolitan Railway system. He was also a director in two of the largest life-insurance companies, and was prominent in the Morton Trust Company and the Consolidated Gas Company.

Besides attending to these interests, Mr. Whitney found time to be governor in a dozen clubs, and was a director of the Metropolitan Opera House and in two or three public museums and natural history societies. He owned one of the greatest stables of racehorses ever known in America, and was a most liberal and discerning patron of the arts. His mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, is said to have one of the most artistic interiors in the country. He was princely in his hospitality. In 1900, on his sixtieth birthday, Mr. Whitney retired from both business and politics.

The new town of Burlingame, established by the estate of William H. Howard, is taking on definite form, that is to say, lots are being purchased there, and the buyers are already building or are preparing to erect houses. It fronts on the county road, is close to several of the beautiful properties of the club members, and is at the Southern Pacific station, as well as being served by the San Francisco and San Mateo line of electric cars.

Jack London, who went to Japan for the purpose of reporting events in connection with the threatened hostilities between that country and Russia, has been arrested and imprisoned at Shimonoseki. He is charged with photographing Japanese fortifications shortly after his arrival at Shimonoseki, an important strategical point commanding the entrance to the Korean strait.

There will be a special meeting of the members of the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening, February 6th, at 8:30 P. M., to consider the proposition of purchase of club site property. The director urges every member to attend so that the action taken at this meeting shall conclusively represent the opinion of the majority.

The gift of fifty thousand dollars by John Hays Hammond for a metallurgical laboratory at Yale, has been increased by Mr. Hammond to one hundred thousand dollars.

## To Care for Motherless Children.

A college woman with experience wants to take full charge of household as hostess and housekeeper. Unqualified testimonials. Box 115, this office.

TO ORDER, FRENCH CORSETS, TAILORED SHIRT-waist suits, and shirt waists, imported patterns, careful designing. Mrs. N. Fairchild, suite 731, Starr King Bldg., 121 Geary St. Private Exchange 215.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carnages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Carle, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.

Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## A Bride Without a

wedding book! Better loved than any other gift is CUPID'S PROVERBS, Albertine Randall Wheelan's beautiful wedding book. Beautiful—every page of it! \$3.00 to \$20.00. Ask your stationer. Circulars mailed free by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

A Positive Relief  
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING,  
and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.  
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

## THE GREATEST FURNITURE SALE ON RECORD

The Greatest Furniture Sale that has taken place in this city for a long time was the one that occurred during the first of the week at PATTOSIEN COMPANY'S STORE.

The extraordinary low prices have attracted crowds of people to the sale. It is remarkable to see so many articles of Furniture, besides Carpets, Draperies, and Stoves, being displayed at such a sacrifice. It will be a rare treat for any one who will take the trouble to call and test the genuineness of our bargains.

## PATTOSIEN COMPANY

Corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.



MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S  
Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1405.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 15, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.25; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: No Share in the Prosperity for the Millions?—Gain in Savings-Bank Deposits—Does It Mean Prosperity?—The Public Puzzled—Judge Grosscup on Present Conditions—The Remedy—The Boom of Editor Hearst—The "Tribune" Takes Notice—Other Papers Follow Suit—The Boom a Reality—Will Grow Still More—Worries Waterson—The Democratic Issue—An Announcement Made at Last—Internal Improvements—The Shibboleth—The School-Teachers' Retirement Fund—A Plan Submitted—Relief Should Be Granted—Foraker Loses Administration Favor—His Trust Law Amendment—Unions Expect a Conflict Soon—Strong Treasuries Projected—A Campaign of Endurance—The Grand Vizier and His Debts—The Japs the Masters of the Eastern Seas—The Next Move in the Great Game—The Russian and Japanese Troops—Will the Powers Interfere?.....	97-99
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	99
A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN: How Skipper Mudge Met His Match. By John Fleming Wilson.....	100
NEW YORK'S COLD SNAP: A Series of Below-Zero Days—Ear-Muffs Fashionable—Cold No Bar to Social Gatherings—New York Types of Beauty—Vigorous Society Women. By Geraldine Bonner.....	101
BALTIMORE AND SAN FRANCISCO: One of the Worst of Modern Conflagrations—Immense Loss—San Francisco's Fires—Other Similar Disasters—"Fire-Proof" Buildings.....	101
LONDON'S "YELLOW JOURNALS": Changes in the Character of Ancient Newspapers—Hunting for Hidden Treasure—Harmsworth and Pearson Combine—A Paper "For Women Only"—Stead's Great Schemes. By "Piccadilly".....	102
THE NATIONS THAT WAR: Senator Beveridge's Timely Volume on "The Russian Advance"—The Russian Forces—The Japanese Forces—Manchuria and Corea the Seat of War—Which Will Win?.....	103
CHICAGO. By John G. Whittier.....	103
BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST: A Summary of Results.....	104
VALENTINE VERSE: "Grace's Valentine"; "The Heart of Ice," by Oliver Herford; "A Legal Secret," by Jennie P. Betts.....	104
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	104-105
DRAMA: "Whooop-Dee-Doo" at the Grand Opera House. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	106
STAGE GOSSIP.....	107
VANITY FAIR: An Undertaker's Pardonable Error—Unique Studio Entertainment—Horseflesh in Paris—Increase of Horse Slaughter-Houses—Military Honors for Diplomats—A French Girls' Boarding-School—Napoleon's Ideas on Young Ladies' Education—Roosevelt's Elaborate Entertainment—His Salary Too Small—Correspondents in Dispute Over the Corset Question—Corsets Valiantly Defended.....	108
STORVETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Explaining to the Lord—The Defendant—Tripping Newton—In Front of Herself—Bangs and the Hay-Stack—A Cowless Milkman—Hogg Latin—Mathilde's Excuse—Howells's Retort—His Only Reason—Kentucky Whisky—The Jew's Request—Read's Witticism.....	109
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Norsk Nightingale"; "Amended"; "Lovely California," by S. E. Kiser; "The Ballade of Dead Sellers," by Reginald Wright Kauffman.....	109
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	110-111
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	112

In the newspapers of this city on Tuesday, there were printed reports of the nine savings banks of San Francisco, showing their condition at close of business on January 23d. Those reports showed an enormous gain in deposits—a gain of more than three and a half million dollars since September 8th. That fact is pointed to

with pride. It is held to show how great is the prosperity of this city. But does it, in fact, so show? Are increased savings-bank deposits healthy signs of the times? Do they demonstrate that prosperity extends to the great mass of citizenry? We think, largely considered, that there is grave doubt of it.

It is a mere commonplace to say that the industrial progress of this country is without precedent. Great fortunes are being made in commerce and manufacture. The capitalization of some of the principal corporations runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. The personal wealth, the private expenditure, of some of the "captains of industry" is very great.

All this being true, the pertinent question is, Are the millions of comparatively poor people whose comparatively small deposits largely make up the vast aggregate amounts in the savings banks here and elsewhere—are they sharing in the unparalleled prosperity of the country? It does not seem so. Interest rates for the last fifty years have steadily declined. The average depositor in the savings banks of this city receives, on his investment, a trifle over three per cent. Why is it, then, that a sum running into the tens of billions of dollars is permitted by intelligent depositors to lie in such institutions, earning a very small interest, while, in trade and manufacture, vast fortunes are being made? Why is it that, within the past decade, savings-bank deposits have increased more than ten billions of dollars?

The answer to the question, in the opinion of one of the most able jurists of the country, is to be discovered in the profound distrust on the part of the investing public for the commercial methods of those who manage and direct the industries of the land. In an address at Springfield, Ill., a week ago, Judge Grosscup elaborated, with great force and pungency, the idea we have merely outlined above. He pointed out how complex are the larger corporations, how bewildering, for example, are the issues of stocks and bonds. "At the bottom," he said, "is the stratum of bonds; next a stratum of stock; another stratum of bonds; on top of that more stock; then more bonds; then preferred stock; and at the end of all, common stock, until reasonable expectation is outrun." By such a variety of securities the humble investor is put all at sea. He can not understand the thing himself; if he goes to a lawyer the man may be "in the deal." The corporation whose securities he thinks of buying may be a mere airy fabric erected of promoters' fancies. It may be as rotten as the Shipbuilding Trust. He can not know; and so, in doubt and distress, he seeks the all but barren safety of the savings bank. And the savings bank, in turn, loans the money to the corporations, so that actually the national prosperity enriches only (as Grosscup points out) "the few who, by acuteness or experience, can fathom the intricacies of corporate organization."

It is doubtless true that quite a proportion of the many million depositors in savings banks are members of labor unions; but the vast majority are not; and for them there are other discouraging features in the present situation. For the member of a labor union can, at least in San Francisco, force his employer to permit him to share the general prosperity by striking for higher wages. As Ray Stannard Baker points out, the wages of artisans in this city have been greatly increased, so that the laborer profits from prosperity almost as much as the employer. But for that portion of the public which is neither corporate nor union, there is no such opportunity. "It is always the public that is mulcted," says Baker.

We printed last week a paragraph from his article in which he told of products being increased in price, through agreements between employer and employee,

as much as seventy per cent., and the increase divided between them. Not only, therefore, does the man with his money in the savings bank help his craftier brother to get rich by loaning (by proxy) the money he dare not himself invest, but he "stands for" most burdensome extortions. Judge Grosscup even goes so far as to say that the withdrawal, by men in ordinary circumstances in life, from participation in the industries of the country, is "a shift as significant as it in ten years nearly one-half the farmers of the whole country had sold out their lands and goods to a few men, loaning back to these, with which to carry on their enterprises, the larger part of the purchase money."

The remedy proposed for what is apparently a grave condition of affairs, may be stated in a word, though its practical working out plainly presents great difficulties. It is such supervision by the government of private industries that, "a corporation dishonestly conceived can not be organized; a corporation dishonestly administered will pass at once into the hands of the courts." Judge Grosscup and Mr. Baker both agree that the trust and the union are here to stay. Both agree that what is needed are better laws, strictly enforced. Corporations must be allowed to trample no man's rights on the ground. Mr. Baker puts it this way: "We must make ourselves so familiar with all the phases of these new developments that we can say definitely to trust or union, 'You can go so far; that is your right; but you can not go farther, because you trespass upon the superior rights of the whole people.'" Judge Grosscup puts it this way: "Corporations must, and they can, be made the open door to opportunity; the door through which every American, great and small, may, with reasonable security, carry his ambition to share in his country's prosperity and in the freedom of his country's laws."

When the New York Tribune devotes three and a half columns in one issue to Mr. William Randolph Hearst's boom for the Democratic nomination, when Mr. Henry Watterson arises in his vocabularic might and crowns Mr. Hearst with the insignia of his displeasure, when the New York Sun speaks of the dangerous use of money in a political campaign and examines with curiosity the extent of the boom of the editorial aspirant, when every paper of note prints articles from correspondents all over the country on what is now termed "Hearst Activity," it is evident to all that the battle in the national convention is to be warm and possibly disastrous to those who had fondly hoped for conservatism. As the Tribune puts it, the rise of Mr. Hearst is "puzzling and amazing," and more than that, it is "active and persistent." And to put the cap on the show, it is said that Mr. Hearst has "bet his pile" on the outcome.

The correspondents of the New York Tribune affirm that Delaware, South Carolina, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Hawaii, and probably the District of Columbia will be for Mr. Hearst. Further, the Tribune says that the Hearst boom is "sweeping over New Jersey," and that it is "viewed seriously in Albany, N. Y." The Louisville Courier-Journal, Mr. Henry Watterson speaking, says "that a man wholly untried in political affairs, untrained in office, personally unknown to any constituency and in any public arena, should appear as a candidate for President of the United States seems anomalous to the point of absurdity, and it would be easy enough to dismiss that aspiration of Mr. Hearst's as of a piece with the fantastic ebullitions of the late George Francis Train, or even the unsexed whimsies of Victoria Woodhull of other days. But those who make light of him i



the power of audacity and enterprise working with unlimited means. Mr. Hearst, at least, is in dead earnest."

These generalizations apart, it is quite plain that the agents employed by the proprietor of the New York *Journal* have not only captured for their employer the smaller Western States and Territories, but they have invaded, and with success, the inner sanctuaries of old-fashioned Democracy. The New York *Sun* prints in its columns a dispatch from Boston intimating very plainly that Mr. Olney is likely to have to surrender his claim in favor of those of Mr. Hearst; the *Tribune's* correspondent in Albany hints at a decided weakening of the position of Judge Alton B. Parker, the supposed Tammany candidate, and a strong feeling that Mr. Bryan's support of Mr. Hearst should be considered. And when it is conceded that Judge George Gray, in his own State of Delaware, is less than the alien editor of the *Journal*, it is not amazing that the old-line Democrats loudly voice their displeasure. In fact, it is difficult to see why the *Oregonian*, as a heading to an article from its Washington correspondent on the opposition of Tammany Hall to Mr. Hearst, should put it in the largest type that "Hearst Gives Up." If, as the *Oregonian* thinks, Murphy and Hill will keep New York out of the Hearst camp, it is by no means certain yet, according to the *Tribune*, that the editor-candidate has "Given Up." It would doubtless be a great relief to Mr. Watterson if the *Oregonian* would give him the inside information that leads to this surprising statement. Indeed, there are strong hints that Mr. Hearst has so far abandoned surrender as to approach the voters of Oregon, and the New York *Tribune* thinks it probable that the Oregon Democrats will be out for Mr. Hearst for President.

But William Randolph Hearst has not only made surprising gains, but he is preparing to do more. We have the authority of his own representatives that he will shortly start a paper in St. Louis, and the *Tribune* says that in due time he will have papers in Washington, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Kansas City. His clubs are now omnipresent, and his agents innumerable and active. Within a few more weeks their number will be doubled, if the exertions of the past may be counted upon to continue in the future. And yet Mr. Watterson feels that something is lacking. "We have a prejudice in favor of a personal familiarity," says he; "at least the belief of a certain familiar knowledge of our candidates for office. We must see them in the flesh. We must hear the tones of their voices. We must feel the grip of their hands. Happily, the owner of the various newspapers referred to enjoys the means promptly, decisively, to determine whether there is any such person as William Randolph Hearst, or whether that name, style, and title are merely a myth, a simple figure of speech. He, or it, as the case may be, has the right to the floor, may at any time catch the Speaker's eye, and it is odds with no takers that if he cares to dispel the mystery surrounding it, or him, he will have the ear of the House and the country." In a word, the political *mochina* is in evidence; the people cry now for a sight of the *deus*. Mr. Watterson has read the posters; he desires to see the show. And the *Tribune* says it is no comedy.

Is Port Arthur to be another Manila Bay with "the Yankees of the Far East" playing well the part that the Yankees of the West played perfectly? Is Vladivostok to be another Santiago Bay? Is the naval history of our late war to be repeated with Russia in the place of Spain and Japan's warships duplicating our successes? At this writing it certainly seems so.

Here was the situation. The Russian fleet in the Far East principally consisted of seventeen first-class ships, each capable of a speed of not less than seventeen knots. The Japanese fleet's first-class vessels numbered eighteen, each capable of a speed of not less than eighteen knots. The naval experts agreed that Japan had theoretically a slight advantage—but only a slight advantage.

A clear idea of the disposition of the Russian vessels may be gained by imagining a letter A with one base at Port Arthur, its tip coincident with the end of the Korean peninsula, pointing southward, its other base up north at Vladivostok. At Port Arthur were eight Russian battle-ships, besides cruisers and torpedo-boats. From Port Arthur, half way down the side of the A, at Chemulpo, were two cruisers. Away up north, at Vladivostok, at the base of the A, were four Russian vessels. Out in the Yellow Sea, not far from Port Arthur, were the bulk of the Japanese fleet. At Masampo, the point of the A, were six Japanese cruisers watching to intercept Russian transports with troops for Korea.

Such was the situation when Japan decided on war and her minister was ordered to leave St. Petersburg. Immediately, a swift torpedo-boat destroyer was dis-

patched from Nagasaki to the fleet with the news. At once the fleet under Admiral Togo, with sixteen battle-ships and cruisers, besides numerous torpedo-boats, advanced towards Port Arthur, reaching there Sunday night under cover of the darkness. Meanwhile the Russian vessels at Port Arthur had been forced out of the inner harbor—well mined and protected by the forts—by the formation of thick ice. There they lay in the roadstead, seemingly unaware of their peril, no search-lights (the reports say) raking the sea. So the torpedo flotilla dashed in, and, amid a rattle of small arms, hurled into the hulls of three of the Czar's finest vessels the terribly effective Whitehead torpedoes. Then, still without injury to themselves, the torpedo-boats retired, leaving badly disabled the six-million dollar American-built battle-ship *Retvizon* (12,700 tons), the six-million dollar French-built battle-ship *Cesarevitch* (13,110 tons), and the German-built cruiser *Pallado* (6,630 tons).

Next morning—Monday morning—at eleven o'clock the Japanese fleet again advanced and opened fire with good aim on the fort and the ships. The Russian battle-ships *Poltava* and *Peresviet* and the cruisers *Diano*, *Askold*, and *Novik* were all damaged below the water line. The Japanese ships are reported to have retired unscathed.

The same day—Monday—Japanese vessels conveying transports encountered the Russian gunboat *Koriets* at the entrance of Chemulpo Harbor. Shots were exchanged ineffectively. The *Koriets* returned to port. Tuesday noon the *Koriets* and the cruiser *Variag* ventured from the harbor, engaged with the Japanese vessels, and both were destroyed—the *Variag* sinking that afternoon, the *Koriets* being blown up early Wednesday morning.

Tuesday afternoon three Russian transports, conveying two thousand troops to Korea, were captured by the Japanese fleet.

On Monday and Tuesday various vessels unnamed of the Japanese fleet captured the Russian steamers *Ekatinoslov* (10,000 tons displacement), *Argun*, *Mauken*, *Nonni*, *Russia*, and the whalers *Glorige*, *Nicola*, *Alexander*, and *Michael*, while the very latest reports tell vaguely of land and sea attack on Port Arthur and of the destruction of more Russian vessels.

Four days of war, and many Russian vessels are badly damaged and destroyed. Four days of war, and ships that cost near forty millions of dollars are in a fair way to the junk heap. Four more such days and Russia will not have a ship in Eastern waters. The Jap will be master of the sea.

And now what next, assuming that Japan, with her present tremendous naval superiority in the Far East, will complete the work of destruction? For certainly the four vessels at Vladivostok, ice-bound, can not escape her. The lone Russian battle-ship *Orel*, now on her way to Eastern waters, can scarcely defeat (or escape) a whole fleet. Neither can the old-fashioned *Dimetriskien*. Mention should certainly be made, also, of the relative facilities of Japan and Russia for repairing their respective warships. The Russians have a shipyard at Port Arthur, with one dock, which, however, is not large enough for the largest warships. Indeed, if the Port Arthur inner harbor is full of ice it may not be available at all now. At Vladivostok, 1,200 miles away, there is also a dock, but it is plainly quite useless at present to ships crippled in the Yellow Sea. Besides Vladivostok and Port Arthur, the Russians have no docks on the Pacific. On the other hand, Japan has fifteen docks, several large enough for the biggest battle-ships, and so equipped that any work can be done up to turning out a complete battle-ship. It is said that all the Japanese ships have been docked and cleaned within six weeks, while some of the Russian ships have not been docked for a year. In view, then, of the improbability of the Russians repairing their disabled ships, and the present weakness of the remaining fleet compared with the Japanese strength, it seems indeed that the end of the war on the sea is not far away.

It is a striking fact that Russia's navy stands third among the Powers, Japan seventh. Even if the entire Asian fleet of Russia is destroyed, the Russian fleet, if concentrated, would exceed in strength the Japanese fleet. But under present conditions it is useless. In the Baltic there are three first-class battle-ships, two armored and one protected cruiser. But they are now frozen in. Naval experts say that "it is highly improbable that they could reach Japanese waters before some time in June." In the Black Sea, there are eight first-class battle-ships, four armored cruisers, five protected cruisers—in all seventeen fine ships. But they can only leave the Black Sea and pass the Dardanelles by defying the Berlin Treaty of 1878. Would Russia dare do that—bearding the British lion in his den? The best authorities agree that it is only conceivable

in case of some extraordinary and unlooked for agreement with France and Germany. So, under ordinary circumstances, the destruction of Russia's Asian fleet will mean that henceforth the war will be waged on land.

It was stated by the London *Daily Mail's* Chefoo correspondent, a week ago, that twenty-eight Japanese transports were lying at Saseho and forty at Tsushima. The Japanese standing army is said by the same authority to be 150,000 strong; the first reserve, already called out, numbers 150,000, and the second reserve, also 150,000. The London *Times* estimates the standing army at 197,500; the first reserve at 35,000. In his "Handbook of Modern Japan" (1903), Ernest W. Clement says: "The war-footing of the Japanese army exceeds 500,000 men, and its peace-footing is almost 200,000." Other authorities put the total war-footing at 450,000. There is no reason to suppose, therefore, that Japan can not make good her oft-made boast that she can land 200,000 troops in Korea in three weeks. She has the transports; she has the troops; the sea is already comparatively clear; the distance is short.

The estimates of the number of troops Russia has in Manchuria and Korea vary much more widely than those regarding Japan—running all the way from one hundred and ninety thousand to two hundred and eighty thousand. Lord Ronaldshay, who traversed the Transsiberian railway, said not long ago that six train-loads of Russian troops preceded him eastward into Manchuria, and that there were last August 200,000 Russian soldiers in that country. A Russian correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Vladivostok under date of June 8th, says: "Our troops here are 280,000 men besides those on the way." If these estimates are trustworthy, it may be reasonably taken for granted that in numbers the Japanese and Russian forces in Manchuria and Korea will, within a few weeks, be fairly equal. Success will then depend upon strategy, skill, bravery, and equipment. For her part, Japan is said to be well supplied with guns and ammunition.

Little is known of the amount and nature of the Russian supplies and ammunition now in Manchuria. However, the Vladivostok correspondent above quoted says: "The military staff is afraid the railway will prove wholly unable to carry from Russia the quantities of food, ammunition, etc. that will be wanted during the war." It is well known that Lake Baikal, on the Siberian railway, is crossed by ferry. The lake is now frozen. A Tuesday's St. Petersburg dispatch said: "As the passage of Lake Baikal by trains across the ice appears to be too dangerous, the Russian reinforcements will cross the ice on foot!" "Admiral Alexieff," says the Vladivostok correspondent, "has the intention to spin the negotiations out at least to March because of its being wholly impossible to keep up sufficient communication across the frozen Baikal up to April." H. Fulford Bush, of Newchang, Manchuria, speaking before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce recently, said: "The strategical importance of the Transsiberian Railway is greatly overrated. No trains are allowed to run faster than twenty miles an hour. The statement that in the event of a Russo-Japanese war the railway would be blown up in a dozen places is quite authentic."

In short—always providing that Japan will complete the destruction of the Russian fleet—the Transsiberian Railway is seen to be the key of the situation. Here is Russia, with a standing army of three million men; a total war footing of more than seven millions—fifteen times as many as Japan can muster. But between this vast multitude of warriors and the seat of war stretches thousands of miles across a waste of snow the single thin black thread of the Siberian railway. It is the only pathway for the multitude. Will it serve? Can the Russians prevent the Japanese spies—supposed to be scattered through Siberia and Manchuria disguised as Chinese workmen—from dynamiting trains and track? Considering that every car must come back again thousands of miles on the single track, will the railway serve even if unmolested? Questions most pertinent are all of these, and even as we write a report comes that a bridge on the Manchurian railway has been blown up, while Baron Hayashi declares that the aim of the Japanese will be to land troops near Dalny and cut the railway above Port Arthur.

So far there have been considered only the conditions governing a single-handed contest. What, may now be asked, is the likelihood of intervention by other Powers? First, as to China. It is known there is disaffection in Northern Chinese provinces. It is reported that the Empress Dowager will flee from Peking. This, it is

THE JAPS THE  
MASTERS OF THE  
EASTERN SEAS?



said, would provoke a popular pro-Japanese uprising against the Manchus, which might be turned against the Russians. It is certain that strenuous efforts have been made by Japan to secure the help of China. Japanese officers are now at the head of three brigades in Northern China. Should, therefore, a substantial number of Chinese come to the aid of the Japanese, the question arises, How would such action be viewed in Europe? France has a treaty with Russia, whose exact terms are secret, but which is known to provide for military coöperation in case of complications with more than one nation—originally drawn up, however, with reference to European powers only. But might it not be construed as referring to any power, so that if China came to the aid of Japan, France would go to the aid of her ally, Russia? But in that case, England would be bound by her treaty to assist Japan, Germany could hardly save herself from being involved, and Europe would be at once transformed into an armed camp.

Secretary Hay has invited the powers to join the United States in warning Russia and Japan to limit their field of operations in order that China's territory may remain uninvaded. This seems to us hasty. France is a sentimental ally of Russia. Germany does not wish to be hampered in the Far East by academic limitations. Russia is already fighting against any limitations at all. While Japan has frankly announced that she does not relish any dictation from the United States or other powers as to what her ultimate course shall be. For these reasons, Secretary Hay's course seems to us hasty. Why not wait until Russia and Japan are weak with fighting; until both fleets are crippled, and perhaps one destroyed; until not only ships are lost, but forts dismantled, cities burned, armies decimated, and both powers staggering from loss of blood? Then let us, Great Britain, France, and Germany, step in, and take away from the bleeding gladiators their spoils of war. Let us take what we want of China, Manchuria, and Corea for our "spheres of influence," and leave what is left to Russia and Japan. They will be too hostile to be allies against us, and too weak to fight us and our allies. Thus shall we and our allies gain much land at little loss of lives and gold. How about this, Mr. Secretary Hay?

THE LESSON OF THE BALTIMORE FIRE. Last week, before Baltimore's great fire, the *Argonaut* strongly indorsed the idea of a system of salt-water pipes for fire protection in San Francisco. This week, after the fire, it renews that indorsement. Chief Sullivan says that such a system is already established in Detroit, Boston, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Chicago. It is being installed in New York. With a salt-water system here, says Chief Sullivan, the engine companies could be abolished as sufficient pressure could be attained at the pumping works. Thus more men would be available to fight fire with hook and ladder and hose. More hydrants are also needed. They should be supplied at once. Our danger is great enough without adding to it by a stingy policy regarding hydrants. Here was Baltimore—a modern city, built of stone and brick and iron—with plenty of water and a good fire department—with great cities all about her lending her engines and men—and yet she burned to the water's edge. What, then, would happen to San Francisco under like circumstances—with thousands of buildings new and old built of wood—with a water supply declared to be inadequate—with a forty-mile wind sweeping off the Pacific—with no substantial help from any other city of the State? The city would be a black ruin from the beach to the bay—from sand dunes to the crumbling ferry tower. Therefore, let all that can be done, be done now, before it is everlastingly too late. "He will not always chide, neither will He withhold His anger forever."

THE GRAND VIZIER AND HIS DEBTS. No potentate in the wide world enjoys such a dignity as the Grand Vizier of Persia. His title is old as childhood's joyous and colicky hours, lasting as the memory of youth, and fresh as the latest born. He occupies a chair all by himself. He is own cousin to Solomon, and the genii have added to his emoluments. That San Francisco should have been blessed by the presence of one is a thought full of charm. That the Palace Hotel should have harbored the successor of a long line of Arabian princes is delightful to the fancy. That an Oakland ferry should have transported the holy body of the last Ali is an event that should bring the school-children by the tens of thousands to look upon the marine structure so honored. Yet it is rumored that Grand Viziers are human. A heresy is abroad that these masters of genii, favorites of the caliphs, and wielders of the staff of Suleyman are not only human, but afflicted with the vices and frailties of the race.

His Highness, Ali Asghar Khan Atabek Azam, did not pay his bills. He was a bilk. Instead of dispensing diamonds and pearls of Orient hue from the Golden Gate to Sandy Hook, he left a faint perfume of bankruptcy. The follower of the prophet made his pilgrimage not in the odor of sanctity, but in bad odor with his creditors. Now it is told by his guide, Jules Clerfayt, of the Transiberian Railway, how the above-mentioned Grand Vizier not only did not pay his fare, but borrowed for personal expenses, at last to be ignominiously detained on the wharf of an Atlantic liner till assembled friends of his own nation dug into the Arabian jean and dug up the American dollar. Now the favorite of the Sultan, the Eye of the King, is speeding upon the Atlantic, the dun shores of America lost in the distance, and fresh, untouched worlds beckoning with the forefinger of credit unlimited and delightful. Thus are the marvels of the fairy-stories of childhood repeated into our unattuned ears. We have seen, we have listened, and the Grand Vizier, attended by his suite of genii, has worked, not only wonders, but a whole city of wonders. Yet there are doubting spirits who deny the miracles of Scheherazade's tales. An unsettled account is a great disturber of your fine dream.

THE UNIONS EXPECT A CONFLICT SOON. The *Labor Clarion*, the official organ of the San Francisco Labor Council, has taken up, in a four-column editorial, the subject of the threatened conflicts between the unions and organized employers in this city. Beginning with the statement that the executive committee of the Citizens' Alliance have agreed to give patronage to the boycotted Johnson's restaurant, the *Clarion* reviews the situation and warns the unions that "it is a settled fact that the immediate future will bring us face to face with the organized employer—he is here, and has come to stay." It mentions the action of the Citizens' Alliance in regard to Johnson's restaurant as the "first aggressive step," and inquires: "What are the labor unions going to do about it?" In view of the fact that the employers all over the country are joining hands to fight the unions, the advice is given to build up "strong treasuries," and to attain this to make the "dues high" and the accumulation of defense funds a primary object. It is argued that the unions that are not ready for the proverbial rainy day are a source of weakness to the entire labor movement, and that a speedy reform in their methods is an absolute necessity if unionism is to meet the employers on equal ground. The employers, it is stated, have already started vigorously upon their campaign, and have ordered, in the case of members of the Citizens' Alliance, their clerks to patronize "open shops." The struggle now on is taken by the *Clarion* to mean a campaign of endurance, not a fierce and short fight; and it repeats that the long treasury will win, other things being equal.

THE DEMOCRATIC ISSUE. At last it is announced by the Democratic accoucheurs that the party has an issue. The long and painful suspense is ended. The minority on the defensive hopes to become a majority on the offensive. The cry of the Jeffersonians is henceforth to be "Internal Improvements." It is said that the leaders have decided that it would capture public approval to hold forth good roads, river improvements, and domestic projects as the banner of the campaign. This new plank in the platform will oppose the expenditures of large sums in foreign countries, will seek to divert the streams of Federal wealth into the channels from which it came. All this, we are told, has been carefully thought out. The giants are ready with their legislative clubs, and woe betide the Republican who dares lift voice or hand against the welfare of his rural or riparian constituents. The dweller in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio will join with the Westerner, whose desire is for irrigation. In a word, the Republican party is to be put "in a hole." Vote, ay; thou art a true-blue Democrat. Vote, nay; thou art a recreant to the best interests of your country. Heads, I win; tails—but the saying is somewhat musty.

FORAKER LOSES ADMINISTRATION FAVOR. Senator Foraker, of Ohio, is thought to have given the Democrats a good campaign document in his bill to amend the anti-trust and interstate commerce laws, which has been publicly repudiated by the administration through Attorney-General Knox. This bill would have removed the restriction on interstate commerce, and, according to the attorney-general, repealed section five of the Sherman law, which forbids the pooling of earnings by railways. This would, in the opinion of many senators and the administration, "cut the claws off" the anti-trust act and render it practically a dead-letter. Senator Foraker has disclaimed any consultation with the President, and denies that he introduced the bill

as a sop to Wall Street. But the Democrats refused to believe this, and still refuse, in spite of the open denial by President Roosevelt and his repudiation of the whole thing. It is alleged that the Ohio senator is the avowed champion of the administration, and must certainly have acted in this matter with the knowledge of his party.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Herbert Gladstone, son of the Grand Old Man, himself now a man of fifty, has spent nearly half his life thus far in the House of Commons.

The editor of the Winchester *Sentinel* recently visited the church at Washington which President Roosevelt attends, and sat near enough to hear the President "joining in" the hymns. "He sings loudly and heartily the old-time hymns," says the *Sentinel's* editor, "but I am inclined to think that he is a better President than he is a singer."

Mme. Sklodowski-Curie, the famous woman scientist and co-discoverer of radium, is but thirty-six years of age. She is described as an attractive woman, who dresses without the least attention to fashionable mode. With fine, regular features, light blue eyes, and a good forehead framed in magnificent light, wavy hair, her face is distinctly pleasing, except for the thin lips, which gives a touch of hardness to the expression. In figure she is tall and well built.

Prince Kuhio, or Prince Cupid, as he is commonly called, has written to friends in Honolulu that he intends to resign as delegate to Congress unless he receives better treatment in Washington. Prince Cupid charges in his letters, so his friends say, that he is not receiving proper consideration at the capital, and that he has not a free hand in his efforts to present Hawaiian matters. This is not showing proper respect to a delegate and head of the former royal family in Hawaii. Moreover, he does not like to be designated as plain "Mr. Kuhio."

The supreme court has quashed the indictment under which Dr. Albert Alonzo Ames, former mayor of Minneapolis, was convicted and sentenced to six years in State prison for "graft." The action of the court makes Ames a free man. "Doc." Ames was tried last May under an indictment charging him with receiving a bribe of six hundred dollars from the keeper of a disorderly house. When placed on trial he set up the defense that he was a paretic and temporarily insane when his alleged offenses were committed. The decision of the court was based on a unanimous opinion of the judges that the indictment was faulty.

Though Japan be the latest country to enter the circle of world powers, her emperor surpasses all sovereigns in the length of his pedigree. He is the one hundred and twenty-second member in direct, unbroken descent of his family who has sat on the throne of Japan. The founder of his house was, in Japanese legend, a goddess of the sun, and contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, six hundred and sixty-six years before the Christian era. On the other hand, the Romanoffs have been royal only since 1601, when they succeeded to the sovereignty of the then extinct House of Rurik. As for other European rulers, King Edward can go back to Cedric, 495 A. D.; the Hapsburgs to 952 A. D.; and the Hohenzollerns to the eighth century, but as kings only to 1701.

A list showing the respective ages of the Presidential aspirants is interesting. Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, will be sixty-nine on September 15th; Grover Cleveland will be sixty-seven on March 18th; Alton B. Parker, of New York, will be fifty-two on May 14th; Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, will be sixty-five on March 11th; David B. Hill, of New York, will be sixty-one on August 29th; George Gray, of Delaware, will be sixty-four on May 4th; William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, will be forty-four on March 16th; President Roosevelt, of New York, will be forty-six on October 27th; John Hay, of Ohio, will be sixty-six on October 8th; Marcus Alonzo Hanna, of Ohio, will be sixty-seven on September 24th; William H. Taft, of Ohio, will be forty-seven on September 15th.

The reception given by the French Academy to its new member, M. Frederic Masson, historian of Napoleon, who has already published nineteen volumes presenting the great man in every aspect of his career, was the occasion of a Napoleonic demonstration on the part of the large ultra-fashionable audience collected beneath the famous cupola of the Institute in honor of the occasion. M. Masson, in his speech, said, among other things, that in a few centuries the Napoleonic *Epopée* will be indistinguishable from that of Charlemagne. He was much applauded. M. Brunetière, replying, was so stinging and ironical in his allusions to Napoleon, that Prince Louis Napoleon, who was present, arose and left the assembly. "Through you," said Brunetière, addressing Masson, "we know the exact number of shirts Napoleon possessed." He also said that Napoleon was not belittled by being shown in his private life. Finally, developing his theme, and seemingly stirred by recollections of his recent visit to this country, he asked, somewhat contemptuously, why Americans were as much interested as Frenchmen in all that concerns Napoleon. Was it because Napoleon offered such an example of determination and good luck, and because he was a glorious *par*—



## A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

How Skipper Mudge Met His Match.

Samuel Twizzle took off his cap with both hands and bowed with deference. "That's Mrs. Mudge," he explained to me, as he restored the cap to his head. "And that big chap alongside her is Captain Mudge, of the tug *B. Walsh*."

"He must have good eyesight to have picked that little woman in a crowd and marry her," I said, with a fatuous attempt to be humorous. Twizzle looked at me severely. "Men with good eyes sometimes sit on a tack. Mrs. Mudge is a fine woman and terrible strong-minded, if she is no bigger than a flitterbug."

I grew more respectful, and gazed after the towering Mudge and his consort. "He looks as if it would take more than a strong mind to keep him in subjection," I ventured. "Do you mean to hint that Mrs. Mudge is the skipper? Does that fellow take orders from his wife?"

Twizzle swept up a handful of beard and rubbed the end of his nose therewith. Suddenly, without a premonitory chuckle, his eyes shut, his mouth opened, and there issued a roar hilarious, voluminous, magnificent. It ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and Captain Twizzle successively closed his mouth, opened his eyes, and gazed at me appreciatively through those moist orbs. Then, with startling precipitancy, he emitted a second resounding roar, instantly thereafter to resume an exaggerated solemnity. I was about to ask the occasion of such singular emotion when he laid his thick hand on my shoulder to signify, I took it, that he was on the point of speech. But memory seemed too strong for him, and he was once more overwhelmed, at the end of the ebullition falling into an air of dignified melancholy. Before I could protest against my exclusion from the joke, Twizzle measured off on the forefinger of his left hand the first two joints, and looked at me as if matters had been made plain to the dullest. When my perplexity showed on my face, he said, quaveringly, "She's no bigger than that. Mudge's a whale. But she's tremendously strong-minded." Twizzle wagged his head, stopped, fixed his eyes on the opposite bank of Oakland Creek, and gave vent to a fourth and most terrific roar which drew upon us the cordial attention of several shipwrights. This relief seemed final. Twizzle pulled down his waistcoat, wiped his eyes, swung one stumpy leg over the corner of a big timber (we were observing the calkers' progress on his new steam schooner, the *Airy Bell*), and plucked at his beard as if to draw from its luxuriant jungle the matter of his story. "I saw that bit of a woman show her strong-mindedness, and I was there when Mudge caved in. It was worth seeing. I used to run to Puget Sound ports," he reminded me. "Mudge was skipper of the sternwheeler *Swan*, a scandalous craft with a permanent list to port on account of a leak in her starboard water tank. This marine scarecrow traded up and down from Tacoma to Quartermaster Harbor, Vashon, and Seattle, packing loggers' supplies and landing groceries at any place where there was a stove to cook 'em. In those days Mudge was up to his hair in debt, drank himself ugly every afternoon, and abused his wife. Look at him now. He don't touch liquor; he's got propitry here in Oakland, and helps his wife over the muddy spots. All because she was strong-minded," Twizzle insisted. "Lemme tell you what she did once. It was the time she fetched him."

"Go on," I urged, when the captain showed symptoms of vehement hilarity again; "go on and tell me."

"It was in '94," he said, "and if God had let a pin drop you'd ha' heard it all over the Sound, times were so dull. I was finicking between there and the Columbia River a while, and then my coaster was laid up, on account of no freight offering. So I took the master's berth on the *Tornado*, running three trips a week from Port Townsend to Tacoma. We used to overhaul the *Swan* every day or so, tottering from back door to back door, with Mudge drunk and growling in the pilot-house, and Mrs. Mudge selling groceries in the after-cabin to the island people. Yes, sir, you could buy anything from a needle to a bay steer on that *Swan*, and if Mrs. Mudge hadn't got it in stock she'd fetch it to you from town next trip."

"Pretty soon I got acquainted, and found Mudge was ill-using the little mite—not beating her or anything like that, but he'd sit in the cabin and tell her the food was poor and she was cheating him to stand in with the people she dealt with, and made himself generally an idiot. She took it all quite meek, but I surmise," Twizzle continued, cautiously, "that she *did* talk back some. But it was the aggravating kind, and didn't only make matters worse. But when she did finally sit up and take notice, Mudge got a lesson he never will forget. He'd have learned that stint sooner if Mrs. Mudge had been bigger. She never rightly attracted his attention, don't you know? She is so small. But when she did get her old man's eye, let me tell you he came up with a round turn." Twizzle was quite overcome with his recollections, and barked loudly to the sun. "There was a time in Seattle," he resumed, presently, "when I saw just how the thing was. If Mudge had taken my advice then, he'd ha' spared himself being made a curious show of and embarrassing remarks longshore afterward. I was up at a market laying in *sea* stores, and there was Mrs. Mudge after some of the customers of the *Swan*. It was high sailing

time, and she was rushing the marketman around and telling him he'd have to get those goods right down to the wharf, and I noticed he did exactly what she told him to. In comes Mudge, drunk, and white about the mouth. 'I'm going to pull out from the dock in five minutes,' he croaks. 'Hurry down, Mrs. M., and get aboard with your truck.'

"'You'll just have to wait ten minutes more for these goods,' explains Mrs. Mudge."

"'Not a minute, not one second,' says he. 'If you think the *Swan* is going to loaf and lose time just because you haven't gumption enough to get through your work in time, your mistaken, Mrs. M.'

"I thought," said Twizzle, meditatively, "that she would cry. She didn't. She swelled up all of a sudden till she looked about ten feet high, and she says to Mudge, 'You wait.' Sort of caught his eye, don't you know? They tell me it was the first back talk she ever made stick. Mudge said 'All right,' sort of astonished, and I took him one side. 'Look here,' I remarks, 'I aint drunk and I aint up in woman's ways, but I think I'd lish a little less and talk pleasant a little more if I wanted to keep ahead of Mrs. Mudge.' Yes, that's what I said to him, and he was very mild."

"I thought later I had made a bad reckoning. But Mrs. Mudge was terrible strong-minded after all. One day we were tooling down the Sound in the afternoon opposite to Vashon Island. There was a goodish haze on the water, and I was keeping my eyes wide open. About two o'clock, I recollect, a man for'ad sings out, 'Something to starboard, sir.' I peered out, and just where I could make it out in the haze was a black, queer something floating on the water. Looked like an umbrella opened up on the water, with other articles on top. I was curious, and slowed down, stopped the engines, and put the wheel over to take in the show. Do you know what that was?"

Twizzle contemplated me with an air of scientific interest, while I protested that my imagination was incompetent to picture the answer. He sighed with satisfaction, and filled his pipe. When it was going, he waved it in the air to emphasize his statements. "That thing was Mrs. Mudge, very ca'm," he said. "She recognized me, and says, as the *Tornado* slops up to within a potato's throw of her, says she, 'When do you think the *Swan* will be along?'"

"'God A'mighty,' says I, 'is that you, Mrs. Mudge?' And she answers, quite bashful, 'It is. I'm waiting for Mudge to come back.'

"'Come back!' I remarks loud from the pilot-house, 'why he ought 'a' passed this point two hours ago.'

"'He did,' says she. 'I fell overboard in passing. I guess Mudge is wondering where I am.'

"Being mostly flustered I had forgot to think about getting her out of the water, but now I yells for a boat to go out and pick her up. 'Don't bother about a boat,' she says, quiet, 'I'll just wait for Mudge.'

"'But you'll drown,' I urges her. 'Your clothes 'ull get waterlogged, and then down you go.'

"'If I aint drowned now,' she remarks, squinting up at me thoughtful, 'it isn't the fault of Mudge, who never heard me calling because he was so drunk.'

"'It's God's mercy we found you,' I says, and calls some more for the mate to get away a boat. But she was terrible strong-minded, and says, 'I won't get into any boat. I'll stay right here in this ridic'ous position till Mudge comes back and apologizes on his bended knees.'

"'Did he throw you over?' I inquires, polite. She was very indignant and ca'm, though she wiggled her legs in the water till I was afraid she'd loosen the gear of her skirts and sink just as I had to start the propeller to get the *Tornado* up near her again. 'Stop kicking, ma'am,' hollers I. 'Just rest easy till I get you into the boat.' It was going for her then."

"But she wouldn't have any of it. 'I'm going to make a stand right here,' she asserts, 'even if my feet are dangling in cold water. I'll either be picked up by my lawful husband or I'll drown.' Nothing could budge her. I told the mate to pick her up anyhow, but she pulled a hat-pin out of her clothes, and he said he thought she would be all right. 'Yes, you just go right along,' says she, swinging around in an eddy till her back was to me, 'go right along, and I'll wait for Mudge.' Then she paddled around till her face was to us again, and said, 'Excuse my back, but I can't help it sometimes.'

"'The *Swan* may not be back for hours yet,' I said at last. 'You might sink in spite of your skirts. Excuse me if I just hang around. I've no passengers this trip, and I'd enjoy it.'

"'Sort of comforted her, even if she was so strong-minded, and she settled down in her clothes as if she was ready to have a visit. 'It doesn't seem hardly respectable, does it?' she remarks, when the mate had taken the boat in, 'but if you don't mind just staying on your steamer and keep that propeller away from my legs it'll be company for me. It was sort of lonesome out here alone.'

Twizzle lit his pipe, which had gone out in the vehemence of his recital, and looked critically at me. "To think of that woman all wet stringing her legs toward bottom in a bundle of clothes and willing to stay with the proposition till she got even with her husband—that's stren'th of mind for you." So I gave the wheel to the mate, and went down on the lower deck with the engineer, and I introduced him to Mrs. Mudge, and we sat on the rail quite company for her. We talked by streaks, the *Tornado* drifting away now and

again, and having to be fetched back. On the engineer's advice, I offered her a line. 'No,' says she, 'I am going to wait for Mudge just as I am with my hat all squdged and the curl out of my hair and my feet fair perished with cold till I couldn't feel if a fish bit them, which I hope none will, for goodness' sake. Is the fog getting thicker?'"

"It was, and the mate started to blow a concert on the whistle. He tooted it quite a spell, but it was fifteen minutes before we got an answer. 'There's the *Swan*,' I calls out to her. Mrs. Mudge's back was turned, owing to her being unhandy in the water, but she yelled over her shoulder that it wasn't the *Swan*'s whistle."

"'Then there'll likely be quite a party to see you picked up,' says I, knowing that no seafaring man alive would think for a moment of not seeing her through, especially as Mudge was no favorite. Pretty soon up sneaks the *Raccoon* in the fog. 'What's the matter?' bawls Cap Randall, trying to stop his wheel in a hurry. 'What's up? Broke down?'"

"'No, just visiting with a lady,' says I. 'Come out and let me introduce you.'

"Randall stares a minute, and then pops out of the pilot-house, and stares at me some more. Then he looked down and saw Mrs. Mudge bobbing in the water. It took ten minutes to explain matters. 'Please go right on,' says Mrs. Mudge, when Randall got it through his head. 'Captain Twizzle will look out for me.'

"But Randall was very hearty about it, told his engineer to close his dampers, and laid the *Raccoon* off a little. Then he came down and swung his legs over the bow, and struck up quite a conversation with Mrs. Mudge. It was surprising how that woman behaved. She floated out there nice and ladylike, and we passed the time of day real pleasant. Randall said afterwards he never enjoyed talking to any woman more, even if she did keep turning round in the water so that one part of a word went over one shoulder and the other over the other. You may not think it, but it was nearly sunset before we heard the *Swan*'s whistle, and Randall and I blew our whistles till people ashore must ha' thought there was red-handed murder doing on the high seas. In the middle of the racket in wobbles the *Swan* listed like a shed roof, and Mudge bawling to know what the matter was. Nobody says a word till the old *Swan* slipped in between the *Tornado* and the *Raccoon*, with Mudge craning his neck out of the window of the pilot-house. 'What's the matter?' says Mudge again."

"'Is that you, Mudge?' says Mrs. M., very ca'm from the water."

"He looked out but couldn't see anything, so he came out of the pilot-house and peered over the upper-deck rail. Then he worked his mouth, seeing her as if she was a spirit on the deep waters. 'Is that you, Mudge?' she inquires again, very ca'm. 'I've been waiting for you.'

"Mudge looked first at me, sitting peacefully on the rail of the *Tornado*, and then at Randall, meditating on the bow of the *Raccoon*, neither of us letting on that we noticed anything out of the way. With that," said Twizzle, emptying the ashes out of his pipe, "he got her aboard in a dead silence, and steamed off as if there was twenty million barometers all registering the lowest ever known, and it was four thousand miles to a harbor. And he was so embarrassed that he's never touched a drop since and got propitry in Oakland here, and hops whenever his wife says anything at all. She's very strong-minded." JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1904.

## Transferring a Painting.

A "Madonna," by Botticelli, owned by Secretary Hay, and valued at forty thousand dollars, has been saved by a most delicate operation. The painting was on a wooden panel, an inch thick, and owing to its age (the painting is about four hundred years old) the wood began to crack, the fissures threatening to extend to the paint itself and ruin the picture. It was decided to have the paint transferred from the wood to canvas, and the work was entrusted to a New York expert, who put in a year at his task. It being manifestly impossible to remove the paint from the wood, the only thing to be done was to remove the wood from the paint. The first move in this process was to smear the surface of the painting with a thin, slightly adhesive substance, over which were pasted tiny bits of the thinnest tissue paper, carefully made to follow the slight ridges and bumps in the paint. Then layer after layer of paper was added in the same way, until a thick matrix was formed. Then the really delicate work began—that of removing the wood from the back of the paint. This was done almost entirely with sandpaper. The closer the operator came to the paint, the more careful his movements had to be, and when at last a sheet of wood no thicker than a piece of paper was left over the back of the sheet of paint which formed the picture, a slight slip meant utter ruin of the masterpiece. But care, patience, keen eyesight, and steady nerve won the day, and the last vestige of wood was resolved into powder, leaving only a thin layer of paint lying on a bed of tissue paper. Then a strip of heavy canvas was pasted to the paint. The whole thing was put into a drying-room for weeks; then the tissue paper was removed, the picture varnished, and the job was complete. The picture now hangs in Mr. Hay's house in Washington.



## NEW YORK'S COLD SNAP.

A Series of "Below-Zero" Days—Ear-Muffs Fashionable—Cold No Bar to Social Gatherings—New York Types of Beauty—Vigorous Society Women.

We have had the coldest weather in New York this winter that they have had here for years. There were a lot of below-zero days, not a single sporadic one in which everybody stays indoors, but a series of them straight on end. The morning papers contained accounts of people found frozen in the suburbs. Fashionable men went down to business with ear-muffs on, and wore white woolen gloves over their kid ones. The city was full of broken-down automobiles, stalled in the snow.

The air was indescribably cold. Those Californians who have only seen New York in the damp, penetrating weather of its average winter days, have no idea how different the below-zero temperature is. The air becomes perfectly motionless and of a crystalline clarity. It is so sharp that it seems to bite one's skin, and nip one's ears and cheeks till, before one knows it, they are numb and apt to become frostbitten. In Canada, where this is a common occurrence, it is permissible for a passerby to seize a handful of snow—the cure for frostbite—and rushing up to you apply it (without stopping to ask permission) to that portion of your exposed surface which happens to be frozen.

New Yorkers have not had enough zero weather to have made such useful rules of the road. There were a good many frostbitten noses and ears about town, and among the workmen numerous cases of frozen feet. When one had not to be out too long and was properly dressed, it was delightfully exhilarating. The air was dry as champagne and so clear that every twig seemed separately etched against the sky. Sounds were peculiarly crisp and distinct, and the snow on the sidewalks emitted a curious creaking sound beneath the pressure of one's foot. Every one had a nipped, red look about the face, as though their cheeks and chins had been violently pinched. One even noticed this in children, who rarely lose their perfectly even bloom.

I have heard it said by old Staten Islanders that in the winter of, I think, 1865, the thermometer fell to ten below zero, and stayed there for a week. Part of the bay froze, "taking," as the expression is, almost from New York to the shore of the island. This, I have been told, was said to have been the coldest winter since the days of the British occupation of New York. There is a story that some time in the early days of the Revolution a regiment of English infantry walked across the ice from what is now the Battery to the north shore of Staten Island. I don't know whether this is to be found in the history books, but it is an old Staten Island legend, and among the oyster boatmen there are old men who will tell you that their grandfathers saw it.

The prosperous New Yorkers found the cold not in the least a drawback to their indefatigable pursuit of pleasure. "Parsifal" drew bigger houses than ever, the theatres were well patronized, and all the world drove out to dinners as usual. Passing along the lamplit side streets in the piercing cold of the early night, it was an interesting commentary on the Gothamites' passion for social gatherings to see a man coming down the steps wrapped in his heavy fur-lined overcoat, with behind him his wife, the frilly edge of her dinner-dress bursting out from beneath her evening cloak, and below that again her feet and ankles in high-heeled satin slippers and silk stockings of an almost transparent thinness. This with the thermometer four or five below zero.

I have never before been so impressed by the amazing vigor and vitality of the New York women as I have during this zero spell. With the men in fur-lined coats, ear-muffs, and woolen gloves, the women have gone about their shopping and their visiting in their ordinary tailor suits, augmented by fur collars and muffs. One saw, of course, a good many Persian lamb and sable jackets, but the majority of the feminine element were clad in the average coat-and-skirt street suit. Among the working girls I saw many with small cloth jackets over the thin shirt-waists they wore at their work, and round their necks a tiny scrap of fur that covered no more than the region of the throat.

Some time ago, I was reading a book of Maupassant's in which he described his heroine as one of those delicate and elegant Parisiennes who, with a look of the most flower-like fragility, combine a constitution of iron and an inexhaustible fund of vitality. This is an exact description of the real New York woman. These slender beings, built on the most willowy lines, pale as to skin, ethereal as to style, are in reality made of steel. They are physically the strongest women in the country. They can do more and show less fatigue, stay up later and look fresher the next day, eat more indigestible food, and look younger when they are old, than any other women in the world.

I have often spoke of the New Yorker's admiration of the sylph-like fragile type of beauty. The girl who has an aristocratic fineness of appearance, a thin, languid elegance of shape and style, is the girl for their money. They have a horror of buxom, full-blooded bloom. They have a horror of what the novelists call "opulent curves." The Juno ideal of beauty so much admired in the West, is regarded by them with cold disfavor. Any one can be a Juno who is fat and gets

her corsets made at a good place, but it takes a subtler and more uncommon category of charms to make a lissome sylph, marked by a pliant grace and a serpentine suppleness.

The New Yorker, as far as I know, has never wavered in his allegiance to this type. The rest of the country may jeer and say that the New York woman has no beauty, nothing but a good skeleton and an unexcelled taste in dress; he thinks her the finest product of the republic. It should flatter him that she takes such strenuous methods to keep herself down to the elegant proportions he admires. One has to live in New York to understand what the women go through to keep themselves thin. And they generally succeed. Even with middle age knocking at the door they have the forms of girls of eighteen—no hips, no busts, no waists—nothing but flowing, faintly curved lines like those in the figure of a graceful boy.

But if this ethereal charmer has the appearance of a languid Undine, she has got the strength of a Sandow. As I just mentioned, one of the ways she shows this is her capacity to withstand the cold of the Eastern winter. I can not go into particulars in an article written for perusal in the home circle, but the amount of clothing she wears would recommend her to the attention of the charity organization, if she happened to be poor. A few layers of gauzy muslin are all, beside her dress, that protect her from the icy air. On several of the zero days I saw girls in low shoes and transparently fine black stockings, walking briskly from shop to shop. One afternoon, when we were all freezing, I met a woman coming up the avenue who had thrown open her heavy fur coat. The white silk blouse she wore beneath it was inset with lace, under which the silk was cut away. Through the interstices of the lace one could see her bare neck, the skin pink with the cold, as she forged vigorously onward.

To be cold is known of all women to be one of the most unbecoming conditions that can blight female beauty. Some years ago, when very tight-fitting dresses were the mode—and to achieve the air of being poured into one's raiment, women went abroad in the scantiest of underclothes—thick veils were worn. These were adopted to conceal the fact that the possessor of the stylish skin-fitting dress was freezing, and that in consequence her eyes and nose were red. One either had to sacrifice one's figure or one's face, and as one could hide the latter easier than the former, the thick veils "came in." Nobody could see through them; an unexpected meeting with one's best man would not disillusion him. As for one's own personal sufferings, they, of course, were never counted. You can't be perpetually and completely lovely without paying for it. As the great Napoleon once remarked, "Nothing is borrowed or given in this world; everything is paid for."

But the modern New York woman has not got the drawback of suffering from the cold to "stay her noble rage" for good clothes. She is stronger than she was then. She does not feel the cold any more. She is inured to it. In childhood she leads a more outdoor life; in girlhood she is "out" every night in a low-necked dress; in womanhood she has such a triumphant plenitude of rich vitality that changes of temperature do not affect her. She can sit in the opera-house, which is not very warm, bare to an amazing extent, and perfectly comfortable and happy. Then she goes down to the entrance, a long, loose cloak thrown over her dazzling bareness, and waits around in a biting cold or a drizzling rain for her carriage. This takes her to some other festivity, where she dances till she is in a state of warmth similar to that which the lady in "The Vicar of Wakefield" described with such unseemly frankness. It is toward the small hours that she once more throws on the long, loose cloak, and runs down to her carriage under the canvas tunnel where the icy blasts have been chilling things since the sun went down.

Strangers and outsiders are often heard to wonder how New York women lead the life they do and retain their health and their looks. There is a great deal of talk of beauty doctors and various preservatives of youth of which these "perennial bloomers" have the secret. But the real secret is that they are women of enormous physical energy and wiry strength. Their fragility of appearance is perhaps due to the rigors of the climate, and is also a matter of personal inclination. Did they wish it, they could easily burst out into the ebullient, fat freshness so much admired in other sections of the country. But that would be regarded as a calamity by the entire metropolis. A New York woman with fat upon her bones, with color in her cheeks, and, worst of all, with a large face, would be a cruel disappointment. The large face is regarded as particularly blighting. Some days ago, I was talking to a friend of mine about a Western girl that I thought extremely handsome. My friend—a New Yorker—demurred. "Well, yes, she is handsome," she said, at length; "but she wouldn't go down here. There's too much of her, and she's got such a large face. That, of course, is fatal!"

GERALDINE BONNER.  
New York, January 28, 1904.

A striking fact is presented by *Leslie's Weekly*—if all of New York City were as densely populated as the lower east side of the borough of Manhattan, the population of New York would be as great as that of the whole United States plus half the population of the Philippine Islands.

## BALTIMORE AND SAN FRANCISCO.

The Baltimore Fire One of the Worst of Modern Conflagrations—Immense Loss—San Francisco's Fires—Other Similar Disasters—"Fire-Proof" Buildings.

One hundred and forty acres, comprising eighty-five blocks, burned over, two thousand five hundred buildings destroyed, the whole business section of a beautiful and prosperous city laid in ashes, fifty thousand people thrown out of employment—such is the result of the fire that visited Baltimore Sunday, and raged for a day and night. It started at eleven o'clock Sunday morning in a Hopkins Place building, owned by A. B. McCreery, of San Francisco, and occupied by John E. Hurst & Co., dry-goods dealers. Spontaneous combustion is supposed to have been the cause, and a thirty-mile wind aided the blaze. The Baltimore firemen could not cope with the flames, and help came from New York, Washington, and Philadelphia. Not a life was lost, and there was no looting. The city was put under military rule, and all saloons were closed.

Stone, granite, brick, and steel yielded to the flames. Bank, trust, and security buildings, newspaper offices, large and small business houses, were reduced to smoking ruins. The loss sustained by New York companies will be over thirty millions of dollars, and the combined insurance to be paid out will probably be one hundred millions of dollars.

Although every Baltimore building wherein stocks, bonds, and securities were deposited was destroyed, it has been found that these papers were unharmed.

Every daily newspaper in Baltimore was burned out, and the papers are being issued from temporary quarters under decided disadvantages.

The Baltimore calamity invites a résumé of similar occurrences, and especially of like disasters that have befallen our own city, which, in recent years, has been singularly lucky in this respect. We have had no really great fires for half a century.

San Francisco's first great fire was on December 24, 1849, and started in Dennison's Exchange, a saloon and gambling place on Kearny Street, opposite Portsmouth Square, the present site of the Hall of Justice. The Exchange and all the neighboring buildings were mere shells, lined with cloth and paper, and went in a puff. There was no fire company of any kind, and all that could be done was to blow up buildings in the path of the flames. This was done, and the fire was confined to the immediate blocks. All the buildings but one on Kearny Street, between Clay and Washington, were destroyed. All the buildings on the south side of Washington, between Kearny and Montgomery, were swept away, as were also a number on Montgomery Street. About fifty structures went, and the loss was estimated at a million dollars.

New buildings went up immediately, but, unfortunately, they were no more substantial than the old ones, and were easy prey to the second great fire, which occurred on May 4, 1850. By a singular coincidence, it started at the source of the first fire, the new building being known as the United States Exchange, a saloon and gambling house, as Dennison's Exchange had been. There were a couple of fire companies at this time, but they were ineffective. This fire destroyed practically all of three blocks: those bounded by Clay, Washington, Montgomery, and Kearny Streets, and by Montgomery, Dupont, Washington, and Jackson Streets. Three hundred houses were burned, and the loss was between three million and four million dollars. Gamblers and saloon men were the principal losers by the first conflagration, but the second destroyed many business houses. The amount of looting done led to a suspicion that incendiaries were at work, but no proof could be found, although a reward of five thousand dollars led to the arrest of several people.

It took less than six weeks to cover the burned area with new buildings, and they were hardly completed when the third fire came, on June 14, 1850. The two previous disasters had taught nothing regarding substantial buildings, with the result that, when the fire had gained headway at its starting point, in a bakery on Kearny Street, between Sacramento and Clay, it quickly swept a space two full blocks in width, between California and Clay Streets, from Kearny Street to the water-front, which was then between Montgomery Street and what is now Sansome Street. The third fire was a repetition of the first as to the number of buildings burned, and their value.

When the fourth great fire came, on September 17, 1850, it had plenty of frame buildings to feed upon, although several brick structures had been erected. This blaze started in a saloon on the north side of Jackson Street, between Kearny and Dupont. The space between Washington, Pacific, Montgomery, and Dupont Streets was burned over. One hundred and fifty buildings, worth half a million dollars, were consumed. The fifth great fire came on May 3, 1851. It broke out on the south side of Clay Street, opposite Portsmouth Square, at eleven o'clock at night. It raged all night, and the reflection on the sky is said to have been seen from Monterey. This fire took in the block between Sacramento, Clay, Kearny, and Dupont Streets, a portion of the next block south, five blocks between Kearny and Montgomery Streets from Pine to Jackson, six between Montgomery and Sansome from Pine to Pacific, and four between Sansome and Battery from California to Jackson, besides portions of six blocks along the water-front. About one thou-



sand buildings went up in flames, and the loss was ten million to twelve million dollars. The very heart of the city, and practically all of it, was eaten out.

It was rumored that threats had been made by the criminal element that May 4, 1851, being the anniversary of the second fire, would be the date of another conflagration. The fact that the fifth fire started only an hour before this anniversary—i. e., near midnight on May 3, 1851—gave substance to the rumor, and a man named Lewis, arrested as a suspect, was saved from a mob only by being spirited away by the police. Then the whisper went around that June 14, 1851, the anniversary of the third fire, was to be celebrated by another blaze. Whether or not there was any truth in this is hard to say. The Vigilance Committee was formed about this time, and Jenkins was lynched on June 11th. Besides, a strict watch was kept. Despite this, though, the sixth fire occurred on June 22, 1851. It commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, on Pacific Street, just below Powell. Notwithstanding the short time since the fifth fire, there was plenty of material for the flames. The sixth disaster took in about the same territory as the fifth. Four hundred or five hundred buildings went, and the loss was nearly three million dollars. There were some lives lost in this fire—three being burned, two shot by the police while in the act of robbery, and two beaten to death by the people on charges of incendiarism and theft.

The loss at the great fire which started in Chicago on October 8, 1871, and, before it was extinguished, destroyed all the business and much of the best residence section of the city, was the only conflagration in the history of this country that can be compared to last Sunday's terrible disaster. The Chicago loss, according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was one hundred and forty million dollars, but the area burned was much larger than at Baltimore, more business houses were destroyed, more people rendered homeless, and more general havoc wrought. The area burned was two thousand one hundred and twenty-four acres, or three and a third square miles, in the very heart of the city. Two hundred and fifty lives were lost, ninety-eight thousand five hundred persons were made homeless, and seventeen thousand four hundred and thirty buildings destroyed.

The first great fire recorded is that which devastated Rome, A. D., 64. It destroyed nearly all of that city.

London's greatest fire was in 1666, nearly all the city being destroyed. The flames raged from September 2d to September 6th, inclusive. Fire apparatus was at that time almost totally lacking. Feeble efforts were made to stay the destruction by pulling down buildings, and "bucket-brigades," worked in an unorganized, totally inefficient manner. The fire ceased only for lack of fuel. The loss was fifty million dollars.

Fires caused by Communist devastations in Paris in 1871 caused a loss of one hundred and sixty million dollars.

Moscow had two destructive fires. The first, in 1752, burned eighteen thousand houses. Thirty thousand buildings went up in flames in 1812, when the Russians fired the city to drive out Napoleon's army. Nine-tenths of the city was destroyed, and the loss was one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Boston had its greatest fire on November 9 and 10, 1872. Sixty-five acres were burned over, and seven hundred and seventy-six buildings, comprising the largest granite and brick warehouses in the city, with their contents, were laid in ashes. The loss was seventy-five million dollars.

New York had a fifteen-million-dollar fire in 1835, and a seven-million-five-hundred-thousand-dollar one in 1845.

The thirty-two years that have elapsed since the Chicago fire have caused people to forget the non-resisting quality of so-called "fire-proof" buildings. Then, as now, it was demonstrated that fire-proof buildings are such only by themselves, or when entirely surrounded by similar buildings. With wooden structures scattered among them, they can not withstand the flames when urged by a high wind which sucks through the streets and alleys, and acts like a blow-pipe upon the flames. The heat becomes so intense that nothing can resist it. It disintegrates marble, brick, and stone, and melts steel and iron. The furniture inside, and doors and window casements, furnish fuel and help make the interiors of the buildings veritable caldrons—blast furnaces, in which nothing can exist. A book on the Chicago fire, published in 1871, says that "in nearly every street the flames would enter at the rears of buildings, and appear simultaneously at the fronts. For an instant the windows would redden, then great billows of fire would belch out, which, meeting each other, would shoot up into the air a vivid, quivering column of flame, and poisoning itself in awful majesty, hurl itself several hundred feet and kindle new buildings."

In Chicago, the First National Bank Building was supposed to be fire-proof. It stood on a corner, with independent walls, and was flanked on two sides by marble and brick buildings. In front of it was a street one hundred feet wide. Still, it was utterly ruined. The iron girders expanded upward, breaking the iron ceilings, and expanded the outer walls. The Tribune building met the same fate. When wooden buildings near by furnished flames, the heat generated was so fierce that stone and brick buildings disappeared in five minutes—were actually melted and disintegrated.

In San Francisco's fifth great fire, iron buildings could not resist the heat. Taaffe & McCahill occupied an iron structure at the north-west corner of Mont-

gomery and Sacramento Streets. Six men, relying upon its supposed safety, remained in it, and perished. Long before the fire was near the building, the doors became so swollen that they could not be opened. When the flames actually reached the plates, they curled up almost double, and the building collapsed and fell, destroying everything.

In the Baltimore fire, the fact was again brought out that, under present conditions, there are no fire-proof buildings. The flames were so fierce and the heat so intense that supposedly fire-proof structures, like the Continental Trust Building, the Equitable, and Calvert Buildings, were ruined in fifteen minutes, although the outer walls of the first mentioned are intact; but all the floors have fallen in. In some instances the buildings seemed to melt as if they were made of ice. Flames burst in the windows. In an instant the buildings were destroyed. Ordinary brick buildings did not last three minutes each on an average. The old United States bonded warehouse, built in 1835, resisted the flames well, mainly because there were no wooden doors, and windows were protected by iron shutters. The Mercantile Trust Company Building and Brown Brothers Bank were unharmed, although directly in the path of the fire. They are only four stories high, and the flames from the surrounding high buildings passed over them. The government buildings also escaped. The latest figures place the loss at one hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

## LONDON'S "YELLOW JOURNALS."

Changes in the Character of Ancient Newspapers—Hunting for Hidden Treasure—Harmsworth and Pearson Combine—A Paper "For Women Only"—Stead's Great Schemes.

Yes, yellow journals in dear old dank, dim, murky London with its six millions of conservative Britons—yellow journals hawked around Westminster and St. Paul's—yellow journals sent by fast special early morning trains into the West of England and as far north as Newcastle-on-Tyne. Not that the proprietors of the journals we in London are beginning to think of as a bit yellow would admit the soft impeachment. Far from it. But when the eye of the Londoner is everywhere assailed with signs and advertisements that read

£2000

HIDDEN IN LONDON.

FOR THE CLUES SEE LAST SUNDAY'S  
WEEKLY DISPATCH.

or some other sheet, and when we observe how the *Daily Mail's* columns are given over to the discussion of the woes of jilted lovers and "such-like" stuff, we can not but wonder if journalistic jaundice, endemic in America, has not gained a foothold over here.

The *Weekly Dispatch's* "treasure-quest" was really a very funny affair. The *Dispatch* advertised its intentions widely and (according to its announcements, anyway) had to reprint its last edition in response to the demands of new seekers after clues. The actual money was not "buried" but instead "medallions," each of which, when presented at the *Dispatch* office, entitled the bearer to fifty pounds. The clues were printed, of course, in the Sunday morning edition, and all day Sunday hundreds—nay, thousands—of men, women, and children were poking about probable places in London and elsewhere—and in the rain, too. There were many amusing incidents. At Reading, two women, in their anxiety to examine the bank of the River Kennet, overbalanced and fell in. They were rescued, wet, yet with ardor undampened—so we are told. In London itself a number of persons were arrested for "damaging the turf," or the roadway, or what not in their eager search for the precious medallions; this despite the fact that the *Dispatch* warned the treasure-hunters that the metal discs were only pressed lightly into the earth. I heard of one case where a man was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for digging at the roots of a tree in Bloomfield Road, Maida Vale. That seemed rather hard. Other unfortunate individuals were transported with joy and then plunged into despair by discovering what they thought were the medallions, only to find later that they were lead medals buried by jokers. One man who was erroneously supposed by a mob of treasure-seekers to have discovered the medallion was pursued by the crowd some hundreds strong, and only escaped after an exciting chase. In another place, twenty policemen were required to disperse the hunters where they had congested in some narrow street. Not even did the hunt cease at nightfall, but many persons are said to have gone out with torches and lanterns at night. At this writing not all the medallions have been found; the *Dispatch* advertises that three thousand pounds have now been buried; and the rival journals are, of course, furious at the enormous advertising that their opponents are getting, and are taking legal measures to have the thing stopped. Oh, it is a pretty quarrel.

I think it was the editor of *Tit-Bits* who evolved from his inner consciousness the hidden-treasure scheme, which has been imitated in Paris, in various cities of the United States (I believe), and by a number of journals in England. I note that Koble Howard, commenting on the daily spread of the craze, remarks: "If the thing goes on, we shall all be crawling about on our hands and knees, peering here and probing there. Not a tree or a shrub will be safe; rivers, canals, lakes, and ponds will be dragged; no man will be able to call

his garden his own." This seems about the size of it—but we all hope it won't "go on."

Alfred Harmsworth is, of course, the proprietor of the *Dispatch* as well as of the *Daily Mail* (said to have a circulation of one million four hundred thousand) and the *Daily Mirror*, the latter a newspaper for women, just started. His chief competitor in what is called "aggressive journalism" has been C. Arthur Pearson, who is the proprietor of the *London Express*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and nearly twenty other publications of more or less importance. Of late the journalistic rivalry between these two has grown still more keen. The *Mail*, after a great hullabaloo of anticipation and self-congratulation, began running a special train to the West of England not long ago, and the *Daily News*, the *Express*, and the *Leader* had to follow suit, however reluctantly. And, by the way, it has been remarked that all these newspapers say their "specials" get to Bristol at five o'clock in the morning, and that each is drawn by the most powerful engine of the Great Western Railway. How's that for "yellow"!

But as I started to say, the journalistic war between the newspapers of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Harmsworth has lately grown too warm for comfort, and I have heard that a truce has been declared—indeed, that they have formed an alliance. It is certain, at least, that these two young journalistic giants have together purchased three newspapers in Birmingham, and will manage them jointly. Such a move was to have been expected. For Harmsworth and Pearson were, curiously enough, friends long before they were rivals. Both got their start on *Tit-Bits*. Both left *Tit-Bits* to publish weeklies, and both have been highly successful. Both, too, are about the same age—thirty-five. It was Mr. Harmsworth who, on his visit to the United States, some years ago, took entire charge of the *World* for one day and published a so-called "tabloid" edition.

One of the most interesting of the several new journalistic enterprises of the metropolis is Mr. Harmsworth's *Daily Mirror*, "for women only." It has, of course, a fashion page, a serial story is run, and the news of the day is rewritten, with a good deal of comment introduced, so that it may be clear to the feminine mind. And besides, news about women is "featured." At first, the paper seemed not to take very well, and Mr. Harmsworth offered a prize of one thousand pounds for the best suggestions from readers of the *Mirror* as to what they would like the paper to be. Many replies were received, some from well-known people. Even among the prize-winners were to be found such names as the Viscountess Esher, Lady Brownrigg, Lady Swetenham, Lady Marjorie Gordon, and Lady Gatacre. As a result of the competition, there has been a marked change in the appearance of the paper. The price has been reduced from a penny to a halfpenny, and the paper now contains many pictures, illustrating the news of the day. Which two facts would make it appear that the women of London are economical, and would rather look at pictures than read anything whatsoever.

Another new paper is the one started by that veteran journalist, W. T. Stead. It is called simply the *Daily Paper* (quite a triumph in naming, I think), and its birth was announced by all sorts of ingenious advertising schemes. Balloons were sent up which sent down showers of colored pictures and checks for small amounts. There was a popular entertainment in Queen's Hall, a fireworks display, and, besides, an army of one thousand sandwich men tramped the streets with announcements regarding the paper. The first number of the paper itself bore on the front page an emblematic cartoon showing "the genius of the *Daily Paper* standing upon a Pisgah height pointing the Human Race with confident Hope to 'Homes, more Homes,' in the fair vale below, where stands the Garden City of the Future." The motto was "True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home." Rather solemn and sentimental, I thought it. Other features of the first issue were long lists of "Events To-Day and To-Morrow," a census of Sunday visitors to the public houses of Paddington—which showed, by the way, that out of a population of 142,690 people, 122,175 visited a public house on Sunday, while only 31,331 went to church—an interview with the Pope, a department of book-reviews, and a serial story for children. There is also announced the republication, as a serial, of Dumas's "The Black Tulip," after which—so it is stated—there will begin the immense and panoramic "Romance of the World's Life," by the "Journalist-Novelist," based on the events of each day, and which, once begun, will never end. It will be, we are told, "a blend of romance and realism . . . as interesting as a shilling shocker to the persons who read nothing but shilling shockers; at the same time it should be indispensable to statesmen and journalists, because of the tips of private information which it will contain." This is one of the irrepressible Stead's big ideas. He says that a number of years ago he submitted the idea to Walter Besant, and that Besant said that no single idea had ever fascinated him so much. Stead is now hunting for his model journalist-novelist. The older journalists and novelists, he thinks, are impossible. The project has been discussed with Dr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, George Meredith, Olive Schreiner, and others, but while they agree in praising the conception, Stead says they are more or less appalled by the practical difficulties of its execution. So the "immense and panoramic" "Romance of the World's Life" is yet a thing of the future.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, January 25, 1904.



## THE NATIONS THAT WAR.

Senator Beveridge's Timely Volume on "The Russian Advance"—  
The Russian Forces—The Japanese Forces—Manchuria and  
Corea the Theatre of War—Which Will Win?

It were difficult to imagine a more timely work than Senator Albert J. Beveridge's "The Russian Advance." With war now being fiercely waged, his book is perhaps the best and most recent authority on the situation. No other traveler has had such facilities for getting information from the Russians themselves; no other man has been permitted to travel all through Manchuria, to make notes, and take pictures. Though it is apparent that the many high Russian officials with whom he talked have colored not a little the views of the young senator from Indiana, his book yet remains at this moment without a rival, and is packed with passages that lend themselves to quotation. For example, his description of Manchuria, "the prize of war," is quite striking:

If you will take Germany and France together, you will have a territory scarcely larger than the three great Chinese provinces combined under the general term of Manchuria. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are not one-third so large as Manchuria.

If you will take Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, their combined area is less than half that of Manchuria.

Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and all New England are less than one-half the size of Manchuria, and no richer in resources.

We thus see that Manchuria is, in territorial extent, itself an empire. It is an empire more favorably situated as to its climatic conditions than any part of Asia. It is in the same latitude as Southern Canada and the northern portion of the United States. Its northern limits are about the same as the northern limits of Quebec. Its southern limits are about the same as the southern limits of Maryland. It is bounded on the north by the richest portion of Siberia, which not many years ago was itself a part of the dominion of the Manchus; for several hundred miles on the east by the grain-fields of the Ussuri district of Russian Siberia, also until recently a part of the Chinese Empire; on the east and south by Corea, over which the world's next great war will probably be fought, and soon; on the west by Mongolia, and on the south by Corea, China, and the gulfs and extensions of the Yellow Sea, which touches or commands much of that empire. On these gulfs are two of the finest military and commercial ports of Asia, or the world—Port Arthur and Talienwan, or, as the Russians call it, Dalni.

Not only is Manchuria of great extent, but, according to Senator Beveridge, its resources are great:

This enormous territory is fertilized by rivers running generally both north and south. Portions of the valleys of these rivers and the plains beyond the valleys are as fertile as those of the Sangamon in Illinois, of the Miami in Ohio. Mountains traverse the north-west and south-west, and again the north-eastern portion of this great region. The northern mountains are rich in gold, possibly richer than the gold-fields of that portion of Siberia which is just across the river from them, and of the wealth of which the world at large seems to be in ignorance. The mountains to the south-east and south are said to be rich in iron and coal. The coal now being turned out in quantities at Shanhaikwan, just beyond the south-western borders of Manchuria and directly on the Gulf of Liao-Toung, is equal for all purposes to the coal produced in the United States. Here, then, is an empire capable of sustaining fifty millions of people, and with scarcely more than fifteen million inhabitants at present; an empire with two of the best ports in the world for commercial and military purposes, with coal of a high quality immediately at hand; an empire which, in its strategic situation on the Pacific and in all Oriental affairs, is second only to the commanding position of Japan itself.

Such, then, is the (with Corea) prize. But what of the men who will win or lose it? Here is Senator Beveridge's view of the Cossacks:

Perhaps the finest specimens of physical manhood personally observed in any place in any country were, on the average, the Russian Cossacks and the Russian common soldier along the Amur and in Manchuria. They are big men—necks thick, shoulders powerful, chests deep, legs sturdy, great room for play of lungs, great stomach capacity, heavy-skulled, ruddy-countenanced. And there is an impression of hardness about them—iron men, steel men, granite men. And when, day after day, you note that their food is principally sour-cabbage soup, black bread, dried fish, and weak tea, you have discovered two elements upon which the Russian military theorist largely counts in any conflict which hereafter may occur with any nation. Physical hardness and endurance, on the one hand, and little and simple food, easily transported, on the other hand.

And these soldiers do not depend on strength alone. They are ready, says Beveridge:

At Nikolsk, Russia's martial thousands can be fed more easily than elsewhere in her Far Eastern dominions. And so Nikolsk is full of barracks. And these barracks are full of soldiers. And these soldiers are drilling, drilling, always drilling. Drilling that is, when they are not on active duty. You may drive to one side of the city until you emerge upon a great open, surrounded by barracks and arsenals, and on every side there is preparation—practice. From one building come the strains of music of a military band—it is practicing. From another a company of white-capped soldiers are issuing and falling into line—they are practicing. Yonder comes the artillery with all haste of battle—it is practicing. Scatter and skirmish line, close order for cavalry attack, sudden whirl from one position to another—all the evolutions of actual fight are before your eyes.

Here is another view of the martial Russian:

The Russian soldier is in Manchuria. He is there, and there in large numbers. He is there with his gun, with bayonet always fixed (it is a singular circumstance, and more typical of Russia than any one fact I can select, that the Russian bayonet is always fixed). But the Russian soldier is in Manchuria, not with rifle and sword only, but with shovel and pickaxe and adz, and all the implements of toil, as indeed is the case in Siberia and in Russia itself; for the Russian soldier is more of a laboring man, after all, than he is a military man. He digs and builds and plants far more than he fights. Russian soldiers were seen digging a drain on the grounds of the excellent museum which Grodekoff has erected at Khabaroff. The martial note is not dominant. The thud of axe in forest and thump of drill in quarry, the grating swish of the mixing mortar, the click of mason's trowel on bricks or rapidly rising walls, the drone of the saw, and the drum of hammer from one end of Manchuria to the other—these are the sounds which greet you. Again and yet again you are impressed with this—the Russian soldier in Manchuria is a laboring man

first and a military man afterwards. It is an item not to be overlooked—indeed, the Russian soldier must be most carefully considered by those who are estimating the forces influencing the world at present. No toil is too heavy for him; no hardship is to him a hardship at all. He will fell trees, excavate ditches, build houses with the same good-humor with which he will go into action where wounds and death are his sure reward.

Commenting on the fact that Russia is in Manchuria to stay, Senator Beveridge says:

The Russian peasant is there, as he is in Western Siberia, and the Russian peasant's wife is there, as she is in Siberia, and the little white-haired children, with the pale-blue eye of the Slav, are there, as they are in Siberia; and, as in Siberia and Russia, the little girls from eight to twelve are universally carrying in their arms infant brothers and sisters of as many months or even weeks, for Russian children are being born in Manchuria. And a land where a people's dead are buried, where a people's children are born, becomes to that people sacred soil.

There is only one agency, the author says, which might dislodge the Russian from Manchuria:

That agency is the sword-like bayonets of the soldiers of Japan, the warships of Japan, the siege-guns of Japan, the embattled frenzy of a nation stirred to its profoundest depths by the conviction that the Czar has deprived the Mikado of the greatest victory and the richest prize in all the history of the Island Empire—a history which reaches back not through centuries but through millenniums. And that Japan is determined that Russia shall withdraw from Manchuria no careful student on the ground can doubt. No thoughtful student of geography can doubt it.

Here is an interesting passage regarding Japan's military forces:

"I gladly admit the courage of the Japanese," said a Russian general, discussing the comparative merits of the world's soldiers. Everywhere, on all hands and by all nations, you will hear the praise of Japanese gallantry sounded high and loud, even by their worst enemies, and a hostful of stories can be picked up illustrative of their daring and even of their chivalry. As well disciplined troops as I have ever seen are those of the Japanese army. Far and away the best-dressed, best-groomed, best-appearing soldiers observed in Pekin in 1901 were the Japanese soldiers. . . . Inspection of barracks after barracks in Japan itself, made when they were not expecting visitors, showed the policing of the quarters to be almost perfect. If the Russians at Nikolsk were drilling, drilling, drilling, the Japanese in Japan are doing more than that, and then again, in addition to it, still drilling, drilling, drilling. . . . The Japanese army is a perfect machine, built on the German model, but perfected at minute points and in exquisite detail. The Japanese army, regiment, company, is "built like a watch."

Probably the Japanese army can be mobilized more quickly than that of any nation:

"We can mobilize our entire army of two hundred and fifty thousand men inside of thirty-six hours," declared one of the very highest military authorities of Japan. And there is no doubt of the truth of the statement. The Japanese believe they can land an army corps in Corea in less than three days. It is believed by the most conservative men in Japan that a force of two hundred thousand men can be transported to the peninsula or to Manchuria in two weeks, and a line of provision transports established and defended. Perhaps this is not so far from the truth. Very moderate opinion is that, in three weeks, Japan could have every man in her active military establishment landed at any point she pleased in Manchuria or Corea, and a line of commissary transports established and defended.

In this conflict the chief—perhaps determining—element, says the author, will be the respective Russian and Japanese fleets. Of the two navies, he says:

The Japanese navy, practically all of which is at home and instantly available for this war, is one of the best fighting organizations of the world. Indeed, for its size, it is perhaps the best-equipped navy of any nation. But neither is the Russian navy to be sneered at. Steadily, slowly, almost stealthily, she is increasing her maritime armament in the Orient. The stories told about the mismanagement and neglect of the Russian warships are believed to be erroneous, and this belief comes from personal observation. It must not be forgotten that the pet and pride and hope of the Russian nation has been her navy ever since the time that Peter the Great established it. Russia herself makes her own guns for her warships. She makes most, nearly all, of her warships herself. They are well done. The ships were found in quite as good condition upon unexpected visits to them and on personal, but, of course, uninstructed and non-expert examination of all parts of them, as English and American ships were found under like circumstances; and no opinion is here ventured as to the respective fighting powers of the Japanese and the Russian ships in a combat to the death.

Senator Beveridge gives a very concise and striking description of the events following the Chinese-Japanese War, which so profoundly angered Japan:

The end came. China was defeated. The hour was striking for the formation of the triple alliance of Germany, Russia, and France. Li Hung Chang, representing China, and that extraordinary intellect, Marquis Ito, representing Japan, met at Shimonoseki, and concluded the famous treaty of peace which bears that name. By this treaty Port Arthur, Talienwan, and the entire Liaoo-Toung peninsula were ceded to Japan. It was not only a war indemnity to Japan, but it secured the very points of the Korean controversy which were the origin of the war itself.

But now, when Japan was in the full flower of her well-earned success, when the world applauded the diplomatic ability which had concluded one of the most ably conducted conflicts in history (little, though, that war was); now, when Japan stepped forth from the smoke of battle, amid the applause of nations, to her place among the powers of the world—a place earned by her civil and industrial revolutions at home and confirmed by glorious conduct in war by sea and by land; now, when China was prostrate, humiliated, disgraced—at this supreme and psychic hour Russia made her carefully prepared play, which in an instant deprived Japan of the material fruits of her victory and the glory of her achievement, apparently rescued the Manchu dynasty from certain ruin, and bound it by the consideration of gratitude and every form of obligation to Russia.

A joint note of the Russian, the French, and the German Governments was addressed to Japan, telling her, in the politest of terms, and with the cleverest of arguments, why the peace of the Orient would be permanently endangered by her retaining possession of the Chinese territory ceded to her, and expressing the hope of these "friendly" governments that the wise, the peace-loving, and the humane Mikado would save the situation by surrendering what his generals' skill and his soldiers' blood had won.

At the same time there were gathering ships of war between Japan and her prey. French ships came from the south, Russian ships came from the north, German ships hovered near. The Japanese navy was overmatched. The attitude of the Russians was that of immediate and determined action. Steam was kept up, decks cleared for battle, and every dramatic effect of war was introduced and employed with the skill

of accomplished performers. It was, therefore, a lurid light by which the Japanese statesman Ito read the note of Russia, Germany, and France. He was out of money; he had just finished an exhausting conflict; his navy was outnumbered if not outclassed. It is said that the Japanese Government in this gloomy hour of agony looked to England, her natural ally; but England's face was averted in indecision. The Japanese nation clamored for war; but Japanese statesmen knew that war at this moment, without powerful aid, meant defeat, and defeat ruin. Therefore, the little empire broke her sword, submitted to her fate, and, with her hand held in the mailed fingers of alliance which Russia had constructed, wrote the historic withdrawal of her claim to and authority over the territory China had ceded to her.

Why the control of Corea is now so vital a question is thus pointed out by Mr. Beveridge:

Look at your map. Just above Japan, within hardly more than a day's sail, is Vladivostok, one of the finest harbors for naval and military purposes in the world, and one whose only defect is its three months of ice. It is the Gibraltar of the East. And it is Russian. In its waters the Russian warships lie safe from all attack. From its wharves Russian railways run northward through Russian wheat-fields to the Russian capital of East Siberia.

Cross now, southward, a peninsula and reach the sea; and travel, still south, the shores of the sea till you come to the mate of Vladivostok, Port Arthur, of which so much has already been said. Here, again, the warships of Russia are within instant touch of Japan. Here, again, they lie in safety, secure from all attack. Again, from the wharves of this southern Vladivostok the Russian railway lines run northward; and though the territory through which these railway lines run is still nominally Chinese, the facts here presented show that, for all practical purposes, it may, in the future, become Russian, if the Russian wills it so.

North of this peninsula, then, are Russian ports, Russian ships, and Russian guns; a Russian railway, Russian commerce, the Russian people. Back of this peninsula, again, are Russian railways, Russian commerce, and Russian bayonets. South of this peninsula, again, are Russian harbors, Russian guns, Russian commerce, and Russian railways.

And this peninsula, running out from these Russian environments, almost touches Japan itself. As a Japanese statesman said, in speaking of this peninsula, "It is like an arrow, with the point aimed at our heart."

This peninsula is Corea, and it is inevitable that Corea shall become either Russian or Japanese.

Another paragraph on the same theme:

Let us listen again to the Japanese publicist just quoted. "The absorption," said he, "of Manchuria by the Russians, if completed, renders the position of Corea precarious. And Corea is a matter of first and last importance to us. Corea is life or death to Japan." "Yes," said another Japanese publicist of high intelligence, "if I were a Russian I might insist on Corea becoming Russian; but as I am a Japanese, for the safety of my country, I insist that it shall become Japanese, and upon that insistence every subject of the Mikado is willing to lay down his life." "Ah," said a Japanese diplomat, in concluding an absorbing conversation upon the next great crisis of the world, "Corea must be Russian or Japanese, it is said. Yes. Well, in that case, it will become Japanese. Every one of Japan's two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers will die, if need be, to achieve this victory for his emperor—this act of international justice, this guarantee of the safety of the Japanese nation. And, after our soldiers are gone, the nation itself—man, woman, and child—will huddle, forty millions of us, till the last yen is gone and the last life yielded. I mean what I say. It is with us no statesman's policy; it is with us the settled purpose and the burning passion of a people."

This is fervid language, but the author declares that "talks with merchants, with guides, with even the common people of Japan, will convince you that this Japanese diplomat's Oriental eloquence is quite within the limits of the truth." We shall see very soon whether it is truth or not.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.50 net.

## CHICAGO.

[On the Occasion of the Great Fire of 1871.]

Men said at vespers: All is well!  
In one wild night the city fell;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none;  
Men clasped each other's hands and said:  
The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signaled round that sea of fire;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;  
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South, and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still  
The new the dreary void shall fill,  
With dearer homes than those of earth-born,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from these throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;  
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness!  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous!

—John G. Whittier.

J. Adam Bede, who made his maiden speech recently in the House and became famous in an hour, is a newspaper editor of Pine City, Minn., rising to that position from the printer's case.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Three Novels Well Worth While.

"The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow, is a Southern novel with a hero for you. Christopher Blake, we are told, belonged to a family whose men "could hate twice as long as most men can love, and love twice as long as most men can live." "In his pose, in his walk, in the careless carriage of his head," we read elsewhere, "there was something of the large freedom of the elements." "The strong masculine beauty of his face was like that of the young David"—so runs another passage. And when Carraway, the lawyer, met Blake, "he weighed the keen gray flash of the eyes beneath the thick, fair hair, the coating of dust and sweat over the high-bred curve from brow to nose, and the fullness of the jaw which bore with a suggestion of sheer brutality upon the general impression of a fine racial type. Taken from the mouth up, the face might have passed as a pure, fleshly copy of the antique idea; seen downward, it became almost repelling in its massive power."

And yet this young hero—this young god of the fields in whose veins flowed some of the bluest blood of the South—was a common laborer—so poor that when his best coat was torn in an adventure with a runaway team, he had not another to wear; so unlettered that an auction bill was not intelligible to him.

Of course, a foul wrong had been done. Christopher Blake's father, it seems, had been robbed—legally, but nevertheless robbed—by his overseer, one Fletcher. Blake Hall, the home of the Blakes for two hundred years, had been sold to satisfy a mortgage. The shock had killed the elder Blake. The fierce tides of war had swept away the remaining property of the family. Christopher, when only ten, had been set to work in the tobacco fields to support his proud old patrician mother, now blind and paralyzed. Now, with the years, came to Christopher the awakening of hatred for Fletcher, the stirrings of a desire for revenge. "The Deliverance" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is the story of that hatred and that revenge, written with power and charm, touched with wholesome humor and sound philosophy, conveying the very odors of the Virginia tobacco fields, and presenting withal a true and intimate picture of post-hellum days in the South. Miss Glasgow has portrayed with exceeding skill the two violent passions that war in the soul of Christopher Blake—bitter hate for Fletcher, the overseer, strong love for Fletcher's daughter, so strangely unlike him.

"Yes," agreed the young man, though with a tilt of dubiety and a frown of excoigation—"there you have a typical sentence from Henry Harland's new novel, 'My Friend Prospero' (McClure, Phillips & Co.). No other English writer uses words with such delicacy as does he. He handles them as though they were gems—lets them run sparkling through his fingers—turns them this way and that to catch the sun—and strings them into phrases that are marvels of art. Take, for example, the description which opens the book of how a man pulls a bell-cord:

The coachman drew up his horses before the castle gateway, where their hoofs beat a sort of fanfare on the stone pavement; and the footman, letting himself smartly down, pulled, with peremptory gesture that was just not quite a swagger, the bronze hand at the end of the dangling bell-cord.

Or this further on in the volume:

Again, her eyeglass up, she glanced round the walls—hung, in this octagonal room, with dim-colored portraits of women, all in wonderful toilets, with wonderful hair and head-gear, all wonderfully young and pleased with things, and all four centuries dead.

For our part, we think "My Friend Prospero" certainly an advance on "The Lady Paramount" (a rather glittery book), if, indeed, it is not better than any of its fore-runners. It is all about a lovely Italian valley—a veritable Eden—and therein a gallant lover and a charming girl, with a young-old dowager to help things along, and a little Italian maiden who is a unique and striking character. There is little plot, no problem, but it is all very charming.

After the lapse of several years (and as many novels) again to take up and read a story by F. Marion Crawford, and find there no diminution of power to charm, but rather a greater tendency to crisp and kindly epigram alongside the old strength of plot and narrative that made famous those three great novels—"Saracinesca," "Saint Ilario," and "Don Orsino"—is a distinct pleasure.

Of "The Heart of Rome" (Macmillans) Mr. Crawford says in the "postlude": "It is a tale without a 'purpose' and without any particular 'moral' in the present appalling acceptance of those simple words. If it has interested or pleased those who have read it, the writer is glad." Well, certainly it has.

This narrative, like others of Mr. Crawford's romances, is woven about an old palace in the heart of Rome. The several hobbits that give the fabric color and life are a hidden treasure, the "lost water," a famous young archaeologist, and the fair daughter of the house of Conti—Donna Sabina Conti. The family of Conti had lived on the same spot

for nearly eight hundred years. But their vast fortune had dwindled, until at the time the story opens, the property had fallen into the hands of creditors, and the princess and her household, as degenerate as their fortunes, were scattered to the four corners of the earth. There remained, however, the fair Sabina Conti, the legend of the hidden treasure, and the mystery of the "lost water." With these the story deals.

The most telling situation in the book is where Malipieri, the archaeologist, has taken Sabina clandestinely to see the treasure that he had found. The only entrance to the chamber where the bronze statue had lain for centuries was through a dry well, used in ancient times as an *oubliette*, and into which the "lost water" might be turned at will. Bones of its victims lay upon the floor; a crust of dry ooze marked where the water had risen almost to the floor above. But there was no danger now, of course, Malipieri told Sabina. Then—

Malipieri held his breath and then he heard. It was the unmistakable sound of water trickling faster and faster over stones. For an instant his blood stood still. . . . Sabina was very pale, but quite quiet.

"What has happened," she asked, mechanically.

"The water has risen suddenly," he said, paler than she, for he knew the whole danger; "we can not get out till it goes down."

"Tell me the truth," she said; "it may be days before the water goes down. We may die here. Is that what you mean?"

"Unless I can make another way out, that is what may happen. We may starve here."

"You will find the other way out," Sabina said quietly; "I know you will."

And so the archaeologist labors like a Titan with crowbar and pickaxe to make a breach in the ancient wall, enormously thick. It is a terrific, exhausting task, but there are compensations:

"Signor Malipieri—" she began, at last, in rather a trembling tone.

"Yes! What is it?" He bent down to her, but she did not look up.

"I—hardly know how to say it," she faltered; "shall you think very, very badly of me if I ask you to do something—something that—" She stopped.

"There is nothing in heaven or earth I will not do for you," he answered; "and I shall certainly not think anything very dreadful." He tried to speak cheerfully.

"I think I shall die of cold," she said; "there might be a way—"

"Yes? Anything?"

Then she spoke very low. "Do you think you could just put your arms round me for a minute or two?" she asked.

He did. They got out of the cavern. And when Sabina's mother tells the archaeologist the only thing to do is to marry Sabina, the archaeologist is nothing loath, though there is one rather serious difficulty in the way. However, it all ends happily enough. The story is indeed an absorbing one—one of the best Crawford has written for years.

## New Publications.

"Souls: A Comedy of Intentions," by "Rita." Brentano's.

"Our Lady's Inn," by J. Storer Clouston. Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

"Eighty Years of Union," by James Schouler, LL. D. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75 net.

"The Life of a Wooden Doll," by Louis Saxhy. Illustrated. Published by Fox, Duffield & Co.—a juvenile.

"Glimpses of Truth," by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. Frontispiece. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 80 cents net.

"When I was Czar," by Arthur W. Marchmont. Illustrated. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50.

"The Being with the Upturned Face," by Clarence Lathbury. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.00 net.

"Love Stories from Real Life," by Mildred Champagne. Illustrated. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company.

"The Bondage of Ballinger," by Roswell Field. Frontispiece. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Publishing Company; \$1.25.

"Gardens of the Caribbees," by Ida M. H. Starr. Illustrated. Published by L. C. Page & Co.; two volumes—a brightly written work of travel.

"Love, the Fiddler," by Lloyd Osbourne. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50—five stories—light, fairly readable, but of no great importance.

"The Fables of Aesop and Others." Profusely illustrated with woodcuts by Thomas Bewick. Reprinted from the edition of 1818. D. Appleton & Co.

"Ike Glidden in Maine: A Story of Rural Life in a Yankee District," by A. D. McFaul. Illustrated. Published by the Dickerman Publishing Company; \$1.50.

"The Relations Between Freedom and Responsibility in the Evolution of Democratic Government," by Arthur Twining Hadley. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.00 net—a thor-

oughgoing discussion by the president of Yale University.

"Josiah Tucker, Economist: A Study in the History of Economics," by Walter Ernest Clark, Ph. D. Published by the Columbia University Press: The Macmillan Company, agents; \$1.50.

"World's Children," by Mortimer Menpes: text by Dorothy Menpes. Profusely illustrated in color. John Lane; \$6.00 net—a work whose illustrations are very fine and whose text is brightly written.

## VALENTINE VERSE.

## Grace's Valentine.

Such a dainty valentine!  
Cupids, mottoes, lace,  
Roses, satin frills—in fine,  
Just the thing for Grace!

Push the satin frills apart,  
Lo! beneath the lace  
Lies a flimsy, tinsel heart—  
Just the thing for Grace!—Ex.

## The Heart of Ice.

Now whither are you flying  
And on what game intent,  
Cupid? There's no denying  
On mischief you are bent.  
What is the use of trying  
To look so innocent?

What means your empty quiver?  
Did heart of some coquette  
Your golden arrows shiver?  
Or did you, boy, upset  
Your darts in Lethe's river,  
Or break them in a pet?

What is it you're concealing,  
My patience to annoy?  
A heart you have been stealing,  
Or some such foolish toy?  
Come, now—no double-dealing!  
Out with it—Cupid, boy!

"I have," quoth Cupid, shyly,  
"A thing wherewith to hew  
Cold hearts" (he hinted slyly  
That such a heart I knew).  
"This recommended highly—  
An ice-pick—what say you?"

Gravely I shake my finger  
At Cupid—"Tis indeed  
The very thing to bring her  
To reason, boy, so speed!  
Fly, Cupid! Do not linger—  
Jove grant you may succeed!"  
—Oliver Herford in *Cosmopolitan*.

## A Legal Secret.

"Twixt two dull legal leaves it lies,  
An old unfinished valentine;  
"If you love me as I love you"—  
That's all—one tender, time-dimmed line.  
No, not quite all, for here's the date,  
"Feb. Fourteenth, seventeen ninety-three;"  
And just above is faintly traced,  
In faded ink, "To Dorothy."

O dusty tome! you've guarded well  
The secret of this *billet-doux*;  
You're near a century older since  
Some love-lorn lawyer trusted you.  
Was it the longed-for client's knock,  
When he this single line had traced,  
That made him start in sudden shame  
And hide his rhyme with guilty haste?

"If you love me as I love you"—  
I wonder if she did or no;  
I wonder was she false or true,  
This "Dorothy" of long ago.  
Ah, well! it can not matter now,  
And yet, above earth's busy stir,  
Perhaps, who knows, somewhere, somehow,  
She still loves him as he loves her.  
—Jennie P. Betts.

## The February National Magazine.

In his article in the February number of the *National Magazine*, "Socialism and the Labor Unions," Senator Marcus A. Hanna says: "I took some time to consider the work of the Civic Federation, and am firmly convinced that it is the object to which I desire to consecrate the remaining years of my life." This seems to answer the people who are wondering if Mr. Hanna desires the Presidency. "Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, deals with current national affairs, and tells some good stories of public men.

"Our Unique Volcano," a natural wonder that we acquired with the Philippines, is described by William Raymond Blanchard. A plea that our national emblem should be corn is made by Edna Dean Proctor in "Our National Floral Emblem."

"1904" is a political forecast by Frank Putnam, the editor, in which he urges the nomination of Roosevelt and Hearst to head the rival tickets.

Winter life in Uncle Sam's great Western park is vividly portrayed in "Ski-Runners of the Yellowstone," by Lewis R. Freeman. George T. Richardson and Kate Sanborn furnish, respectively, the stage and book reviews.

The whole number is handsomely illustrated.

We don't sell glasses off-hand. We fit them with a proper regard for the important part they play in your every-day life.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
**ROBERTSON'S**  
126 Post Street

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York

For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.



"Give Me  
the  
Remington"

says the  
experienced  
operator.

**Remington Typewriter Company**  
327 Broadway, New York.

228 Bush Street, San Francisco.

AUTOGRAPH  
LETTERS

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.  
Publisher of "The Collector," a monthly magazine  
for autograph collectors. \$1 per year.

## Educational.



Oregon. Portland.  
**ST. HELEN'S HALL**  
Has a Normal Kindergarten  
training class in connection  
with its Academic Department.  
Separate residence.  
Two-year course. Model  
kindergarten. Provides  
practice work. For details  
address  
ELEANOR TEBBETTS,  
Principal.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from  
New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars  
address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal,  
Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS  
COLLEGE,**  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.



## THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

## A Summary of Results.

In all, nearly half a hundred persons of prominence in California have replied to the *Argonaut's* question, "What two books, that you read during 1903, proved most interesting and pleasurable? Though the number is not great enough to afford basis for any very broad generalizations, a summary and comparison of the replies may still be interesting.

In the first place, those who replied may be divided, according to occupation or profession, into classes, as follows:

One governor (naturally).  
Two university presidents.  
Five authors—poets.  
Nine ordinary authors.  
Four editors.  
Four jurists.  
Five lawyers.  
Three librarians.  
One scientist.  
Two State officials.  
One physician.  
Eight men of affairs and miscellaneous.

A certain, though by no means conspicuous, unity is to be observed among the divisions. For example, three among the author-list named books by Joseph Conrad, while he was named not at all by the other forty-odd who replied. The lawyers and jurists showed a greater preference for old well-established books than any other class, while in general those in the author, poet-list, and editor-list inclined to fiction rather than to other classes of literature. The contrary is true of business and professional men.

The book most mentioned was Jack London's "Call of the Wild"—eight times. Other books mentioned more than once were Morley's "Gladstone" (four times), Joseph Conrad's "Youth" (thrice), "Two Argonauts in Spain" (twice), Owen Wister's "The Virginian" (twice), "Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley" (twice), Budge's "History of Egypt" (twice), Wallace's "Man's Place in the Universe" (twice). Dividing the books mentioned into the classes, fiction, history, biography, economics, science, poetry, art, drama, etc., the result is:

Fiction, 37.  
Biography and memoirs, 14.  
History, 13.  
Science, 7.  
Essay, 6.  
Philosophy, 5.  
Poetry, 4.  
Travel, 3.  
Economics, 3.  
Law, 2.  
Drama, 2.  
Art, 1.

As to old books—books published more than three years ago—as compared with new books, the case roughly stands thus:

Old books, 39.  
New books, 58.

Doubtless the result would have been still more favorable to the works of the "old masters" in literature had not quite a few persons construed the *Argonaut's* question to mean "books of the year" when it said merely "books," and meant precisely what it said.

The complete list of books and authors mentioned, excluding those named above, is as follows:

Buell's "Life of Paul Jones," Addams's "Democracy and Social Ethics," Maeterlinck's "Plays," *The Spectator*, "The Pentateuch," Stoddard's "The Morgesons," James's "The Better Sort," Higginson's "Mariella of Out West," Mason's "The Four Feathers," Sterling's "The Testimony of the Suns," Miller's "As It Was in the Beginning," Wagner's "Simple Life," Fiske's "Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," Phillips's "Master Rogue," Watson's "Thomas Jefferson," Brooks's "Social Unrest," Ward's "Lily Rose's Daughter," Marsh's "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," Hackel's "The Riddle of the Universe," Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Acosta's "Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias," Agriola's "De Re Metallica," Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico," Chambers's "History of the Medieval Stage," Burroughs's "Literary Values," Howison's "The Limits of Evolution," Schiller's "Netherlands," Tacitus's "Annals," Morris's "The Roots of the Mountains," Dickens, Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana," Zola's "Fécondité," Tolstoy's "What is Art?" Kipling's "Five Nations," St. Augustine's "Confessions," Lockhart's "Walter Scott," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Macaulay's "Essays," "California Reports," France's "Histoire Comique," Newman's "Idea of a University," Lecky's "History of the Rise and Spirit of Rationalism," Dixon's "The Leopard's Spots," Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," Watson's "France," "California Supreme Court Reports," Max Müller's "Memoirs," "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," Schopenhauer, Lewis's "Wolfville Days," Homer's "Odyssey," London's "The Son of the Wolf," "Messages and Papers of the Presidents," Chesterton's "Browning," Mason's "The Little Green God," "Modern Dogs," Wolseley's "Story of a Soldier's Life," Lodge's "Washington," London's "People of the Abyss," the New Testament, Eliot's "Middlemarch," Stevenson's "Wrecker," Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," Lloyd Osbourne's "Queen Versus Billy," Dixon's "One Woman," Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Robinson's "Modern Civic Art," Maspero's

"Egypt," Parton's "Aaron Burr," Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe."

We append a belated letter from Sam T. Clover, editor of the *Los Angeles Express*:

I think I enjoyed J. T. Trowbridge's reminiscences about as well as any book I read in 1903. The style is so simple yet so engaging, that to one who has more than a bowing acquaintance with the literary men of whom he writes from personal knowledge, the treatment is fascinating.

Another book that stands out with cameo clearness amid the year's reading is Norman Duncan's "The Way of the Sea." I commend these powerful scenes of life among the simple-minded yet heroic fisher folk of the Newfoundland coast as intensely interesting. The paths in the lives of these far-away, isolated souls is heartbreaking. Their loves, their hopes, their sad joys, their humble ambitions, their fortitude amid starvation, Norman Duncan portrays with terrible fidelity.

Other books that appealed to me in the last twelvemonth, aside from old favorites, were Jack London's "Call of the Wild," remarkable for the human spirit he has injected into it, and Reuben Gold Thwaites's "How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest." The latter is as fascinating as a thrilling novel, and in addition is gospel truth, for Professor Thwaites goes to original sources for historic facts. Mary Austin's "Land of Little Rain" is delightful for its intimate story of the desert; one feels it is her desert whose secrets she is unfolding. I find "The Gentle Reader," by Samuel Crothers, a charming book to pick up after dinner and, with a good cigar, enjoy a chapter or two at a time. This book is like good wine: it should not be taken at a gulp, but sipped and sipped and set aside for future enjoyment. However, I started out to speak of two books, and so many good ones recur to me that I enjoyed in 1903 that it is hard to know where to stop.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is now definitely settled that Hall Caine's new story, "The Prodigal Son," which had been looked forward to for this spring, will be published in the autumn.

The lady who came to literary fame as the writer of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is still little known by name. She lives on the shores of the Baltic, and has written a new book, the scene of which is laid there. It is called "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," this being an island in the Baltic.

Cyrus Townsend Brady's output for the week is a novel entitled "A Little Traitor to the South." It is sub-titled "A War-Time Comedy with a Tragic Interlude."

Mary Austin, the author of "The Land of Little Rain," has just sent to her publishers another book, "Isidro," a romance of the days of the padres before secularization. Comparing her book with that written by Mrs. Atherton, "Before the Gringo Came," of the same period, Mrs. Austin is quoted as saying that her conception of the life of that time was quite different from that of Mrs. Atherton. "Perhaps we are both wrong," she said; "my conception is from quite a long residence among simple Spanish folk." Personally, Mrs. Austin is most interested in her poetry and stories for children. All her life she has been studying little people. Mrs. Austin was born in Illinois, but is Californian by adoption, having come here as a child. She has lived more than a decade on the edge of the desert, learning its charm and mystery.

It is definitely announced that George B. McClellan's historical monograph on the oligarchy of Venice will be published on February 13th. True to his democratic affiliations, the mayor of New York points out in this work the dangers of a centralized and autocratic government of the few over the many, and attributes to these evils the decline and fall of the Venetian republic.

Eliza R. Scidmore, writing from Tokio, says that Koizumi Yakumo, otherwise Lafcadio Hearn, whose new volume of Japanese goblin and fairy tales, "Kwaidan," will be one of the new books of the early spring, resigned his office as lecturer in the Tokio imperial university last spring, and has disappeared. His acquaintances are not alarmed, however, and believe that "he has simply gone into retreat in Japan, possibly in some Tokio suburb." Mr. Hearn has been living in Japan, most of the time, for fifteen years or more. He has always avoided European and American travelers, and some years ago became a Japanese subject.

It is being remarked by some Eastern literary paragraphers that the tone of a current *Century Magazine* story, "Suicide: A Comedy," is such as to give force to the suggestion that its author is identical with the author of "The Confessions of a Wife." Anne Douglas Sedgwick wrote "Suicide."

John Bach McMaster will edit a new series of reprints in American history. Its scope may be guessed from the title, "The Trail-Makers."

George Ade is said to be engaged in a novel dealing with the political history of the United States. That is, indeed, a far cry from "Fables in Slang."

Attention is again called to the fact that the grave of "Bill" Nye, the humorist, which

is in the graveyard of a country church near Fletcher, N. C., thirteen miles from Asheville, is unmarked by a stone of any kind—"undistinguishable from the 'old field' in which it is located save by an empty hottle thrust, mouth down, into the sod at the head of the grave, and a loose stone placed, probably by accident, at the foot."

## How to Banish "the Blues."

Dr. Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D., F. R. M. S., of this city, is the author of a new and interesting work entitled "The Blues" (Splanchnic Neurasthenia): Causes and Cure." Briefly stated, the author's theory of the cause of "the blues" is that it is due to a congestion of the intra-abdominal veins, and this congestion, in turn, he attributes to the "abnormal" posture of mankind compared with animals. He quotes Campbell, who says: "If an intelligent extra-mundane were to see man for the first time in the horizontal posture it would never occur to him that it is natural for him to be erect. There is something incongruous in an animal built on the longitudinal plan standing and progressing upon one end of its long axis." Dr. Abrams continues:

The erect posture of man places him at a disadvantage in several directions, notably, however, by increasing the height of the blood column with a corresponding increase of gravity on the circulation, thus causing the blood to gravitate into the intra-abdominal veins. Among the many resources of nature to combat this tendency, the vigor of the abdominal muscles is paramount. The tonicity of the muscles in question is impaired by mal-hygiene, clothing, occupation, disease, lack of exercise, and a host of other conditions. . . . The sports of the ancient Greeks were specially directed toward development of the abdominal muscles. In the sculptural works of the old masters, the abdominal muscles are reproduced with as much accuracy as the other muscles of the body, and it is reasonable to assume . . . that the decadence of the abdominal muscles is a modern heretage; and so are hemorrhoids, constipation, and hernia.

Dr. Abrams's book gives complete directions how to develop the abdominal muscles as did the Greeks, thus banishing "the blues." The volume is significantly bound in blue, and contains a number of illustrations from photographs and diagrams.  
Published by E. B. Treat & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
2. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
4. "The Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar.
5. "The Proud Prince," by Justin Huntley McCarthy.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by General John B. Gordon.
2. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
3. "Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin.
4. "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London.
5. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.

Paul Elder & Co. publish as usual some clever and unique valentines—"no lace paper." Two are by W. S. Wright, one being called "The Temptation of Saint Valentine," printed in gold on brilliant crimson paper; the other, "A Vacant Valentine," in blue, black, gold, and red. An attractive little booklet, entitled "Flowers of Fate," is also among this firm's valentine-season publications.

Pope Manufacturing Co.  
Famous  
Chainless  
Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame

## All Standard Chain Models

Eastern Dept.  
Hartford Conn.

Columbia  
Tribune  
Cleveland  
Crawford

West-  
ern  
Department  
Chicago  
Ill.

Crescent  
Monarch  
Rambler  
Imperial

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.



**FERRY'S SEEDS**

Deserve your confidence. They have never failed—won't fail now. Sold by all dealers. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid, free.

**D. M. FERRY & CO.**  
Detroit, Mich.


## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

**COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,**

21 Boulevard Montmartre

PARIS, FRANCE.

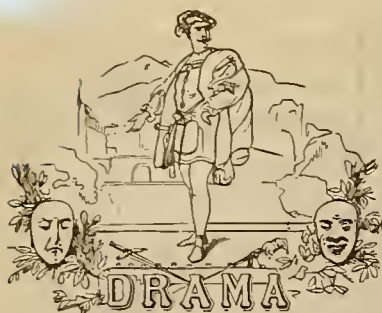


**The Minutes that make the Days, that make the Years, are truthfully told by the ELGIN WATCH**

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Time-makers and Timekeepers" an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

**ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.**  
ELGIN, ILL.





Weber and Fields have been instrumental in adding a new adjective to American-English. In time, no doubt, when their most popular form of native humor is transplanted to the London stage, the newly initiated adjective will be added to the vocabulary of English-English. What is Weber-Fieldsian would cover a wide field. It is prompt, up to date, spontaneous, shamelessly illegitimate, formless, but absolutely irresistible fun. It is the latest and most fetching thing in chorus-girl fascination, whether it be beauty of the face, form, or costume, or that elastic, spasmodically graceful dance whose Venus-like birth was in the foam and froth of the Broadway standard. It is the art or the instinct of pouring forth rapid and inexhaustible repartee that seems born of the exhilaration and the stimulus of the moment. It is horse-play transformed into an art, done by comedians some of whom have grown gray on the American stage, and who move the gray-heads in front to such uncontrollable laughter that they forget they have left their youth behind them. It is half a dozen forms of popular American entertainment condensed into one evening's kaleidoscope of mirth and spectacle.

There is no possibility of analyzing Weber-Fieldsian fun. Who has ever been able to tell why a joke discharged by the instinctive comedian makes us richer by a laugh, while it is only provocative of gloom when uttered by the man devoid of humor? Does any one know why every joke uttered by Peter Dailey, even if it is intrinsically flat, gathers a characteristic momentum from the personality of the man who utters it that renders its aim infallible? I trow not. A humorous personality can be hired, but neither imitated nor manufactured. Weber and Fields's greatest enterprise is that of gathering in by turns the leading comedians of the American stage to do their share in starting the uproarious mirth that represents, to the typical male American, his choicest recreation after a toilsome day in the mart.

There are half a dozen noted comedians in "Whoop-Dee-Do." There is also Lillian Russell, one of the most noted professional beauties in this land of stage beauties. There are several dozen chorus-girls, almost any one of whom would serve as the bright particular star of beauty, grace, and charm at any one of our local houses. These girls have so many changes of dress that one loses count, but is aware that each successive costume seems to outdo the others in prettiness, artistic design, and a style that serves to display each and every curve and line of beauty in the numerous and perfectly modeled figures which it adorns.

Every one is a show girl in this galaxy of beauty stars, and yet Lillian Russell herself is the showiest show girl of all; for the lovely Lillian may pass as a girl yet. She is opulent in beauty of the highly colored, excessively artificial type. Her golden hair fairly glitters with the hue that never was on sea or land till the peroxide bottle lent lustre to locks that abjured the sober browns and blondes of nature. Her large, dark-blue eyes are emphasized in size and lustre by bands of pigment on her eyelids, fully a half inch in width. Her gait is the extreme of the highly fashionable undulatory swan strut whose vogue has at last taught women to successfully subordinate the abdominal curve that was formerly so insistent. But under her paint and peroxide, Miss Russell is unquestionably as much of a beauty as ever. At first, she seems like a superb Parisian model in pink wax of a female figure in a silver-spangled reception gown. But it very soon becomes apparent that Miss Russell has acquired the art of acting; that is to say, the Weber-Fieldsian school of acting, which consists of taking part, with an air of perfect seriousness and attention, in a lot of nonsense talk, suddenly entering into a travesty of emotional acting, dropping it as suddenly, launching into a whirlwind of repartee, in which the nimble joke must be put forth with just a *souffçon* of diablerie to point its meaning, and disappearing from the stage to the sight and sound of rocking mirth.

This is what Weber and Fields have taught Lillian Russell in some degree to furnish her share of. She was formerly an image of beautiful placidity. She is still characteristically calm, but no longer cow-like. Time has scarcely cast a single shadow upon her beauty. Her figure, while passing the line of youthful slenderness, is fine and fashionable, her neck a piece of boneless perfection, her serene smile a further beautifier which

starts no betraying groups of concentric curves on her smooth cheek, such as Langtry has cause to mourn. No one would dream for a moment that this radiant apparition, all a-glitter with the pride of beauty, and in dress the extreme of fashionable splendor, is probably double the age of some of the show-girls of whom she forms a most showy and effective centre. The women are puzzling over the perfect preservation of her youth, some declaring that her face has been "peeled," "ironed," and other mysterious beauty processes. They advance all kinds of hypotheses to explain it all, and I fancy that if the mature beauty should begin to talk about the efficacy of milk baths and appliqued complexion chops, such as we used to hear about from Langtry, San Francisco femininity would veil its countenance in milk and raw meat with an ardor proportionate to the well-preserved smoothness of Miss Russell's complexion. In the matter of voice, she has virtually laid down arms and surrendered. What is left is neither sharp, broken, nor disagreeable, but light and thread-like, and quite inconspicuous.

There are numerous songs given in "Whoop-Dee-Do," but neither principals nor chorus have any voice to speak of, the most noticeable feature of the singing consisting of dancing, skirt revolutions, and rhythmic gesticulations of the pretty chorus-girls. Their drills and dances are perfectly done. Every toe and each whirl of the revolving petticoats falls into place on the instant, even while the girls wear an air of spontaneous enjoyment. This, it seems, is due to the skill and oversight of that transplanted Californian, Ben Teal, who designs these things to the taste of Broadway. Attractive spectacle in "Whoop-Dee-Do" takes its turn constantly with humor. There are continual revolutions of the wheel, which give us by turns the dance, the song, the joke. Which does the public like best? It is hard to say, so cunningly has the variety of their tastes been considered. Women probably hold on desperately to an opera-glass appraisal of the charms of the chorus-girls and their clothes, and the beauties which scintillated from Miss Russell's person and wardrobe. In the mass, men will always take laughter first, and the spectacle next.

Louis Mann seems to be the favorite comedian. They say the funniest thing about him is the expression of his face when he is pouring forth, with an air of earnest idiocy, that ceaseless stream of incoherent maunderings which make up his share of the dialogue. I was not near enough to either see or hear him well, and fell with proportionate relief upon Peter Dailey's robustly uttered funnyisms. He is big and magnetic and good-looking, and has a habit of rushing out his conversational comicalities at such break-neck speed that while you grasp one, you lose the next, and laugh even in your disconcertment. Indeed, reckless, apparently uncalculating, speed is the keynote of the Weber-Fieldsian humor. You are not given time to think. A joke that is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought is apt to change its coat and become a sadness. Many of these things they give us at Weber and Fields are like notes in the sunbeam; to the ear that hears them they have the vitality of a moment only. Others develop unexpected life, and starting on their travels, fly over circuits until they have made their little crackle of fun in all the leading joke houses of the country.

Weber and Fields themselves have been so faithfully imitated that it is a wonder they have any individuality left. Weber, the little man, has less individuality than his partner, who flings himself into the nonsense that he has helped to make famous with a whole-souledness that is probably characteristic of him in other things beside the art of making fun. The pair were very amusing in the statutory act, but unless one is a Weber or Field extremist, it is possible to yawn during some of the more interminable of their specialties. Kelly also, although a clever stage Irishman, is not absolutely indispensable, except in the travesty of "Catherine," in which he shone with a mild light. Ross and Fenton we have already seen at the Orpheum. They are valuable members of the company, but less spontaneous comedians than the others. Ross, however, was very amusing in the little mock heroic turn he did with Lillian Russell. He is handsome enough to be rather decorative. Both he and Miss Fenton were important figures in the travesty of "Catherine," which was very amusing in places, but rather too long and deliberate in its action.

Perhaps it was the lack of interest felt here in the travesty of a play as yet unrepresented in San Francisco; perhaps it was the lateness of the hour; perhaps again there are some people who find the Weber and Field diet too light to afford sustenance for nearly four hours. In any event, while the performance lasted until nearly twelve, people began to leave at half-past eleven. The announced intention to start the performance promptly at eight was not carried out from the failure of the audience to get seated on time. But, except to the most rampant enthusiasts, it would seem as if an entertainment of so light a nature, in spite of its unmistakable

popularity, is unduly extended. Even solid, soul-satisfying drama begins to pall after eleven-thirty.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### The Conference of Charities.

It is announced that the third annual convention of the State Conference of Charities and Corrections will be held in San Francisco for three days, beginning Sunday, February 21st. Mr. Frank J. Symmes will be the president. The sessions will be held in the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason Streets. The forenoon sessions will be at eleven o'clock, the afternoon sessions at half after two, and the evening sessions at eight o'clock. There will be addresses on and discussions of the following subjects: "The Child and the State," "The Detention Homes of the State," "The City and County Hospital of San Francisco," "Hospital Site," "Modern Methods in the Care and Treatment of the Insane," "The Needs of the State Home for Feeble-Minded Children," "The Charity Indorsement Committee and Its Aims," "What the Associated Charities Stand For," "Associated Charities Problems," "The State Board of Charities and Corrections," "The County Jail," "The Child as a Social Problem," "Juvenile Crime: Its Sources and Remedies." Miss Katherine Felton, 606 Montgomery Street, is secretary.

The members of the Bohemian Club have authorized the directors to purchase the property at the north-east corner of Post and Taylor Streets, known as the Sherith Israel property. The cost of the lot will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which will be largely covered by a mortgage. It is not intended to make the change in the club's location for five years, the land being bought because it was thought a good bargain.

The new Majestic Theatre, on Market Street, below Ninth, will be opened by H. W. Bishop on April 18th, the attraction being Isabelle Irving in "The Crisis."

### LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

## BLAUVELT

The great Prima Donna,  
Next Tuesday and Thursday Evenings and  
Saturday afternoon.

Splendid programmes—German, French, English, and Italian.  
Reserved seats Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

#### SPECIAL.

To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 3 o'clock.  
**INA KOPTA QUARTET**

And Mrs. OSCAR MANSFELDT, Piano.  
Godard's Quartet (first time). Schuman Quintet.  
Tickets, 50c and \$1.00. Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.  
Coming—HAROLD BAUER, the greatest pianist before the public. Week of March 1st.

### ALHAMBRA

DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

#### SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

Commencing Tuesday night,  
February 23d,  
Matinees Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

### THE KILTIES

The finest concert band on tour.

40 BANDSMEN—40  
16 IN VOCAL CHOIR—16  
7 SOLOISTS—7

—TOGETHER WITH THE—  
CLAN JOHNSTONE TROUPE  
OF SCOTCH DANCERS.  
Magnificent programme.

Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Children, 25c.  
Ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday, February 18th. Coming—HAROLD BAUER.

### C. H. REHNSTROM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

#### TAILOR AND IMPORTER

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3  
TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO.

#### LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1735 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

### THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

**The Ocularium**  
IMPROVED  
**Eye-Glasses**  
AND  
**Spectacles**  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinee every Saturday. Beginning Monday, February 15th, sixth week of

#### WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Next—The Gypsy Baron. Secure seats in advance.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Second and last week of

LOUIS JAMES AND FREDERICK WARDE

In the following repertoire: Monday and Sunday nights, and Saturday matinee, "Julius Caesar"; Tuesday and Friday nights, "Othello"; Wednesday and Saturday nights, "Macbeth"; Thursday night, "Alexander the Great."

February 22d—Denman Thompson and The Old Homestead.

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, February 15th, the powerful American play,

#### THE CHARITY BALL

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, Feb. 23d—The Wrong Mr. Wright.  
In preparation—Parsifal.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2 sharp. Commencing Monday night, last week of Weber & Fields's all-star Company in

#### WHOOP-DEE-DOO

—AND—  
**CATHERINE**  
Curtain rises at 8 sharp.

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.  
Monday, February 22d—Thomas J. Smith, the popular Irish comedian, in **THE GAMEKEEPER**.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Week starting Monday, February 15th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, greatest of frontier dramas,

#### THE MEN OF JIMTOWN

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of Feb. 22d—King of the Opium Ring.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, February 14th. Astounding vaudeville! Eight Vassar Girls; the Werner-Amoros Troupe; Ziska and King; Harry Thomson; Thorne and Carleton; Snyder and Buckley; Rice and Elmer; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Billy B. Van, Rose Beaumont, and Company.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

### Fischers THEATRE

Real delight, a gale of laughter, a distinct triumph, universal verdict of public and press of

#### ROLY-POLY

Abounds in wit, novelty, and the best music and fun ever seen or heard here. Magnificent scenery and costumes. Our "all-star" cast. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

#### RACING EVERY WEEK DAY

RAIN OR SHINE.

#### New California Jockey Club INGLESIDE TRACK

Commencing Monday, February 1st.  
SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY

#### RACES START AT 2 p. m. SHARP

Reached by street cars from any part of the city.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Streets at 1.15 P. M., and leaves the track immediately after the last race.  
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

#### CEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF  
**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.  
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## In Shakespearean Repertoire.

The welcome with which Louis James and Frederick Warde have been received at the Columbia this week will be increased next week, when they will appear in a repertoire of Shakespearean plays. Warde and James are under the management this year of Wagenhals and Kemper, who share the actors' enthusiasm for the preservation of the legitimate drama. The plays selected for Warde and James require versatility, but they have long ago demonstrated the possession of this quality. This week they have been appearing in a new tragedy, "Alexander the Great," one of the most lavishly mounted dramas ever seen here. The principal scenes shown are that of the army encampment on the mountain tops, with superb light effects, and the banquet hall in Babylon. The snow-storm is a very realistic piece of work, and the depiction of King Philip's palace and of the Temple of Ammon are massive and artistic. On Monday and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee of next week, "Julius Caesar" will be presented. Mr. James will be seen as Brutus, Mr. Warde as Marc Antony, Mr. Hackett as Cassius, Miss Kruger as Portia. On Tuesday and Friday "Othello" will be offered, and on Wednesday and Saturday nights "Macbeth" will be presented. On the former night Mr. Warde will enact the title-role, and Mr. James will appear as Macduff; while on Saturday night Mr. James will appear as Macbeth, and Mr. Warde as Macduff, thus giving each player a chance to shine at his best. On Thursday night "Alexander the Great" will be repeated. The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be Denham Thompson and his revival of "The Old Homestead." This will be the final appearance of the old actor on the stage.

## Another Local Burlesque.

A new show, "Roly-Poly," has been put on at Fischer's Theatre, and has met public approval. It is a mixture of music, fun, and nonsense, written by Will Carleton, with music by Lee Johnson. Helen Russell has many good songs, and John Peachey's rôle is an improvement over that assigned to him before. Kolb, Dill, and Curtis have fun-making parts. "Roly-Poly" also introduces Nellie Lynch, the new soubrette, who seems to have already gained favor. She and Ben Dillon gain much applause by their specialties. Kolb and Dill will be at Fischer's four weeks more. When the new company opens, it will produce "The Rounders."

## Society Drama.

"The Charity Ball," a drama of New York society life, by David Belasco and Henry C. de Mille, will be played at the Alcazar next week. It is a story of two brothers, one a clergyman, the other a stock-broker, and of two women, one poor, the other rich and petted. A love-story, tragedy, and humor run through the piece. Mr. Durkin will be the clergyman, Mr. Connors the broker, while Miss Block will have the rôle of Ann Cruger, and Miss Starr that of Bess Van Buren. "The Wrong Mr. Wright" opens on Monday afternoon, February 22—a special Washington's Birthday matinee. The dramatic version of "Parsifal" is in preparation.

## One Week More.

Weber and Fields and their all-star company are packing the Grand Opera House at every performance with "Whoop-Dee-Do" and "Catherine." They enter on their second and last week Monday night. The company leave the city immediately after the performance Sunday night, February 21st. Thomas J. Smith, the famous Irish singing comedian, will commence a six nights' engagement in "The Gamekeeper" on Monday night, February 22d.

## Still Popular.

On Monday night, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will begin the sixth week of its run at the Tivoli Opera House. There is something about this military, spectacular comic opera, by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, that has taken a firm hold on this community, and those who have seen it staged in Eastern cities say that the local production is better than those in New York and Chicago. "The Gypsy Baron," Johann Strauss's masterpiece, is in active preparation.

## Interesting Vaudeville.

The Eight Vassar Girls will be one of the cards at the Orpheum this coming week. These young ladies do not rely upon their personal charms, picturesque costumes, and special scenery alone to win admiration, but all of them can sing and dance, and are accomplished on several instruments of the reed and brass order. Their act concludes with an electrical ballet. The Werner-Amoros troupe of pantomimists, jugglers, and comedians will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They will offer an original pantomime entitled "An Artist's Studio," said to abound in surprises and fun. Ziska and King, another European importation, will present their great comedy-magic act, "The

Magician and His Valet." Harry Thomson, "The Mayor of the Bowery," will return. He is a German comedian with a style peculiarly his own. Billy B. Van, Rose Beaumont, and their supporting company will present, for their second and last week, "Patsy's De-Boo," said to be inexpressibly funny. Snyder and Buckley will continue "Blatz Wants a Drink," and Thorne and Carleton, "the American Jesters," will change their specialty. Rice and Elmer, the comedy gymnasts, and the Orpheum motion pictures will complete an unusually interesting programme.

## Border Scenes Depicted.

"The Men of Jimtown," a frontier melodrama, will be staged at the Central Theatre next week. The scene is laid in Oklahoma, and has as a hero an impoverished young inventor. There is a forty-thousand-dollar express robbery, and the founding of a "boom" town has a prominent place in the play. There is much comedy as well as tragedy and action. Picturesque mounting of the play is promised.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Blauvelt Concerts.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano prima donna, will make her first public appearance in California at Lyric Hall on Tuesday evening, February 16th. The programme includes selections from Rossini, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Verdi, Bizet, Vanna, Lehmann, Galuppi, and many others. The Rossini number will be "Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville." At the Saturday concert the "Jewel Song" will be given. Complete programmes of all the concerts may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the seats are now on sale. The prices for the Blauvelt concerts are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

## Pop Concert Sunday.

The second concert of the series of Sunday afternoon "novelty pops" at Lyric Hall by the Kopta String Quartet and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, the pianist, will take place Sunday, February 21st, at three o'clock. The programme for the next concert includes a set of variations from a Beethoven quartet, and a Canzonetta by Mendelssohn. The novelty of the afternoon will be the Godard string quartet. Tickets for this concert may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s all week, and at the hall on the day of the concert.

## Scotch Music.

On Tuesday night, February 23d, "The Kilties," the Scotch band, will begin a short engagement at the Alhambra Theatre. An entire change of programme will be given at each of the nine performances. There is a choir of sixteen trained voices, and a troupe of Scottish dancers. Prices will be \$1.00, 75 cents, 50 cents, and children at matinees, 25 cents. The sale of seats opens Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The programmes for the three concerts to be given by the pianist, Harold Bauer, at Lyric Hall the week of March 1st, will embrace the difficult F-sharp minor sonata by Schumann, the Beethoven Rondo in G-major, Schumann's "Kreisleriana," Chopin's Fantasia, and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

The main feature of the racing card at Ingleside to-day (Saturday), will be the Palace Hotel Handicap, one mile and a furlong, for two-year-olds and upward. In addition to the \$60 entrance fee and \$10 forfeits, \$2,000 will be added. The race will bring out some of the best colts.

## A Great Commotion Among Hotel and House Keepers.

Since the announcement of the Pottosien Company's retiring sale, there is a general "clean-up" in most of the homes in this city and State. The low prices make the housewives take advantage of this last of Pottosien's sales. It is the intention to have the doors closed forever about April 1st.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Boston Globe:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is the title of a volume containing a series of letters which give vivid and picturesque descriptions of travel in a country that tourists are beginning to appreciate as one of the most beautiful and picturesque in Europe. The letters were first printed in a San Francisco newspaper, and will be welcomed in their present more permanent form—a large, handsome volume containing innumerable illustrations, many of which are reproductions of snapshot photographs which happily illumine the text. The sketches are written in a pleasant, chatty style, rich in incident and anecdote, quite removed from the hard and dry statistics of the conventional guide-book, but, no doubt, giving information that is just as accurate and that is likely to be more readily remembered because it is so agreeably presented.

## Town Topics, New York:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, has been well reviewed. It is bright and unhackneyed.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco.

## Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

## PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

## THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.

400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. MONTAGUE & CO., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Etna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## VALUABLES

Of all kinds may be safely stored in the

## Safe Deposit Vaults

—OF THE—

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Safes to rent from \$5.00 a year upwards.

Trunks, \$1.00 a month.

Careful service to customers.

Office hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid in.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

It is reported from Washington that President Roosevelt, through the agency of friends in Congress, will try to obtain an increase of the Presidential salary. He has caused it to become known that elaborate entertaining in the White House is compelling him to make deep inroads upon his private fortune. The fifty thousand dollars he receives as salary from the government is far too small to stand the strain of constant receptions, dinners, luncheons, musicales, and teas. Few of his predecessors in office saved anything, and President Roosevelt has surpassed all of them in the brilliancy of the functions which have made the White House the real centre of Washington social gayety. President Roosevelt is not an exceedingly wealthy man. When he was elected governor of New York his fortune was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He also derived considerable revenue from royalties on the sale of his books, and his elevation to the Presidency has since increased their popularity. The President has a large family, and he is fond of entertaining his friends. Scarcely a day passes that he does not have several prominent men from various parts of the country at luncheon. The formal dinners at the White House have always been generous, but last year and this year they have been given with an unprecedented lavishness. Recently the President gave a dinner for the judiciary, to which were bidden seventy-eight guests. Within a few days, this was followed by a dinner, at which twenty-four persons were present, and later in the evening there was a musicale, for which more than two hundred invitations had been issued.

Robert Golet, a scion of the noted New York family, recently gave a unique entertainment at the studio of Charles Dana Gibson. To the reception and supper in the early hours of the morning after the theatres had closed, fifty-nine young society men and sixty of the prettiest girls selected from New York play-houses were invited. The function started with the men guests seated at table. The girls made a sort of ballet entrance to the studio to music, and lined up around the room. The men then selected partners, and there was a grand march around the room, after which supper was served. About the table were the younger men of the millionaire set of New York, as well as some of the slightly older ones, who were identified with New York's gay nights ten years ago. The affair was decorous, and notable principally for the prominence of the men and actresses who participated.

A story is told by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of a woman in that town, the wife of a young minister, who has always had a liking for hats of the flower-bed variety, although she condemned others for wasting money that should go to the heathen. At present she owns a "dream" of a "sky piece" that is covered with violets. The young wife wore this hat to a funeral, recently, at which her husband officiated. Going into the room which contained the coffin, she removed the hat and placed it on a stand. The sad-faced, sleek-haired undertaker came in a few minutes later to arrange the "floral tokens" on the coffin. After putting the bouquets, wreaths, pillows, broken wheels, anchors, and the usual run of flowers in place, he picked up the violet-covered hat and tenderly placed it on top of all the rest. Several of the "mourners" giggled, and the minister's wife wanted to grab her hat and run. She had to let it alone, however, until the close of the ceremony. When she marched past the bier she lunged for the hat and successfully made her escape.

There are three aristocratic boarding-schools for girls in France—at Ecouen, Loges, and St. Denis—where the ideas on feminine education of Napoleon Bonaparte are still carried out almost to the letter. The rigor of the régime continually causes complaint, but it is said that M. Gérard, the director, has so far "changed nothing in the ancient spirit and none too much in the detail" of the original plan. And here is that original plan communicated to M. Lacépède, the first grand chancellor of the order, in a letter written from the camp of Falkenstein, on May 15, 1807. Between battles it was studied out and written: "The employment and distribution of the pupils' time will principally demand your attention. You must teach the girls to cipher, to write, and to spell. They must know perfectly the principles of their language. Also they ought to have a little geography and history, but you will take care not to make them acquainted with Latin or any foreign language. You might teach the older ones a trifle of botany, and put them through a light course of physics and natural history, yet all this might have inconveniences. In physics they should be limited to what is necessary to prevent a crass ignorance and a stupid superstition; but hold them to facts, without reasonings tending directly or indirectly to first causes. It might be well to examine into the possibility of putting certain classes on fixed allowances for the dress. It would accustom them to

economy. I do not know if there is a possibility of teaching them a little medicine and pharmacy, at least that kind which is the resource of the trained nurse. It would be well that they should learn a little of that part of the cuisine called the butler's pantry. I do not dare any more, as I had attempted to do for Fontainebleau, pretend to force them to learn to do their own cooking. I would have too many against me. But they ought to prepare their own dessert and whatever is given them for their afternoon tea or for their recreation day. I therefore dispense them the kitchen, but not their learning how to make their own bread. The advantage of all this is that they will gain experience of what they may afterward be called on to practice, and that they will find the natural employment of their time in solid and useful things. They must make their own chemises, stockings, skirts, and coiffures. I want to transform these girls into useful women, certain by doing so to make them agreeable women. One knows how to wear them when one has made one's own robes, and then one puts them on with grace. The dance is necessary for the health, but it ought to be some special kind, not opera dancing. I also accord music, but vocal music only." Singularly enough the girls who go from these schools make marriages so far above the average that their luck has been proverbial. "Where thirty in one hundred ordinary French girls marry before they are twenty-five," says one writer, "the average of this girl-caste is something like eighty-five in the one hundred, and the proportion of what the French call 'well marrying' is still greater. In France at least, young men seem to prefer girls who have been brought up with strictness."

Because of the precedent established by the meeting of Governor Taft with a troop of cavalry, and according to Root, the retiring Secretary, the same honor when he left Washington, it is learned that the same courtesy will be requested of this government when the next new ambassador is received in audience for the first time by the President. This is the custom observed in other countries, and it is understood that American ambassadors abroad have always insisted on full military honors.

Judge Henderson M. Somerville, of the Board of United States General Appraisers, tells how the late Judge Gray decided one of the earliest customs classification cases to come before the Supreme Court of the United States. The article under consideration was a preparation of fish which had been assessed for duty as a sauce. The inferior courts had given conflicting opinions as to whether it really was a sauce, and by the time the issue reached the Supreme Court the decisions either way were voluminous enough to confuse the most clear-headed jurist. Judge Gray examined the article, but could not make up his mind. His colleagues were equally undecided. When things came to a standstill, it occurred to Judge Gray that a housewife would probably be better qualified than a judge to decide a matter of this kind. He took a sample of the article home to Mrs. Gray. "Nonsense, that's no sauce; it's fish!" she said, and the next day the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly decided that the article was not a sauce.

A lively symposium on corsets has lately been running in the columns of the *Sun*. "I wish," says one of the feminine epistolers, "that the adherents of loose clothing would try to picture to their mind's eye what would be the horrible appearance of the majority of American women without the very necessary support of the corset. The picture is not a pleasing one. I have worn a tightly laced corset since I was sixteen, and I pride myself on my eighteen-inch waist. I can truthfully say that I have never experienced either discomfort or injury from lacing. For one, I think that a trim waist and neatly fitting gown show a woman to better advantage than could any loose garment. Should we not all try to please the eye?" Unequivocally affirmative is the answer to the question of "M. W." "These anti-corset cranks," she says, "prate of the beauties with which nature has endowed women, and cry out against our attempts to improve our figures. If all women, or even a majority, were blessed with properly proportioned bodies, then I would be the first to go over to the ranks of the 'antis.' But we all know that such is not the case, alas! Only a small minority is so favored, and of these nearly all are in early youth. As we grow older we run to fat, and then it is that the corset plays its noble part in beautifying woman, or rather in preventing womanhood from becoming bideous. Moreover, I contend that, even in youth, the corset and the slim waist are neither ugly nor injurious. And, thank heaven, the majority of my sisters agree with me."

Nineteen hundred and four will be memorable in culinary art as the first year in which horseflesh obtained from the city of Paris the official recognition as legitimate human food, says "C. I. B." in the *New York Tribune*. Hitherto horse butchers were found

in the outskirts of the town, and special—almost clandestine—slaughter-houses were utilized for them. The abattoirs at La Villette were closed to horses, but now, for the first time, a regular horse slaughter-house has been installed in Paris. It is expected that this will greatly increase the consumption of horseflesh in Paris. Last year no less than thirty-six thousand horses were eaten in the city limits. A few years ago barely six thousand horses were brought to the butchers. The price is fifty per cent. cheaper than beef. Much of the meat is used for sausages. The price of old horses, which, singularly enough, are said to make the best meat, has risen from forty to fifty dollars apiece. The butchers buy aged, broken-down animals from the cab companies and put them out at grass for a few weeks, and then they are taken to the slaughter-house. Paris horse meat is darker than beef. Epicures say that it has the delicate taste of spring chicken and the aroma of goose fat. Horseflesh is, however, seldom eaten in the forms of steaks or roast joints. It makes excellent *pot-au-feu* and palatable stews, with potatoes and tripe—the tripe being a product of the horse's stomach.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
February 4th.....	54	40	.00	Cloudy
" 5th.....	54	40	.00	Clear
" 6th.....	52	51	.00	Rain
" 7th.....	52	44	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 8th.....	50	44	.00	Clear
" 9th.....	50	42	.00	Clear
" 10th.....	50	40	.00	Cloudy

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 10, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	3,000	@ 98	.....	100
Los An. Ry 5%.....	5,000	@ 114½	.....	115
Los An. Pac. Ry.....	1,000	@ 100½	100½	
Con. 5%.....	1,000	@ 100½	100½	119
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	100,000	@ 118½	118½	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	16,000	@ 105		
North Shore Ry 5%.....	1,000	@ 100		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	25,000	@ 105½-105½	105½	105½
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	61,000	@ 118½	118½	119
Sierra Rv. of Cal. 6%.....	57,000	@ 112	112½	112½
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	8,000	@ 105½	.....	106
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905.....	11,000	@ 105½	104½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stps. ....	2,000	@ 108½	108½	109½
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 107½	107	
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 99½	99½	
S. V. Water 4% 3d. ....	22,000	@ 99½	99	
United Gas Electric 5%.....	23,000	@ 105½	.....	106

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Spring Val. W. Co. Banks.....	375	@ 37½-38½	37½	38½
Anglo-Cal.....	30	@ 87½	87½	
California S. D. T. Merchants Exchange (Liq).....	10	@ 60	.....	65
Powders.....	85	@ 61-61½	61½	62
Giant Con.....	125	@ 44-44½	44½	
Hutchinson.....	15	@ 8	6½	8
Makaweli S. Co.....	100	@ 19-20	.....	19½
Pauhanu S. Co.....	255	@ 11-11½	10½	11½
Gas and Electric.....	140	@ 56½	55	55½
Pacific Lighting.....	485	@ 56-57	56	56½
S. F. Gas & Electric Miscellaneous.....	290	@ 139½-140	139	140
Alaska Packers.....	220	@ 4½-5	4½	
Oceanic S. Co.....	20	@ 5½	5	6
Pac. A. F. Alarm.....	20	@ 5½	5	6

Spring Valley Water on sales of 375 shares sold off one point to 37½, closing at 37½ bid, 38½ asked. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and sales of 485 shares were made at 56-57. Alaska Packers was steady at 139½-140. The sugars were weak and sold off from one-half to one point. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling at 44; Hutchinson at 8; Makaweli Sugar Company at 19; Pauhanu at 11. Giant Powder was steady at 61-61½.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

## A. W. BLOW.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

## A. W. BLOW &amp; CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## An Investment that Courts Investigation.

Call on us or write, and we will fully explain how to double your money in one year. No mining or gambling "scheme," but a guaranteed legitimate investment within the reach of all.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to solicit applications. Double commission.

THE GOLD BOND MERCANTILE CO., 406 Crossley Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

FLORIDA WATER

THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

IF A SHADE ROLLER HASN'T THIS SIGNATURE ON THE LABEL

*Stewart Hartshorn*

IT ISN'T A GENUINE HARTSHORN

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO., 1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## THE

## Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Ont West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Representative Hogg, of Colorado, said something about "astro-physics" in a speech he was making. "What is astro-physics?" asked a member near him. "Two Latin words," replied Hogg; "and, now, gentlemen, as I was saying—"

Mrs. Kenyon Cox, the artist, had as a visitor a little child of five, a quaint, old-fashioned youngster. The child's sash came untied, and she asked Mrs. Cox to tie it for her. "Why, can't you tie it yourself?" asked Mrs. Cox. "Because I'm in front," was the reply.

One of Benjamin Franklin Stevens's relatives, Uncle Sol, had the habit of extemporary prayer, in which, however, he was more persistent than fluent. When his inspiration became too great for words he would tide over the difficulty with such interjections as: "Understand, O Lord? Understand? Take my idea, d'ye? Take my idea?"

W. D. Howells, the novelist, seldom fails, when any one has animadverted on his corpulence, to come out with a neat retort. When Mr. Howells was consul at Venice a very lean and long American said to him, one day, jocosely: "If I were as fat as you I'd go and hang myself." "Well," said Mr. Howells, "if I ever take your advice I'll use you for a rope."

One day last summer, Wayne McVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, entertained a lot of poor children on his stock farm near Philadelphia, and gave each of them, among other things, a glass of milk from a two-thousand-dollar prize cow. "How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished. "Geet! Fine," said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added: "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow."

James Shea, a popular young lawyer of Washington, D. C., recently had as a client a negro who was accused of stealing chickens. Things were going in the darkey's favor, until he was placed on the stand. "Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the judge. "No, sir," replied the negro, with an amazed look on his face and pointing to his counsel; "I see the gen'lman that stole the chickens; there's the defendant."

"Now, there are plenty of kinds of whisky," said Representative Ollie James, of Kentucky, "but the people in our State contend that our hounhon is the best in the world. We sell to outsiders all that does not pass our test." "What is the test?" asked Representative Beidler, of Ohio. "Why," said Mr. James, "we inject one drop of it into the veins of a rabbit, and if after that the rabbit will not fight a bulldog the whisky is no good."

Princess Mathilde and Gérôme, the artist, were once invited to dinner at the same house. The princess arrived punctually; the painter tarried until the guests became impatient. At last the princess suddenly said: "Why, I nearly forgot. Only this morning I received a telegram from Gérôme, who is in Spain. He is unable to come to-night." "But why did you not tell us before, princess?" cried the guests together. "Because I was not yet hungry."

The story is told of a meeting of creditors who were trying to settle the affairs of a merchant who had failed for a large amount. He insisted that his assets were absolutely nothing—that his wife owned the house in which he lived; that the family farm was the property of his daughter; that the store belonged to his son. "I have nothing," he said, "except my body, which you can divide among you." "Well, gentlemen," spoke up a Jewish creditor, "if you do dot, I speaks right now for his gall."

A London playgoer, who had drunk deeply at his dinner, appeared at the box-office of one of the principal theatres, and put down a sovereign, asking for the best seat in the house. His condition was so evident that the man in the box-office politely declined to sell him a ticket. "What's matter?" demanded the applicant, "what's matter with me?" "Well, if you really want to know," responded the ticket-seller, "you're drunk." The frankness of this reply had rather a sobering influence upon the playgoer. He gathered up the sovereign with dignity. "Of course I'm drunk," he said, cheerfully, as he turned to go; "I wouldn't come to see this play if I were sober, would I?"

Professor Phelps, who disliked mathematics, was once walking with Professor Newton, who began discussing a problem so deep that his companion could not follow it. He fell into a brown study, from which he was aroused by Newton's emphatic assertion, "and that, you see, gives us  $x^2$ ." "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, politely. "Why, doesn't

it?" exclaimed the professor, excitedly, alarmed at the possibility of a flaw in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back and detected a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps. You are right!" shouted the professor. "It doesn't give us  $x$ ; it gives us  $y$ ." And from that time Professor Phelps was looked upon as a mathematical prodigy, the first man who ever tripped Newton.

Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., was out in a field, near a hay-stack, with his camera, when John Kendrick Bangs happened along and asked him, in surprise, what there was there worth photographing. "Just you come over here and look at the reflection on my ground glass and you will see!" responded Eickemeyer, with such artistic fervor that Bangs ventured over and put his head under the cloth. "Ah, now I see!" said Mr. Bangs, gravely; "the hay-stack is standing upside down!"

Major Lacey, of Iowa, and Senator Alger, of Michigan, are very much alike in appearance, and are often mistaken for each other. So striking is the resemblance that Speaker Reed made it the subject for one of his witticisms. It was at the time that Alger's conduct as Secretary of War was being investigated, that Reed, stepping up to the member from Iowa, and putting his arm over his shoulder, said: "Lacey, you look so much like Secretary Alger that I always think, when I see you, that you ought to be white-washed."

## Slang as She Is Slung.

They were enriching the English treasury of figurative speech.

"Gee, I like your work. You seem to think you're all the eggs," said one.

"Oh, I don't know. I s'pose I carry just about as much pressure as you do," said the other.

"Is that so? Turn around and let me look at your steam gauge."

"Oh, it aint necessary. I don't s'pose I'm no radiator, like you, am I?"

"I know what you are, Jimmy. You are a furnace, but you've got a hum draft."

"Is that so? Well, I don't see no storm doors on your face."

"No? I guess that's hecuz your windows is frosty. You want to get somebody to wipe you with a hot cloth."

"Gee, you're full o' comebacks, aint you? Where's all your medals? Got 'em on the other vest?"

"No, I can't wear 'em. I'm so hot I melt 'em. Feel o' me. I've got on asbestos underclothes."

"They tell me different."

"Yes? Well, that's very lumpy work. They tell me different! You must 'a' read that on some wrapper."

"Don't let that annoy you. No matter where I get 'em, I can pass 'em back to you every once in a while."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, I guess yes. You know, you aint the North Pole. You can be reached."

"Yes? Well, you aint the only shirt in the laundry, neither. You can be done up."

"Yes, easy—but not by the hoy that drives the wagon."

"Huh!"

"Huh!"—*New York Press.*

## Carnerockefelleritis.

Once there was a rich man—a very rich man—who wanted to do something handsome for a struggling institution of learning.

He called the directors together and said to them:

"Gentlemen, I propose giving your institution \$5,000,000."

"But," they said, after they had recovered from their surprise, "it will be impossible for us to raise the \$10,000,000 that will be needed in order to secure your munificent gift!"

"You will not need to raise any \$10,000,000," he replied; "the donation will be unconditional."

"Then the money will be invested in bonds or real estate, we presume, and we shall be allowed to use the income in erecting new buildings and paying running expenses?" they faltered.

"Not at all," responded the rich man; "the gift will be in cash, to be used in any way you please, and when it is all gone, there will be another \$5,000,000 at your disposal, gentlemen, if you have spent the first sum wisely."

The directors consulted together in whispers, and then quietly sent for an officer.

The man evidently was insane.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Chollie—"But a fellah cawn't always pick the winnah!" Gussie—"Then, hah Jove, pick the losahs, and het against them!"—*Puck.*

## If You Are Looking

for a perfect condensed milk preserved without sugar, buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is not only a perfect food for infants, but its delicious flavor and richness makes it superior to raw cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate and general household cooking. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR

The Norsk Nightingale.

Yoyfully, yoyfully,

Yoyfully onward,

In dis har walley of death

Rode the sax hundred!

It ban a cinch, Ay tenk,

Some geezer blundered,

"Hustle! Yu Light Brigade!

Yump!" Maester Olson said;

Den in the walley of death

Go the sax hundred!

Cannon on right of dem,

Cannon on left of dem,

Cannon on top of dem,

Wolleyced and t'undered;

Smashed vith dis shot and sbal,

Dey ant do wery val;

Most of dem ketching hal—

Nearly sax hundred!

Yes, all dem sabres bare

Flash purty gude in air;

Each faller fell his hair

Standing—no vonder!

Yudas! It ant ban yob

For any coward slob,

Fighting dis Russian mob—

Ay tenk Ay vudn't stand

Yeneral's blunder.

Cannon on right of dem,

Cannon on top of dem,

Cannon behind dem, tu,

Wolleyced and t'undered.

Finally say Captain Grenk,

"Ve got enuff, Ay tenk!"

"Let's go and getting drenk."

'Bout twenty-sax com back

Out of sax hundred!

Ven skol der glory fade?

It ban gude charge dey made—

Every von vundered.

Every von feeling blue—

"Cause dey ban brave old crew,

Yolly gude fallers, to,

Dis har sax hundred!

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

## Amended.

He who fights and runs away,

Will run away some other day.

—*Baltimore News.*

## Lovely California.

The roses are a-bloom to-day

In lovely California;

Upon the grass the children play

In lovely California;

The birds are singing blithely there,

The young man and the maiden fair

Sit in the bammock free from care

In lovely California;

They're driving off and putting down

In lovely California;

My lady wears a gauzy gown

In lovely California;

I'm doctoring a frozen ear,

My coal will hardly last, I fear,

And it's two thousand miles from here

To lovely California.

—*S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.*

## The Ballade of Dead Sellers.

(With apologies to Villon.)

Oh, tell me now, past all debate,

Just where "The Right Of Way" may be,

Or what dim lands are consecrate

To "Harum's" rustic chivalry?

By what strange ways of land or sea

Doth "Audrey" shed the casual tear,

Or "Janice Meredith" take tea;

Where are the books of yester-year?

What "Crisis" now makes desolate?

Where's "Eben Holden's" word of glee,

Or "Mrs. Wiggs's"? Who doth prate

To-day of Vernon's Dorothy?

"To Have and Hold" them one time we

Were glad enough, but now, I fear,

We chant their dirge right merrily;

Where are the books of yester-year?

Who'll now "The Christian's" woes relate?

Poor "Knighthood's Flower," you'll all

agree

Is "Run to Seed" and muck that fate

O'ertook the whole "White Company,"

"Red Rock" is lost; inaudibly

"The Choir Invisible" makes cheer,

And "Tribly" sobs th' insistent plea:

"Where are the books of yester-year?"

## L'ENVOI.

O, Publishers, on bended knee,

I ask: Where did they disappear,

All these and more past memory—

Where are the books of yester-year?

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman in Bookman.*

Laugh when a friend tells a joke; it is one of the taxes you must pay.—*Atchison Globe.*

Tesla Briquettes are

Excellent domestic fuel

Since recently improved.

Let us send you

A ton—and please you,

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:

"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

St. Paul ..... Feb. 20 | St. Louis ..... Mar. 5

Philadelphia ..... Feb. 27 | New York ..... Mar. 12

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Friesland, Feb. 20, 12:30 pm | Merion ..... Mar. 5, 12:30 pm

Noordland ..... Feb. 27, 9 am | Westcote ..... Mar. 12, 9:30 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba ..... Feb. 20, 9 am

Minnetonka ..... Feb. 27, 2 pm

Marquette ..... Mar. 5, 9 am

Minnecland ..... Feb. 27, 1:30 pm

Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Dominion ..... Feb. 27 | Vancouver ..... Mar. 26

Canada ..... Mar. 12 | Dominion ..... Apr. 2

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Statendam ..... Feb. 23 | Rotterdam ..... Mar. 8

†Amsterdam ..... Mar. 1 | Noordam ..... Mar. 22

†Steering only.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.

Kroonland ..... Feb. 20 | Finland ..... Mar. 5

Zeeland ..... Feb. 27 | Vaderland ..... Mar. 12

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Celtic ..... Feb. 17, 6 am | Oceanic ..... Mar. 9, noon

Cedric ..... Feb. 24, 11 am | Teutonic ..... Mar. 16, 10 am

Majestic ..... Mar. 2, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric ..... Feb. 18, Mar. 17, April 14

Cretic ..... March 3, Mar. 31, April 28

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic ..... Feb. 27, April 9, May 14

Canopic ..... Feb. 27, April 9, May 14

Republic (new) ..... Feb. 27, April 9, May 14

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Doric (Calling at Manila) ..... Saturday, Mar. 5

Coptic ..... Thursday, Mar. 31

Gaelic ..... Tuesday, April 20

Doric ..... Friday, May 20

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO

## KISEN

## KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan

Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG

calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,

and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Feb. 20, at 11

A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, March 3, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 18, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels &amp; Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT

BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than

any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE

a new and original process through which we

are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pic-

tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film

is developed separately, thus making it possible

to assure the correct treatment for every ex-

posure. There is no increase in cost; simply

more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-



## SOCIETY.

## The Wilson-Cluff Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, to Mr. John C. Wilson, took place on Wednesday evening in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Dr. Guthrie. Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., was the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Constance de Young, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Pearl Landers, and Miss California Cluff. Mr. Richard Hotaling was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. George Field, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. Frank Owen. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper served in the Marble Room of the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have gone South on an extended wedding journey.

## The Robinson-Kip Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Kip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, to Dr. Ernest Robinson, of Kansas City, took place at noon Saturday at Trinity Cathedral, Omaha. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Williams. Miss Lilly McCalla attended the bride, and Mr. Denton Dunn, of Kansas City, was the best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was followed by a wedding breakfast at the Paxton Hotel. After a short wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson will live in Kansas City.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive Hamilton, niece of Mrs. Hamilton and the late Commodore Hamilton, to Mr. Winn Beedy.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Mare Island, to Ensign Andrew T. Graham, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Donna Bloomfield Fetter, daughter of Mrs. E. A. Trefethen, of Sausalito, to Lieutenant Harry Todd Powell, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Du Val, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Du Val, to Mr. Oliver Dibble, will take place on Tuesday at St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony will be performed at noon by Vicar-General Prendergast.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Quatman, daughter of Mrs. H. Quatman, to Lieutenant Alexander Neely Mitchell, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 1038 Ellis Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Flannigan. Miss Katherine Byington was maid of honor, and Lieutenant David Hanrahan, U. S. N., was best man.

The wedding of Miss Vesta Shortridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Shortridge, of San José, to Mr. Emil Bruguère, took place at Monterey on Monday evening.

Mrs. Francis Carolan gave a tea on Monday afternoon at the Palace Hotel. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Harry Williams Pcott, Miss Kirk, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, and others.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marion Huntington gave a dinner and dance on Monday evening at their residence in honor of Miss Margaret Wilson. Others present were Miss Elsie

Tallant, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Margaret Postelthwaite, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Elsie Dorr, Mr. Brockway Metcalfe, Lieutenant Shinkle, U. S. A., Mr. Herbert Brownfield, Mr. Sherrill Schell, Mr. Philip Paschel, Dr. Dunbar, Dr. Walter Gibbons, Mr. Burrage, Mr. Will Breeze, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. William Goldsborough, Mr. John Young, and Mr. Tedeschi.

Mrs. Clinton Jones gave a luncheon at the Colonial Hotel on Monday. Others at table were Mrs. Frank B. Latham, Mrs. Abner S. Mann, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Laura B. Roe, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. John G. Barker, Mrs. Robert J. Davis, Mrs. James B. Stetson, Mrs. Edward W. Newhall, Mrs. Winfield S. Davis, Mrs. Frederick W. Thompson, Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Theodore Savage, Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop, and Mrs. L. M. Hickman.

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1945 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. George Boardman will give a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street.

Mrs. George H. Howard gave a luncheon on Saturday in the Palm Room at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon gave a luncheon on Tuesday at Mrs. Casey's residence, 1300 Taylor Street. Others at table were Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. George McAneny, Mrs. Carey Van Fleet, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. Walter Starr, Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Gaston Ashe, Mrs. Gerrit Lansing, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mrs. John Charles Adams, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Hilda Macdonald Baxter, Mrs. J. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Walter Magee, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. A. B. Costigan, Mrs. Charles Woods, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Wyatt Allen, and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Mrs. Lowenberg's residence on Van Ness Avenue will be opened to the public on the afternoon of Saturday, February 20th, from three to six, for a charity tea for the benefit of the club-house for sailors and marines at Mare Island.

Mrs. George Toy and Miss Mabel Toy gave a tea on Saturday at their residence on Pacific Avenue in honor of the Misses Duffy, of Rochester. They were assisted in receiving by Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Bessie Wilson, and Miss Elsie Tallant.

Mrs. William S. Tevis will give a bridge-whist party on Monday in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall.

Miss Ethyl Hager gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at her residence, 1815 Gough Street, in honor of Miss Constance de Young.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, 2040 Broadway, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S.

Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Du Val, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 1000 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Garceau.

Miss Ruth Foster gave a dinner on Friday evening in honor of Miss Katherine Selfridge.

Mrs. William Mintzer gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Palace Grill in honor of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall. Others at table were Mrs. Tewksbury, Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. James Coffin, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, and Miss Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel gave a tea on Sunday afternoon at their residence, 1930 Jackson Street. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Claudine Cotton, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Elsie Gregory, Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Maude Woods, Miss Lottie Woods, and Miss Maye Colburn.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a card-party on Monday afternoon at her residence, 1218 Hyde Street, in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Mrs. Francis Sullivan will give a luncheon on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank G. Drum gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2211 Washington Street. Others at table were Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. William Lindsay Spencer, Miss Sara Drum, Miss Charlotte Russell, Miss Mona Crellin, Miss Jane Rawlings, Miss Lilla Boole, and Miss Bliss.

Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller gave a dinner at the Colonial Hotel on Thursday evening in honor of Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., and Miss Kempff. Others at table were Miss Miller, Miss Anna Maxwell Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dunphy.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

During the last week the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art has been thronged with all sorts of busy workers, engaged in preparing for the great social event of the year that closes the season before Lent. All of the rooms are now in festival attire, but the great gallery has received most attention. This the artists have transformed into a dream of rich color that only awaits the brilliant costumes of the maskers on the floor to give it the final touch. A great feature is being made this year of the colored lights; they fill the dome in fantastic arrangements, depend from the ceiling, festoon the frieze, and bespangle the walls. When the procession enters this enchanted hall with the band (which, we understand, is to play the grand march from "Aida"), gowned in the carnival colors, and with the artists' pageant of old Egypt at its head, it can not fail of presenting a remarkably gorgeous spectacle.

The sale of tickets exceeds that of last year at the same date. Among the earliest of the subscribers are Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Miss Phelan, Admiral and Mrs. McCalla, the Misses Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. H. P. Hussey and Miss Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Tabbs, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Babcock. Both the army and navy will be extensively represented. While the executive committee will not absolutely refuse to sell tickets to those who have not been able to obtain them before the day of the ball, it is earnestly hoped that all who desire to attend will make application at the earliest moment possible.

Sad news comes from Paris of the sudden death of the wife of Siegfried Sacher, daughter of Crittenden Thornton and Helen Colton Thornton, and granddaughter of the late General David D. Colton and Ellen Mason Colton. The deceased was the niece of Mrs. MacLean Martin and first cousin of Mrs. Francis J. Grace and Katharine Agnew Martin.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, left for the East Wednesday to attend the annual meeting of the Association of Universities, which meets in New Haven.

## To Cure for Motherless Children.

A college woman with experience wants to take full charge of household as hostess and housekeeper. Unqualified testimonials. Box 116, this office.

## Wanted to Rent.

Suburban home, completely furnished; with large grounds; for summer months; between San Mateo and Menlo, or at either place, or at Fruitvale. Give full particulars. Address Box 65, this office.

DR. CRITTENDEN VAN WYCK, DENTIST, EMERSON BUILDING. Basford Spray for painless drilling.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. You can trust a soap that has no biting in it, that's Pears'.

Established over 100 years.

## Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

OWNER WILL BUILD TO SUIT TENANT.

## ADDRESS

MADISON & BURKE  
30 Montgomery Street



All Want the Best

in everything. In whiskey you get it in

Hunter  
Baltimore  
Rye

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

"MISSOURI PACIFIC LIMITED"  
AN IDEAL TRAIN FOR SCENERY AND SERVICE.

Through sleepers daily San Francisco to St. Louis, via Rio Grande Scenic Route and Missouri Pacific Railway. The best dining-car service, new equipment.

For sleeping-car reservation and full information apply to

GENERAL TICKET OFFICE

625 Market Street, S. F.  
Under Palace Hotel.

There is no Substitute for

ROYAL



BAKING  
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip have been in Kansas City, having gone East to attend the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mary Kip, to Dr. Ernest Robinson, in Omaha.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington has been in Los Angeles for the past week.

Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester expects to spend the remainder of the winter and spring in Paris.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood left last week for the East and Europe to be absent about a year.

Mrs. Alexander Center and Miss Bessie Center spent the month of February in Egypt.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane left on Thursday for her home in Honolulu.

Mrs. T. Morgan Draper and Miss Elsa Draper have gone on a visit to New York, Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia.

Mrs. Clarence A. Postley will leave New York on Wednesday for San Francisco, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine (*née* Moore) have gone to the City of Mexico on their wedding journey.

Mrs. A. L. Brown and son, of Los Angeles, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg, of 1950 California Street.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has taken apartments at 2850 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bradt, of New York, are guests at Del Monte.

Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, after a few days in town and at Del Monte, departed for the South, via Los Angeles, on Wednesday. He was the guest of honor at an informal dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday night.

Dr. Emmett Rixford and Mrs. Rixford, of San Francisco, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, their sons, and Mrs. Kingdon, Mrs. Gould's mother, will leave New York on Wednesday for California. They will be at Pasadena for some weeks, and will visit San Francisco before returning home.

The following are among recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais: Mrs. Mary C. Gates, of Rutland, Vt., Mr. M. F. Rittenhouse, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Moore and Miss Carl Moore, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Watts, of New Zealand.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. R. Belmont, of Paris, Mrs. G. P. Simpson, Mr. R. W. Simpson, of Stockton, Mr. Alexis T. Lange, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grow, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum, Mrs. H. A. Tubbs, Baroness von Meyerich, Miss Flach, Miss Schreiber, Miss Adelaide Lewis, Miss Etta Steinman, Miss Bowers, Dr. Edward Bowers, Mr. R. B. H. Collier, Mr. A. H. Smith, Mr. Lewis S. Rosenbaum, Mr. Ralph S. Rosenbaum, and Mr. E. Satlow.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. S. S. Howland and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman, of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Percival, of Covington, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Markay, of Los Angeles, Mr. Robert C. Loughton, of Vancouver, B. C., Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Vole, of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. William Irvine, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Sanford, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Higgin, of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Lathan, of Chicago, and Mrs. J. R. Wilsey and daughters, of Portland, Or.

## Army and Navy News.

Major Lea Fehiger, U. S. A., who has been detailed as assistant to Inspector-General Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., of the Division of the Pacific, has arrived from the East, and assumed his duties.

Captain B. C. Morse, U. S. A., regimental quartermaster of the Seventeenth Infantry, is now stationed at Cottabatto, in Mindanao.

Lieutenant William C. Harilee, U. S. M. C., accompanied by Mrs. Harilee, has gone to Honolulu, where he has been ordered to report for duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Thorp, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has recently been promoted to brigadier-general, was stationed at the Presidio several years ago.

First-Lieutenant W. H. Patterson, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been in New York City on leave, has arrived at his station at the Infantry Cantonment, San Francisco, for duty.

Major James C. Bush, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the field artillery, and from the command of the field artillery battalion in the Philippine division, and is assigned to the coast artillery. He will proceed to Manila and assume command of the artillery district at Manila.

Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Lee Holcombe, U. S. N., has returned from a trip to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Charles E. Dority, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

General A. A. Harbeck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harbeck were at Del Monte during the week.

Commander R. F. Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson are visiting Mrs. Nicholson's brother, Mr. James A. Code, at 1705 Oak

Street. They will be there until the cruiser *Tacoma* leaves for China.

Lieutenant George H. Shields, Jr., Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., will report to the commanding officer at Columbus Barracks, O., for the purpose of conducting recruits to Angel Island, Cal., and upon completion of that duty will report to the commanding-general of the Department of California for instructions.

The leave of absence given to Captain George H. Patten, U. S. A., has been extended two months.

## Polo Playing at Del Monte.

Judging from the large number of applications for membership and inquiries already received, the inaugural meeting of the California Polo and Pony Racing Association, which takes place at Del Monte on Thursday, February 18th, and extends until Monday, February 22d, inclusive, will be a huge success. The polo matches will bring out on the field the very cream of the crack players, who have been especially training themselves and ponies for several months past. The pony races, which perhaps appeal to and interest more keenly the average spectator, are scheduled for the eighteenth and twentieth. There will be six or more events daily, at varying distances and with such weight and other conditions as will suit all classes of ponies. The prizes offered are most liberal, and consist of purses and handsome silver cups, and as the events are open to all, and there are no entry fees exacted, large fields will doubtless contest for each event.

Among the probable competitors will be such well-known miniature racing machines as Mr. Francis Carolan's Fusilade, Bonnie, and Florodora; Mr. Walter Hobart's well-known speed marvel, Silver Dick; Mr. Clagstone's Miss Miller, a new importation here, and one with a great northern reputation. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has a large string in training, including his favorites, Becky and Peghome, and the stables of Messrs. Tobin, Dunphy, Driscoll, Bettner, and a very strong contingent from the southern portion of the State will be represented. Extensive alterations and improvements are being made to the race-course at Del Monte. The polo field has been especially prepared, and is in fine order for fast play. A new stand and pavilion have been erected, the judge's box rebuilt, and numerous other improvements effected.

Thanks to the courtesy of Colonel Ward, the full hand of the Fifteenth Infantry will be in daily attendance, and with a large exodus of society people to Del Monte already assured, the meet can not help but be a most brilliant one. The succeeding week, the association moves to Burlingame, where polo matches and one afternoon's racing on Mr. Francis Carolan's private track are programmed.

## Farewell Concert to Donald Graham.

A farewell concert has been tendered to Mr. Donald de V. Graham, who is about to leave San Francisco and return to England, where he intends to remain. This announcement will be received with much regret by Mr. Graham's numerous friends. He has lived in San Francisco for a number of years, and has made himself most popular to a large circle who have heard his fine voice from the concert stage, and has endeared himself to a smaller circle who have met him intimately in private life. Mr. Graham is an honorary member of the Bohemian Club, and a most popular one. For so many years his voice has been lifted in song either in Yuletide chants at Christmas jinks or in woodland roundels at the Midsummer jinks in the redwood groves, that every member of the club feels a sense of almost personal obligation for the pleasure he has given. The Bohemian Club alone would make his concert a success, but his friends and admirers are confined to no club or circle in San Francisco; they are found in all of the city's circles.

Among the artists who are to assist Mr. Graham at his concert are the following: Mme. Camille d'Arville, Mr. Harry Gillig, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard (contralto), Mr. Nathan Landsberger (violinist), and Mr. Graham himself will sing.

The concert is to take place at Steinway Hall, 223 Sutter Street, on Saturday evening, February 27th, 1904, at half-past eight.

Few tourists leave California without taking a journey up Mt. Tamalpais over the crooked and most picturesque railroad in the world. They are rewarded by the magnificent view, and by the hospitality and comfort of the Tavern of Tamalpais.

In Rome, recently, a daughter was born to Mrs. George P. Tallant, who is living there with her mother, Mrs. Luke Robinson, and her sister, Miss Bernadotte Robinson.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the latter, 746 Market.

## BALTIMORE FIRE LOSSES.

## Fireman's Fund Pays Baltimore Losses.

The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, of this city, has come promptly to the relief of whatever policy-holders the corporation had in Baltimore who may have been losers in the great fire.

As a matter of fact, this has always been the practice of the Fireman's Fund, to settle promptly and without any more delay than is absolutely necessary to safeguard payments.

Such a great catastrophe as the Baltimore fire is felt not alone in the city which is directly affected, but touches every business centre in the country. To overcome the ill effects as speedily as possible, it is necessary for all to stand together and give aid in every way that assistance can be afforded. Recognizing this fact, the directors of the Fireman's Fund determined that they would pay off whatever losses they might have incurred in Baltimore with the utmost expedition. Word was at once sent to Charles W. Kellogg, the Eastern agent of the company, to forward with dispatch an estimate of the loss suffered by the company. This Mr. Kellogg did just as soon as he got his advices from the stricken city. This information having been received here, Mr. William J. Dutton, president of the company, sent the following telegram from the home office in this city:

"CHARLES W. KELLOGG, MASON BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.—Telegrams received. Congratulations at learning that your original estimate was sufficiently liberal. I remit you one hundred thousand dollars. More as fast as needed. Make prompt and liberal settlement without discount, realizing that now, in the hour of their distress, our Baltimore policy holders are entitled to not only justice, but liberality at our hands."

"WILLIAM J. DUTTON."

There has been very much favorable comment on the street because of the promptness with which the Fireman's Fund has acted. Indeed, this company has always been a credit to the State, for it ranks among the soundest financial institutions in the country. The corporation has always been particularly fortunate in having at its head men of recognized ability in the science of underwriting.

The company has had an unbroken prosperity, and possesses resources that would enable it to meet with ease liabilities that would stagger many of the foremost insurance companies in the United States.

## Baltimore's Fire.

The following telegram has been received by Arthur G. Nason & Co., 228 Montgomery Street, metropolitan managers Continental Insurance Co., of New York:

"CHICAGO, ILL., February 10th.—Continental's loss in the Baltimore fire is less than \$800,000—about five per cent. of company's assets. After paying all losses, the Continental's net surplus will exceed \$6,000,000. We have centered a large force of adjusters from all the departments. Losses are now being adjusted, and immediate payment in cash is now being made."

GEORGE E. KLINE, "Vice-President."

The Continental enjoys the largest surplus of any company doing a fire-insurance business and reporting to the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1904.  
Net surplus .....\$6,863,428.53  
Capital paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Gross assets .....14,192,177.63

President Jordan, of Stanford, said, speaking of his visit to President Roosevelt: "He is a man of the same sort all the way through—you always know where he stands. The principal object to him come from the people who know where he stands. I was asked if the West did not wish a 'safer' man as a candidate for President, and my reply was 'no.' I happened to share my section of the car coming from New York to Nebraska with William Jennings Bryan, and had politics talked to me all the way out. I will not tell you what I learned."

## Position as a Companion Wanted.

To tutor, read aloud, write letters, and do the general work of companion and secretary. Box 43, this office.

TO ORDER, FRENCH CORSETS, TAILORED SHIRT-waist suits, and shirt waists, imported patterns, careful designing. Mrs. N. Fairchild, suite 731, Starr King Bldg, 121 Geary St. Private Exchange 216.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT-waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## JULIAN HOTEL

The Principal and Finest Hotel in Woodland, Cal.

Headquarters for Commercial Travelers.  
M. C. KEEFER, Proprietor.

**HOT AND HANDY**

**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**

Phone South 95.

## THE FURNITURE AND CARPET COMBINE TO RAISE PRICES.

As soon as the PATTOSIEN COMPANY has sold out the \$250,000 stock of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, and Stoves, it is the intention of the Furniture Combine to raise prices still higher. That is the real secret why there is a continual rush just now at the PATTOSIEN COMPANY, cor. 16th and Mission Streets.

Wilton Velvet, \$1.40. Carpet, \$1.00.

P. S.—Country orders promptly attended to. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free of charge.

## WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

**BYRON MAUZY**

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

**PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

**SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.**



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1904.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey, Mendocino, Suisun, Eureka and Sacramento.	7:50 P.
7:30 A.	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon, Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.	7:20 P.
8:00 A.	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, (for) Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.	7:50 P.
8:30 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	7:50 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newmarket, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.	4:20 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.	4:50 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millerton), Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.	4:20 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Grimes, Irwin, Colusa, Tuolumne and Angels.	4:20 P.
9:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	11:20 A.
9:30 A.	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.	6:50 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	5:20 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo.	12:20 P.
10:00 A.	Los Angeles, Fremont, Lodi, Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Haymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.	7:20 P.
12:00 M.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	3:20 P.
11:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers, Lodi, Bakersfield, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.	11:00 P.
7:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	10:50 A.
3:30 P.	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa.	7:50 P.
3:30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.	12:20 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Sausalito, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.	9:20 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.	4:20 P.
4:30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irwin, Colusa, San Jose, Livermore.	11:50 A.
1:00 P.	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Lodi, Hanford, Golden State Limited, Sreper, Oakland to Los Angeles, for Chicago, via C. & P.	8:50 A.
6:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton.	8:50 A.
5:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	7:20 A.
6:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	9:00 A.
6:00 P.	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Bakersfield, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Rocklin, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Wadsworth, Winnemucca.	5:20 P.
6:00 P.	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.	7:50 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Sunday only.	8:50 P.
7:10 P.	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.	11:20 A.
1:15 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene, Salem and East.	8:50 A.
1:10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).	11:50 A.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

(Foot of Market Street.)

6:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.	5:55 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	10:55 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations.	11:05 A.
9:30 P.	Hunters Train, Saturday only, San Jose and Way Stations. Returning from Los Gatos Sunday only.	7:25 P.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market Street, (Ship's)  
11:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—16:00 18:00  
19:00 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

(Foot of Third and Townsend Streets.)

5:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	5:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	7:20 P.
8:00 A.	New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only).	4:10 P.
8:00 A.	The Coaster—Stops only at San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Pajaro, Castroville (connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove), Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Principal stations thence Surf (connection for Lompoc), principal stations thence Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Ventura, Los Angeles.	10:45 P.
8:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations.	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	1:20 P.
11:20 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.	7:30 P.
1:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	8:35 P.
3:00 P.	San Jose Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connections at Santa Clara for Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge Point) at Gilroy for Hollister, Tres Pinos at Castroville for Salinas.	12:15 P.
3:30 P.	Tres Pinos Way Passenger.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	16:00 A.
5:00 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	18:00 A.
5:20 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	19:40 A.
8:00 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	18:00 A.
8:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	19:40 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	18:00 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	19:40 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	18:00 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	19:40 A.

A for Morning, B for Afternoon, C for Evening, D for Night, E for Sunday only.

10:00 A. M. 11:30 A. M. 1:30 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 5:30 P. M. and 8:00 P. M.

The UNION TRANSFER COMPANY

Call for and check baggage from hotels and real estate. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Table and other information.

RUBBER LA ZACUALPA

Rubber Plantation Company

713 Market St., S.F.

INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They say that the baroness over there has a past." "Oh, no, I assure you. It's a present!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mother—"Have you taken your cold bath yet, Willie?" "Willie—"There wasn't any cold water warm enough."—*Chicago Daily News*.

She—"My face is my fortune." He (forty, yet ardent)—"And let me assure you, my dear, you have spent none of it."—*New Yorker*.

"Mamma," said little Elsie, "we have to be very saving, don't we?" "Yes, dear." "But I was just thinking, suppose we economize on cod-liver oil!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Friend—"What are you going to do with all those presents? You have no family." Smart—"Going to send 'em to my friends in St. Louis. I'm going to the exposition."—*Ex*.

"What's wit, anyway?" "Well, a good many people seem to have the idea that wit is the knack of making one person uncomfortable in the presence of others."—*Chicago Post*.

"Have you ever been in South Dakota?" he asked. "No, sir," she indignantly replied; "my husband was killed by being mistaken for a deer in Michigan."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Woman is naturally of a clinging nature," observed he. "Yes," rejoined his wife, "but she isn't to be compared with a man when it comes to holding on to a five-dollar bill."—*New Yorker*.

"The reason I can't get along with my wife is that she wants to submit all our differences to arbitration." "To arbitration?" "Yes. She always wants to refer disputes to her mother."—*Ex*.

Dr. Ketchum—"By Jove! These cab companies certainly know how to charge." His wife—"Never mind, dear! It's lucky that the president of the company is a patient of yours."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Mrs. Mason-Lodge (waking suddenly)—"Is that you, Henry? What time is it?" Mr. Mason-Lodge (comfortingly)—"Sh, dear! 'S mosh earlier 'n us'y is at this time, I 'sure you."—*Judge*.

How he won her: "You serpent!" hissed the fair, but angry, daughter of Eve. "You snake charmer!" retorted the wise son of Adam. Then she smiled, and, womanlike, forgave him.—*Chicago News*.

Amateur—"This is my latest attempt at a landscape. May I ask what you think of the perspective?" Artist—"The perspective is its strong point. The further away you stand the better it looks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

New publications: "The Available Energy of Timothy Hay," just issued by the Agricultural Department, will be followed shortly by "The Diplomatic Energy of John Hay," published by the Department of State.—*Chicago Post*.

A child thrust: "You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother, reproachfully, to her little eight-year-old girl. "Cause I never saw you when you were a little girl," was the prompt answer.—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Magistrate—"Will you take this man to be your lawful husband, love, honor, and obey him?" "Mirando—" Look here, judge, I'll 'gree to wash an' iron for dis nigger, but I aint gwine ter 'low him ter boss me."—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

One of the requisites: "I dunno but what Josh 'ud make one of 'these here literary folks," said Farmer Cortossel. "What makes you think so?" asked his wife. "Every time he gets his photograph took he looks so kind of faraway an' foolish."—*Washington Star*.

"Visitor—"What a racket the steam makes, clanking through the pipes!" Flat dweller (shivering)—"Yes. It reminds me of one of Shakespeare's plays." "Visitor—"Which?" "The Tempest?" Flat dweller—"No, 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"—*Toten and Country*.

"How did you like the intermezzo at the opera last night?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Not very well," replied her hostess; "Josiah thought he was great, but it always turns me against a person when they have their whiskers running down to a point that way."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Thousands of mothers give their children Steadman's Soothing Powders during the teething period.

"They have called two doctors in for consultation." "And do the doctors agree?" "I believe they have agreed upon the price."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 p m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 p m.

Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:50 and 11:30 p m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, 11:30 p m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p m.

Leave San Francisco.

In Effect Sept. 27, 1903.

Arrive San Francisco.

Week Days.

Sundays.

Destination.

Sundays.

Week Days.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.

7:30 a m. 8:00 a m. 9:10 a m. 8:40 a m.

10:40 a m. 10:20 a m. 6:05 p m. 6:20 p m.

3:30 p m. 3:30 p m. 7:35 p m.

5:10 p m. 5:00 p m.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1406.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 22, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 322 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Death of Senator Hanna—The New Outlook in Politics—Mr. Roosevelt's Strength—Taft, Fairbanks, and Root—A Hearst Boom and Democratic Disorganization—The Boomer of the Rural Telephone—What They Do for the Farmer—The Flower-Sellers on the Street—Why They Showell—Main—Baltimore Folks the Right Sort—A Good Civic Example—The Curious Reasoning of a Farmer—The Culter, Character Unchanged—The School-Teachers' Retirement—A Good Plan—A Service Pension—New Maps of the City—The Habit of Expectation—The Events of a Week of War—Japan Still Well in the Lead—Japanese and Russian Spirit Contrasted—The Powers and the War—The Significance of Secretary Hay's Note.....	113-115
TRIED BY FIRE: How Freckled Murphy Won His Juliet. By Marguerite Stabler .....	116
"CANDIDA": New Yorkers Excited Over a Shaw Drama—Hidden Meanings Found—A Distinctly Original Play—Two Fine Characters—Its Various Effects on the Public. By Geraldine Bonner.....	117
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World .....	117
JAPAN TO-DAY: Curious Facts About the Mikado's Country—Bicycles, Telephones, and Railways—Progress in Literature—Six Ways to Kill a Man Bared-handed.....	118
A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE: The Duke of Norfolk's Second Venture—Scarcely a Handsome Man—The Bride-to-Be Not Pretty Either—Lord Edmund Talbot Hopes There Will Be No Heir. By "Cockaigne".....	118
IS ITALY "AN OLD CORPSE"? Mrs. Atherton Says So—Marion Crawford Out With a Spirited Reply—Are D'Annunzio's Novels True to Life?—Ouida's Opinion.....	119
A NOTABLE POEM AND TRANSLATION: "La Verger," by Edmond Rostand; "The Orchard," Translation by Edward Robeson Taylor .....	119
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	120-121
DRAMA: "Alexander the Great" at the Columbia—The Performance at the Orpheum. By Josephine Hart Phelps....	122
STAGE GOSSIP .....	123
VANITY FAIR: Gray Hair Fashionable—An Adulterated Breakfast—A Strenuous Duchess—Women Barred—Anarchistic Neckties—The American Girl—Divorce in Canada—The Theatre Habit—"Obey" Left Out—A Mixed Family—Duty on Frogs—A Gambling Scandal—The Vatican Roses .....	124
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Laconic Sanger—Mark Twain's "Quarto" Autobiography—Calvé's Little Friend—Deciding Keppel's Profession—What Reeder Found—An Obliging Derelict—Not Like Venus—In Paying Quantities—Page's Negro Client—Paul Meyer Tries Rag-Time—Brampton and Job—Johnson's Lark—Not Like a Wig—Whitney and Cleveland.....	125
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Germs Preferred"; "A Lesson in Geography"; "The Latest War Reports," by Wallace Irwin; "The New Education" .....	125
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	126-127
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	128

Not since the death of William McKinley, more than two years ago, have the American people felt so keen a sense of loss, so profound and genuine a regret, as now upon the death of Senator Hanna. Possessing in high degree the capacity for friendship, he was the most aggressively loyal of men in the hour of adversity. With great wealth, and large commercial interests, his attitude toward workingmen was yet so generous and just that in all his experience he never had a strike. During the past two years he as steadily grew in the

respect of labor as in the regard of employers of labor. A native sense of humor, a calm, common-sense way of looking at things, and a rugged honesty and directness of purpose gave him a peculiar hold upon the affections of the American people.

The gap in public life that Senator Hanna leaves is a large one. Yet if not "five hundred men" (which number, as Kipling cynically suggests, can take the place of "To-Day's Most Indispensables"), there are still a sufficiency of "names mentioned" as candidates for the vacant place in the Senate and at the head of the Republican National Committee. Moreover, the question of readjustments in the political situation is an interesting one.

In Ohio, there are at least four men believed to be of senatorial size. The most prominent candidate is Governor Herrick, elected to his present office with the enthusiastic support of Senator Hanna, and a man often mentioned hitherto in connection with the Vice-Presidency. It is reported that he might be supported by the Foraker faction because his election would leave a Foraker man in control of the organization in the State. The same consideration, however, would lead thick-and-thin Hanna men to support Representative Charles Dick, who, at Hanna's earnest request, withdrew from the governorship contest last year in favor of Mr. Herrick. Another aspirant is Representative Theodore Burton, a Foraker man, and still another is George B. Cox. And in the event of a deadlock, the name of Secretary of War Taft is suggested as one upon which all factions could agree. As to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, it is credibly reported that Postmaster-General Payne will carry on the work until the meeting of the national convention, which will elect a successor. Most prominent of those now named for the place are ex-Secretary Root, Secretary Shaw, Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, and Governor Durbin, of Indiana.

More important, perhaps, is the effect of Senator Hanna's death in the field of Presidential politics. It would indeed be a strange thing if the elimination of Roosevelt's principal, though unavowed, opponent should create in the Republican party a slight feeling of resentment toward the President—a feeling, perhaps, that fate, rather than achievement, was winning for him his victories. The public favor is a fickle thing. That regret for Hanna should be transmuted into a greater or smaller opposition to the President may not be impossible.

But however that may be, a survey of public sentiment, as expressed in newspapers and by public men during the past two weeks, certainly shows the President's steady strength. Wall Street opposition has almost died away, so far as the press campaign is concerned. Whether it was in despair of results or because of an understanding arrived at, does not appear. A factor, certainly, was the fear that Hearst might be the Democratic nominee and beat a Wall Street candidate.

Something of the President's strength is shown by a census taken by the New York Herald, a paper not especially friendly to him. A poll of some representative Chicago buildings and streets gave 1,094 votes for Mr. Roosevelt and 125 for Hanna. In Milwaukee, 103 out of 105 questioned favored Roosevelt. In St. Paul, the result was 84 to 17. Senator Platt recently said, with some asperity: "If the Republican party can not carry New York with Roosevelt, it can not carry it with any one." Rumors still come of Roosevelt's weakness in Illinois and Indiana, but they continue very vague. In short, the number of Republicans who believe the President "unsafe" will have to increase strongly and steadily if Root or Taft or Fairbanks or some other yet unnamed is to have a ghost of a show. But with a great war raging, demanding a wise and

cautious national policy, many things may happen to change the situation before June.

As to issues, it is at present Mr. Roosevelt's announced intention to wage the campaign for election on four issues—(1) the administration policy in the Panama matter; (2) the attitude toward corporations taken in the Northern Securities case; (3) the attitude taken toward labor shown in the Miller "open-shop" case; (4) the attitude toward differences (a distinction that is a stroke of genius) between capital and labor taken in settlement of the great coal strike. It remains to be seen if the doughty Mr. Williams, the Democratic leader, will let the Republicans fight on home-made issues like these, side-tracking tariff-revision, about which, by the way, the party has definitely decided to do nothing this session of Congress.

With things Republican so calm and peaceful, it is naturally the Democracy which is the real centre of political interest, with the position of New York State the most important and debatable. There the strange spectacle is seen of an ex-saloon-keeper and Tammany boss admittedly able to control the selection of the New York Democratic delegates and aspiring to dictate the nomination of the President of the United States! The situation is such that, while the Republicans might win the election without New York, for the Democrats to win without New York would be absolutely impossible. Therefore, Democrats the country over are looking to New York State Democrats, and saying: Choose the man with whom you can certainly carry your State. Murphy has now publicly stated his opposition to instructing the delegation for Judge Parker. If New York does not care enough for Judge Parker to instruct for him, it is not likely that other States will force his nomination upon his home State. Therefore, the Parker boom goes a-glimmering. Who, then, does Murphy want? First, Cleveland, if he will run. "I think Mr. Cleveland is the strongest man," he says, "and believe he can be elected." But if Cleveland will not run, the New York available narrow down to two—McClellan and Hearst; and, as we said some weeks ago, Hearst's only chance lies in his indorsement by Murphy and Mr. Bryan, when he might be able to control one-third of the convention (two-thirds are necessary to nominate), and dictate the nominee, even if he were not himself nominated. The striking suggestion is made that the present amazing "tight-shutness" of New York under a Tammany régime is due to Murphy's shrewd hope that, with Tammany in good odor, and an uninstructed New York delegation, he can stampee the convention for his own candidate—McClellan or Hearst, as the necessity may be—and find rich pickings in patronage for himself and lieutenants from Maine to California.

The people of Baltimore are displaying a spirit worthy of emulation by other more fortunate cities—fortunate, at least, so far as worldly good luck goes. She has positively refused to accept a cent of outside aid, has firmly and courteously given notice that she can take care of herself, and is now busy in preparing for a city on new lines, with all the improvements made possible by the fire. It is a splendid example. No puling, no stretching forth of the hand, no tears over the tin-cup for collections, no turning of the hand-organ of complaint before the houses of the charitable. Baltimore is able to look out for herself. She is much obliged, but she has the strength and energy to rebuild on better plans. She has not even asked Mr. Carnegie for a library. Doubtless her action will meet with the reprobation of those cities which have to be weaned on the crust of the philanthropist from Scotland or Chicago. She has scorned the society of the beggars, and these full



doubtless find means to call after her with vituperation. But after all she is showing forth a spirit which is more American, if the term must be used, than that of the municipalities which spend more time in diverting the stream of a rich man's alms their way than to developing their own independence. Baltimore may have no statues to erect in her public places to alien benefactors; her streets may be unadorned with the images of the blessed purse-bearers of two continents. But she will be herself a monument, a reminder of most honorable and manful achievement on the part of her sturdy citizens.

From out the chaff of war rumor and report it is difficult indeed to pluck the wheat of truth. But as near as may be determined, here are the veritable events of a week of war:

**Tuesday, February 11th**—Four Russian cruisers, *Rossia*, *Bogatyr*, *Rurik*, and *Gromori*, after cutting their way out of the ice at Vladivostok, surrounded and shelled two Japanese merchant steamers, the *Nakamura Maru* (700 tons) and the *Zensho Maru* (170 tons). The latter was sunk with all on board (700 Japanese fishermen, it is said); the former took refuge in a Japanese port. The cruisers were probably driven back to Vladivostok by a storm.

**Saturday, February 13th**—The Russian torpedo-transport *Yenisei* was blown up as the result of accidentally striking a mine in the Port Arthur Harbor. The captain, three officers, and ninety-one men were killed.

**Sunday, February 14th**—The Japanese torpedo-boats *Asagiri* and *Hecatory* ran in upon the Russian Port Arthur fleet at three o'clock in the morning, during a heavy snow storm, fired several torpedoes at the ships, and retreated under fire. Whether any of the torpedoes were effective is unknown.

**Tuesday, February 16th**—The Russian second-class cruiser *Boyarin* was accidentally blown up by a mine in Port Arthur Harbor. One hundred and ninety-six officers and men were killed.

**Tuesday, February 16th**—Admiral Alexieff departed from Port Arthur for Harbin, in Central Manchuria.

**Tuesday, February 16th**—The cruisers *Nissin* and *Kasuga*, purchased by Japan from Argentine, arrived at Yokohama in good condition.

During the week, the Japanese have continued to land troops at Chemulpo and Gensan, Corea, and, it is reported, at Chin Wang Tao, in Southern Manchuria. Estimates of the number of Japanese landed runs up to 120,000.

These are the important and well-established events of the week. They show that, while Japan has not followed up her first victories at so swift a pace, she is at the same time in a far better position than a week ago. Her fleet is strengthened by the arrival of the two Argentine cruisers; the Russian is weakened by the blowing up of two vessels. But most important of all is the advantage gained by Japan through the opportunity she has had to land an army unharassed. Even if the Russian fleet should now emerge from Port Arthur and give battle to the Japanese fleet, with more or less disastrous results to the latter, such an event would be infinitely less important than a week ago. The Japanese army is well established in a friendly country. It is unwearyed by long marches, unweakened by privation. Masampo, commanding the Korean Strait, is being fortified. Great quantities of canned meats and other supplies, shipped from this port on the *Korea* and other ships, seem likely to fall into Japanese hands. The departure of Alexieff from Port Arthur for Harbin seems to indicate that he fears that Port Arthur may soon fall into the hands of the enemy. In brief, Japan's chances, bright a week ago, are yet brighter now.

One of the striking phases of the war is the difference between Russian and Japanese patriotism as exhibited by members of the two nations in this country. The little Japs here are eager for the news. Their rejoicing at every favorable event is boundless. They are impatient for the opportunity to go back to fight for their beloved Dai Nippon. The Japanese of Hawaii are reported to have subscribed \$142,000 to the war loan. The Japanese of this Coast hope to raise \$500,000. But, on the other hand, from the sections of the country where Russians have settled in force, come reports that the courts are crowded with subjects of the Czar seeking naturalization papers in order that there may be no possibility of their being drafted in the Russian army. They have left Russia; they bear no love for that huge bureaucracy; they will not fight for her if they can avoid it. They seem not to be elated at Russian success, or

cast down by Russian defeat. If Russians out of Russia are such poor patriots, how about the patriotism of the Russian on his native heath? If it is unimpeachable, it seems strange that the Russian commanders should spend so much time "inspiring" their troops by exhortations. It seems strange that Moscow citizens (as reported) should have refused to take off their hats to the national anthem.

Then, too, we hear of quarrels between the Russian generals, of inflammatory speeches against the government, and of the destruction of the Siberian railway at different places by robber bands, who swoop down from the mountains. We hear, also, of "reassuring" communications issued by the Russian minister of finance to panic-stricken holders of Russian securities; of bitter denunciation of the Czar for not seeing that the nation was prepared for war; of secret manifestos issued by the Russian revolutionary party. Shall we soon hear, also, of nihilist activity—of nihilist bombs doing deadly work at Russia's heart while foreign missiles wound her at her extremities?

On the face of events, the attitudes of the Powers have not altered greatly during the week, but how tense is the situation is shown by Lloyds increase of the insurance rate, against risk of war between France and Great Britain within six months, from twenty to thirty per cent. on February 11th, and from the latter figure to the extraordinary rate of fifty per cent. on Sunday, the fourteenth. That either China may disregard her proclamation of neutrality in the event of Japanese successes on land, or in the event of Russian desecration of the tombs of the Manchu kings at Mukden, or may not be able to control her northern viceroys, is feared. Alarm is also created by renewal of fighting in Macedonia, and the hostile attitude of both Bulgaria and Turkey now that the attention of Russia is turned elsewhere.

In France, the pro-Russian sentiment is said to have increased in strength. If we can believe the dispatches, France is in favor of aiding her ally in every way short of participation in war. Germany is said to fear the "yellow peril," and while her official policy is exact neutrality, she looks with apprehension upon ultimate Japanese dominance in China, and possible organization of the yellow races of Asia against the white races of the world. Therefore, deep down, her sympathy is with Russia. In the Czar's country itself, the feature of the situation is the marked animosity expressed by the press toward the United States and England. England and the United States are jointly accused of being behind Japan. That such hostility on Russia's part is seriously regarded in Great Britain, is shown by the admiralty's notification of retired naval officers eligible for service that they may be called upon, and by active steps taken by the government to have everything in readiness for eventualities. Still more forcibly is it shown by the advance in insurance rates on war risks.

It is only when the naval forces of the above-named first-class Powers are compared, that the peculiar position of the United States appears. If France should go to the aid of her ally (Russia), Japan would be at once overmatched on the sea. If England should then throw her sword on the scale, the advantage on the sea would at once be all on the Anglo-Japanese side. England could not only give ample assistance to Japan, but could menace Russia and France with her remaining Atlantic fleets. But if, then, Germany should be drawn into the world war in alliance with Russia and (mirabile dictu!) France, the scale would again tip the other way, and the British and Japanese fleets would be numerically inferior to the combined Russian, German, and French forces. At such a moment—should it unhappily come—this country would be the arbiter of destiny upon the sea. Should the United States remain strictly neutral, refusing to be drawn into the conflict by any provocation whatsoever, it is mathematically probable that England and her ally would meet defeat on the sea at the hands of Russia and her allies. How strong would be the feeling in this country that we should not let a nation of the same race and language meet defeat at the hands of Russia and her allies, Germany and France, is the interesting question.

Apart from the possibility of Europe's being drawn into the war, the most important matter affecting international relations is the action of Secretary Hay in asking the Powers to join in a note practically guaranteeing the neutrality of China. Some people seem to think that this move was actuated by a mere kindly sentiment—that Secretary Hay just sort of thought he'd like to keep China out of the fight. Nothing of the sort. Diplomacy is selfish, not sentimental. By this joint guarantee the United States assumes a responsibility.

THAT NOTE OF MR. HAY'S.

into the war, the most important matter affecting international relations is the action of Secretary Hay in asking the Powers to join in a note practically guaranteeing the neutrality of China. Some people seem to think that this move was actuated by a mere kindly sentiment—that Secretary Hay just sort of thought he'd like to keep China out of the fight. Nothing of the sort. Diplomacy is selfish, not sentimental. By this joint guarantee the United States assumes a responsibility.

"Representations" without guns behind them mean nothing. "The guarantee of China's neutrality and the underwriting of her title to her own territory," says the New York Sun, "will amount to nothing but words unless the guarantors and underwriters, including the United States Government, are prepared to use force to make good their agreement; and this, in certain events, would mean war for us." We take this grave risk of war—for what? For no sentimental advantage, surely. Then what is that advantage which the United States and the other powers expect to gain? A glance at history makes the answer easy. In 1877, Russia fought a war with the Turks, forcing her way to the very gates of Constantinople, and negotiated a favorable treaty. In 1878, the Berlin Congress, dominated by the German Bismarck and the English Beaconsfield, forced Russia to modify her demands—robbed her of the fruits of a successful war. So late as 1895, the interference of Russia, Germany, and France robbed Japan of the spoils of a victorious war against China. Now the Powers perceive that Russia has become of late years too formidable to please any of them. If Japan comes off victor there is the "yellow peril"—the danger that Japan will organize China's millions into efficiency; that India and the lands that border on the southern seas will thrill to the cry: "Asia for Asiatics. Away with the white man!" Therefore the Powers of Europe, on the initiative of the United States, are quietly moving (perhaps somewhat too early in the game) to take from the victor—whether it be Russia or Japan—the advantage that is so hardly gained. No wonder that Russia is reluctant to join in that innocent-looking agreement regarding the neutrality of China. Japan was prompt, but perhaps she dared not run counter to the wishes of the United States and all the nations of Europe, Russia only excepted—just as she dared not fight when robbed of the spoils of war in 1895. Oh, diplomacy is not a parlor game! Nations are brutally selfish. There are no rules to the game except the rule of might.

We open the bound volume of the *Argonaut* for 1898, and alight upon this passage:

THE CUBAN CHARACTER UNCHANGED. The *Argonaut* has steadfastly maintained that the Cuban insurgents did not deserve the help of a brave and generous people, like the American nation. We have persistently contended that for sensational papers to speak of them as "our allies" was a disgrace to the American army, and the American flag. . . . We have the lowest possible opinion of the Cubans. . . . The *Argonaut* has predicted that before this Cuban trouble is over the Cuban people will turn against us.

That is from the *Argonaut* of July 25, 1898. The following paragraph is from a Havana dispatch dated February 1, 1904:

United States Minister Squiers has called the attention of the Cuban Government to the action of the rioters at Cienfuegos, who vented their ill-feeling yesterday by flinging mud upon the United States escutcheon hanging over the entrance of the United States consulate, practically covering it with filth.

It used to be that the rancher hitched up his team on an off day, piled in feed for the nags, a basket for the family, and then installed the household and drove to the neighbors to call. Now he goes to the telephone, rings up central, and talks crops with any farmer within twenty miles. This change in the mode of intercourse has been brought about (according to the *Electrical World and Engineer*) by the great decline in tariff due to the expiration of the Bell patents. When the patents expired in 1894, the Bell Company had installed only 243,342 telephones in a period extending from 1878 to 1894. Within the next seven years they increased this to 1,020,647, the independents meanwhile having installed some million and a half. This tremendous growth of the telephone systems has been all over the country, but particularly in the West. The telephone's advantages are innumerable. By it the farmer can find out before going to market the prices of his produce and what is needed most. He can talk to his commission man, his broker, and his supply house. He can call in the neighbors in case of fire or sickness. He can keep track of the stock market, the telephones in Indiana alone connected with the Indianapolis stock markets numbering 107,000. And more than this, the rural telephone, as it is called, brings widely scattered farmers and ranchers into a community. It means harmony and mutual aid in developing the country. Like most great benefits it has its comic side. We hear of the housewife who, before going to her neighbors on a visit, takes the receiver off the hook and puts it by the baby with a request to central to call her at Mrs. So and So's if the infant wails. Another woman is discovered with the receiver tied to her ear, and listening to the business for forty miles around. It has long been a question what the telephone would be without a central. This is now a reality. Many telephones of the automatic type have been installed where

JAPANESE STILL WELL IN THE LEAD.

JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN SPIRIT CONTRASTED.



a system of switching is employed that works by itself. Some 500,000 rural homes now have the telephone, and this number is growing. The barbed-wire, which serves to confine the rooting porker, also conveys, without extra charge, the sweet nothings of the farmer's daughter, or the orders to the laborers far afield. It is a new step toward the unity of the race. One wire may in time make the whole world kin.

The authorities at Baltimore are seriously contemplating the restriction of the height of buildings to four or five stories. One of the most striking features of the fire was the fact that tall "fire-proof" buildings, instead of impeding the progress of the flames, only seemed to spread the blaze over a wider area. They acted like gigantic chimneys. Once the fire was started in the lower stories, a tremendous draught was created. From the top, flame and brands belched forth as from the mouth of a volcano. Blazing pieces of furniture and parts of floors were flung upward and carried by the wind blocks away. The Continental Building, sixteen stories high, stood at the end of the fire an empty shell. This was really the first time that the modern steel-frame skyscraper had been tested in a great conflagration, and it was found not only as vulnerable as the smaller structures, but was proved to have new dangers of its own.

There is no more striking scene in San Francisco than the flower market in front of the *Chronicle* Building, and the cry against allowing these venders of cheap flowers to continue is evidently from those who desire, at any cost to the beauty and picturesqueness of the city, to add a penny or so to their own incomes. But as a matter of fact, as has been pointed out by the *Chronicle*, these street venders not only do not hurt the trade of the florists, but must make a demand that will react favorably upon the sale sheets of high-grade stores. The suggestion that the city go farther and allow the venders to sell on the sidewalks around Union Square is a most excellent one. It would render the square more than ever a place of resort by tourists, and those who pass by it (and there are no more crowded thoroughfares than those that debouch upon it), would be enabled to purchase in the best way those cheap and lovely flowers which make California the garden of the earth. By all means let the vender with his tray of violets and his armsful of posies sell all he can without restriction. Let the poor man buy flowers for his wife and the child for his parents at prices within moderate means. It would be very well indeed to go still further and establish a free flower market, where the farmer and the gardener could open their stalls and sell the bloom of their gardens freely. It would add infinitely to the attractiveness of San Francisco, and give it a striking feature that would never escape the traveler or the tourist. Those fretful curmudgeons who would deny the workingman or the wayfarer the right and the opportunity to enliven his person with a small bouquet, who would put a price upon the child's posy and a tax upon the poor man's violets, should realize that sometimes the beauty of a city and the gayety of its streets depend on a certain very remunerative easiness in small matters. The frequency of small nosegays may help us to overlook the ubiquity of the scavenger's vessel of incense which is to be seen at the very best hours on the very best streets.

The introduction into the Lower House of Congress of a service and age pension bill, by Representative Sulloway, chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, has roused in both parties enthusiastic adhesion to its principle, and as enthusiastic opposition. This bill, which, well-informed correspondents say, is confidently expected to pass the House, provides a pension of eight dollars a month to every veteran of the Civil War who has attained the age of sixty-two years without regard to disability; to those sixty-six years old, ten dollars a month; and to those reaching seventy, twelve dollars a month. It further provides that where a man rendered two years or more service he shall receive a pension of two dollars a month in addition to the regular rates. Mr. Sulloway's bill also increases the pensions of those who are now drawing the minimum six dollars to eight dollars a month, and further provides that the pensions of widows who married a soldier prior to January 1, 1870, shall be increased to twelve dollars a month. In the matter of calculating the amount that will be required to satisfy the new demands under this law, there are great discrepancies between the figures given by friend and foe. As there are at present some two hundred thousand veterans who have not applied for relief, and it is thought that a comparatively small proportion of these

would apply under the new bill, it is estimated, in some quarters, that not over one hundred thousand new names would be added to the rolls, entailing a yearly expenditure of fifteen millions. "Twenty to sixty millions" is the estimate of the New York *Sun*, which calls this bill and its appropriation "the most stupendous of campaign funds." It is stated, on apparently good authority, that President Roosevelt favors the passage of this bill; and that it will be made a part of the Republican policy. While the bill in many details has been altered from that proposed by the Grand Army, it yet maintains the principal features of that, and recognizes besides length of service and age of the beneficiaries.

The interesting questions in local politics just now are, Who will go as delegates to the National Democratic and Republican Conventions? and, also, Will the Democrats indorse the candidacy of Mr. Hearst? For, despite the fact that in all the Eastern computations of Hearst strength, California is chalked down as solid for him, it seems that it is not—yet. Indeed, that is one of the peculiarities of the Hearst boom—it is almost always somewhere else. Gavin McNab is now in the East, and it is current gossip that he will size up the various booms and determine if the California delegation would be wise in pledging itself to the editor-candidate. J. V. Coleman is reported as saying that he will not go to the convention pledged to Hearst or to anybody else. Doubtless James H. Budd, who is mentioned for delegate-at-large, would be very pleased to be instructed for Hearst, as also Thomas Geary. Other Democrats who would like to be delegates-at-large are Mayor Snyder and Judge Trask, of Los Angeles, M. Tarpey, of Alameda, William T. Jeter, of Santa Cruz, and Bernard D. Murphy, of Santa Clara. As delegates from the San Francisco districts are mentioned Max Popper, James O'Brien, Judge Lawlor, Porter Ashe, Livingston Jenks, and Franklin K. Lane. On the Republican side, those prominently mentioned for the four places of delegates-at-large are John D. Spreckels, M. H. de Young, George A. Knight, Governor Pardee, Congressman Metcalf, Needham, and Gillette, Thomas Flint, Senator Bulla, and Judge McKinlay. Probably three of the delegates will be from the northern part of the State, and one from Los Angeles.

That was a great scheme of Minister Buchanan's to flim-flam Colombia to Panama's advantage. How cruel of Secretary Hay to nip it in the bud. It was like this: The new Republic of Panama assumed, under pressure, a share of Colombia's national debt. It was planned that Panama's share, amounting to several millions of dollars, was to be paid out of the ten millions we are to pay Panama in return for canal rights. But Mr. Buchanan, the new minister at Panama, thought he knew a trick worth two of that. He proposed to Secretary Hay that Panama should instead secretly purchase a portion of the Colombian debt at its present market price—five cents on the dollar—and turn it in to Colombia at face value in full payment of Panama's obligation, thus buncoing Colombia out of ninety-five per cent. of the debt on the deal. But, strangely enough, Mr. Hay was not pleased at Mr. Buchanan's astuteness. He was not even civil about it. In fact, he wrote Mr. Buchanan an icy letter rejecting the proposal *in toto*. Not only that, but in the Senate, where they have been considering various documents submitted by the President, the letter of Minister Buchanan met with denunciation. Grave senators said that Mr. Buchanan's fine business stroke was perfidious and dishonorable. They said he was a disgrace to the diplomatic corps. They even hoped he would be recalled. Down on the banks of the Chagres, Mr. Buchanan—the man with the good business head—may muse at his leisure on the ingratitude of republics.

The man who spits upon a sidewalk in this city now imperils not only the health of the community but his own liberty, for the police commissioners have revived an ancient but worthy ordinance. Everything that can be said about the expectorator has been said, and said firmly and in plain language. No one thinks for a moment that it is polite to spit on a sidewalk, or good form or æsthetic, and it has been proved to be harmful to the health of passengers. Therefore, the action of the police in hauling to jail all those who persist, as one fervid man has put it, "in the habit of emitting their interiors on the sidewalks," will be watched with joy and equanimity as to the outraged feelings of the offenders. It is to be hoped that the penalty of appearing in a police court with wife-beaters, inebriates, and gentry of their kind, will enforce upon the attention of the careless spitters the uncleanness, the ill-breeding, and the peril of a too common habit. Other cities have

successfully coped with this menace to public health, and the police of San Francisco will be remembered in the prayers of the righteous if they will insist on saving the sidewalks from pollution. As for the man who spits in a street-car, he is probably beyond regeneration, except by the fires of the hereafter. No adequate penalty can be devised by the laws of the city. But it will be a slight satisfaction to see him thrust into prison.

Assessor Dodge has requested of the board of supervisors the immediate appropriation of money enough to allow the city engineer's office to make new maps of the city. By a law enacted at the last legislature, provision was made for the preparation of new official maps, which will reduce the amount of clerical work in both the assessor's and the tax collector's offices to an extent that will save the city thousands of dollars annually. This map will make it necessary in conveyances and references to real estate to name only the lot, block, and subdivision instead of, as at present, stating the streets, directions by compass, and usually the next lot. The assessor states that such a map would reduce the number of assessment rolls by at least ten volumes. The force of the city engineer is not equal to performing the work without an addition, and for this must come money from the supervisors. Assessor Dodge should most certainly get his map. It is sorely needed, and the simplification that it would mean in all branches of real-estate dealings, public and private, is incalculable. The provisions of a much needed law should not be allowed to remain unfulfilled.

A plan has been submitted to the board of education whereby the deficiencies in the public-school-teachers' annuity and retirement fund may be met. Owing to an increase in the number of the annuitants, the sums paid have had to be cut down twenty per cent., and the deficiency is growing so that it seems likely that the cut will amount soon to thirty and forty per cent. The relief prayed by the society is that the sum of two dollars be added to each teacher's monthly salary, instead of the one dollar now added and deducted, this sum to be credited to the annuity funds. The question has been placed before the city attorney for a decision as to the legality of the plan. If his report is favorable, it will be necessary for the supervisors to appropriate the necessary sum additional to the present salaries, a sum amounting to twenty-four thousand dollars a year. Otherwise appeal must be made to the legislature. Certainly the relief asked should be granted in any way practicable. The annuitants have a very real claim, and one not lightly to be disregarded. Whatever be the method of increasing the funds in the hands of the Public School Teachers' Retirement and Annuity Society, it should be remembered that the teacher who has passed from active service is usually totally incapacitated from further labor. The reward of fidelity and untiring effort can not be placed too high.

A correspondent of the *American Economist*, writing from Cuba, quotes the text of the new tariff law which went into effect February 5th, and comments as follows:

By the terms of this proclamation an increase of thirty per cent. of existing tariff rates goes into effect. As the reductions provided for in the reciprocity treaty range from twenty to forty per cent., it will be seen that the increase of thirty per cent. strikes an average, and leaves the duties practically where they were before any reduction was made. With this difference: The increase of thirty per cent. applies to all articles, and hence affects many articles not named in the reciprocity treaty. Thus have the crafty Cubans not only made good all the losses sustained through the reciprocity concessions, but they have done very much more than that; they have compelled the payment of an additional thirty per cent. on all articles not specified in the treaty. The first fruits of Cuban reciprocity do not leave an altogether sweet taste in the mouth.

Mr. B. D. Washburn, a tariff expert, writing from Havana, says:

The treaty will benefit Cuba and Europe, but injure the United States, not only in the near future, but will later imperil the international relations of the United States by increasing European commerce and interests at our very door. Let the American Congress pass the Elkins, Newlands, or a similar resolution, inviting the friendly annexation of Cuba, which the latter will gladly accept, and which is the only true solution for both countries.

Mr. Root recently said: "I look for the time when the Philippines shall assume substantially the same relation to us that Cuba now holds." The New York *Times*, commenting, said:

A good many others [of Mr. Root's countrymen] look, and perhaps with greater confidence, for the time when Cuba shall assume a nearer relation to us than the Philippines now hold. Most property-owners in Cuba look for the coming of that time, not with great confidence, it may be, but certainly with longing.



## TRIED BY FIRE.

How Freckled Murphy Won His Juliet.

"I aint 'lowin' I'm any better 'n the rest of 'em, but now say, Lou, I mean Miss Louise, aint ye, that is, can't ye—"

But with each shambling word the straight shoulders of Miss Louise were straightening into a ramrod erectness.

"Will you never realize, Mr. Murphy," she interrupted, with a chilling accent on the mister, "that where there is no congeniality there can be no—ahem, esteem?"

And Murphy, whose plea had been just plain, old-fashioned love, noted the haughty shoulders before him, and his heart went into his boots.

"It isn't that I have ceased to like Mr. Murphy," the girl explained later to one of the summer boarders, "but before I went away I had never met any cultivated people, and didn't know how impossible he is. I was too young anyway to be engaged, and you can't think how his ungrammatical conversation grates upon refined sensibilities."

Murphy, meanwhile, had stamped around by the kitchen, cut to the barn, and through the corral to the cañon.

"Taint no use, I guess," he said to himself, when, hours later, remembering it was milking time, he pulled himself together and started off stiffly up the trail. Murphy had felt ever since Lou had gotten her certificate that the times were sadly out of joint for him, but could not quite fathom the cause. He could not see himself as Lou saw him in contrast with the people she had met at the normal school, the teachers' institutes, and the oddly assorted guests who filled the little Buck Valley Inn. "The pity of it is that I ever encouraged him to think I cared for him," she repeated to herself whenever a reproachful qualm strayed into her conscience.

And Murphy, to be sure, was not a romantic figure as he swung along the Grizzly trail. His hair was undeniably red, and his face aggressively freckled, his frame was loose-jointed and shambling, and his usage of the king's English—most unpardonable of all his faults in Lucy's sight—betrayed a contempt not bred of familiarity. That many of the visitors who came up from the city found pleasure in his companionship for his keen wit, good hard sense, and woodcraft, had never touched Miss Lou. There was a young bank cashier from the valley, a callow, briefless barrister from the city, a well-set-up engineer from that, to her, vague and mysterious region called "back East," who lounged on the porch, fished up the cañon, and supplied her ideals of manly dignity and quality.

It had been hard enough to bear with Jim's crudities when she first took the school, but when the vacation season opened and people from the towns sought out her mountain fastness, she felt it inconsistent with her calling to be followed everywhere by Jim: by a man who unblushingly described the swagger young cashier as "the feller I had took up the stream onct or twict last year," and announced loudly enough for every one on the porch to hear that the barrister was "the rummest shot I have ever saw."

But if Lou could have divined the struggle Jim Murphy was making with his unkempt English when he met her, the next day, at the spring, she might not have flouted him quite so cruelly.

"Say, Lou," he began, in the old familiar way, but managed to correct himself before the flexible shoulders had reached the pinnacle of their disdain—"say, Miss Louise, y'll go to the dance with me Sat'd'y, won't ye? An' say now"—but fearing another word might involve his syntax still more hopelessly, and settle his fate forever, he simply fastened his eyes upon her and waited, dumbly.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Murphy," the girl answered, in cool, superior tones, "I can't give you a positive answer just now, but I will let you know by Friday." Whereupon Murphy gulped down a retort, and backed off down the road.

Friday was a safe distance off, Lou reasoned, to give either the cashier or the barrister time to ask her, and as she had only thanked Mr. Murphy and not told him he might hope for any favor at her hands, she felt she had managed the affair with rare diplomacy.

"Do you see how the little school-ma'am is playing the fellow?" the boarders began to ask each other as they watched the play going on, and saw the big, good-hearted fellow getting the worst of it. And many there were who longed to take her in hand and shake those flexible shoulders till her teeth turned to castanets.

Everybody at the hotel was planning to go to the dance, for the Divide was only ten miles distant; so every cart, spring wagon, and buckboard was hauled out of the shed, greased, and put in order for the trip. As the people came to these dances from twenty miles around, the trip had to be accomplished in daylight, so the entertainment began when the sun went down and lasted until it arose again. Consequently, in order to give the dancers and musicians an occasional rest, the programme was interperced with songs and recitations.

On this occasion the notices posted at the surrounding post offices announced that the well-known Billy Vink twins, Ruby and Pearly, were to speak a dialogue; that Dick V. Horn would give a selection of songs with a rock accompaniment, and that Miss

Eloise Adelaide Smythe would render the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

The herders and ranchmen of the vicinity, who pulled up their horses and threw on their brakes to gossip over the coming event, hailed with pleasure the prospect of hearing the twins and Van Horn in their respective specialties, but all were "dinged if they knowed who t-otter one was," until by dint of much canvassing and caucusing the identity of Eloise Adelaide was sifted down to Lou—"little Lucy Smith, old Tom Smith's little girl"—then with a meaning twinkle "been away to school, haw, haw!"

But it was not Lou, nor Lucy, nor even Miss Louise who appeared at the dance escorted by the dignified cashier, but in very truth Eloise Adelaide who floated in Shakespearean state across the floor to the place of honor reserved for the performers. To the town-bred eyes of the visitors the scene was not of such importance as it appeared to the ambitious Juliet *pro tem*. And strange as it might have seemed to her, it had a humorous side. Each man, as he paid his admission fee, was decorated with a red badge of courage to exonerate him from being dunned a second time, and as the floor filled, a more motley assemblage would have been hard to find. There were trim, shirt-waist suits worn by the town women, limp finery worn by the native belles, khaki suits, knickerbockers, and tweeds worn by the men—everything, in fact, whirled across the floor but the accepted dancing garb—always excepting the flowing robes of the Lady Juliet.

However, in the eyes of the town people this occasion was also of moment, for "its almost too much of a good thing to have a country dance," the barrister in khaki confided to the cashier in knickers, "on the same night there happens to be a forest fire up the cañon. It's a pity we can't take in both."

Murphy, who had arrived upon the scene late because he had not intended to go, but somehow could not stay away, joined the pair, and explained to them that the fire was too far away for them to reach, and that the south wind was carrying it still farther away.

The sound of revelry waxed high as the evening wore on. One caller after another grew husky and retired from the field, but the flying feet of the dancers were indefatigable. Then the Winkses did their turn, and were thereafter treated to pink lemonade by every gallant in the house, till they must have been internally soaked. After another several hours of dancing, Dick Van Horn picked his banjo and sang his coon songs till everybody in the room was humming an accompaniment. Still the dancing went on with unabated zeal. Then, after clearing his throat several times, and stamping on the floor for attention, the floor-manager announced, with much mouthing of the name, "Miss Eloise Adelaide Smythe will now favor the assemblage with the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,' by Shakespeare."

The women occupied the benches, while the men leaned against the walls; and after what she deemed a proper delay, the impassioned Juliet leaned from her imaginary balcony and proceeded to thrill her audience.

Murphy had not danced much that evening. He made frequent trips to the bend, where he could look down the cañon, and Eloise Adelaide noticed, with a mild surprise, that he seemed to avoid her. She also noticed that he looked strangely pale, which made his freckles show more aggressively than ever.

The Buck Valley audience was being duly electrified by the glowing eyes and tender tones that seemed to play chiefly in the cashier's direction, and just as he was being assured, "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep," Hank Redhead, the blacksmith, at a sign from Murphy, waved his fiddle aloft as a signal for attention, while Jim, regardless of the confidences going on between the Juliet on the stage and the Romeo in the audience, sprang to the front, and began: "Ladies and gents," in firm, measured tones, "I don't want to scare nobody; in fact, there aint no need fer gettin' scared; but the wind has turned to the north, an' the fire is comin' our way, an' if it jumps the ravine we'll all have to vamose."

An instant's hush fell upon the house, then a stampede ensued for doors and windows. Almost as the speaker finished, a light began to glow down the bend. A grave apprehension seized the hearts of the mountain people at Jim Murphy's words, while the sensitive shoulders of Eloise Adelaide cringed at his superfluous negatives.

"It can't possibly jump the ravine," the engineer raised his voice to say to the huddled women.

"At any rate, don't start out now till you see whether the wind is settled in the north," some one else said, to allay a stampede.

The blacksmith grabbed his fiddle and began on his one waltz tune, but "Sober Last August" had lost its charm. White faces turned, spellbound, to the windows, and fear-palsied limbs refused to move.

"We'd better git out," Murphy commanded, and all instinctively waited to follow his commands. "Them sugar pines in the ravine is tall, and the gorge is narrow at the bend," he explained in undertones to the engineer.

"Why don't you stop here and back-fire?" asked a "timber-cruiser," who knew nothing of its terrors.

"Because the wind is with us," Murphy answered, as a faint roar was heard in the distance, and the faint glow became a ruddy light.

"Hawkins's clearing is only a few miles away,"

Murphy went on, keeping his eye on the advancing light as he spoke; "we'll have to make for that."

The teams were quickly hustled together, the snorting, rearing horses backed into their shafts, while men swore and women fainted, and the far-away roaring came nearer.

Murphy waited until the last panic-stricken man was stowed into a vehicle, and the terrified horse lashed into a run; then vaulting onto his balky little cayuse, he dashed back to the bend to gauge the time between Hawkins's and destruction. The wind, now due north and rising with the advancing night, was whirling firebrands into the cañon. "God!" the man breathed, deeply, "God Almighty!" but the tones were not irreverent. "It's all right, boys," he called when he again overtook the fleeing party. "Don't hurry, the' aint no danger 't all." But reaching the side of the foremost driver he leaned out of his saddle to say into his ear, "Run 'em, Dick; run 'em like hell."

The flames now reached the bend, leaped from tree to tree, catching the giant pines and flinging its flames aloft, crackling, roaring, hissing, surging. Now a towering mast crashed into the cañon. Murphy saw it. A moment its light was lost in the black depths below. A moment only. Sparks flew upward and outward as twigs along the side ignited, resinous branches fed the flame, and fierce, forked little tongues of fire licked out and lashed the rising trunks.

The moon that, like a pillar of fire by night, had been guiding their flight, was soon lost in the rolling clouds of smoke. Hawkins's clearing, Murphy knew, was on the river, but in this murky chaos, where?

"Keep it up, boys. You're winners. We're almost there." He spurred his horse to shout, "You're almost there; keep it up!"

"Has the fire reached the cañon?" the "cruiser" called, feeling the heat increasing.

"No, ye damned fool, its miles from it. Ye aint skeered, are ye?" Murphy taunted in disgust at his want of consideration for the women.

The horses, maddened by the instinct of the wild, wheeled and plunged at every crash, while Murphy pulled alongside and cut them into blind fury. The roar was too loud for the occupants of the wagons to hear his reassuring "Don't git skeered," but his commanding tones kept them at least from jumping out. Impeded by fallen tree-trunks, tangles of deer-brush and chaparral, their progress was slow. Ashes rained thick upon their uncovered heads as fresher gusts of wind arose, flinging firebrands after them, while every soul cried "God Almighty!" and every heart beat "Hawkins!" Nobody swore now, and nobody fainted. White, pinched faces stared vacantly before them, or hid their eyes from the horror of it all.

Suddenly, with a jerk, the horses wheeled, kicking and plunging, and trying to crouch under each other, while overhead a firebrand hissed and sailed like a comet.

"Hold 'em! Don't jump, — you! You — — — you!" roared Murphy; "cut 'em, — — —! Hold 'em, you — — —!" And his tones, ringing out of the darkness, still firm, still commanding, still reassuring, fell like the voice of a delivering angel. Then, almost like another comet, a black figure whizzed past them, and again the firebrand, barely lodged, was hurled through the air and stamped out, and again the frantic horses were lashed forward. Lashed until the whip fell from the burned and blistered hands that held it. But the voice still rang the assuring "Here we are right at Hawkins's. Just a few more steps." And the panic-stricken people were too dazed to wonder that half an hour later it was still "just a few more steps" in the same cheerful, encouraging tones. But the stifling heart between breaths pumped "God, we're lost!"

Still the blind leading the blind rushed madly on anywhere, for no one thought of questioning Murphy's generalship.

Gradually, however, the jolts and jars seemed to grow fewer, and looking up through a rift in the clouds of smoke and ashes, the sky seemed open.

"Here we are at Hawkins's!" Van Horn shouted. "Are we really there?" the "cruiser" shouted to their deliverer.

"Damned if I know!" Murphy groaned, inwardly; but to the "cruiser" shouted back, "Course, whar d'ye think we've been headin' fer?"

His right arm, he noticed, didn't seem to work, but all the time he was getting so easy and comfortable as the numbness grew upon him, that he did not care what happened. At least he thought he didn't care until he opened his eyes and saw Juliet tearing up her classic draperies in order to bandage his arm. Others seemed to be bothering around, too, saying things.

"Is he dead?" he heard them ask, and felt big tears falling on his face. So, considering how much pleasanter it was to lie with his head on Lou's lap, with Lou's arms around him and Lou's tears falling on his face, Murphy stayed dead. But when the cold lips of the erstwhile tragedy queen bent down and kissed his freckled forehead, the time seemed ripe for him to revive. And when he looked up into the smoke-begrimed face above him, and saw that it, too, was scratched and bleeding, he forgot his own disabilities. But it was not the tragedy queen, nor Eloise Adelaide Smythe, nor even Miss Louise, who laughed at her burns; just plain, little, long-ago Lucy, as she bent low and assured him "taint nothing, dear." MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1904.



## "CANDIDA."

New Yorkers Excited Over a Shaw Drama—Hidden Meanings Found—A Distinctly Original Play—Two Fine Characters—Its Various Effects on the Public.

During the past two weeks New York has been slowly working itself up into a state of excitement over George Bernard Shaw's "Candida," which is being played at the Vaudeville Theatre. At first nobody paid much attention to it. It was given by a small company of unknown actors in the little theatre, about as big as a thimble, that the seductive and *spirituelle* Mlle. Wiehe has but recently deserted.

Then the critics, and then intelligent people began to talk about "Candida," and the world at large began to prick up its ears. New Yorkers—the fashionable ones who want to be *dans le mouvement*—are like the people of Athens described by St. Paul "as spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." To be up with the latest sensation in books, in music, in gossip, in clothes, is what is expected of all members of the inner circle. To have some one ask you if you know of something, or have seen or heard something, and to have to admit that you know nothing about it, is to be a rank, rejected outsider. Of course, you can always lie—and you always do, if you're smart enough—but there are people in this world who never learn the art of lying, and go on telling the bare, bleak, uncolored truth to the unimaginative end.

The name of "Candida" began to be buzzed about in the half fashionable, half artistic, world some two weeks ago. The play rapidly gained a vogue, and people of that particular *genre* began going and sending their friends. One of its especial charms was that it was said to have an inner occult meaning, which only choice spirits could grasp. This stimulated the mind of every woman who saw it, and the most amazing ideas as to its true significance, its "message," have been in circulation. Some said it was esoterically improper; you had to know a thing or two yourself before you understood it. And others contested that the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple was soiled and dingy compared to it. To tell an up-to-date, energetic, ambitious woman that a play contains a deeper than ordinary meaning, which she will not probably see, is to "give her a dare" which she will take or die. So the little play-house on Forty-Fourth Street has been crowded with an audience of "all Etruria's noblest and all Etruria's best," dressed like the lilies of the field, and deeply and earnestly attentive.

I have never before seen "Candida" played. I have read it with the other Shaw dramas, and thought that it was a better-built play, a more consistent, tightly welded whole, than anything else its author had written. Shaw in his other dramatic pieces—except, perhaps, the needlessly disgusting "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—continually broke away from his original thesis and let his work fall into a welter of trivial circumstance or impish humor. He could not resist the opportunity of "being funny," sometimes of being fresh. Action, character, development, the exploiting of the main idea, were continually being stopped that the hero might have a chance to say shocking, unusual things in a witty, unusual way. This hero of his has been Mr. Shaw's "worse devil." He has several times spoiled his author's most promising plays by suddenly turning his back on the dramatic interest and beginning to lounge around the stage, jeering in an off-hand, detached way at the story, and being smart and pert. I have an idea that these heroes are Mr. Shaw himself, and that this is somewhat the way he stands around among the chaotic happenings of life, drawing a bitter, mocking amusement from what is always an interesting, if also a melancholy, spectacle.

But in "Candida" there is no Shaw hero. There are two men who represent two principles. One is a clergyman, a fine physical being in his prime, spoiled, dependent, unconsciously and exceedingly vain, his very philanthropies a form of vanity. He has great kindness of disposition, a strenuous, almost unctuous love of duty, an entire absence of imagination, a serviceable, fairly good mind, with a complete blindness to the claims of the beautiful and Utopian side of life. Work and duty, sweetened by wholesome domestic ties, are his life. He is what is considered an unusually "good man," the kind respectable mothers without high social ambitions are glad to see their daughters marry. The kind that makes a woman happy, albeit, as she sets her face to the gray realities of life, she often turns to look longingly back at the aurora of romance and poetry that seems so far behind.

The other stands for the ideal, the beautiful. He is a poet, eighteen years of age, the sort of being an average, healthy-minded man can make neither head nor tail of, and ends up by calling a d—d fool. Viewed from the standard of the densely practical, Eugene is the completest kind of a damned fool. But the divine instinct of truth is his. The crusts of sensitiveness, hypocrisy, fear, and pride, in which the human heart has encased itself, fall away under his penetrating eye. The foibles and falsities in which we hide ourselves he recognizes, and he is moved to pity (not to scorn) by the weakness that has so striven to shield itself. He sees that the human creature craves for love, but is "too shy" to ask for it. Only animals—dogs and cats and pets—dare to come to us demanding the love we dare not offer, and our response to their demand shows how ready we are to give.

In my opinion, the character of Eugene is a remarkable creation. Its force in the reading does not strike one. It is as played—a figure speaking and moving under one's eye—that its vital meaning grips one. To create this practically impossible and spiritually enlightened being, was an achievement. To make him fit into an environment of bare, nineteenth-century realism, losing none of the lustre of his own particular aura, becoming more convincing by contrast with the complacent decency around him, was a triumph. The most remarkable thing about it is that the character, so remotely far beyond the ordinary sympathy, and so completely *noif* in the expression of its ideas, never once becomes ridiculous. The respect that the genuine is bound to win attends its most extravagant flights. This is partly due, beyond doubt, to the excellent acting of Mr. Arnold Daly, who played the part with extraordinary delicacy and discretion, and really did not look a day over eighteen.

Between these two opposing types stands Candida, the woman. She has been the clergyman's wife for many years, being now thirty-two. She has several children, is happy, peacefully engrossed in the claims of her domestic life, and is of essential goodness and purity. The man who drew the character of Candida has great insight into the nature of women. She is a remarkable exposition of one of the finest feminine types. She is the woman with a deep intuitive wisdom, not a smart surface cleverness, seemingly simple, unconsciously gifted with the illuminative insight which sees to the roots of impulse and intention. To the life around her she brings the balm of a soft, gracious presence; where she moves the wheels of existence, down to the most trivial details, run smoothly. She has the feminine instinct of submerging herself in a centre of domestic pre-occupation, that focusing point of a woman's life where the claims of husband, children, and home meet and blend. She understands her husband perfectly; in a way sees through him—and loves him. Her feeling is compounded largely of the protective and maternal. She envelops him in a passion of brooding, careful tenderness, much the same as that she gives to her children. She is the care-taker of them all; only in the children's case they know and acknowledge it, but in the husband's she has coaxed and petted him into the belief that he is the one who protects and looks after the nest; that he is the guiding spirit of the household, the dominating figure who, with Olympian judgment, is directing their lives.

When they realize that the poet has conceived an exalted, ecstatic passion for Candida, she and her husband take the matter as their natures dictate. The man is astounded, incensed, outraged; the woman touched and thoughtfully disturbed. The one place where the play approaches a point that it is hard for the intelligent spectator to regard with undisturbed appreciation and sympathy, is that scene in which Candida and her husband talk of the young man's love.

Candida's proposition is simply this, put to her husband tentatively as a sort of debatable question: Eugene is a person of rare gifts, of unusual mind, and hyper-sensitive disposition. His soul is untainted, his passion exalted and noble. Suppose, Candida rejecting him, he should go his way and some day love again, and this time a "bad woman"? Whether Candida means by this a woman of openly loose morals, or one of the women of mean, ignoble nature and average respectability that decent men marry every day, is a point she does not make clear. The idea is that if Eugene became engrossed in such a person the destruction of his life, the withering of his ideals, the blasting of his soul and ruin of his talent, would follow. Would it not be better, then, for him to know love through such a woman as Candida? The natural amazement that Candida's husband shows at this suggestion is felt by most of the audience. She, however, nothing daunted, goes on in words somewhat like this: "I would as soon refuse Eugene my love if he needed and asked for it as I would deny a shivering beggar my shawl."

Candida's point of view is similar to that of Monna Vanna, when she went to Priuzivall's tent *me sous son manteau*. But Monna Vanna's contention, that to set her own honor as of higher value than the lives of a city of people would be petty and base, was different to that of Candida, who regarded hers as a sort of offering for the preservation of a soul and the furthering on its road of golden-winged genius. The creators of both women sympathized with them, regarding the objecting husbands as narrow and spiritually dense.

The end of the play, where Candida finally chooses between the two men, is on a high plane, at once rational and uplifting. I think it is her beautiful and entirely natural reasons for clinging to her husband because he is "the weaker of the two," which appeal so strongly to women. So many of "the weaker sex" have just this feeling of protectiveness, of sheltering and shielding the beloved man who would lapse into insignificance and triviality without their fostering care.

The other reason of its attraction for the feminine mind is in its suggestion of the romantic in life, brought in by the poet. Candida's feeling for him is one of sisterly affection and concern, save in those moments when he speaks words that belong to the world of romance and poetry. Then she is charmed and thrilled, not by Eugene, but by "the vision and the dream" his words conjure up. It is to this thrill of the beautiful, the poetic and unreal, that women respond even as Candida did, and flock to the little theatre to see the

passage of the God of Dreams, rainbow-winged and fugitive, through a life as cheerfully dutiful and colorless as their own. They entirely sympathize with Candida in her unswerving devotion to her husband. They understand the type of that devotion, tender, comforting, with a touch of something pensive in it, but they also know that the poet has brought with him some of the glamour of that world where there are no bills and no servants, no onions to peel or lamps to fill, and that that glamour is to women a fearful and wonderful thing. GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, February 6, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg announces that the Czar recently received in private audience Melville Stone, director of the Associated Press.

Rear-Admiral Sotokichi Uriu, victor at Chemulpo, was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1881, after serving there four years, and then went to the British military school at Greenwich. His wife is a Japanese, who was graduated from Vassar.

Elizabeth Gibert, the *Argonaut's* correspondent in Mexico, says that the story (widely printed in the United States) that Alvarado, "Mexico's richest man," gave away one hundred thousand dollars in silver dollars at Christmas time is "utterly untrue and silly." Alvarado was poor himself, and is very good to the poor people of Parral, but scarcely to that extent.

The millions of people who have gazed with interest upon the hirsute physiognomy of Jo-Jo, the original dog-faced man, will be grieved to learn that he is dead at Salonica, Macedonia. Pneumonia sent him to an untimely grave. Jo-Jo was brought to public notice by Barnum, many years ago, and had the honor of presentation to Czar Alexander the Third, and was also introduced at the courts of Italy, Austria, and England; and if he blushed at the distinction no one saw his blushes.

Captain Alexander McKay, F. R. G. S., commodore of the Cunard fleet, sailed his last voyage on the *Lucania* before his retirement. He had been at sea forty-eight years, thirty-four of them in the service of the Cunard Company, fourteen of whose vessels he commanded. For one with so long an experience his record is probably unique. As he puts it himself: "I have never met with a disaster in my life, never lost a ship, never grounded, never ran anybody down, never was run down by anybody, haven't even had my feet washed by salt water since I went to sea."

Harry Payne Whitney, who succeeds to the wealth and responsibilities of the late William C. Whitney, is thirty-two years old. He is interested in sports; has shown an aptitude for business; but takes no part in politics. Shortly after graduating from Yale, where he was extremely popular, and where he was editor of a college paper, he married Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt. In the way of sports, his particular hobbies are race-horses and dogs. He is also an enthusiastic polo-player. At racing he has been very lucky. In 1902, with the two-year-old colt Irish Lad, he won more money than his father with a million-dollar stable.

Adolph Schwarzmann, one of the founders and owners of *Puck* and its editor-in-chief, is dead. Mr. Schwarzmann was born in Germany, and came to this country early in life. He had learned the printer's trade, and after working in various shops in New York, was employed by Frank Leslie. He became a proofreader, and finally rose to the desk of associate editor of *Frank Leslie's*. While at Leslie's, Schwarzmann became acquainted with Joseph Keppler, who also was employed there. Keppler was an artist, and had some time before conducted a comic paper called *Puck* in St. Louis. The St. Louis venture was a failure, but its idea was carried out by Keppler and Schwarzmann, who, in 1876, founded the present *Puck*. The comic paper was at first printed in German. Later an English edition was started, which gradually became so much more the profitable of the two that the German edition was discontinued. The feature which attracted the most attention was the cartoons of James G. Blaine as a tattooed man during the campaign of 1884.

The case of the government against Helen Welmans-Post, the famous "mental-science healer," on charge of fraudulently using the mails, is being tried at Jacksonville, Fla. It has been testified that Mrs. Post came to Seabreeze ten years ago; that she began in a small way; that she gradually gathered an immense clientele so that she published a paper, established a publishing-house, built a twenty-thousand-dollar house, erected several hotels, and laid out extensive grounds. She received hundreds of letters every day from persons asking for "treatments." It was Mrs. Post's custom, so it is testified, to open the letters and remove the checks, when they were turned over to a force of clerks who replied according to a set form—something like this: "Look to me with quiet trust and there will come to you a vitalizing stream of life, and you will feel, oh, so good. When I bring to your mind the sweet consciousness of your oneness with eternal life you will experience a joy that you have never known," etc. The clerks testified that Mrs. Post did not know even the names of her "patients."



## JAPAN TO-DAY.

Curious Facts About the Mikado's Country—Bicycles, Telephones, and Railways Newspapers Numerous—Progress in Literature—Six Ways to Kill a Man Bare-Handed.

Japan and the Japanese are the country and people upon whom the world's eyes are to-day fixed, and it may, therefore, be interesting to select from several brand-new books on Japan some of the more striking facts about the "Land of the Rising Sun."

One of the most useful of these books is E. W. Clement's thoroughly up-to-date "Handbook of Modern Japan" (A. C. McClurg). One gets a good idea of the size of Japan from the statement that it is only a little larger than California. It lies between the same parallels of latitude as the States of the Mississippi Valley, and presents even more varieties and extreme climates than may be found from Minnesota to Louisiana. How densely the country is populated may be seen from the statement that, while the area of Japan is only one-twentieth of that of the United States, the population is more than one-half as great. It was 47,646,810 in 1900, and the females exceeded the males by 600,000. The foreigners then resident in Japan numbered, however, only 12,000, of whom one-half were Chinese. Of Japanese, 123,791 were then living abroad, of whom 90,146 were in the United States. So mountainous is Japan that only twelve per cent. of the land is level ground, and a farm of five acres—worked without cattle—is considered very large. Tobacco, which is largely smoked by both sexes, is not a native plant, but was introduced by the Portuguese.

In his chapter on "Industrial Japan," Mr. Clement speaks of the fact that at the Uraga Dockyard large American men-of-war have been satisfactorily repaired; and on October 15, 1902, a small United States gunboat was launched, the first instance in which Japan has got an order of shipbuilding from a Western country. The new civilization of the West has carried into Japan the itch for gold and the desire for more numerous and more expensive luxuries. A troublesome importation from the West is the labor union. Some of the trades are well organized, and there are frequent strikes. Japan has already 4,000 miles of railway, most of which the government owns. In Tokio, there are in use 10,554 telephones. Bicycles are very popular, and are cheaply manufactured. To show the extent of Japan's shipping interests, we may mention that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha alone has seventy-six ships totaling 242,000 tons. The foreign commerce of Japan has increased from \$13,000,000 in 1868 to \$265,000,000 in 1902—twenty fold in a third of a century.

The typical Japanese house, wooden, straw-thatched, without furniture, and with its floors covered with matting, is said to be giving way, in a measure, to houses in the Occidental style. It is now common to find in houses of well-to-do people a foreign room with carpet, table, chairs, beds, stoves, grates, pictures, etc. Schools, churches, stores, and other such places are also being constructed with doors on hinges, glass windows, etc. The Japanese eat little meat, and it is sold in small quantities. Beef is cut up into mouthfuls and sold by the ounce; chickens are carefully and minutely dissected and sold by parts, as the wing, the leg, or an ounce or two of the breast.

The Occidental games of cards have become quite popular in Japan, as also tennis and baseball. In the latter great American game they have become so proficient that they frequently win against the Americans and British who make up the baseball club of the Yokohama Athletic Association. They have also taken to Western plays, Shakespeare's "Othello" being put on the stage in 1903 with marked success.

Under the head of "Manners and Customs" Mr. Clement tells of some Japanese superstitions which exist side by side with things most modern. For example:

On the seventh day of the first month if a male swallows seven, and a female fourteen, red beans, they will be free from sickness all their lives; if one bathes at the hour of the dog on the tenth day, his teeth will become hard. . . . A child begotten in the father's forty-third year is supposed to be possessed of the devil. When such a child is about one month old it is, therefore, exposed for about three hours in some sacred place. Some member of the family then goes to get it, and bringing it to the parents, says: "This is a child whom I have found and whom you had better take and bring up." Thus having fooled the devil, the parents receive their own child back.

Here is a paragraph regarding arsenals, etc., from Mr. Clement's book:

The guns for the artillery service used to be purchased abroad but are now chiefly manufactured in Osaka. There is an excellent arsenal in the Koishikawa District of Tokio . . . where the once famous Murata rifle was formerly manufactured, but that has been superseded by the "thirtieth year" (of Meiji) rifle, and both of these are Japanese inventions. The arsenal is also turning out ammunition at the ordinary rate of a million rounds a day.

The development of the newspaper is one of the interesting features of Japanese life. Thirty years ago there were none. To-day there are more than a thousand newspapers and magazines, indulging in woodcuts, even cartoons. The newspapers are almost all "morning" journals, but go to press early in the evening. The largest magazine, the *Taiyo*, prints monthly two hundred and fifty pages of Japanese matter with twenty-four pages of English matter, and is finely illustrated. The Japanese taste in books is shown by the replies to the question of a leading firm of book-sellers in Japan, which recently asked a large number of eminent Japanese men of letters, of science, of business, etc., to name their favorite European or American

books. The seventy-three answers received have been published in a Japanese periodical, and are interesting as displaying the literary tastes of Japanese readers of foreign literature:

The most popular work is Darwin's "Origin of Species," which received twenty-six votes; next come Goethe's "Faust," the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and Hugo's "Les Misérables," in the order named. Among English men of letters, Byron and Tennyson are the most popular. The names of Stevenson, Hardy, Meredith, Mark Twain, and other recent writers are rarely met with, while that of Kipling occurs not even once. Among Continental writers, Tolstoy, Schopenhauer, Heine, and Zola are frequently mentioned; and Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" is characterized more than once as the greatest work in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

Another significant statement about books:

In medicine, German books have practically driven from the field works in other languages. In politics and diplomacy, however, French works are preferred; Walker's "Political Economy," Jevon's "Money," and Bastiat's "Science of Finance" have a large sale. In law, German works are beginning to predominate. Taine's "English Literature" heads the list in works of that class, and is used as a text-book or work of reference in several higher institutions of learning. Works on antiquities and ethnology, elocution and oratory, theology and religion, are said to be practically devoid of demand; but philosophical works find good sale, with Herbert Spencer in the van.

The position of the wife in Japan has improved materially within recent years, but in many parts of the empire it still remains unenviable. We quote:

A Japanese woman was subject to the "three obediences": as a maiden, to her father; as a wife, to her husband and his parents; as a widow, to her oldest son, whether real or only adopted. A daughter might even be called upon, for the sake of her parents, to sacrifice her honor and enter a brothel; and she was still considered virtuous, because personal chastity was a lower virtue than filial piety.

A Japanese, like a Grecian, wife was to her husband a faithful slave, "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse"; she was both a drudge and a plaything, to be cast aside as capriciously as a child throws away a toy. She must tamely submit to having concubines brought, perhaps, right into the house at the will of her lord; or she herself might, under slight and flimsy pretexts, be divorced and sent back to her parents. The following "seven reasons for divorce" were laid down by a celebrated Japanese moralist: disobedience to father-in-law or mother-in-law; barrenness; lewdness; jealousy; leprosy or any like foul disease; garrulosity and prattling; stealing.

Another interesting work on "things Japanese" is H. Irving Hancock's "Japanese Physical Training" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), sub-titled "The System of Exercise, Diet, and General Mode of Living that has made the Mikado's People the Healthiest, Strongest, and Happiest Men and Women in the World"—from which it may be inferred that Mr. Hancock is an enthusiast, as indeed he is. In fact, he is willing to stake his reputation on the statement that a Japanese, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, trained in *jiu-jitsu*, excels in strength an American athlete of one hundred and seventy-five pounds. *Jiu-jitsu*, according to Mr. Hancock, is not only a unique system of attack and defense, but is also a *régime* whereby perfect health may be attained. Of the origin of *jiu-jitsu*, the author has this to say:

It was discovered that by pressing thumb or fingers against certain muscles or nerves momentary paralysis could be produced. It was also discovered that by employing the hardened edge of the hand to strike a piece of bamboo at a certain angle of impact one could break the stick. If one could paralyze one's own nerves and muscles, why not another's? If a man could break a stick by a sharp blow with the edge of his hand, why could he not train himself in the same way to break the arm of a dangerous antagonist? And that was the beginning of the creation of the science of *jiu-jitsu*.

Japanese wrestling and *jiu-jitsu* are entirely different. The wrestlers are usually big men (all over six feet) and trained from infancy to their profession. The *jiu-jitsu* experts, on the other hand, are of ordinary stature. Mr. Hancock says:

Some years ago a contest of the greatest interest took place in Tokio. The wrestlers brought forward their best man. The descendants of the *samurai* selected a man whom they considered a worthy representative of their art. The wrestler was to employ his own tactics, the man of the *samurai* to enjoy equal privileges along his own lines. Thousands of spectators assembled to witness the affair. At the signal the two men rushed at each other. In fifteen seconds, by the stopwatch, the wrestler lay on his back and admitted defeat. In a point of height there was something like a foot in favor of the commoner. He weighed twice as much as did his little opponent.

The author is equally doubtful of the success of an American pugilist under like circumstances:

If a six-foot American boxer were to don gloves and enter into combat with a Japanese descendant of the *samurai* several inches shorter and of much less weight, and if each were to fight according to his own tactics, there could be but one result. If each were equally skilled in his own kind of work the "undersized" Japanese would be the victor.

It is difficult to describe the *jiu-jitsu* system briefly, but here is a paragraph telling of a single one of the many tricks:

Take a point about midway between the elbow and the shoulder of some one else's arm. Employ the grip in such a way that the fingers dig into the muscles behind the middle of the bone. The thumb's tip should press into the muscles over the front of the bone. Without in any way relaxing the grip, both fingers and thumb should be vigorously pressed over the parallel lines of muscles and nerves. Any experimenter can readily find on his own arm the exact locations of these muscles and nerves, and a little practice with a friend will teach him rapidly how to seize an antagonist's arm and to render that arm momentarily helpless. This is the starting-point of a study of *jiu-jitsu*.

"*Jiu-jitsu*," says Mr. Hancock, "is not a science to be entrusted to the keeping of the ugly. There are too many tricks that are dangerous to limb or life. Many of the feats, if carried to extremes, will result in broken bones. There are no less than six blows known to native practitioners of the art that will cause death." Although the author has been taught these fatal blows, for obvious reasons he will not explain them.

"Three Rolling Stones in Japan" (Edward Arnold, London) is another timely book by Gilbert Watson which, though it does not lend itself particularly to quotation here, is written with a great deal of humor and gaiety. It details the adventures, amusing and otherwise, of three young Englishmen in the Mikado's empire. There are numerous good illustrations, and the volume is otherwise extremely attractive, breathing an irrepressible vivacity.

Similar in tone, but perhaps more authoritative, is C. L. Brownell's "The Heart of Japan" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), being "glimpses of life and nature far from the travelers' track in the Land of the Rising Sun." It is written "from the inside" by one thoroughly familiar with the country and its customs. It avoids the obvious and endeavors to present the Japanese view of things—as do the incomparable works of Lafcadio Hearn.

## A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

The Duke of Norfolk's Second Venture—Scarcely a Handsome Man—The Bride-to-Be Not Pretty Either—Lord Edmund Talbot Hopes There Will Be No Heir.

The marriage of the Duke of Norfolk is an event of considerable importance. Perhaps the most noticeable, if not the most important, fact about it is that the marriage in no way interests the "smart set." And in this fact can be seen what a really flimsy affair, from a social standpoint, the "smart set" really is. For, as a matter of undeniable actuality, the Duke of Norfolk is, next to the Prince of Wales, the first gentleman of the kingdom. He is the premier duke, by right of inheritance, and as such outranks every one else in England except princes of the blood royal. The creation of his title dates in 1483, but as a matter of undisputed fact his ancestry goes back in a direct unbroken line to the time of King Edgar. The present family name of Howard was then Hereward.

The Howards have always been devout and consistent Romanists, and the duke of to-day is a religious enthusiast, and as such is perhaps the firmest, as he is the most influential, supporter of the Romish church in England. He is an enormously rich man, even for a duke, as he owns, besides streets upon streets in London, practically the whole of Sheffield. To look at him he is one of the plainest, commonest-looking men you ever saw. He is short in stature, and lumpy in figure, his features are rugged and heavy, he has straight (originally dingy brown but now gray) hair brushed up in a sort of stiff mop from a broad but wrinkled forehead, and a coarse, long, and bushy beard and mustache, unkempt and apparently uncared for. His eyes have a dull, expressionless stare, his hands are large, and his feet flat. In short, he doesn't show blood—no peer less so. The Grosvenors are bad enough in that way, but the Duke of Norfolk takes the cake.

When younger (he is now fifty-seven), people wondered how a pretty girl like Lady Flora Hastings could marry him. He hasn't improved in appearance, you may be sure, so that an intensified sense of amazement was straightway exhibited on all sides when it was announced, the other day, that Lord Herries's daughter was going to imitate the example of poor Lady Flora Hastings. I, of course, ought to have mentioned that Lady Flora lived just ten years as Duchess of Norfolk, for she died in 1887. Since then, until now, the duke has lived a disconsolate, lonely life. I suppose the world knows of his great disappointment and sorrow in the one child which his wife bore him. He was a son, but deficient physically and mentally. Shortly after he came of age, in 1901, however, the boy died. It was indeed a relief. But the duke, who had throughout his son's life tended and watched over him with a gentle affection that was touching in a man, felt the death keenly. Since then he has kept much in seclusion, and it was thought that he would never again find solace for his woes in aught save the consolation of that religion of which he has always been a devotee.

There is one man in England who fondly hoped that this might be the case. That man is the duke's heir presumptive, Lord Edmund Talbot, who had grown to feel secure of his position in the moral certainty that the duke would not marry again. But, alas, for human hopes! The announcement has lately been made that there is to be a new Duchess of Norfolk in the person of Miss Maxwell, daughter of Lord Herries. She is not young and she isn't pretty, but she is a good Catholic, as was necessary before all other considerations, and the chances of a new and infantile heir to the wealth and title of the Norfolk dukedom would seem to be now assured. At all events, Lord Edmund appears to think so, if his despondent expression and lugubrious remarks when friends condole with him (as is the high life custom, by the by) count for anything. The wedding is to take place in February, and already the grand family diamonds, which have lain in the Bank of England for twenty years, have been taken out of their dust-laden cases and antique settings, and are being reset in a modern, not to say up-to-date, fashion.

LONDON, January 28, 1904.

COCKAIGNE.

It is reported that the loss of the Russian gunboat *Yenisei* will have serious consequences. The vessel had placed torpedoes at various places, and the maps indicating these spots went down with the ship. It is believed that the general staff possesses no duplicates of these papers.



## IS ITALY "AN OLD CORPSE"?

Mrs. Atherton Says So—Marion Crawford Out With a Spirited Reply—Are D'Annunzio's Novels True to Life?—Ouida's Opinion.

Italy has been so long almost the private preserve of F. Marion Crawford that Gertrude Atherton might have expected that she would get a rise from the veteran novelist when she denominated the land of the Latins "an old corpse." For certainly Mr. Crawford's novels of Italy show nothing of the sort. In them, Italy is very much alive—a flowery land, inhabited by a picturesque and charming peasantry, with an aristocracy which, if a trifle passionate and impulsive and melodramatic, is yet virile and respectable. To criticize Italy, as did Mrs. Atherton, was also to criticize Crawford. And moreover—if that were not enough—Mrs. Atherton says, in so many words, that "all the stories and novels on Italy, by authors foreign and native, do not in bulk express this dead country as does one chapter of any of the works of D'Annunzio." Considering that Mr. Crawford's novels "on Italy" number thirty or more, it is not especially surprising that he was pricked into making a satirical reply. But first, here are Mrs. Atherton's caustic remarks, printed in an article in the current *Bookman*:

The novels of D'Annunzio . . . in spite of their poetry, their incomparable style, their penetrating psychology, the really great thoughts scattered through them, are probably the most repulsive works of art ever achieved by the uncompromising realist; repulsive in their monotonous immorality, in the mental, spiritual, and bodily disease of every character portrayed, in unrelieved pessimism, in their nauseous atmosphere of decay. But were they without the high qualities I have enumerated, still should they be read for a far more vital reason—they are Italy. All the stories and novels on Italy, by authors foreign and native, do not in bulk express this dead country as does one chapter of any of the works of D'Annunzio. The vast horde of sightseers who go to Italy, Baedeker in hand, who bore themselves in the picture galleries and try to feel romantic among the ancient smells of Venice, return home to swell and perpetuate the legend. But any person born with the faculty to see must recognize Italy for what she is—an old corpse. She reeks with rotteness, degradation, disease; she is a thing of the far past, gangrene, crying out for decent burial. And, consciously or not, this hideous fact is epitomized in the novels of D'Annunzio; and surrounds them with the same sinister glow that rises from the corruptions of the marsh and the sea.

Mr. Crawford begins by remarking upon the "apodictic certainty" with which Mrs. Atherton makes the statement that D'Annunzio's novels "are Italy," and inquires "What grounds can Mrs. Atherton have for such tremendous and sweeping invective?" He at the same time denies that "any sensible person" would judge a nation from the works of a single novelist, and adds:

Does any one really believe that France and the French are fairly described in Zola's novels? Is England now, or was she ever, peopled by the creations of Dickens's hain, by his Fagins, Bumbles, and Quilps, his Pecksniffs, and his Carkers? Certainly not. We must therefore at once set aside the hypothesis that Mrs. Atherton is judging modern Italy by the personages of whom she reads in D'Annunzio's novels. But only one other supposition is possible. She must be passing her terrible judgment upon Italians, after a long and intimate acquaintance with them; for surely no one could use such language lightly.

But Mr. Crawford states it as his belief that Mrs. Atherton's knowledge of Italy and the Italians has been derived from "three visits to the country of no very long duration," and he therefore thinks that her opinion "suggests prejudice; and in logic it might almost be described as the universal negative, which, we are taught, can never be proved." Furthermore, he points to Italy's good financial and industrial condition, noting that Italy's currency is now at par, and last October French gold was at a discount throughout Italy. "If all this," remarks Mr. Crawford, "is the consequence of 'rotteness, degradation, disease, and gangrene,' let others apply themselves industriously to the culture of those germs." As to the morality of Italians, he has this to say:

If Mrs. Atherton narrows her condemnation to the question of ethics, I take the liberty of saying that she does not know the Italian people. She was not born among them, as I was; her parents did not live among them, as mine did; she was not brought up among them, as I have been; and, setting all personal considerations apart, and with all the respect due to a writer of Mrs. Atherton's attainments, I feel safe in saying that my opinion is a fair and just one, founded upon long experience. What calls itself "society" in Italy is not in the least more rotten than that which calls itself "society" elsewhere, and I truly believe that the morality of the rest of the population, taken on an average throughout the country, is as good as that of other European men and women.

No one who knows Gertrude Atherton will expect her to keep meekly silent under Mr. Crawford's rather sardonically criticism. Her reply will be keen and brilliant, we are certain; convincing it may be. At least, some

of the previous critics and expositors of D'Annunzio furnish ammunition that might be used with considerable effect. Ouida, for example, calls even a certain famous passage in "Trionfo" a "marvelous reproduction of a scene of Italian fanaticism and frenzy," and declares, further, that it is "singularly true to certain phases of Italian life." Again, she remarks on the coarseness of Italian speech, having "none of the subtleties and graces and delicate gradations of French" while "its curses are of appalling ferocity and filthiness." In like manner, Virginia Crawford, in an essay on D'Annunzio in *Cosmopolis* (since republished), testifies to the dominance of erotic passion in "sunny Italy." "Trivial caprice of the moment," she remarks, "is allowed to absorb a man's faculties, to intrude upon his business engagements, to fill his mind to the exclusion of every other consideration." This is "still more true of the Italian woman, to whom, as a rule, intellectual pleasures are wholly unknown, and in whom the emotional temperament develops without restraint." Thus it happens that "in Italian fiction of the present day the love-motive is as predominant as in life," and that "Italian novels are essentially voluptuous in tone," while D'Annunzio, with all his obscenity, is, in the opinion of this writer, "an essential product of modern Italy." Elsewhere she says the novelist "is the most brilliant flower of decadence, a beautiful poisonous growth; the product, like his own heroes, of a great nation fallen on evil days."

In brief, it is plain that all the arguments are not on Mr. Crawford's side; and so it is a very pretty controversy that has been precipitated: does D'Annunzio—with his pagan love of beauty and his disregard of the moralities, with his incessant search for the loathsome, his cruel exaltation in the examination of physical diseases and moral leprosy, with his preference for the unclean amounting to a hallucination, with his total lack of wit and mirth and humor, with his pitilessness toward old age and ugliness, and with a complete non-interest in themes unrelated to sex—does he measurably represent the genius of the Italian people? Mrs. Atherton says yes. Mr. Crawford utters an emphatic no.

## A Notable Poem and Translation.

Edward Robeson Taylor, of this city, has made a metrical translation of "Le Verger"—a poem written by Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," and read by him on the occasion of a benefit performance for the Maison des Comédiens, the home for aged actors at Couilly in the country near Paris. The poem is dedicated to M. Coquelin, to whose efforts this home for aged actors is largely owing. We print first the French text, and following that the translation:

## LE VERGER.

Quel est ce grand verger où le Cid se promène  
Et se cbauffe au soleil en cbevyrotant des vers?  
Où, moins impatient de la sottise humaine  
Depuis qu'il voit blanchir le front de Célime,  
Alceste à son bahit met des feuillages verts? . . .  
Quel est ce grand verger où le Cid se promène?

Ses lointains sont dorés de gloire qui s'envole,  
Les passants sont rasés comme de vieux marquis.  
Quel est ce parc, Théâtre, où ta grande âme folle  
—Ta grande âme qui fait semblant d'être  
frivole! . . .

Se mêle au souffle frais d'un paysage exquis. . .  
Sous un ciel tout doré de gloire qui s'envole?

Des vieilles qui n'ont l'air que d'être un peu  
grimées

Cueille la fleur où luit l'insecte smaragdine.  
Plus de sombre avenir! de chambres enfumées!  
Et de tous les côtés, c'est le côté jardin!  
Et l'on voit doucement marcher, sous les ramées,  
Des vieilles qui n'ont l'air que d'être un peu  
grimées.

Un vieux châte est drapé d'un geste de princesse;  
La main de Hernani boutonne un vieux carrique;  
On se jette des noms à la tête, sans cesse. . .  
L'un entendit Rachel et l'autre Frédéric!  
Et les arbres du bois devenant un public,  
Un vieux châte est drapé d'un geste de princesse!

La tristesse s'en va comme un rideau qu'on lève.  
Ab! ne vous doiton pas verser du rêve un peu,  
Vous qui fûtes, longtemps, les ébénistes du rêve,  
Et, charmeurs de nos soirs, quand votre soir  
s'achève,  
Ne doit-on pas, pour vous, mettre la rampe au  
bleu?

La tristesse s'en va comme un rideau qu'on lève!

Quel est ce grand jardin plein de songe bleuâtre  
Et de comédiens, comme un parc de Watteau?  
Où Mascarielle errant, sans masque et sans couteau,  
Croît remettre un instant sa cape de théâtre,  
Lorsque l'ombre des pins vient rayer son man-  
teau? . . .

Quel est ce beau verger plein de songe bleuâtre?

Quel est ce beau verger que protège un Molière,  
Tout pensif de sentir l'amour profond du sol  
Envelopper son marbre avec les bras du lierre,  
Tout souriant de voir Elmière et dona Sol  
Causer sous les berceaux de façon familière?  
Quel est ce beau verger que protège un Molière?

Ah! la treille au mouvant feston

N'est plus un décor advençé!

Le pâté n'est plus en carton

Qu'il faut que Gringoire engloutisse!

Le malheur signe un armistice;

Léandre devient châtelein;

Scapin dort; Buridan ratisse.

C'est le verger de Coquelin.

Le traître caresse un mouton;

L'amoureux bumant un calice  
N'a plus sa voix de mirilton. . .  
Mais garde encor l'œil en coulisse!  
L'Etoile voit avec délice  
Celle du ciel crépusculin  
Luire au miroir d'une onde lisse.  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

Don César porte un bon veston;  
Harpagon, guéri de son vice,  
Redemande du mironton;  
Agnès rêve, un peu moins novice;  
Pardican pêche l'écrevisse;  
Quand Argan fait drelin, drelin,  
Vite on accourt à son service. . .  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

## ENVOI.

Princes, princesses, l'on vous tisse  
Des soirs d'or clair et de fin lin,  
Et le soleil n'est pas factice!  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

—Edmond Rostand.

## THE ORCHARD.

What orchard's this wherein the Cid recites his  
strain  
With tremulous voice beneath the sun's warm,  
genial light?

Where not so eager now of folly to complain,  
Since whitening fast he sees the locks of  
Célime,

With leaves of living green Alceste his coat  
makes bright?

What orchard's this wherein the Cid recites his  
strain?

Its distances in golden glory melt away;  
Smooth-faced as some old marquis, all the  
strollers there.

What park is this wherein thy soul of frolic play—  
Thy great soul seeming but the trivial to essay—  
Breathes deep the lovely landscape's fresh, de-  
licious air,

Beneath a sky whose golden glory melts away?

Old dames, who seem to owe to art their aged  
air,

Pluck blooms where insects flash their emerald-  
tinted dyes.

No more the reeking den! No more gloom's dull  
despair!

And on all sides the garden looking to the skies!  
While underneath the boughs in pensive meekness  
fare

Old dames who seem to owe to art their aged air.

A time-worn shawl is draped as with a princess'  
band;

Hernani buttons on a box-coat out of date;  
The names that light their past incessant they  
command:

A Frederick one has beard, and one, Rachel the  
Great!

And then the trees become an audience ranged  
in state,  
Where time-worn shawl is draped as with a  
princess' hand.

Here sadness flits away like curtain upward rolled.

Not in the least be lost the dreams that follow  
you—  
You, that to use bore cups of dream in days of  
old;

And, charmers of our evenings, now that yours  
are told,  
Why should we not your footlights place beneath  
the blue?

Here sadness flits away like curtain upward rolled.

What wide-spread orchard's this, all filled with  
revery's haze  
And with comedians gay, like park by Watteau  
made?

Where wandering Mascarielle, without his mask  
and blade,

Dons now his theatre-cloak, as fancy's vision  
plays.

When soft the pine trees fleck his mantle with  
their shade?

What beauteous orchard's this all filled with  
revery's baze?

What beauteous orchard's this a Molière makes  
his own,  
All pensive as he feels the soil's deep love con-  
trol

The ivy's arms around his marble to be thrown,  
And smiling as he sees Elvire and Donna Sol!  
Within the arbor chat in kind, familiar tone?  
What beauteous orchard's this a Molière makes  
his own?

The moving vines festooned upon  
The arbor have no fictive guise.

The pâté not from pasteboard drawn,  
Which down the throat of Gringoire bies!  
Misfortune's child no longer sighs;

Leander now is Castellan;  
Stirs Buridan, while Scapin lies.

The orchard this of Coquelin.

The villain now on sheep would fawn;

The lover every calyx tries,

His piping voice forever gone.

Yet on the side-scenes keeps his eyes!

In lakelike which with mirror vies

The Star delights to fondly scan

The twilight heaven's reflected dyes.

The orchard this of Coquelin.

Don Cesar now has jacket on;

While Harpagon his vice defies,

And redemands his mironton;

Sweet Agnes dreams, somewhat more wise;

Of crawfish Pardican makes prize;

When tinkle, tinkle, rings Argan,

To do his will each swiftly flies.

The orchard this of Coquelin.

## ENVOI.

Prince, princesses, we bere devise  
Some eves of golden-tissued plan,  
And real the sun that walks our skies!  
The orchard this of Coquelin.

—Edward Robeson Taylor in the Sunday Chroni-  
cle.

The visitors to the Library of Congress in  
the last fiscal year numbered 834,201.

## FIFTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

## Continental Building and Loan Association

## OF CALIFORNIA

## Showing Assets and Liabilities, December 31, 1903

ASSETS.	
Loans on Mortgages and Association Stock	\$2,220,922.19
Real Estate	359,667.24
Members' Accounts in Arrears	38,538.43
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Advanced Sundry Accounts Secured by Mortgages	39,437.73
Homes Sold Under Contract	202,473.45
Sundry Debtors	28,539.39
Cash in Office and Bank	13,727.09
	\$2,904,805.52
LIABILITIES.	
Class "A"—"E"—"G" Installment Stock	\$410,022.16
Class "F" Installment Stock, free withdrawal	887,892.14
Class "C"—6 Term Deposits	422,000.00
Class "D"—5 Ordinary Deposits	216,323.65
Class "B"	45,849.00
Class "I" Insured Stock	131,047.59
Class "D. C." Definite Contract Loan Stock	44,698.97
Advance Payments	51,772.61
Total Due Shareholders	\$2,210,606.12
Due Banks	97,974.13
Loans Due and Incomplete	141,695.09
Repayment Account Mortgage Loans	45,695.75
Profits to Date	342,045.44
Sundry Creditors	11,730.19
Interest Due Paid Up Stockholders (Coupons)	15,670.60
Life Insurance Reserve Fund	21,992.57
Life Insurance Fund	16,484.63
	\$2,904,805.52
Rate per centum per annum paid Depositors (Ordinary)	5 per cent
" " " " " " " " (Term)	6 " "
" " " " " " " " Stockholders	8 " "

Home Office, 301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. L. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General Manager.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Mysterious Maladies of the Great.

A curious book is Dr. George M. Gould's "Biographic Clinics" (Blakistown). With infinite pains, he has ransacked the lives of a dozen writers of greatness or prominence and set down minutely in tabular form all references to their maladies. He fills page after page with notes on the ill health of George Eliot, Wagner, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller, Nietzsche, and others. We hear of their headaches, their indigestion, their irritability and nervousness. But these maladies, every one of them, the author strangely attributes to a single cause—eye-strain. He contends that simple eye-strain has robbed the world of the best work of its greatest writers—a contention, by the way, in which he is not supported by a majority of the medical profession. But the facts he has collected are interesting.

George Eliot, for example, was ill nearly all her life. In her letters and journals there are frequent references to her "woeful pain" or "grievous tortments." She speaks of the "long years in which I have been weary and snoring," and other passages show how pitiable was her physical condition. For example: "I have just been reading that Milton suffered from indigestion—quite an affecting fact to me" (at thirty-six); "I am little better than a sick nigger with a lash behind him" (at forty); "I am like a shell-less lobster, and inclined to creep out of sight" (at forty-four); "when one is bilious, other people's complexions look yellow, and one of their eyes higher than the other—all the fault of one's own evil interior" (at forty-six); "book growing slowly, like a sickly child, because of my own ailments"; "I am a dyspeptic and disposed to melancholy views" (at fifty).

Wagner was another genius who struggled with disease through life. He was plagued with a skin disease from childhood. His nerves were so overtaxed that he "often sat down and wept for a quarter of an hour at a stretch"; he was "haunted by a notion of sudden death"; in 1848, he tells of "gnawing tortments." In 1850, he was "feeble, full of pain, unable to sleep, in search of quiet"; in 1853, his nights were "mostly sleepless"; in 1856, his "only care is the perfect recovery of . . . health."

Whittier, also, is cited as an example of the singular effects of simple eye-strain. He attained the full height of his mature years when he was fifteen years of age, but he "was always slender and never strong of muscle." As early as 1836 he speaks of being "broken in health"; in 1841, of "his failing health." His biographer says he was "subject to sleeplessness all his life." He was also color blind (could not distinguish a red apple from the leaves of the tree on which it hung), and was a prey to sick headache.

Carlyle suffered from dyspepsia, torture "as of a rat gnawing at the pit of the stomach," insomnia, biliousness, melancholy, cardiac symptoms; Darwin could only work two hours a day; Spencer suffered acutely from insomnia; Huxley was a hypochondriacal dyspeptic; and so on. And all these troubles, according to George M. Gould, M. D., were due to eye-strain. To eye-strain, also, is due "the pessimism which seems with its gloom and dejection to color half the literature of our time," and to eye-strain the melancholy and despair of the writers themselves.

To the tender mercies of his brother doctors may safely be left the author's theories as to the cause of the frequent ill health—nervousness, irritability, headache, and dyspepsia—in men of genius. But what of his contention that the world is infinitely the loser because of it? Is it quite certain that, had Carlyle been a normal, healthy person, he would have bettered "Sartor Resartus"? Had Wagner not suffered from nerves, should we have had still more marvelous symphonies? Had George Eliot been a fresh and buxom person, would her novels take a still higher place in literature? We are not quite sure of it. The normal person does things in a normal way. It is not normal to write symphonies. The normal person eats, drinks, sleeps, labors, procreates, and dies. He does not write poems. His nerves are at ease. His brain is not throbbing with activity. His imagination does not soar. During sleep the mind is stimulated to fearful imaginings—by abnormal and quite unpoetic disturbance in the gastric region. It is not the mind of the man of genius stimulated to the activity which finally results in poems or operas or pictures or novels by the disharmonies of his physical body. The normal man is absorbed in the mere living of life, the abnormal one, cut off by his very abnormalities of mind or body (like a white swallow from the flock), from association with his fellows, from complete participation in the common pleasures, turns perhaps to contemplation and in tropism toward Homer wrote the Iliad; he was blind. I, of course, wrote immortal fables; he was a humpback. Byron was a great poet; he had a clubfoot. Mephistopheles was a great story-writer; he went mad. Poe's imagination was the most marvelous in literature; he was a drunkard. Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"; he was blind. Harriet Martineau was one of the few women to write philosophy; she

was deaf; De Quincey was a great essayist; he was an opium-eater; Nietzsche was a great philosopher; he went mad; Green was a great historian; he was ill all his life; Coleridge, the English poet, was an opium-eater; and Burns, the Scotch poet, was a drunkard.

Indeed, it might be quite as easy to prove that maladies and perversions have stimulated the production of great works of the imagination as to prove that they have been thereto a hindrance.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Hugh Stowell Scott, better known to the public as Henry Seton Merriman, has left by will two hundred and sixty-six thousand and ten dollars. One interesting bequest is that to Miss Evelyn Beatrice Hall, in token "of my gratitude to her continued assistance and literary advice, without which I should never have been able to make a living by my pen."

While on a visit to Tenerife, some years ago, the late Marquis of Bute heard of the existence of an extensive collection of original manuscripts relating to the Inquisition. He acquired it, and a two-volume book, giving its contents as so much light on the Inquisition, is shortly to appear. The work has been prepared under the direction of the present Marquis of Bute by Dr. Birch, of the British Museum. It is regarded as having a very considerable historical value.

The publishers announce the appearance early next month of the novel by Mary Johnston, entitled "Sir Mortimer," which has been running as a serial.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," has been translated into Italian, and will soon be issued in the Italian version.

Henry Harland was recently asked how he intended the title of his new book, "My Friend Prospero," should be pronounced, and replied that the accent should be on the second syllable, "Pros-per-o." Some difficulty is also being found in pronouncing Marnaduke Pickthall's book, "Said, the Fisherman." The diacresis over the i in Said is sometimes left out. The name might be more phonetically spelled "Saheed."

Ollendorff publishes in France "Napoleon et Son Fils," by Frederic Masson, of the French Academy. Besides presenting a new documentary biography of the King of Rome, the work shows Napoleon in a new character, that of a father. Its success may be said to be equal to that of "Napoleon et les Femmes" by the same author.

H. B. Marriott-Watson remarks that "the only dramatic comparison with Mr. Hardy's play, 'The Dynasts,' with its nineteen acts, must be sought in 'Celestial' literature—not the literature of the spirits and phantoms, of which the author writes, but of the Chinese. A Chinese play will ramble on for a week—so might Mr. Hardy's."

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who was Katharine Duer before her marriage, is ambitious to win literary laurels. Last season a dramatic poem written by her was published in the *North American Review*, and called out favorable comment. Now she is to publish, through Harper & Brothers, her first novel, "A Stone of Destiny."

A correspondent writes to ask the London *Daily Chronicle* how he shall pronounce the name of the excellent diarist Pepys. "Do you," he asks, "call Pepys 'Peppis,' or 'Peepies,' or 'Chumley,' or what?" The paper replies by quoting James Carcase, whom Pepys kindly took in his boat to view the great fire, and who returned the compliment by a somewhat virulent set of verses in his volume, "Lucida Intervals." The rhyme is conclusive, and shows that the man who rowed in the same boat with the diarist called him "Pipps," rhyming the name with "lips."

"The Man Roosevelt," by Francis E. Leupp, is announced for early publication. Mr. Leupp is the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, and is known to editors throughout the country as one of the most veracious and dependable journalists at the Capitol.

The success of Richard Whiting's books—notably his latest, "The Yellow Van"—has directed attention to his first novel, "The Democracy," issued in London in 1876 in three volumes, totaling eight hundred and nine pages. It fell stillborn from the press, and was almost forgotten. Despite this fact, the reviewer of the London *Mail* thinks that if it were republished, it would prove one of the most notable successes of the season. The *Mail's* article is headed, "A Review twenty-seven years after," which is surely "the limit" in lateness.

"Briefe, Die Ihn Nicht Erreichten" ("Letters Which Did Not Reach Him") are certainly the great literary success of the season in Germany, attaining within a comparatively short time the thirty-third edition. They are the work of the Baroness Elisabeth von Heyking, the wife of the former minister at Peking and Mexico. They appeared originally in the literary supplement of one of the Berlin papers, and then in book-form, at first anonymously, and are supposed to be letters

addressed by a lady who once lived at Peking, to a man who was killed there during the siege of the legations, and so never received them.

## Favorite Books of 1903.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, BERKELEY, February 19, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I find on thinking over the books I have read the past year that the most of them, being scientific in character, do not fairly fall within the line of your inquiry, but among those which do I put first Goldwin Smith's essay on the historical meaning of the life of Jesus. Goldwin Smith is the greatest living master of pure English, and his amazing range of historical knowledge, and his insight into historical life, insure balance and sanity in all that he writes. Second I place the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," because it is sparkling good sense. Yours, BENJ. I. WHEELER.

## Villard on Lincoln's Stories.

As a reporter for the Associated Press, and afterwards as a friend of Lincoln, Henry Villard was close enough to the President to give a vivid picture of the man. Some of his "Recollections of Lincoln," taken from his forthcoming autobiography, are printed in the February *Atlantic*, and show that Mr. Villard was at the same time curiously attracted by the power of the man and repelled by his coarseness. He writes:

I was introduced to Lincoln at Freeport, and met him frequently afterwards in the course of the campaign. I must say frankly that, although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man, owing to an inborn weakness for which he was even then notorious, and so remained during his great public career. He was inordinately fond of jokes, anecdotes, and stories. He loved to hear them, and still more to tell them himself out of the inexhaustible supply provided by his good memory and his fertile fancy. There would have been no harm in this, but for the fact that, the coarser the joke, the lower the anecdote, and the more risky the story, the more he enjoyed them, especially when they were of his own invention. He possessed, moreover, a singular ingenuity in bringing about occasions in conversation for indulgences of this kind.

Elsewhere, Mr. Villard recurs to the subject:

None of his hearers enjoyed the wit—and wit was an unfailing ingredient—of his stories half as much as he did himself. It was a joy, indeed, to see the effect upon him. A high-pitched laughter lighted up his otherwise melancholy countenance with thorough merriment. His body shook all over with gleeful emotion, and when he felt particularly good over his performance, he followed his habit of drawing his knees, with his arms around them, up to his face, as I had seen him do in 1858. I am sorry to state that he often allowed himself altogether too much license in the concoction of the stories. He seemed to be bent upon making his hit by fair means or foul. In other words, he never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story, if it served his purpose. All his personal friends could bear testimony on this point. It was a notorious fact that this fondness for low talk clung to him even in the White House. More than once I heard him "with malice aforethought" get off purposely some repulsive fiction in order to rid himself of an uncomfortable caller. Again and again I felt disgust and humiliation that such a person should have been called upon to direct the destinies of a great nation in the direst period of its history.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Poor Hotels in Northern California.

PLEASANTON, CAL., February 14, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Promotion clubs have spent much money and more energy in advertising Central California "as she is"—health-giving, rich, and fertile, with charming scenery, sunshine, fruits, and flowers. All these we have. But we invite tourists to come here and spend the winter months, and the bad hotels neutralize our efforts. Southern California is reaping the benefit. She is prepared to give the tourists the best there is, and serve them in comfort, if not in elegance and luxury. Where could our Eastern tourists find such accommodations north of San Francisco? Not a county north of San Francisco can show a single fire-proof, modern, first-class hotel. For instance, our charming Napa and Sonoma Valleys have magnificent sites for up-to-date hotels and beautiful drives; but their hotels do not compare with those of Southern California. In September next the triennial convocation of the Knights Templar will be held in San Francisco (and, by the way, no hat will be passed for their entertainment); they embrace representative men in politics, in journalism—merchants, farmers, manufacturers, and professional men. After the convocation week they will visit and see Central California—as advertised—and find that half has not been told, but they will wonder at our hotels as monuments of lost opportunities, and make a bee line for *domum domum dulce domum*.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

## The Argonaut in Idaho.

BOISE, IDA., February 12, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: We have never missed a number of the *Argonaut* for over twenty years, and we expect to keep up our subscription as long as we live—and the *Argonaut* is published. We could hardly keep house without it, and have always enjoyed it. MRS. W. H. RIDENBAUGH.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time to have their glasses re-adjusted.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.  
2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.  
3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.  
4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.

Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,

246 Sutter St., S. F.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

**Quina LAROCHE**

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for

**Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anæmia and Slow Convalescence.**

E. FOUGERA & CO.,  
20-30 N. William St., N. Y.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

ESTABLISHED 1888.  
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU  
230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.  
Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political. Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of Best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1042.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## An Irish Tale.

Stephen Gwynn has followed up "The Old Knowledge," an unremarkable tale of modern Ireland, by a novel which shows a marked advance over its predecessor. "John Maxwell's Marriage" is the romantic story of wild happenings that occurred in the semi-feudal society of Ireland during the reign of George the Third.

The author has placed before his readers a clear and bold picture of the Irish gentry of that epoch, and takes occasion to recall the curious conditions that existed when a Catholic son in Ireland could dispossess his father of a life tenure of the family estates by the simple process of changing his religion.

The story relates the reprisal of a disappointed bridegroom-to-be whose bride has eloped on the eve of the wedding, and whose indignant and outraged sister is thrust into his arms as a fair exchange by a despotic father, who brooks no opposition from his women-kind.

Vividly and interestingly as the tale is told, the youth of the participants in the events narrated closes in its middle course, and interest in the remaining half of the narrative is thereby somewhat lessened, in spite of many admirable qualities which remain to lend variety and charm to the story.

Published by the Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## A Young Girl in a Strange City.

To that proportion of unthinking readers who approve the grown-up fairy-story, "Dr. Xavier," Max Pemberton's latest, will surely appeal. It is a story that is frankly addressed to lovers of the marvelous. Things happen in it that do not happen in real life, and the author has become so expert in limitless inventiveness that when one vein of his story is exhausted he straightway, and without the least hesitation, opens up another.

The story begins with a situation that is old, but ever interesting to the novel-reader, young or old; that of a beautiful girl stranded and destitute in a great city. An unknown friend springs up, Dr. Xavier, scientist, statesman, and nobleman. This gentleman, who appears to be a combination of Monte Cristo and Cagliostro, appear like a fairy god-father, and invites the girl to his home, calms her mistrust, and promises to make her the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Thereafter Mr. Pemberton has his women readers with him. Who, among women, does not glow with perennial hope and interest at the idea of seeing mere promise transformed into dazzling beauty? However, one can not fill a story with the orientally inspired tales of beauty-doctoring, and the facile Pemberton, after a few chills of the reader's blood, and a chapter or so on beauty baths, shifts his base, and invokes the spirit of mediæval romance in a modern setting.

Wondrous and improbable things take place; impossible, one might say, were it not for the Serbian royal tragedy, and the author, after having exhausted every resource with which to thrill the reader by a constant invocation of the elements of peril and suspense, rounds things up to a comfortable, if highly sensational, ending.

Long practice has equipped Mr. Pemberton with considerable facility of method and manner in unreeling his entertaining fables, and it is odd to see so practiced a writer habitually misusing the word "said," to which he constantly gives the meaning of "thought."

Published by D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

## "Judgment"

There has always been a noticeable literary affinity between Alice Brown and Mary Wilkins Freeman, although the former had emancipated herself in some degree from the restraint of the rigid New England atmosphere, and had floated out to wider and freer issues of thought and emotion.

In "Judgment," her latest novel, there is evidently a narrowing of the horizon, and a more labored exposition of motive and plot. "Judgment" is a story of futile efforts to avert the telling of a man's secret sin to the girl who is to be his wife. Two women pit themselves against each other, one to preserve, the other to destroy, the girl's innocent faith. The book records their struggle, and its issue, in which the nobler soul wins a victory over the self-inspired aims of the narrower nature. Jane Harding, who holds letters convicting a girl's young betrothed of the tawdry sin which women find it hardest to forgive, is a typical New England figure that might easily pass for one of the early Mary Wilkins' creations. She is of a type whose self-respecting primness and rigid self-control has grown more or less fatiguing in American fiction. There was a novelty at one time in seeing so homely and realistic a figure elevated to the dignity of fiction, but the type, intrinsically uninteresting, has been overdone, and we are sorry to see it resurrected.

The course of the story in "Judgment" is taken up with the tactics of the two opponents, to whom finally befalls a catastrophe, which seems like the desperate expedient of the story-teller, who must intervene in order

to precipitate the issue; so that the reader finds himself devoid of faith in the inevitability of events as they transpire.

Miss Brown, however, has told her story with her accustomed grace and literary finish of style, whose quality is sufficiently fine and subtle to lessen the effect of overstrain in the action of her story.

Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"Isaac Pitman's Shorthand Instructor." Isaac Pitman & Sons; \$1.50.

"The World Almanac and Encyclopædia." The Press Publishing Company; 25 cents.

"Barbe of Grand Bayou," by John Oxenham. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

"The Influence of Emerson," by Edwin D. Nead. American Unitarian Association; \$1.20 net.

"Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall," by R. S. Hawker. Illustrated. John Lane; \$1.50.

"From Empire to Republic," by Arthur Howard Noll. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"Mediæval England," by Mary Bateson. Illustrated. In the Story of the Nation Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

"What's the Odds?" by Joe Ullman. The Metropolitan Printing Company; \$1.00—a book of funny stories of the turf.

"Problems of Pressmanship," C. B. Cottrell & Sons, Westery, R. I.; \$1.00—a little book of expert information, invaluable to every pressman.

"Colomba par Prosper Mérimée." With introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Hiram Parker Williamson. The American Book Company.

"Pure Sociology: A Treatise on the Origin and Spontaneous Development of Society," by Lester F. Ward. The Macmillan Company; \$4.00.

"As You Like It," edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. The American Book Company—an excellent edition for school use—perhaps the best.

"Mamzelle Fifine," by Eleanor Atkinson. Frontispiece. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—a story dealing with the girlhood of the Empress Josephine.

"Memoirs of the Countess Cosel," by Joseph J. Kraszewski. Translated and edited by S. C. de Soissons. With five photogravure portraits. Brentano's.

"Borlase & Son," by T. Baron Russell. Published by John Lane; \$1.50—a depressing novel dealing with London sweatshop horrors. It, however, ends happily.

"A Listener in Babel; Being a Series of Imaginary Conversations Held at the Close of the Last Century and Reported," by Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.

"Sebastopol," by Leo Tolstoy. New translation by Louise and Aylmar Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50—especially timely is this matchless description by Tolstoy of Russia's old war now that she is in the midst of a new.

"The general regret of scholars at the destruction of the Turin Library," says the New York Tribune, "would have been great in any case. But it would have been much moderated by the knowledge that accurate copies of all the books and manuscripts were to be found elsewhere. What a superb benefaction it would be to the world if some munificent philanthropist should cause exact copies to be made of all the unique manuscripts in those Old World libraries, and should give a copy of each to each of the great national libraries of the world! The Vatican alone has 25,000 manuscripts, the Royal Library at Munich has 26,000, the Bodleian has 30,000, and the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris nearly 100,000 each."

The London Daily Mail prints the first two of a series of parodies on British poets by Kipling, dealing with automobilism. One, entitled "The Engineer," imitates Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." After describing the engineer, Kipling says:

"Hee was soc certaine of his gouvernance,  
That, by the Roode, he took evertie chauce,  
For simple people and for lordinges eke,  
He wolde not bate a del, but onlie squeake  
Behinde their backs on an horne lie,  
Until they crope into a pigsteele."

A Philadelphia publishing-house has sold four autograph editions of Mr. Roosevelt's collected works, in all 1,226 sets being disposed of. The price they are reported to have brought is \$775,220. On this amount the President's royalties are \$155,050. In other words, for signing his name 1,226 times, Mr. Roosevelt received \$155,050.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, of Boston, assigned on February 15th. Its liabilities are estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Web," by Frederick Trevor Hill.
2. "The American Prisoner," by Eden Phillpotts.
3. "The Little Garrison," by Lieutenant Bilse.
4. "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar.
5. "Life of Gladstone," by John Morley.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
2. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by General John B. Gordon.
4. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
5. "The Pit," by Frank Norris.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
2. "The Torch," by Herbert F. Hopkins.
3. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "Violet," by Baroness von Hutten.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## National Magazine, Boston:

Jerome Hart, of San Francisco, has been to Spain on a hurried trip, and wrote back to his paper, the Argonaut, his impressions. Now it is unusual for such letters to be worth putting into permanent shape; but when Jerome Hart goes anywhere . . . may I never fail to read what he says. He has a practical nature brightened by real humor; his worldly experience tempers his enthusiasms, and no matter how fast he travels or how quickly he "does" a cathedral, the Alhambra, or a bull-fight, we are carried right along and see it all as if with him. . . . His most amazing story is about the gymnastics and somersaults of the Giralda bell-ringers. I believe, or try to, because he says so; but—

KATE SANBORN.

## Chicago Inter-Ocean:

"Two Argonauts in Spain" is an entertaining book of travel by Jerome Hart, editor of the San Francisco Argonaut. The volume is largely made up of letters which the author wrote to his paper. He saw Spain as it is, and wrote about it as he saw it.

There is much humor in its pages, and he tells his amusing stories well. One of the noteworthy things in the book is the author's theory that Spain's degeneration is due to the abuse of the cigarette habit.

The volume is a good example of the excellent work that is being done on the Coast in the book-making line. It is printed by The Argonaut Press from new Caslon type.

## St. Helena Sentinel:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is written in a most pleasing and interesting style. The book is handsomely bound and finely illustrated. Its vivid description of the Land of the Dons entitles it to a place in any library.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.

Pope Manufacturing Co.  
Famous  
Chainless  
Bicycles

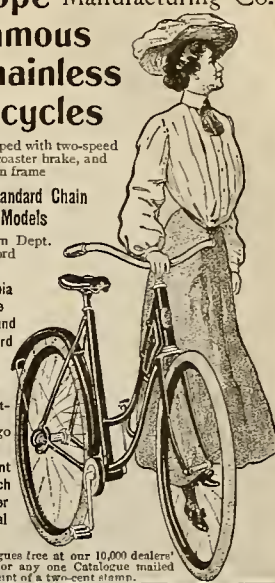
Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame

## All Standard Chain Models

Eastern Dept.  
Hartford  
Conn.

Columbia  
Tribune  
Cleveland  
Crawford

West-  
ern  
Department  
Chicago  
Ill.  
Crescent  
Monarch  
Rambler  
Imperial



Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression. . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—International Medical Magazine, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York

For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—52 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE,

President.

T. T. DARGIE,

Secretary.

## Remember



when fitting yourself for business that

Remington operators are wanted everywhere

Other operators only here and there.

## Remington

Typewriter Company

Branches Everywhere.

327 Broadway, N. Y.

228 Bush Street, San Francisco.





Spectacular, pseudo-historical, actually hysterical, tentative-tragical, comic-relief drama has been holding the boards at the Columbia these two weeks, where a lot of gorgeous trumpery and solemn fustian passes muster under the title of "Alexander the Great." Warde and James dressed in Wagenhals and Kemper's best, and acting their sonorous worst, have been put forth, James to represent—save the mark—the Macedonian prince in his twentieth year. Warde to impersonate the perfidious prime minister Perdicas, a gentleman of mature years, who reveals a singularly confiding disposition in the frequency with which he shows his hand to strangers during his plottings to compass the assassination of Alexander.

It is a fearful and a wonderful thing to see Warle making love in the Macedonian style. Perdicas is a frozen-hearted miscreant, who believes in having several strings to his bow. He goes down a whole row of noble maidens, bestowing wintry pecks upon each in-carnadined countenance, and tries conscientiously to look as if he were a seasoned connoisseur in the gentle art of kissing. But Warde, whose good or evil fortune it is to always look eminently proper, can act neither the voluptuary nor the stage villain. Rather he seems in Alexander like a sonorous old preacher, temporarily gone astray, even when he says to Cleopatra, the "royal wanton," "the night is entrancing. Let us talk of love."

Perdicas, who calls himself complacently "an old fox," sedulously endeavors to find a handy murderer to finish off Alexander, in order that he himself may evade the peril attached to the deed. The "spectator," becoming a trifle impatient at the dilatory foxiness of the fox, recognizes, with feverish hope, Roosevelt's motto, when Cleopatra hisses at an auspicious moment, "Do it now."

But not Perdicas, if he knows himself. Perdicas's motto is "always put off till tomorrow what you can't do to-day." He wins the trick in the final act, but not the admiration of the spectator, who, in a play of this kind, must see "something doing" or yawn himself to sleep.

"Alexander" is a sort of bastard off-shoot of the legitimate, a spurious presentment of the kind of drama in which all Warde and James's experience lies.

The method of these two actors is cast in a rigid mold. Long experience in routine rôles has inevitably stripped them of inspiration except to the inexperienced vision that views drama through rose-colored spectacles. They are two conscientious actors, enacting in scholarly, but unimpassioned style, the well-worn, sanctified rôles of the old legitimate, rather than players who succeed in recalling the heroic figures, hallowed in our memory by the genius of the mighty dead. And the high sounding puerilities of "Alexander the Great" weaken their influence. Nevertheless, the subject revives the same old puzzling question, What is an actor of the old school going to do? He can not make himself over, or modernize his methods. True, he has his niche for after all, he plays a valuable part in presenting to the young the well-thumbed masterpieces that the seasoned play-goer finds welcome from their absolute familiarity. But let him attempt to put dignity and scholarship into the mouthing of the part of "Alexander" and his audience smiles politely if it is true, and behind his back but unmercifully smiles in derision. The piece is full of stock phrases aimed at the gallery and "Have a care!" "Unhand me, villain!" "Ye gods!" "My heart is broken!" While Alexander's soldiers are dying around him he offers to one the last draught in his cup, responding with consoling virtue to the reproaches of his pet eunuch. "No! the boy needs it more!"

The episode of his consulting the oracle at the Temple of Ammon is revived, and a peculiarly pathetic act is filled with picturesque possibilities. For the play is very handsomely mounted. The stage pictures are important and the players are handsomely and effectively costumed. The grand spectacular climax is the raising of a Hinduayian blizzard, which checks Alexander in his all-conquering career and starts his soldier to a nation longed for his westward. They are unquestionably succeed in giving a very ant-artistic aspect to the landscape in this scene. Drums are painted to represent ice pinnacles and are ranged in the foreground model of the Himalayas, and a liberal shower of snow is in bodily ecstasy during the

entire duration of the act. Not a flake falls, however, not even a paper one, for the whole storm is but an electric effect cast from the lenses of the calcium light at the back of the theatre. Behind this curtain of wavering whiteness, Alexander, in violent pink tights, his sweetheart in boy's garb, with flesh-colored knees apparently bare to the elements, and various thinly clad members of the Macedonian militia, discourse endlessly and tautologically about the weather and the joys of home.

And, after all, what a dire waste of money, energy, and enterprise! It recalls some scathing words from William Winter's recent bitter arraignment of present conditions on the American stage. Says he: "There has not been a time in fifty years when the theatre was at so low a level as it has reached to-day—when the impulse is vanity, the motive is greed, the method is sordid engrossment, the aim is exclusively 'business,' and the result is a barren traffic and an arid waste." These words, it must be admitted, do not altogether apply to the present case. With Messrs. Warde and James it is a case of securing tools with which to continue their work, rather than the exercise of greed and vanity. But why would it not have been wiser for Wagenhals and Kemper to give us some substance with the show? They might have emulated Florence Roberts's enterprise with D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda," and secured the right to produce some modern masterpieces: an English version of "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," or Stephen Phillips's "Herod" or "Ulysses." If it pays to lavish money on "Alexander the Great," by nobody in particular, it would certainly pay more to mount the pieces mentioned with equal splendor.

Or, foiling the securing of such rights, why not give us old but famous plays that have become obsolete, but whose names are familiar to us in literature? The present generation of play-goers on the Western circuit would doubtless turn out with enthusiastic interest to see "Venice Preserved," "The Iron Chest," once made famous by Booth, Racine's "Andromache," "The Apostate," "The Hunchback," "The Fall of Tarquin," "Metamora," "The Gladiator," or Sheridan Knowles's "William Tell."

Through the murk and gloom cast by the turgid rhetoric of "Alexander," it was possible dimly to discern that Alma Kruger is graceful, and could be pleasing in a rôle with something back of it beside attitudinizing and hysteria; that Norman Hackett's legs are still beautifully competent, and that a very large support of handsomely costumed youths and maidens were cast in rôles containing so little individuality that the spectator regarded them merely as dummies upon which to display a grand show of grand clothes. In fact, the whole thing was "just grand," and nothing more.

"The Vassar Girls," so-called, serve as high lights in the neutral tinted routine of this week's Orpheum bill. These alleged college girls consist of a group of eight young ladies, robed in the gray college gown and mortar-board which form the Vassar uniform. The eight discourse music of the blatant, blaring kind dear to the heart of the vaudevillian, upon various wind and wood instruments, and follow up their musical turn by dancing an electric ballet.

These young ladies are so highly correct and respectable in their appearance that any one of them might much more readily pass for a nice, quiet, demure little Sunday-school teacher than for a performer in vaudeville. The term ballet dancers, therefore, seems something of a misfit, but, as it turned out, electrical effects were relied upon to form the principal attraction in the ensuing dance. The luminous bulbs were effectively displayed, the brilliant clusters of appearing and disappearing lights upon headgear, skirts, and bodies serving as a dazzling screen for the somewhat stiff and inexperienced dancing of the girls. They would do better to adopt paler tinted costumes, which, irradiated by the spangles of light ranged over their surface, would have a much more brilliant and showy effect. But the act finds high favor with the audience, and it certainly is pleasant to view the reward that falls to the enterprising octet.

The Werner Amoros troupe presents so disconnected, purposeless, incoherent, and unamusing a display of pantomime that, after it is over, "having," as announced on the

programme, "for a Finale the Total Wreckage of the Entire Scene," the spectator is apt to rub his eyes and wonder feebly, but still uninterestedly, whether it represents the milder fancies of "delirious trappings," or is the expiring frenzy of a bad opium dream.

Harry Thomson, within a limited scope and with fair ability, gives imitations of dialects, but lessens the humor of his work by the excessive warmth of his self-appreciation. Ziska is announced as a magician, but his tricks are few and primitive, and have the air of serving as cue for constant and annoying interruptions of uninvited clowning from his assistant.

Rose Beaumont has the distinction this week of being the prettiest girl on the bill. It can not be said, however, that she possesses any other distinguishing qualification, except the excessive smallness of her waist. Billy B. Van, whom she assists in "Patsy's De-Boo," is a lively, rattling, low comedian, who keeps up the spirits of the house effectively in such exchanges of wit as the following: *His mistress* (to Billy in buttons who has just announced the postman's ring) "Whom is that letter for?" *Billy* (in a tone of mingled remonstrance and conscious rectitude as he tears the envelope apart) "How can I tell till I open it?" *Patsy's De-Boo* is about nothing in particular, and ends, of course, in a song and dance. Coherent playlets are getting scarce in vaudeville. I wonder why. If they had merit, dramas in miniature would be enjoyed just as much from the Orpheum stage as in other houses. They would have the virtue of contrast. Few who saw the little play presented by the Sidney Drews at this house, within a year or so, would be liable to forget it. It was a dramatized episode of the Chinese-Japanese war, and contained the elements of peril and suspense handled with no small degree of skill. It was keenly appreciated, and so would be a good one-act play at every Orpheum performance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the latter, 745 Market.

**ALHAMBRA**  
DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM  
SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

Commencing next Tuesday night, February 23d,

Matinees Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

**THE KILTIES**

The finest concert band on tour.

40 BANDSMEN—40

16 IN VOCAL CHOIR—16

7 SOLOISTS—7

—TOGETHER WITH THE—

CLAN JOHNSTONE TROUPE

OF SCOTCH DANCERS.

Magnificent programmes.

Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Children, 25c.

At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Coming—HAROLD BAUER.

**LYRIC HALL**  
Direction: Will Greenbaum

**2d KOPTA QUARTET**  
"POP"

MRS. OSCAR MANSFELDT at the piano,

MRS. BIRMINGHAM, vocalist.

Next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Godard's Quartet (first time). Schumann Quintet.

Tickets, 50c and \$1.00. Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

**HAROLD BAUER**

The greatest Pianist before the public,

Tuesday and Thursday nights, Mar. 1st and

3d; Saturday matinee, Mar. 5th.

Reserved seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, at Sherman,

Clay & Co.'s Saturday morning, Feb. 27th, where complete programmes may be obtained.

Mason & Hamlin Piano.

**GEO. GOODMAN**  
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

**The Ocularium**  
IMPROVED  
**Eye-Glasses**  
AND  
**Spectacles**  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE**

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Special matinee Washington's Birthday. Beginning Monday, February 22d, positively last week of

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**  
A three-act military comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Monday, February 29th—The Gypsy Baron.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**

Two weeks, beginning Monday, February 22d, matinee Saturday only.

**DENMAN THOMPSON**

(Himself)

In the greatest of all rural dramas,

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD**

Mr. Thompson positively appearing at every performance during this, his farewell tour.

Watch for *The Silver Slipper*.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."

BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week,

commencing Monday, February 22d, opening with

Washington's Birthday matinee, Broad-

hurst's farcical comedy,

**THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday,

25c to 50c.

February 29th—Miss Hobbs. In active preparation, Parsfall.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

Week beginning matinee Monday (Washington's

Birthday), the young singing Irish comedian,

**THOMAS J. SMITH**

And a company of great ability in the beautiful

Irish comedy-drama,

**THE GAME KEEPER**

A touch of nature.

Usual popular prices. Regular matinee Saturday.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, February 22d, matinees Mon-

day (Washington's Birthday), Saturday, and Sun-

day, the greatest of all melodramas,

**KING OF THE OPIUM RING**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c,

and 25c.

Next—A Break For Liberty.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinee, February 21st.

Special matinee Washington's Birthday. Look at the

names! Filson and Errol; Eddie Girard and Jessie

Gardner; George W. Day; Morris and Bowen; Wer-

ner-Amoros Troupe; Harry Thomson; Orpheum mo-

tion pictures; and last week of the Eight Vassar Girls,

the most pretentious spectacular musical novelty extant.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and

box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thurs-

day, Saturday, and Sunday.

**Fischers**  
THEATRE

An emphatic success. Packed at every performance,

**POLY-POLY**

A witty, beautiful, musical comedy. Magnificent cos-

umes and scenery. Our "all-star" cast.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday

and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at mat-

inees, 10c and 25c.

Special matinee, Monday, Washington's Birthday.

**RACING EVERY WEEK DAY**  
RAIN OR SHINE.

New California Jockey Club  
**INGLESIDE TRACK**

SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY

Commencing Monday, February 22d,

Oakland Track.

**RACES START AT 2 p. m. SHARP**

Reached by street cars from any part of

the city.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Streets at 1.15

p. m., and leaves the track immediately after the last

race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

**TYPEWRITERS.** GREAT

**BARGAINS**

We sell and rent better machines for less money than

any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

**W**EDDING invitations and marriage announce-  
ments. Reception and visiting cards. Her-  
aldic and book-plate engraving. Exclusive styles in  
monograms and writing papers.

**SHREVE & COMPANY**

Post and Market Streets



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## A Favorite's Farewell Tour.

Denman Thompson is making a farewell tour in his play, "The Old Homestead," and will be at the Columbia for two weeks, beginning Monday. This play is generally regarded as the best among rural dramas, and the leading part will probably never have a better exponent than its author, Mr. Thompson. There are many other interesting characters in the play: Cy Prime and Seth Perkins, "nigh onto eighty"; Aunt Matilda, Ricketty Ann, the Ganzy boy, the gentleman tramp, the double quartet, and others. It is announced that Mr. Thompson has brought an excellent company. The next attraction at the Columbia will be "The Silver Slipper," a musical comedy, with one hundred people.

## New Operas and New People.

At the special Monday afternoon matinee at the Tivoli Opera House, the fiftieth performance of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be given. Over one hundred thousand people have seen this opera during its present run. On February 29th, this military opera will be succeeded by a revival of Johann Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron." W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli, has just returned from a visit to New York, where he secured the rights to produce late operas by Smith and De Koven, Pixley and Luters, Stange and Edwards, Klein and Stewart, Victor Herbert, and others. "Mr. Pickwick," based on Dickens's work, with words by Charles Klein, music by Manuel Klein, and lyrics by Grant Stewart, will follow "The Gypsy Baron." New singers will appear throughout the season.

## The Orpheum's Bill.

Al Filson and Lee Errol, the popular comedian and comedienne, will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting, for the first time in this city, "The Black Cat," by Judson C. Brusie, the California playwright; Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner come back with a new vehicle in which to introduce their many specialties, called "Dooley and the Diamond"; George W. Day, who writes his own songs and tells his own stories, will appear "in cork"—as a monologist he has hut few equals; Morris and Bowen, comedy horizontal bar performers, will make their first appearance in this city; the Eight Vassar Girls will make their final appearances; Harry Thomson, "the mayor of the Bowery," will be heard in new stories and imitations; and the Werner-Amoros troupe of pantomimists, jugglers, and comedians, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing a great novelty, will complete an unusually strong programme. A special matinee will be given on Washington's Birthday.

## Pleasing Songs and Dances.

"Roly-Poly" continues at Fischer's Theatre, and on Monday there will be a special matinee. Miss Nellie Lynch, the new sourette, has made a hit with her "Dora" song, one of the features of which is the advent on the stage of a huge imitation watermelon, which, opening, discloses a six-year-old maiden, Fronie Kruse, who, to banjo accompaniment, sings the chorus in fetching manner. Ben Dillon's dancing is another attraction. "The Volunteers' March," by twenty-eight girls, excites pleased comment. The musical gem of the piece is "Ramona," sung by Helen Russell, supported by a chorus of Indian war-dancers. "The Rounders," a New York Casino success, is in preparation.

## Farce Comedy at the Alcazar.

George H. Broadhurst's farce-comedy, "The Wrong Mr. Wright," will be presented at the Alcazar Theatre next week, the first performance being at the special matinee on Monday afternoon. The humorous situations in this play result from the mixing of two identities. Seymour Sites, the millionaire, will be played by Mr. Durkin. Miss Block will be seen as an up-to-date detective, Miss Gordon will be the heiress, and Miss Starr the maid. Mr. Connors, Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Maher, and Miss Howe will have congenial roles. On February 29th, "Miss Hohhs," a comedy by Jerome K. Jerome, will be presented. The dramatic version of "Parsifal" will be ready about the middle of March.

## Chinatown Pictured.

The sensational melodrama, "The King of the Opium Ring," will be staged at the Central Theatre next week. The play is by Charles E. Blayney and C. A. Taylor, and is located along the San Francisco water front and in Chinatown. Real Chinese will be seen on the stage, and, to further heighten the realism, much punk will be burned. Opium smuggling is the main theme of the play, and many exciting scenes and incidents are promised. A special matinee will be given on Monday, Washington's Birthday.

## Irish Comedy.

Thomas J. Smith, the Irish singing comedian, will appear at the Grand Opera House next week in his new drama, "The Game-

keeper," beginning at the Monday afternoon special matinee. The play is Irish, and is said to give a faithful picture of life in Erin. An excellent supporting company is announced. During the play Mr. Smith sings several songs, including "If I Had a Thousand Hearts," "The Same Old Crowd," "We'll Hurry to Church, Then We'll Be Married," "For Home and Ireland," and "The Palms." There will be the usual Saturday matinee.

## Opposition to the Syndicate.

Harry W. Bishop, Oliver Morosco, of Los Angeles, and J. P. Howe, of Seattle, have entered into vigorous opposition to the theatrical syndicate. They claim to control fourteen of the best show towns on the Coast. Mr. Morosco has two theatres in Los Angeles, the Burbank and the Casino, and controls the Garden Theatre, of San José. Mr. Howe controls the Seattle Theatre. Mr. Bishop is manager of San Francisco's new theatre, the Majestic, which he is to open in April with Isabelle Irving, who is independent of the syndicate. James Hackett, another independent, is to follow. Mr. Bishop is also building a new theatre in Oakland, to be called "Ye Liberty Play-House." Bishop, Morosco, and Howe seem confident that they can get along without the syndicate, and at the same time furnish their theatres with first-class attractions.

## Farewell Concert to Mr. Graham.

Arrangements are nearing completion for the farewell concert to be given Mr. Donald de V. Graham at Steinway Hall next Saturday evening. There will doubtless be a very large attendance, both on account of Mr. Graham's popularity and of the excellent singers who are to appear. The programme will be announced in the *Argonaut* next week.

On Monday, the racing changes from Ingle-side to the Oakland Track, where, on that day, the famous California Derby will be run. There are several interesting events for Saturday, among them the first race, seven furlongs, for four-year-olds and upward, and the mile handicap for three-year-olds and upward.

During the boat-ride across the bay, and the ride up Mt. Tamalpais on the crookedest road in the world, beautiful scenery engages the eye every minute. The view from the top of the mountain is surpassingly grand, and the accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais are all that could be desired.

A special meeting of the Bohemian Club members will be held on Wednesday evening to authorize the directory of the club to borrow one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of the lot at Taylor and Post Streets—the future home of the club.

General Warfield will retire from the management of the California Hotel on April 1st, and Mr. Bettens, manager of the St. James Hotel at San José, and Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent for the New York Central Railway, will succeed him.

The War Department has authorized the expenditure of six thousand dollars for thinning out trees, building roads, and making other improvements at the Presidio. A request has been made for fifty thousand dollars more.

## Baltimore Losses.

Cesar Bertheau, 423 California Street, San Francisco, Pacific Coast manager of the Aachen and Munich Fire Insurance Company of Germany, is in receipt of the following cablegram from the head office at Aachen, Germany, dated February 12th: "Remitting Baltimore loss, \$280,000 in full, leaving American funds undisturbed." The Aachen and Munich is the largest fire insurance company of Germany doing business in the United States, having assets exceeding \$7,500,000, and surplus to policy holders of over \$5,000,000.

## A Word for Mme. Gerster.

BERLIN, GERMANY, January 28, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you allow me a small space to correct an error which appeared in the *Argonaut* of January 4th in regard to Mme. Gerster? She is living in Berlin, in excellent health. She is one of the most celebrated vocal teachers in Germany, herself and Mme. Lehmann occupying first rank here in Berlin. She lives with her two beautiful daughters in a fine house in the most fashionable quarter of the city, is surrounded by hosts of friends, and is a power in musical circles. Personally, she is of distinguished presence, with charming manners, the gracious woman, and the *grande artiste*. She often refers with pleasure to her visit in San Francisco, and remembers with affection the warm friends she made at that time. I should be very sorry to have her know of this unfortunate mistake. Yours, J. H. B.

No less distinguished a person than Nathan Haskell Dole writes in his Boston letter to the New York *Evening Post* that "Miss Nance O'Neill, who came to a somewhat obscure theatre with no flourish of trumpets and gave distinguished performances of 'Hedda Gahler,' 'Magda,' and other psychologic plays of the Ibsen and Sudermann school, has been at last discovered and transferred to the Tremont, where her audiences are steadily growing larger and more fashionable. Some critics in their enthusiasm declare that no such acting has been seen in Boston in twenty-five years."

United States Embassador Tower and Mrs. Tower had Emperor Wilhelm as a dinner and evening guest recently, many other distinguished people being present. Mrs. Tower was a former resident of San Francisco, being a daughter of the late G. Frank Smith.

The third annual convention of the State Board of Charities and Corrections commences Monday at the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason Streets. It will be largely attended, and the subjects to be discussed are interesting.

W. S. Gilbert has written a new comedy. The piece has been secured by Arthur Bouchier for the London Garrick.

## NO DUST WHILE DANCING

Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax sinks into the wood and becomes a part of the beautifully polished dancing surface. It makes no dust, does not rub into lumps or stick to the shoes. Just sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

## Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President; W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager, Etna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....30,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
F. R. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Boequeraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts solicited. Legal depositary for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## VALUABLES

Of all kinds may be safely stored in the

## Safe Deposit Vaults

—OF THE—

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Safes to rent from \$5.00 a year upwards.

Trunks, \$1.00 a month.

Careful service to customers.

Office hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIFMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.



## VANITY FAIR.

Another railway has placed a ban upon women stenographers and clerks. President Underwood has issued an order that hereafter no women are to be employed in the offices of the Erie. The women now working for the Erie are not to be discharged, but no more are to be hired, and as soon as one quits the vacancy is to be filled by a man. The primary objection to women in the railway business is their inadaptability to promotion. Civil service is a feature of the railway and the ladder of promotion is carefully guarded. Stenographers are in line for better positions, and when women are employed this line is broken. Some time ago the Northwestern Railway issued a similar order regarding the employment of women. A few are working for the Burlington, and other roads of the country are taking the same stand on the question.

Under the Dingley tariff law frogs' legs are dressed poultry. This was officially decided by the Secretary of the Treasury recently after he and the experts of the custom's division had made an exhaustive study of the question for three months. The question arose when the auditor wrote to the Secretary informing him that certain collectors of customs along the Canadian border were admitting frogs' legs as raw or unmanufactured articles. Secretary Shaw, anxious to afford the fullest measure of protection to American frogs, turned the matter over to the customs division for an answer to the question. "What are frogs' legs?" The weight of the evidence was on the side of the contention that a frog was a bird, consequently frogs' legs will be henceforth classed as dressed poultry, and duly assessed at the rate of five cents a pound.

Henry Labouchère says that the American girl deserves all she gets. "I have seen a good deal of her," he remarks, "not only in England, but on the Continent. She varies, like the offspring of all nationalities, and it may be said of her, as of the little girl in the nursery rhyme, that 'when she is bad she is horrid.' But at her best she seems to me to eclipse the damsels of all other nations. I don't quite know how she does it, and, not being a poet, I could not describe the process if I did. It is not that she is exceptionally beautiful. But she has such an irresistible way with her; she is such an adept in the art of looking nice; she is so witty and good-humored; and she enjoys life so thoroughly. In short, had I to decide, like Paris, between the rival charms of a bevy of modern beauties, I think an American girl would probably take the apple. Consequently, I rather envy the British peers—whether or not personally repulsive—who are able not only to find American brides, but handsome dowries thrown in."

A more than normally garrulous barber has been telling a New York Sun reporter about the change that has come over public opinion about gray hair. A decade or so ago, he says, ten bottles of hair dye were used to one now. A man of thirty-five would have a "grouch on" for a week after his barber found three or four gray hairs on his head. But now that is all changed. The young fellows are as eager for the appearance of gray hairs in their heads as the young fellows of that other day used to be for thick, spread-eagle mustaches, and barbers now have a regular formula for flattering some of their rollicking young customers almost foolish. This is how it goes, according to this knight of the razor: "O-ho!" says the barber, in that "Hist, Eureka!" tone to the roistering young chap whose head he is going over with a comb. "The game is beginning to tell on you, hey?" "Why, what's the matter?" inquires the young fellow, with an idea of what's coming, and giving one of those deprecatory oh-I-must-so-wicked grins. "Oh, nothing," says the barber, "except that you've got to turn around and be good if you don't want to be as gray as a rat inside of two years, that's all. There's a bunch here at the back of your head that's positively white." "Get out! Is that so?" says the young fellow, in a tone of phony alarm, although anybody can see that he's tickled almost speechless. "Oh, I guess there are only one or two of the gray spikes there, and you're exaggerating, hey?" "Not on your life!" replies the barber, in an authoritative tone that pleases the young fellow, so that he can hardly keep still in the chair. "I'll bet there are three hundred of 'em right in this one patch—and, say, look at here—they're slipping in all around on the sides, too." And the young fellow smiles gaily at his reflection in the mirror and looks gooty. "Well, that's what this thing of jam is good for—down at all hours and getting no sleep at night is bound to do to you high rollers," the barber says, seriously, and then the young fellow protests that he's been getting to bed early at two o'clock in the morning for three months past at least. "You see the young chap starts to lay as a general thing like to be looked upon as a fool does. And as gray hair is ordinarily regarded as a sign of a perfectly lovely degenerated life, when it makes its appearance on the head of a young man, his hair is what they

want, and the more of it the better. Right here, I want to remark that that current notion that gray hair on the head of a young man is generally the sign of dissipation is erroneous. I've barbered some of the hottest dead games that ever punished their systems for forty years at a stretch in this country, and some of them had no more gray on their heads than there is on the wing of a black-bird. If you inherit a tendency to early grayness, you can belong to the Epworth League and turn into your little white bunk every night at eight o'clock after a light refectation of milk and graham wafers, and still be as gray as a badger by the time you're thirty."

Talk about the strenuousness of the woman of to-day—where is the one that could match the energy of the Duchess of Gordon, of whom Walpole wrote: "She is never absent from a public place, and the later the hour so much the better. It is often four o'clock in the morning before she goes to bed, and she never requires more than four or five hours' sleep. . . . Last Monday she first went to Handel's music in the Abbey, she then clambered over the benches and went to Warren Hastings's trial in the hall, after dinner to the play, then to Lady Lucan's assembly, after that to Ranelagh (Gardens), and returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro-table, gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning, into which she must have got a good way, and set out for Scotland next day."

In Canada there are but two things which can dissolve marriage: death and infidelity. An applicant for divorce must act under the provisions of a law marked at every step by the most rigorous limitations. If a man, or a woman—for the requirements are the same—wishes to secure a divorce, a formal notice, giving the names of applicant and accused, with the ground of accusation, must be inserted for six months in two newspapers published in the town or city where the applicant resided at the time of separation. No court of law has anything to do in granting divorce. To obtain divorce the applicant must go to the Dominion Parliament. The divorces in a generation have not averaged over three a year.

"While there is, of course, no truth in the story, according to which the superb and absolutely unrivaled blood red roses which are the glory of the Vatican gardens are watered with blood, yet it can not be denied," says the writer, who signs himself "Marquis de Fontenoy," "that a superstition dating from olden times exists to the effect that roses and flowers generally attain greater beauty in soil fertilized by blood, especially by human blood, than elsewhere. Every man who has visited Newmarket, in England, knows of the so-called 'bloody flower of Newmarket,' which is found nowhere else than in the old moat, now filled up, and in which, according to tradition, a very large quantity of human remains is interred. These flowers bloom in June and July, and certainly by the blood-like hue of their blossoms suggest the name which has been given to them. Incidentally, I may mention that, according to popular belief, which may or may not be unfounded, the herbs from which the monks were wont to distil their chartreuse and their benedictine were gathered from old graveyards."

Another gambling scandal is causing considerable sensation in Buda-Pesth society. In two days' play the son of a wealthy landowner in Southern Hungary recently lost 300,000 kronen (\$62,500) to a member of the Hungarian Diet, \$37,500 being lost the first day and \$25,000 on the second. The loser's family, indignant, refused to pay the amount, and sent the young man to a sanitarium. The deputy then threatened to report the affair to a military court of honor, his debtor being a lieutenant in the reserves. The family thereupon offered to pay, provided a court of arbitration decided against them. Such a tribunal was duly formed, but on a medical witness testifying that the land-owner's son was irresponsible for his actions at the time of playing, the members of the court nominated by his family withdrew, and the proceedings thus fell through.

"Theatre-going," says a Chicago manager, "is a habit, as everybody in the show business knows. Hence the great difficulty is going to be in winning people back to the playhouses when once they do reopen. Patrons of the theatre are discovering that they can amuse themselves in their little neighborhood clubs and in the family circle. The immediate loss of business is slight compared with the loss we shall undergo while our former customers are being slowly tempted back to a pastime once regarded as a necessity. For a necessity they seem to be getting on bravely without it."

Yu Keng, who, up to a year or two ago, was Chinese minister in Paris, had a charming American wife who hailed from New England. Their son married a French girl at Paris. Their daughters, who rejoice in the names of Lizzie and Nellie, are now at Pekin, and, half Chinese, half American, and wholly Parisienne, are said to have become great

favorites of the terrible Empress Dowager, who has issued an edict ordering the ladies of the imperial household, and especially the princesses of her family, to take lessons in the art of Western deportment, of Western dress, and of Western customs, from the charming Misses Yu. The latter are accomplished dancers, first-rate amateur photographers, and quite at home on the amateur stage.

New York's new mayor refuses to use the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. "I regard it," he says, "as an obsolete word in the marriage ceremony. It is not binding in law, and I do not think it should be used in the marriage contract. The bride, of course, may promise obedience if she pleases. That is her own concern."

You can't wear red neckties in Germany. A red tie is indicative of revolutionary principles on the part of the wearer, and is a socialistic emblem, according to the decision of the Saxony court.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
February 11th.....	54	40	.00	Rain
" 12th.....	56	48	.00	Cloudy
" 13th.....	56	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 14th.....	58	44	.00	Cloudy
" 15th.....	58	48	.00	Rain
" 16th.....	54	48	.00	Clear
" 17th.....	56	44	.00	Pt. Cloudy

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 17, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coupon, 4%				
Reg. old.....	100,000	@ 107 1/2		
Bay Co. Power 5%	2,000	@ 103 1/2		104
Cal. Central G. E.				
5%.....	5,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2	104
Los An. Ry 5%.....	2,000	@ 113 1/2	112 1/2	113 1/2
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	1,000	@ 101	100 1/2	102 1/2
Oakland Transit				
6%.....	2,000	@ 119 1/2	119	119 1/2
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5%.....	4,000	@ 102	100	102 1/2
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	16,000	@ 105 1/2	105 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 118 1/2	118	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910.....	1,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905, S. A.....	26,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906.....	5,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd. ....	74,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	17,000	@ 99 1/2-100	99 1/2	

	Water.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Spring Val. W. Co.		350 @ 38-38 1/2	38	
Banks.				
First National.....	84	@ 349 1/2		
Traders				
Giant Con.....	40	@ 61 1/2	61	61 1/2
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	25	@ 44 1/2	44 1/2	45
Hutchinson.....	35	@ 7	7 1/2	8 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	70	@ 19	18 1/2	
Paauhau S. Co.....	390	@ 10-10 1/2	10 1/2	
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.....	50	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	4
S. F. Gas & Electric	135	@ 58	57 1/2	58 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	75	@ 138 1/2-139	138	139
Cal. Wine Assn.....	25	@ 93-93 1/2	92 1/2	93

The business for the week was small. Spring Valley Water was steady, sales of 350 shares being made at 38-38 1/2.

The market for the sugar stocks has been quiet, about 520 shares being traded in with a gain of from one-half to three-quarters of a point, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar.

Sales of 75 shares of Alaska Packers were made at 138-139.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand and sales of 135 shares were made at 58.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## An Investment that Courts Investigation.

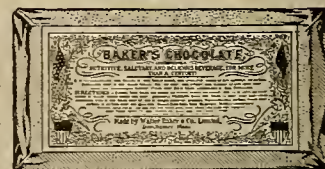
Call on us or write, and we will fully explain how to double your money in one year. No mining or gambling scheme, but a guaranteed legitimate investment within the reach of all.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to solicit applications. Double commission.

THE GOLD BOND MERCANTILE CO., 406 Crossley Building, San Francisco, Cal.

# Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

**GLUTEN FLOUR** For  
DYSPEPSIA  
**SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.**  
**K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.**  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book or sample write  
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An amusing story is told of Mr. Sanger, the zoologist, and a bore. "What steps would you incline to take, sir, in the event of yonder tiger effecting his liberty?" "Very long ones," replied the laconic zoologist.

Mark Twain does not let his New York friends forget him. He recently wrote from Florence to one of them: "My house is the Villa Quarto. So I shall get up my autobiography for a quarto edition. Don't say anything to the fellows who are writing their lives in octavo."

Among the friends who welcomed Mme. Calvé to New York, a few days ago, was the small son of a musician, who is her particular pet. "He is as full of funny—what is zat you call eet?—chaff—as ze nut is full of ze meat. He say to me: 'What a chair cost for a veery leetle hoy to hear you sing?' I say zat leetle children come in for half ze price. 'Iz zat so?' say he; 'zen, my grandmuzzer, must she pay double?'"

When he was eleven years old, the late Sir Henry Keppel, the "little admiral" of the British fleet, and his brother Tom were asked by their father what profession they would select, and both decided for the navy. "Father thought," Sir Henry wrote in his memoirs, "we should have separate professions. As we disagreed I hit Tom in the eye, which he, being bigger, returned with interest. When we had had enough, father decided we should both be sailors."

Representative Reeder, of Kansas, saw a five-cent piece on the floor of a Pennsylvania Avenue car, one afternoon, while he was on his way down from the Capitol. He picked the nickel up, and said: "Is there anybody in the car who has lost a ten-dollar gold piece?" Ten people, white and black, promptly said in chorus: "I did." "All right," said Reeder, as he slid for the door; "I just found a nickel of it. I don't know where the other nine dollars and ninety-five cents went."

Seldom does a coroner find a human derelict so accommodating as one who was picked up unconscious in New York, the other day, and died in the ambulance. His pockets were searched for something by which to identify him, and, in addition to a pair of eye-glasses, a key, a piece of soap, and a knife, a slip of paper was found, inscribed as follows: "I am C. Winter. I was born in 1840. I have no home. I have no occupation. In case of death don't notify any one. I am subject to heart trouble."

Miss Giulia P. Morisini, a helle of Washington, D. C., is witty as well as beautiful. She is fond of driving a dashing pair of horses, hitched to a Russian sleigh. During a recent cold snap, she was out driving, and as she drew up at the end of the speedway, she was greeted by a friend, an artist. "Good-afternoon," he said; "you remind me of the Titian Venus just emerging from her shell." "Fie, fie, sir," retorted the lady; "you know perfectly well she would not have ventured out in her costume on a day as cold as this."

Lloyd Morgan, professor of mineralogy and geology at the University of Oxford, England, tells a story of an English commercial magnate who came to him to consult about the instruction of his son, who was some day to succeed to his vast business interests. "But mind you," said he, "I don't want him to learn about strata, or dips, or faults, or upheavals, or denudations, and I don't want him to fill his mind with fossils or stuff about crystals. What I want him to learn is how to find gold and silver and copper in paying quantities, sir—in paying quantities."

Thomas Nelson Page, the author, was, early in his career, an attorney. It may have been his experience with one of his first clients, an old negro, that made him turn from law to literature. The controversy was over a small piece of land, and the negro lost. Mr. Page held out a ray of hope to him. "If you've got any more money, Uncle Jim," he said, "we can take the case to a higher court." "Cose I aint got no money, Marse Tom," was the old darkey's reply; "ef I'd a-had any money wuth talkin' about I'd got a good lawyer in de fust place."

At the New York Democratic State Convention of 1882, held at Syracuse, there was some talk of Grover Cleveland, then mayor of Buffalo, for governor. Cleveland was not much known then, but he had a champion in the late William C. Whitney. During the convention Mr. Whitney approached Daniel Manning, who was talking with a man of rather formidable stature, and said: "The man who can defeat the Republicans worst is that huxom Buffalonian, Grover Cleveland. You up-State Democrats want to unite with the New York County Democracy on Cleveland, and we'll not only elect him governor

this fall, but President a little later. I have never met him, but I know he's all right." Mr. Manning smiled, and, turning to his stout companion, said: "Mr. Whitney, allow me to introduce you to Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo." Mr. Cleveland was nominated, and elected by over one hundred and fifty thousand majority.

When Paul Meyer, the new sub-concertmeister of the Chicago Orchestra, came from Rigi, Russia, he was not allowed to play until he had joined the musicians' union. The committee that examined him proposed to have some fun with him, so the most tangled piece of rag-time they could find was put on the music-rack before him. Meyer took up his violin, studied the music, then essayed to play it. Then he took a long rest. Twice more he tried it, then exclaimed: "Was ist? If you have menu of Chinese restaurant bring it out and I'll play it, but this stuff makes me dizzy."

Lord Brampton, formerly Sir Henry Hawkins, the English judge, was presiding over a very long, tedious, and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with absorbed attention, to a protracted and wearying speech from an eminent counsel, learned in law. Presently Sir Henry made a pencil memorandum, folded it, and sent it by the usher to the lawyer in question. This gentleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words written thereon: "Patience competition. Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention, Joh." Counsel's display of oratory came to an abrupt end.

Emhassador Choate and his daughter went recently to the restaurant made famous by Dr. Samuel Johnson using it as headquarters. It is the custom there, on Thursdays, to regale guests on lark pie, such as Johnson used to eat, and the Choates were served with one of the pasties. Choate was in the chair that Johnson was wont to occupy, and had just begun his meal, when his daughter exclaimed: "Isn't it funny, pa? You are in Johnson's chair and eating a tradition." "Eating a tradition!" retorted the embassador, struggling valiantly; "judging from my present sensations, I must have got hold of one of Johnson's larks."

A London wigmaker named Clarkson had Sir Henry Irving as a customer. One of his clerks used to carry the wigs to Sir Henry, who, taking a fancy to him, employed him as a dresser. In time he found that the young man was a genius at wig-making, so Clarkson lost a customer. He could not understand why, until, dropping into the theatre, one afternoon, he found the dresser in Sir Henry's room, and learned from him that he made Sir Henry's wigs. Clarkson, taking up a new wig from the table, said: "Is this a specimen of your work?" The dresser admitted that it was. "And do you really think," continued Clarkson, holding it at arm's length, "that this thing looks like a wig?" "No, sir; I don't sir," retorted the dresser; "I think it looks like the 'air of the 'uman 'ead."

## Mass.

Massachusetts rises in Barrett Wendell's back yard, and flows thence in an easterly direction through Harvard College football field, and empties into the Back Bay. It is bounded on the north by the Transcendental, on the east by the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the south by Charles Eliot Norton, and on the west by the Chicago University.

Massachusetts is the only State in the Union where a man can be a religious infidel and retain the respect of every one.

Massachusetts is noted for pie, pugilism, and peripatetics. It succeeded from Mary Baker Eddy some years ago, and is now only a limited beany, with no claims on any one.

Massachusetts has for its trade-mark the Massachusetts face, known all over the world. A man with a Massachusetts face is welcome wherever there is a text-book.

Massachusetts raises heliefs, cranks, and old maids. When a man visits Massachusetts he can steer clear of heliefs, can learn to avoid cranks, but the old maids will get him if he doesn't watch out.

Massachusetts is the only State of mind we have. It is divided into two parts—Boston and the overflow. When you are born in Boston a physician calls and presents you with a college degree, after which you are fully equipped to live in New York and look down on the barbarians of that gambling district—Life.

"Does it take true genius to be a poet laureate?" asked the tourist. "No," answered the English bard; "not genius; courage."—*Washington Star*.

## The Infant

takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Germs Preferred.

Though they affirm  
A deadly germ  
Lurks in the sweetest kiss,  
Let's hope the day  
Is far away  
Of antiseptic hiss.  
To sterilize  
A lady's sighs  
Would simply be outrageous—  
I'd much prefer  
To humor her  
And let her be contagious!  
—*Atlanta Journal*.

## A Lesson in Geography.

"How far is it around the world?"  
In girlish innocence asked she;  
"Ah, I will measure it," he said,  
"If you'll permit me to, and see."  
Then when his strong right arm he placed  
About her waist so small and trim,  
He found it wasn't very far,  
For she was all the world to him.  
—*The Listener in Town Topics*.

## The Latest War Reports.

[Iron-clad syllables are engaged, resulting in terrible loss of breath.]

## BERLIN—

'Tis rumored that Count Muscovich  
Will go to Pumpernikel  
To talk with Gen. Rukherneksi,  
Who will proceed to Tehrankotechski.

## PORT SAID—

The Russian armored syllable boat,  
The Blazeawayandhattleklin  
(The longest naval name afloat)  
Is soon hostilities to begin.  
The jaw-destroyer, Kekkoitcha,  
Is sailing for Manchuria.

## TOKIO—

This afternoon Count Oklahoma,  
While taking notes from Fujiyama,  
Saw something through the water slip  
That seemed a Russian hattle-ship.  
He's trying to report the same,  
But no one can pronounce the name.

## PORT ARTHUR—

Admiral Bangoff's hattleshipski,  
The splendid Alexanderipski,  
This morning met an accident  
That much expensive damage meant.  
Her first three syllables exploded—  
Bang didn't know the name was loaded.

## VLADIVOSTOCK—

A Russian proper name, they say,  
Broke from the arsenal to-day,  
And now is bounding through the snows,  
Adding syllables as it goes.  
If not soon checked it will define  
The whole Korean boundary line,  
Till of explosive vowels is made  
An unassailable harricade.  
—*Wallace Irwin in Commercial Advertiser*.

## The New Education.

[A new discovery is announced by Horace Fletcher, who says the throat can be educated so that no indigestible food can enter the body. Hasty eating is declared to be, perhaps, the greatest enemy of mankind.]

If you're waking, call me early, call me very early,  
dear,  
For I would eat my breakfast with a mind devoid  
of fear.

There are many little lessons, far too numerous to  
quote,  
I must teach my dullard molars and my quite  
uncultured throat.

I must give an hour to hacon and as much, per-  
haps, to eggs,  
I must masticate my coffee down to the very  
dregs,

I must dally with my viands while the morning  
wears away,  
And the weary work that's waiting must be done  
some other day.

When the time arrives for luncheon, if the break-  
fast is not done,  
We must have amalgamation of two functions into  
one;

For unless I'm to be weakly and a prey to every  
ill,

When the shades of night are round me you will  
find me eating still.

No, it's not the fiscal errors that we made when  
we were blind

That will do the greatest injury to suffering man-  
kind,

But the habits we've contracted through our hus-  
tling and our zeal

Of being in a hurry ev'ry time we take a meal.

And if England only follows the example I shall  
set,

There is hope for her salvation—there is hope for  
Empire yet;

And the hill for education will command each  
patriot's vote

When it makes on all compulsory the training of  
the throat.—*London Chronicle*.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you,  
TESLA COAL Co., phone South 95.

# SOZODONT

## BETTER THAN GOLD

for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.

# SAVES YOUR TEETH

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....Feb. 27 | New York.....Mar. 12  
St. Louis.....Mar. 5 | St. Paul.....Mar. 19  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Noordland.....Feb. 27, 8 am | Westm'd.....Mar. 12, 8.30 am  
Merion.....Mar. 5, 12.30 pm | Hav'r'd.....Mar. 19, 11.30 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnetonka.....Feb. 27, 2 pm  
Marquette.....Mar. 5, 9 am  
Minnehaha.....Mar. 12, 1.30 pm  
Minneapolis.....Mar. 19, 7 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....Feb. 27 | Vancouver.....Mar. 26  
Canada.....Mar. 12 | Dominion.....April 2

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Statendam.....Feb. 23 | Noordam.....Mar. 22  
†Amsterdam.....Mar. 1 | Statendam.....Mar. 29  
†Steering only.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.  
Zeeland.....Feb. 27 | Vaderland.....Mar. 12  
Finland.....Mar. 31 | Kroonland.....Mar. 19

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Cedric.....Feb. 24, 11 am | Teutonic.....Mar. 16, 10 am  
Majestic.....Mar. 2, 10 am | Celtic.....Mar. 18, 6 am  
Oceanic.....Mar. 9, noon | Cedric.....Mar. 25, 9 am

## Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cretic.....Mar. 3, Mar. 31, April 25  
Cymric.....Mar. 17, April 14, May 12

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic.....Feb. 27, April 9, May 14  
Canopic.....Mar. 12  
Republie (new).....Mar. 26  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

### STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, Mar. 5  
Coptic.....Thursday, Mar. 31  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Friday, May 20

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Feb. 20, at 11  
A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, March 3, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 18, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 443 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## HUNTER WHISKEY

### The Perfect Product of the Still.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine  
section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There  
are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers,  
on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY  
CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and  
are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art  
store. All this in addition to a superior news service,  
both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents  
per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition,  
\$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager, Proprietor.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of  
entire articles from European newspapers and re-  
views, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criti-  
cisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of en-  
gineering works, technical studies, such as electrical  
works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by  
addressing

## COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre

PARIS, FRANCE



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Yard, daughter of Mr. Sidney Yard, to Mr. C. Chapel Judson. The wedding will take place in April.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Burnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burnett, to Mr. Fritz Jewel, son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Jewel, of the Danish army.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hamlet, daughter of Captain A. C. Hamlet, U. S. N., to Mr. William A. Boole.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Barnan to Mr. William G. Romaine.

The wedding of Mrs. Mary Blethen Sherwood, daughter of Mr. C. P. Blethen, to Mr. Walter Kaufman, took place on Wednesday evening at the bride's residence, 1917 Baker Street. The ceremony was performed at half after nine by Rev. Frederick Clappett, of Trinity Church. Miss Grace Stillwell was bridesmaid, and Mr. Joseph Sheldon was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman have gone south on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Du Val, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Du Val, to Mr. Oliver Dibble, took place on Tuesday at St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony was performed at noon by Vicar-General Prendergast. A wedding breakfast was given at the residence of the bride's parents, 1012 Pine Street.

The wedding of Miss Elsa Cook, daughter of Mrs. Elisha Cook, to Mr. Charles Edward Greenfield, took place on Tuesday at St. Stephen's Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Ernest Bradley. Miss Helen Cook was maid of honor, and Miss Maraquita Kirby and Miss Bessie Gowan were bridesmaids. Mr. J. C. Beedy was best man, and Mr. Prescott Scott and Mr. Aldrich Barton were ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will live at 1025 Steiner Street.

The wedding of Mrs. Helen Walker Tay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar V. Walker, to Judge Frederick W. Henshaw, associate justice of the supreme court of California, took place on Tuesday at the residence of the bride's parents, 2500 Broadway. The ceremony was performed at noon by Associate Justice McFarland. A wedding breakfast followed, and Judge Henshaw and Mrs. Henshaw left for a wedding journey in the south.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Moore, daughter of Mrs. Henry K. Moore, to Mr. Hugh H. Brown, took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. I. Ward Eaton, San Antonio Avenue, Alameda. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Mrs. Eaton was matron of honor, and little Miss Marjorie Scott was flower girl. Mr. Robert Donald was best man. A wedding supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will live at Tonopah.

Miss Beatrice Fife gave a tea on Tuesday at her residence, 1201 California Street. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William Reilly, Mrs. Oscar Luning, of Oakland, Mrs. Ward Dwight, Mrs. Redmond Payne, Miss Violet Fife, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss May Colburn, Miss Pearl Sabin, Miss Irene Sabin, Miss Mabel Watkins, Miss Florence Cole, and Miss Jessie Fillmore.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the University Club in honor of Miss Frances Harris. Others at table were Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. P. E.

Bowles, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. H. Macdonald Baxter, Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Thomas Darragh, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Miss Maude O'Connor, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Laura Farnsworth, and Miss May Colburn.

Mr. Leon Bocqueraz gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Gallois, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Deickmann, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. H. Dunn, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Claire Chabot, Dr. de Marville, Dr. Jacques de Chautreaux, Mr. Edward Greenway, and Mr. Antoine Bocqueraz.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street, in honor of Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, of Salt Lake. Others at table were Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. W. E. Hopkins, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Lucius Foote, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Mary Newhall, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Edwin Dimond, and Mrs. Frank Johnson.

The officers of the Thirteenth Infantry, stationed at Alcatraz, gave a hop on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton gave a card-party at St. Dunstan's on Monday.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a luncheon at the University Club on Monday in honor of Miss Florence Callaghan. Others at table were Miss Stella Fortman, Miss Anita Meyer, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Agnes Clinton, Miss Alice Butler, Miss Mabel Hogg, Miss Alice Poorman, Miss Ethel McCormick, Miss Helen Pettigrew, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Norma Castle, and Miss Josephine Cebrian.

Mrs. William S. Tevis gave a bridge-whist party on Monday afternoon at her residence, 1310 Taylor Street, in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall.

The Misses Morris, daughters of Colonel Charles Morris, gave a euchre-party at the Presidio on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Edward W. Runyon gave a dinner on Sunday evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. John D. Sherwood. Others at table were Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Hilda Macdonald Baxter, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Birdsall, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Maylita Pease, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mr. George B. Sperry, Mr. John Dickinson Sherwood, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Ralph Hart, Mr. R. C. Harrison, Captain Grayson V. Heidt, U. S. A., Dr. Philip King Brown, and Dr. Zeile.

Mrs. William Hincley Taylor gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel last Saturday.

Mrs. R. E. Queen gave a dinner last Saturday evening at her residence, 2212 Sacramento Street, in honor of Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Miss Marian Huntington. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Mr. William Goldsborough, Mr. George Huie, and Mr. Pendleton.

Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray gave a card-party at St. Dunstan's last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson Stone gave a dinner last Saturday evening at their residence on Vallejo Street. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, Mr. and Mrs. William Porter, Miss Maylita Pease, and Mr. Arthur Watson. Miss Elsie Gregory gave a luncheon last Sat-

urday, at which she entertained Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Susie Bixby, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Ethel Kent, Miss Borel, Miss Laura Van Wyck, Miss Stella Kane, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Bessie Palmer, and Miss Emily Parks.

Mrs. Maurice Casey gave a card-party last Saturday afternoon at her residence, 1300 Taylor Street.

Mrs. E. W. Runyon gave a card-party last Saturday.

Miss Florence Lane gave a birthday-party on Monday evening in honor of her brother, Mr. Carl V. Lane, at their residence, 550 Liberty Street. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. F. Parsons, Mrs. F. C. Lane, Mrs. K. Hammer, Miss D. Atchison, Miss Rosalie Hammer, Miss I. Atchison, Miss Emilie Edwards, Miss Ida Meibach, Miss G. Brown, Miss E. Bennett, of Marshfield, Or., Mr. A. H. Harrison, Mr. F. Finch, Mr. F. Birdsall, Mr. J. Hardin, and Mr. Frank Lane.

## Death of Alvinza Hayward.

Alvinza Hayward, the pioneer and capitalist, died in San Francisco on Sunday, after an illness of several days. Mr. Hayward was a native of Vermont, eighty-two years of age, and came to California in 1850. He became a miner, and acquired wealth by a lucky strike in Sutter Creek, Amador County. Up to the time of his death he was interested in various financial enterprises, largely mining, and is thought to have left an estate worth \$4,000,000, after all debts are paid. He held the title to eighty-seven pieces of San Francisco property, most of them unproductive, his plan being to buy extensively, but rarely to sell. With one notable exception, he did very little building. His local holdings are estimated to be worth \$2,500,000, on which the Hibernia Bank holds mortgages aggregating \$1,560,000. The total incumbrances on his holdings are said to be \$2,000,000. It is thought that Mrs. Hayward will be the sole legatee. The funeral took place on Thursday. Besides the widow, a daughter, Mrs. Andrew Rose, survives the dead capitalist.

## At Hotel Del Monte.

Among the prominent guests at the Hotel del Monte during the polo tournament week were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burns, of Portland, Or., Mrs. W. W. Lockerby, of Utica, N. Y., Mrs. J. H. Seaver, of Malone, N. Y., Mrs. Thomas Whiffin, of New York, Mrs. George Hixson, of Chicago, Miss Clark, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Turner, Mrs. M. J. Turner and maid, Miss Rebecca Turner, Mr. J. J. Turner, Jr., and Miss Anna C. Turner, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Anderson (Mr. Turner is vice-president of the Pennsylvania lines, visiting Del Monte with his private car, where he intends to make quite a stay); Mr. H. Terrel James, Mr. William Mortimer, Mr. H. M. Howard, of England, Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Selfridge, of Chicago, Mr. W. C. Burrows, of New Orleans, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Myers, of Springfield, Ill.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

The eleventh Mardi Gras Ball, given by the San Francisco Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, was attended by about seven hundred people. The chief spectacular feature was the Egyptian pageant, headed by Mr. Newton Tharp as Pharaoh, and followed by Isis, represented by Miss Elaine Goodrich, borne aloft by six Egyptian priests. At twelve o'clock supper was served. The box-holders were Mr. James L. Flood, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. M. H. de Young, Major Darling, U. S. A., Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. J. E. de Saba, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. H. P. Hussey, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, and Colonel M. H. Hecht.

Rev. John D. Hemphill and Mrs. Hemphill left on the Ventura last week for Sydney, Australia, where Dr. Hemphill will assume the duties of pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church in place of Rev. John Ferguson, who has been given a leave of absence. Dr. and Mrs. Hemphill will be gone for three months. During the absence of Dr. Hemphill, services at the Calvary Presbyterian Church will be conducted on Sundays by Professors Mackintosh and Gilchrist, of the Theological Seminary, and on Wednesday evening by Rev. H. C. Herriott.

A meeting of the advisory board of the California International Sunshine Society will be held at 1622 Clay Street at eleven o'clock Thursday. The matter of securing public headquarters, which are demanded by the rapid growth of the work, will be discussed, and a movement made toward raising funds for that purpose.

TO ORDER, FRENCH CORSETS, TAILORED SHIRT-waist suits, and shirt waists, imported patterns, careful designing. Mrs. N. Fairchild, suite 731, Starr King Bldg., 121 Geary St. Private Exchange 216.

THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

## Telegram from PHENIX OF LONDON

GEORGE E. BUTLER,  
General Agent,  
413 California St.,  
San Francisco.

Baltimore losses will be paid with funds from London Office leaving United States assets untouched.

New York, February 10th.

## PROVIDENCE WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY

OF RHODE ISLAND

ESTABLISHED 1799.

The above company having re-insured the business of the Firemen's of Baltimore, policy holders of the latter company should apply at once to the undersigned.

GEORGE E. BUTLER,  
General Agent for Pacific Coast,  
413 California St.

## HOT AND HANDY TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original), Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

There is no Substitute for

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale arrived at the Palace Hotel on Saturday from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Landers have gone to Honolulu for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and Miss Eugenie Hawes, who have been abroad for a year, have taken apartments at 800 Sutter Street.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney at their country place at Rocklin.

Mrs. John P. Jones, wife of Senator Jones, has returned to Santa Monica after an absence of five years.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb has gone to Los Angeles to visit her son, Dr. J. de Barth Shorb.

Mr. William J. Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Irvine, have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson left for Monterey on Thursday for a short stay.

Mrs. L. F. Montague has returned from her trip East.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry, who are at present in the Orient, are expected home in April.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss de Young, and Miss Constance de Young will leave for Southern California in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles (née Ayres) have returned from their wedding journey to Honolulu.

Miss Carroll and Miss Frances Carroll were recent guests at Del Monte.

Mr. Ward McAllister, who is at Bakersfield, spent the week in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland have been among the guests at Del Monte.

Among recent visitors to Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and family.

The week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Fairbanks, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Erbeck, of Homestead, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Foss, of Centre Barnstead, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McLane, of North Reading, Mrs. S. A. Caldwell, of Delaware City, Mrs. L. Charest, of Manchester, Mrs. H. O. Thomas, of Brockton, Miss T. R. Bailey, of Smyrna, Mr. W. E. Wood, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Alex G. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Conklin, Mr. Dudley B. Gunn, Mr. C. A. Grow, and Mr. George C. Holberlet.

## Army and Navy News.

Colonel A. C. Girard, Medical Corps, U. S. A., arrived from Manila Sunday. He will be chief medical inspector of this department.

Colonel S. R. Jocelyn, U. S. A., who is to be chief of staff to General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., is en route from the Philippines.

Major Charles W. Hobbs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has gone from the Presidio to his new station, Jackson Barracks, Louisiana.

Major E. T. Brown, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report at the Presidio for duty.

Captain Willis Uline, Lieutenant John S. Upham, and Lieutenant Jesse Gaston, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., have been ordered from Monterey to Angel Island, where they will be on duty during the rest of this month.

Lieutenant Benjamin J. Edger, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, D. C., on temporary service.

Mrs. A. J. Dougherty, who has been visiting her mother in Honolulu, arrived from there by the steamer *China*, and has joined her husband, Lieutenant Andrew Dougherty, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Colonel Samuel R. Whitall, Twenty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Sheridan in advance of his regiment, which leaves here to-day (Saturday).

Captain Theodore Kane, U. S. N., has joined Mrs. Kane, and has been visiting his sister, Mrs. George C. Gibbs.

Captain Bertram T. Clayton, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines, and ordered to proceed to San Francisco and telegraph to the quartermaster-general for instructions.

Rear-Admiral Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., has been retired at his own request.

General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Lee, returned from the Philippines on the transport *Logan* last Sunday. General Lee has been ordered to Texas as commanding-general of that department.

Brigadier-General Theodore J. Wint, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wint, arrived on the *Logan* from Manila Sunday. General Wint will have charge of the Department of Missouri.

Captain John Milton, U. S. N., who has had charge of the lighthouse district here, will command the *Mohican*.

Rev. Oscar H. Gruver was installed Sunday as pastor of the First English Lutheran Church of Oakland, to succeed Rev. William Kelly. The new pastor was formerly pastor of the First English Lutheran Church of San Francisco.

The War Department has, by executive order, surrendered to the Department of the Interior the Mt. Whitney Military Reservation in California.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## A Thorough Artist.

The price charged does not make the singer. Those who paid a reasonable sum to hear Mme. Lillian Blauvelt in her two concerts at Lyric Hall derived far more pleasure from their experience than did the holders of six-dollar Patti tickets. For Mme. Blauvelt has a young, clear, vigorous voice, finely trained and artistically handled. It is neither a Wagnerian soprano nor a piping tremolo, but a rich, mellow voice, full of color, resonant, and flexible. Her personality is pleasing, and her artistic sense highly developed, helping to make her really the best concert singer heard here in many years. She shows evidence of great natural ability supplemented by the most careful teaching and development. Her technique is flawless, and her enunciation remarkably distinct. Mme. Blauvelt gives one more concert this (Saturday) afternoon, and a programme has been arranged that will show her abilities to the best advantage. It is as follows:

Pastorella: "Vedrai Carino." Mozart; "Come siete gentil," Pirani; "Du Bist die Ruh." Schubert; "Marienwuerchen," Schumann; "Auf Fluegeln," Mendelssohn; "Fruehlingslied," Van der Stucken; "Revenez Amour," Lulli; "Bolero," Dessauer; "Si mes vers," Hahn; "Serenade," Massenet; "L'ete," Chaminade; "Skylark," Handel; "My Heart Was Like a Swallow," Behnke; "If I Only Knew," Liza Lehmann; "Sweetheart and I," Beach; "Air de Bijoux" ("Faust"), Gounod.

## Kilties' Concerts.

The engagement of the Scottish band, called the "Kilties," begins Tuesday night, February 23d, at the Alhambra Theatre. Concerts will be given every night until the end of the week, Sunday included, and matinees on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, when special rates for children will be made. The following selections will be played the opening night: Overture, "Rosamunde," by Schubert; Scotch fantasia, "Robert Bruce," by Boissieu; ballet music from "Sylvia," by Delibes; "Moorish Intermezzo," by Arnold; incidental music to "Nell Gwynn," by Edward German; selections from "Prince of Pilsen," and other popular numbers. Besides these numbers by the band, the choir of sixteen voices will sing "Annie Laurie" and other part songs, and the tenor will sing "The Bonnie Lass O' Ballochmyle." The Johnstone troupe will dance the Reel O'Tulloch, Irish jig, and sword dance. The programme will be changed at every performance. Prices for the engagement will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar, children with parents, twenty-five cents to any part of the house.

## Harold Bauer's Programmes.

Concerts are to be given by Harold Bauer, the pianist, at Lyric Hall, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, March 1st and 3d, and Saturday afternoon, the fifth. Bauer originally appeared before the public as a violinist, but always showed great pianistic talent, and was persuaded by Paderewski to adopt the piano as his instrument. At his first concert here, Bauer's programme will include the F-sharp minor sonata of Schumann, a work rarely attempted in public, although all pianists know and study it. Other important numbers will be the fantasia by Chopin and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz." Seats will be on sale next Saturday morning, February 27th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes for the three recitals may be obtained.

## Music at St. Dominic's.

The usual monthly programme of sacred music, which will be given at St. Dominic's Church, Sunday evening, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, will be as follows:

Offertory, "Ave Maria," Shelley, Mrs. Camilla Burgermeister; benediction of the most holy sacrament, "O Salutaris," Wagner; "Tantum Ergo," Gluck; "Jubilate Deo," Stewart; organ solo, fantasia, "O Sanctissima," Lux; "Ave Maria," Galliera; solo, "O Thou Afflicted" (St. Peter), Benedict, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; soprano solo, with chorus, "Hear My Prayer," Mendelssohn, Miss Camilla Frank; tenor solo, T. G. Elliott; quartet, "Sub Tuum," Dubois, Miss Frank, Miss McCloskey, Mr. Elliott, and Charles B. Stone; motett, "Tota Pulchra," Perosi; organ postlude, March in B-flat, Silas.

## Second Novelty Concert.

The second novelty concert by the Kopta Quartet and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be given Sunday afternoon, the twenty-first, at Lyric Hall. The novelty for this concert will be a string quartet by Godard, the brilliant French composer. Mrs. Mansfeldt will play the pianoforte part in the Schumann quintet. Mrs. Birmingham will sing a group of songs, including compositions by Albert Elkus, the young California composer, who will play the accompaniments. The titles of the Elkus songs are "The King of Thule" and "Al Raschid." The final concert of the first series of these concerts will be given on Sunday, March 13th, when the Richard Strauss piano quartet will receive its first production on this Coast.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of Mrs. Harry A. L. Floyd Gopechevitch has been filed for probate. By its terms, the husband, M. M. Gopechevitch, has been left almost the entire estate, which yields an income of about twenty-five hundred dollars per month. Minor bequests were made to relatives and friends. Petar M. Gopechevitch and Henry E. Matthews have been granted special letters of administration. Mrs. Gopechevitch was an heiress, Miss Harry A. S. Floyd, and last October she married a street-car gripman, who claims noble Serbian descent. Under the terms of Mrs. Gopechevitch's mother's will, her large estate was left in trust to this only child, with James T. Boyd, A. D. Grimwood, and Mrs. Cora L. Keeler as trustees. It was stipulated in the mother's will that, should the daughter die childless, she should be free to dispose of her estate as she saw fit. Her will may greatly complicate the affairs of the Floyd estate, in which several relatives are interested.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has filed an answer to the two suits brought against her by Rupert Schmidt, the sculptor, for nineteen thousand dollars alleged to be due for extra work and material on the frieze of the memorial arch at Stanford, and fifteen hundred dollars for three portrait busts. In her answer, Mrs. Stanford makes general denial of the first complaint, alleging that by the sculptor's failure to keep to his agreement as to the size of the figures, he made one thousand dollars more than his contract called for. As to the busts, she denies ordering them.

W. W. Foote, the attorney, died on Saturday after an illness of several days. Mr. Foote was born in Jackson, Miss., in 1846, and entered the Confederate army, rising to the rank of lieutenant. He studied law, and began the practice of it in San Francisco in 1870, becoming one of the best-known attorneys on the Coast. Two daughters, Mrs. Stanley Jackson and Miss Enid Foote, and three sons, Chauncey T., Henry S., and W. W. Foote, Jr., survive him.

Ordinance-Sergeant George M. Brown, the oldest enlisted man, in the point of service, in the United States army, has been retired. He is fifty-nine years old, and enlisted in the Thirty-Fifth New York Volunteers on April 27, 1861. He served in the Civil War, the Spanish war, and in the Philippines. He will receive retired pay, extra pay for reenlistment, and an allowance for subsistence.

Nihau Island, one of the Hawaiian group, has been transferred from Mrs. Jane R. Gay to Mr. Aubrey Robinson, the consideration being fifty thousand dollars. The island of which Mr. Robinson has become sole owner has an area of slightly less than ninety-seven square miles, and has been used as a sheep pasture, as many as fifty thousand head having been there at one time.

The heirs of the late John W. Mackay have transferred to James L. Flood one-half of the residence block on Eighth Street, between Grove and Castro, Oakland. The lot is valued at several hundred thousand dollars, and comprises all the Mackay property in Alameda County.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,  
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## Wedding Gifts

The best one is Albertine Randall Wheelan's CUPID'S PROVERBS, a wedding book. A large handsome present. Every first-class bookseller or stationer has it. \$3.00 to \$20.00. Circulars mailed free by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## THE FURNITURE AND CARPET COMBINE TO RAISE PRICES.

As soon as the PATTOSIEN COMPANY has sold out the \$250,000 stock of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, and Stoves, it is the intention of the Furniture Combine to raise prices still higher. That is the real secret why there is a continual rush just now at the PATTOSIEN COMPANY, cor. 16th and Mission Streets. Wilton Velvet, \$1.40 Carpet \$1.00.

P. S.—Country orders promptly attended to. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free of charge.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

OWNER WILL BUILD TO  
SUIT TENANT.

## ADDRESS

**MADISON & BURKE**  
30 Montgomery Street



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Table with 3 columns: LEAVE, FROM, ARRIVE. Rows include various train routes and schedules such as 7:00 A Vacaville, Winters, Rohnert Park, 7:30 A Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, etc.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is there anything between you and my daughter?" "Nothing but you."—*Er.*
The teacher—"And now, Sammy, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Sammy—"At de bottom."—*Judge.*
Fusionist—"I believe in the office seeking the man." Regular—"That's all right if you don't want the office."—*Brooklyn Life.*
Many a rich father has discovered that it is easier to get a daughter off his hands than to keep a son-in-law on his feet.—*Philadelphia Record.*
Undoubtedly: "I see that somebody says there is no such thing as luck in business."
"lie must be one of the lucky ones who have succeeded."—*Er.*
Intense: Doctor—"Your wife must keep out of excitement." Mr. Briske—"She can't, doctor. She carries it around with her."—*Indianapolis Journal.*
Nipped in the bud: Actress—"I have been robbed of my jewels." Hotel clerk—"It won't do any good; there isn't a newspaper in the town."—*Town Topics.*
"I can always tell when you are going to tell a lie," said Cregg to Legg. "How?" asked Legg. "I see you open your mouth," said Cregg.—*Town Topics.*
Miss Carry Moore—"She calls him her intended. Are they engaged?" Miss Cutting Hint—"No, but she intends to marry him."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*
Mabel—"Why didn't you scream when he put his arms around you?" Ethel—"I wanted to, but couldn't, and when I could I didn't want to."—*Butte Inter-Mountain.*
"And do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?" "Well," she replied, "if they don't, it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—*Chicago Record.*
Effie—"Silly! Dolls don't eat anything!" Bertie—"Don't, eh? Well, that old one of yours that I cut open was stuffed chock full of breakfast food."—*Woman's Home Companion.*
What she did: "And what did you do when your doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?" "I sent for another doctor."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*
Quick action: First Russian—"You say the fight was quickly over?" Second Russian—"Yes; it was finished before you could say Jackpotinsky Robinsonopolotoksky."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*
How he lost her: She—"I suppose if a pretty girl should come along you wouldn't care anything about me any more." He—"Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right."—*Er.*
Mrs. Willing—"They say she wore one for each bridesmaid. Do you believe that a bride's garter insures a speedy marriage?" Mrs. Ketcham—"Sometimes—if well mounted and exhibited judiciously."—*Town Topics.*
"In America," said the traveler, "it is considered wrong to have more than one wife." "It is not merely wrong," answered the Sultan, as he glanced apprehensively at the harem, "it's foolish."—*Washington Star.*
"It's a very true saying," said the quoter, "that 'one swallow does not make a summer.'" "That's true enough," replied Gayboy; "but if it's a good deep swallow and the stuff's all right, it will make you forget it's winter."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*
Fastidious: "The front porch is dreadfully dirty, Maria." "Yes, I know. But the new girl says she won't wash it off until her trunk comes." "And what has her trunk to do with it?" "She says she always wears her best stockings when she washes porches."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*
In a tangle: "By Jove, old chap!" said Mr. Makinbrakes, with enthusiasm, "your wife must have been a mighty handsome woman when she was young. Even in all these years she hasn't changed so much—though, of course, it couldn't have been many years since she was young and handsome—but when you come to think how little it takes to make some people look old, you know, you wonder how she manages to conceal the ravages—that isn't exactly what I mean, but she's the youngest-looking woman for her age—have you got a match? My cigar has gone out."—*Chicago Tribune.*
—Thousands of mothers give their children Steadman's Soothing Powders during the teething period.
Binks—"Fact is, old chap, I find that drink interferes with my work, so I have decided to knock off work."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*
DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.
MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Table with 3 columns: Leave, In Effect, Arrive. Rows include various train routes and schedules such as WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a.m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 p.m., etc.

Santa Fe ALL THE WAY CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:
7.30 A M—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10:40 a.m., Fresno 2:40 p.m., Bakersfield 7:05 p.m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8:55 a.m.
9.30 A M—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p.m., Fresno 3:10 p.m., Bakersfield 5:50 p.m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a.m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p.m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 9:10 a.m.
4.00 P M—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7:10 p.m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a.m.
8.00 P M—"OVERLAND EXPRESS": Due Stockton 11:15 p.m., Fresno 3:15 a.m., Bakersfield 7:35 a.m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a.m., Chicago (fourth day) 8:47 p.m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:35 p.m.
\* Daily.
Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.
NORTH SHORE TO SAN RAFAEL, ROSS VALLEY, MILL VALLEY, CAZADERO, ETC.
Via Sausalito Ferry.
Suburban Service, Standard Gauge Electric—Depart from San Francisco Daily—7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:00, 8:45, 10:20, 11:45 P. M.
FROM SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—5:25, 6:35, 7:40, 8:35, 9:35, 11:05, A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 2:55, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45, 6:45, 8:45, 10:20 P. M.
FROM MILL VALLEY TO SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—5:45, 6:55, 7:55, 8:55, 9:55, 11:20 A. M., 12:35, 2:00, 3:15, 4:45, 5:05, 6:05, 7:05, 9:00, 10:35 P. M.
THROUGH TRAINS.
8:00 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations.
5:15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—To males and way stations.
3:15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.
Sundays only—10:00 A. M., Point Reyes and way stations.
Ticket Offices—626 Market Street.
Ferry—Union Depot, foot of Market Street.
MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY
Via Sausalito Ferry, foot of Market Street.
Leave San Francisco, week days, 10:00 A. M., 1:45 P. M., 5:15 P. M., Sundays, 8:00 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:45 P. M., 3:15 P. M., 5:15 P. M.
Arrive San Francisco, Sundays, 12:05 P. M., 1:25 P. M., 2:50 P. M., 4:50 P. M., 5:50 P. M., 7:50 P. M. Week days, 10:40 A. M., 2:50 P. M., 5:50 P. M., 9:50 P. M.
\*Connect with stage for Dipsea and Willow Camp.
Ticket offices—626 Market Street (North Shore Railroad), and Sausalito Ferry, foot Market Street.
NEW YORK LONDON
THE MANHATTAN PRESS-CLIPPING BUREAU
ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor
KNICKERBOCKER BUILDING
Cor. 5th Ave. and 14th St., New York
Will supply you with all personal reference and clippings on any subject from all the papers and periodicals published here and abroad. Our large staff of readers can gather for you more valuable material on any current subject than you can get in a lifetime.
SUBSCRIBE NOW
TERMS: 100 clippings, \$5.00; 250 clippings, \$12.00; 500 clippings, \$20.00; 1,000 clippings, \$35.00.
PHOTOGRAPHY.
DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.
LIBRARIES.
FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1865—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.
MISCELLANEOUS.
POSTER PICTURES.
Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.
The Argonaut
From 1877 to 1903
Volumes 1 to 111 can be obtained at the office of this paper, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone James 2531.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1407.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 29, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentland's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Panama Canal Treaty at Last Ratified—Now For the Work of Construction—Present Conditions on the Isthmus—What Is Yet to Be Done—Those Irresistible Torpedoes—The Supremacy of the Seas Now Threats—The Jehu and the Express Wagon—Dangers to Pedestrians—The Gentle Art of Writing Right—What System Shall Be Adopted?—Spies in the Labor World—A New Danger to Unionism—The Curious Reasoning of a Rancher—Literature for Convicts—Moral Versus Intellectual Training—The Progress of the War—Effect of the War on Trade—Prospects for a Long-Drawn-Out Struggle—An Extra-Honest Congressman	129-131
WESTERNERS IN NEW YORK: How They Are Invading Sacred Limits—Their Energy Carries Them Along—Regarded as Interlopers—New York's Ignorance of the West. By Geraldine Bonner	132
SONGS OF THE PHILIPPINES: "Dopy Dreams"; "A Song of the Rice Brigade"; "Harvest Time," by Robert Morrison; "The Glad Hand," by Sam Hike	132
A RACE FOR MAGGIE: How the Wager Went to the Slow. By Bertha Muzzy Bower	133
A BOOK THAT ROUSED A NATION: Lieutenant Bilse's Arraignment of the German Army—Cruel Treatment of Privates by Officers—Gambling, Licentiousness, Drunkenness, and Unthrift—Disaster Ahead	134
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World	134
THE CALAVERAS SKULL. By Charles Palache	135
TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL: A Geological Address. By Bret Harte	135
"THE PIT" IN NEW YORK: Dramatization of Frank Norris's Novel Produced—A Melodramatic Success—Little Merit as a Drama—Remarkable Stage-Craft. By "Flaneur"	135
COMMUNICATIONS: "Italy a Corpse." By L. D. Ventura	136
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	136-137
DRAMA: "The Old Homestead" at the Columbia. By Josephine Hart Phelps	138
STAGE GOSSIP	139
VANITY FAIR: German Telephone Girls—The Monogram Disappearing—A Plain Servant Wanted—The President First—Miss Roosevelt Offended—American and Japanese Women Contrasted—Jewels and Full Dress on Shipboard—English Women the Worst Offenders—Japanese Women in War—Trained in the Use of Weapons—Mme. Sarah Grand on Cigarette Smoking—Tells Her Own Experience—Believes in Modest Use of the Weed	140
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Talleyrand's Wit—An Easy Trick—Parkhurst's Opinion of Platt—The Bishop of London Puzzled—A Sharp-Tongued Witness—Browning's Quaint Servant—Whitney's Brevity—A Finicky Horse—Charles Hoyt's Extremepore Speech—Russian Blarney—Gentry's Protest—McKinley's Rejoinder	141
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "A Puzzle," by Walter P. Neff; "The New Version," by W. J. L.; "Too Bad"; "Chaucer Retorts," by W. D. N.	141
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News	142-143
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	144

The Panama Canal treaty is ratified by the American Senate! The vote was sixty-six to fourteen! Thus is the obstructive policy of Gorman and Morgan made without effect. Thus are the caviling, railway-owned newspapers of New York silenced and made ashamed. Thus is the bold policy of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt indorsed and approved. The Democratic party stands without a sound issue in the affair. Unitedly

the nation puts its hand to the vast enterprise. There is nothing to do now but to dig the ditch!

The first problem is the problem of sanitation. The French laborers died like flies of the fever. So will now die any body of men sent to labor on the Isthmus, unless first millions of money are spent in drastic cleansing of Colon and Panama. "Nearly every house in Colon," says Surgeon-Major Edie (the man who cleaned Manila), "is infected with the germs of yellow fever and smallpox." The city is surrounded by vast, impassable swamps—pools, ponds, and quagmires—swarming with mosquitoes. Colon is "defiantly unhealthy." Panama is not much better. Everywhere peril lies in dysentery, malaria, yellow fever, rheumatism, tuberculosis, smallpox, leprosy, and that strange disease, beri-beri. Dr. Edie says that the problem would be greatly simplified if every building in Colon outside the railway section were given to the torch. At the least, crematories for the incineration of garbage and fecal matter must be built. Water systems must be constructed. Swamps must be filled. A whole sewage system must be supplied at Colon. The yellow-fever mosquito must be eradicated. And when all this is done there will yet remain the vast task of actually teaching an army of laborers how to live decently and well. Even at the best, it is estimated that ten per cent. of the labor army will be in hospital constantly—say between two thousand and five thousand men. For these, provision must be made—itsself alone no small feat. But our sanitarians have already achieved no slight successes over death and disease in Havana and Manila. The former city they have transformed from a pest-hole into a health-resort. That they will be successful in preventing such terrible loss of life as marked the ill-starred efforts of the French may not be doubted.

The second important problem is where to get the men to do the work. Eight years labor by perhaps fifty thousand men stands between now and the day when ships will proudly sail through the completed canal. West India negroes are efficient at such work; but, according to the most reliable estimates available, only fifteen thousand could be mustered into service. Whether the requisite number of Southern blacks could be induced to go to the Isthmus is perhaps a question. That white men will seek work with pick and shovel in Isthmian swamps may also be doubted. There remain Chinese and Japanese. The former are, of course, barred out by the exclusion act, since the canal strip is American territory. If Chinese must be had, a special act of Congress will, it is claimed, be required to effect their temporary entrance. The labor problem is indeed one of the most difficult of all, and precisely how it will be met is a matter for future determination. One peril in employing Chinese has been pointed out by distinguished physicians at home and abroad. It is the danger of Asia's invasion by yellow fever—a disease hitherto strictly Western. It is clear that, when ships loaded with coolies are plying between Panama and the ports of Asia, extraordinary precautions will have to be taken or else the disease will be conveyed to and spread among the multitudes of the Far East with perhaps appalling results.

Of engineering problems, the greatest is the Culebra cut, where the canal pierces the Cordilleran Range. Originally, the depression in the mountain chain where the canal will pass was three hundred and sixty-three feet above sea level—say fifty feet higher than the Call Building. Down into this mountain a cutting has already been made two hundred feet deep and of great width. As the plans call for a canal at this point fifty feet above sea level, there yet remain about a hundred feet to be excavated. Here are now at work eight hundred men, removing seven thousand cubic metres a

month. In all, about fifty million cubic metres of earth have been excavated, leaving about forty-three million cubic metres to be removed before the backbone of the Isthmus shall have been broken.

Elsewhere on the canal the situation is approximately this: Fourteen miles of the canal on the Atlantic side and four miles on the Pacific are full of water, and need only to be dredged deeper. How much deeper is shown by a statement of the New York *Evening Post's* Panama correspondent that in places the excavation had become so shallowed with silt that a six-oared boat would touch bottom. Innumerable alligators are now masters of the deserted channel, which, like the whole cutting, is lined with dredgers and steam shovels, rusty, rotting, vine-covered; locomotives with bushes grown through the driving wheels and vines trailing about the pistons; scows overturned, cars idle and empty, machinery of every sort moldering away. Subtracting the eighteen miles of sea-level canal from the total length, forty-nine miles, leaves thirty-one. Of this, twenty-one miles will be created by damming the Chagres River at Bohio with a dam twelve hundred feet long, creating a lake thirteen thousand acres in extent, fifty-two feet above the sea, across which it will be plain sailing. Then there will come locks dropping ships some forty feet; another interval of one and a third miles; then a third pair of locks dropping the ships to sea level only some eight miles from Panama.

In all, the French excavated eighty-four million cubic metres of earth. It is believed that the canal is between one-fifth and one-third dug. They spent fifty millions of dollars on the work; they stole and wasted two hundred millions. We pay them forty millions for their property, pay ten millions to Panama, and the Canal Commission estimates that the work will cost \$144,233,338 more.

It's a big job. But skill, energy, and perseverance can accomplish it. It may yet be found that locks and lifts for mammoth ships are impracticable; then more time and more money will be required to make it a sea-level canal throughout. But that the United States will eventually achieve that in which the French company failed is the confident belief of every good American citizen.

A movement to supply convicts with reading matter is on foot, under the auspices of the University of California, in connection with university extension work. In response to the request of a prisoner, who represented that he had once been a student and desired to continue the course of reading begun at that time, Librarian J. C. Rowell forwarded to Folsom Prison a box containing one hundred and thirty volumes. In acknowledging the gift, Warden Yell deplors the fact that the legislature "has never deemed it wise to appropriate money for a prison library," and adds: "One not intimately connected with a State prison can not appreciate with what eagerness the prisoners welcome and with what avidity they devour reading matter of whatever kind."

Doubtless this is true. It is true also of our soldiers, wearied with the tedium of foreign service, or cast upon each other for companionship in remote forts; it is true of invalids in hospitals, of the aged and infirm, whiling away the idle hours in public institutions. A taste for reading, combined with the power to indulge it, is one of the keen pleasures of life. But why should this pleasure be bestowed upon the hardened criminals of Folsom and San Quentin? Why do the prison authorities fash themselves over the "intellectual development" of the convicts under their charge? A little moral development would be much more to the purpose. The higher education so far has not availed to keep from behind the bars Convict Thomas Bacon.



whose request for classical literature met with such easy compliance.

A perfectly balanced education, in which the mental, moral, and physical powers are equally developed, is a great good. When the intellect outstrips the moral sense, education becomes an evil. It is that sort of education which modern yellow journalism fosters, and which, more than any other one cause, is filling our penitentiaries to-day. Crime is on the increase. One out of every six boys born into the world in this country becomes a criminal.

Philanthropists—who are interested in penology—would do well to devote their money and energy to the regeneration of possible future criminals. To prevent crime before it is committed is a better business than coddling the thieves and murderers harbored within the walls of our State penitentiaries.

In the war, the great event of the week was the wonderfully intrepid attempt of the Japanese fleet to block the mouth of the harbor at Port Arthur by sinking there four steamers loaded with stone and combustibles. It is not yet certain whether the attempt was wholly successful. The Japanese fleet, it appears, approached the harbor at a quarter of three on the morning of February 24th. The night was moonless. The bulk of the fleet remained at a distance, while several torpedo-boats, conveying the four barges it was intended to sink in the channel, advanced. When close in, the Japanese vessels were discovered and fired upon by the battle-ship *Retvizan*, which was lying in the channel for the very good reason that she is aground there. All four of the Japanese barges were sunk—Alexieff says by the fire of the *Retvizan*, in the wrong place, and that the harbor is open. But the Russian report is doubted. It is believed that the channel is at least partly blocked. In any event, the attempt was a daring one, imitating on a more extensive scale Hobson's unsuccessful attempt at Santiago. It seems not improbable that some of the Japanese torpedo-boats were disabled, perhaps sunk, but even if so, the fact has small bearing on the relative strength of the two fleets. If the Japs failed to block the harbor, nothing is lost; if they succeeded, it ends all doubt of Japanese victory on the sea.

On the following day the Japanese fleet, after securing reinforcements, returned to the attack on Port Arthur, dropping shells over the hill into the bay where the Russian fleet is anchored. Details of the fight are yet lacking. But everything points to the prosecution of a vigorous campaign against Port Arthur until the fortress falls.

Apart from the fleet's daring exploit at Port Arthur, little authentic news has emanated from the scene of war during the week. Captain February has been fighting for the Russians by sweeping the Gulf of Pechili with gales and snow, added to which there have been fogs that hampered the movements of the attacking fleet until within the last few days.

How energetically the Japs are prosecuting hostilities, where possible, is shown by the *Mandjur* incident. This vessel, a Russian gunboat, was reported more than a week ago to be in the port at Shanghai. The Chinese officials directed her to leave. As Japanese warships were waiting outside, she refused to comply. Under pressure from Japan the Chinese officials then notified the Russian commander that the Chinese squadron would be obliged to compel him to leave the port. He still refused, and measures are being taken to carry into effect the threat. Two Chinese cruisers have been ordered to Shanghai. The *Mandjur* will not escape.

The reports of occurrences in the interior of Manchuria, Corea, and Siberia must be accepted with reserve. Though, as the *Argonaut* early pointed out would probably be the case, it is likely that the Siberian railway has been disabled by Japanese spies, by Manchurian handits, or even has broken down under weight of traffic, the numerous reports of such disasters rest almost wholly upon rumor. The report that six hundred men were drowned at Lake Baikal is denied. So is the sensational report that twenty-five hundred men were killed in a battle in Corea. The Japanese have refused to permit newspaper correspondents to accompany their fleet or army. Russia is also adhering to a policy of secrecy. Even if such a battle took place, it is likely to be days, if not weeks, before accurate reports reach the outer world. Bearing these facts in mind, it may be said that Russian scouts are reported to have penetrated Corea to Pingyang, and that seventy miles of railway track are reported destroyed between Vladivostock and Harbin. More circumstantial is the statement from St. Petersburg that Colonel and Lieutenant Zonolaiascja and Kaurta,

Japanese officers who, disguised as coolies, "partly destroyed" the Sangari bridge, were hanged from the girders thereof. Probably authentic, also, is Friday morning's news that Japanese troops have landed at Possiet Bay, in Russian Manchuria, seventy-five miles south of Vladivostock, and are marching inland. This is both important and unexpected news.

An important phase of the war, as it affects international relations, is Russia's persistence in charging Japan with treacherous action at the beginning of hostilities.

When the charge was first made, two weeks ago, it was universally scoffed at by the press of this country. Japan is so small, Russia so big, that Japan's sudden, though perhaps technically objectionable, attack at Chemulpo was approved without question by the people of the United States. For example, the New York *Times* remarked: "It seems hardly to become the dignity of a great nation to complain that he has been struck before he was quite ready." "It is of no avail to cry out that Japan hit her before she had her guard up," said the *Tribune*. Moreover, on strictly legal grounds, Professor Woolsey, of the Chair of International Law at Yale, declared that Japan's course was quite correct. "The nearer we approach to modern times," says Lawrence, "the rarer do formal declarations become. . . . Unless the attacking state acts with the grossest perfidy the state attacked must always be warned."

But now comes Russia, again, with a long formal note to the Powers. It has been handed by Count Cassini to Secretary Hay, but this government has so far made no reply. It is, however, reported from Washington that "in diplomatic circles the presentation of Russia's case is considered strong." If this means Continental diplomats assembled in Washington, the fact is not strange, for in France, Germany, Italy, even Austria and Spain, where the "yellow peril" is being worked for all it is worth and Russia represented to be fighting Europe's fight against Asia, the pro-Russian sentiment seems daily to be growing stronger, and Russia's representations regarding Japan's "treachery" seem to have general approval.

The precise text of Russia's note is yet unknown. The main points in the cabled summary are (1) that Japan, before hostilities were declared, landed troops in Corea, which country had proclaimed its neutrality; (2) that three days prior to the declaration of war the Japanese attacked the two Russian vessels at Chemulpo, a neutral port, having with malice previously stopped cablegrams to commanders of these vessels; and (3) that Japan, before the opening of hostilities, captured as prizes of war Russian merchant ships in neutral ports of Corea. Secretary Hay, it is reported, will bring the Russian note to the attention of the President.

Russia has at length replied to the note of Secretary Hay on the subject of preserving the neutrality of China, agreeing to the proposition with the provisos that (1) China must herself remain neutral; (2) that the Japanese Government must observe its engagement; and (3) that "in no case can neutralization be extended to Manchuria."

A survey of later press comment throughout the country on the diplomatic coup of Secretary Hay reveals, instead of the original satisfaction at the "fine stroke of diplomacy," a certain fear that this "concert of the powers" may yet in some way embroil the United States in unpleasant controversies. As was pointed out in these columns last week, the agreement is of slight avail if, in time of stress, it is not backed by force. A writer in the *Sun* puts the pertinent question:

Assume that a treaty between both of the belligerents, the neutral, and the guaranteeing nations, shall be concluded, signed, ratified, and exchanged, which neutralizes China! If either of the belligerents, or the neutral, shall violate it—what then? If Japan shall be the violator, will either the United States or Great Britain go to war with her? Or if Russia shall invade China, will France or Germany oppose her? . . . There is a precedent in case either belligerent charges China with unneutral conduct. That belligerent can tear up the neutralizing treaty, as Prussia did the Luxemburg treaty, and as did Russia the unfair clause of the Black Sea convention of 1856.

This sounds logical. But it is argued, on the other hand, that Mr. Hay has announced his intention not to go so far as a treaty—not even so far as an agreement or anything definite. He now proposes to pause at the point where he has the approval of the Powers to his vague and general note. So that if affairs come to the place where Secretary Hay's "earnest desire . . . that the neutrality of China . . . shall be respected" is about to be negated, Mr. Hay will let it be negated so far as the United States is concerned. In

brief, between the two horns of the dilemma to Do Something or let China become a seat of war, Mr. Hay will, it is credibly said, choose the latter alternative. He is willing to shed ink, but no blood.

But this fact does not make it the less probable that when the war is over—and if it remains a single-handed combat—the Powers signatory to the note will join to prevent either Russia or Japan from seizing any part of China. "The thing aimed at," says the *Times*, "is the protection of China against dismemberment or harm at the hands of either belligerent." Precisely. We, the rest of the Powers, want a chance at China ourselves—if not territorially, certainly commercially.

On stocks and bonds the war has of course had a bad effect. The securities of all Continental countries, as well as those of England, have declined materially. Transactions

are very light, and foreign bourses seem ready to go into a panic on the slightest rumors. The effect of the first shock of war on the securities listed on the Paris bourse is estimated at three billions of dollars. The stagnation in Wall Street is shown by a drop in bank clearings last week amounting to thirty-two per cent. Exporters in this country are going slow in the fear that the war may embroil Europe while yet they have goods upon the seas or in the hands of buyers and yet unpaid for. The Baltimore fire, too, will draw something like a hundred millions of dollars from the industries of the country for use in replacing wealth destroyed. When the movement becomes pronounced, it can only result in affecting the general prosperity. The Chicago and Boston fires helped materially to precipitate the crisis of 1873.

On the other hand, the price of provisions has been stimulated by the war. If, as now seems probable, the war proves a long one, the demands of Russia and Japan upon our granaries will make the farmers prosperous. In Chicago, last Friday, May wheat touched the highest point since 1898—\$1.03. This rather indicates that the gloomy views of those who think, with Consul Fowler, that Japan-Russia trade will be lost because "flour, canned goods, and other commodities will be considered contraband of war," are ill-founded. It is a fine question. "Contraband of war" is a term interpreted with a good deal of latitude. In the Boer war, when American goods consigned to South Africa were seized, as contraband, the United States Government protested, and the vessels were released by the British. Whether any cargo is contraband or non-contraband hinges on the question whether or not it is directly intended for military consumption. A shipment of wheat to a Korean port, held by Japanese, would undoubtedly be contraband; a shipment to Tokio might not. The trend of provision prices indicates that traders believe that the law of contraband will not hinder Oriental trade as much as the war itself will stimulate it.

The way the press of the entire country have stood at gaze and uttered "Ohs" and "Ahs" of amazement at the course of Shafroth, of Colorado, leads one to suspect that

XXX honest congressmen are rare. Shafroth, be it known, was declared elected in the first Colorado district in November, 1902, by a plurality of two thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. The first district includes the city of Denver. The city of Denver is politically rotten. Repeaters are thick as flies. Mr. Shafroth supposed that he was properly elected up to the time the ballots were sent on to Washington, but, when he came to examine them there, he found them fraudulent on their face—so unmistakably so that, as he put it, he would himself be compelled to reject them "if he were a judge on the bench considering this case." So he stood right up in meetin', stated the facts, and voluntarily relinquished his seat to his Democratic opponent, amid the applause of his colleagues. The act is without parallel in the one hundred and fifteen years since Congress first convened. Other men have fought tooth and nail to the last ditch. They have stepped down and out only when they had to. Shafroth is the glorious exception that proves the rule.

The only saddening fact that appears in connection with the affair is that a sinister light is thrown upon the ways of women who vote in Denver. It was (so it is alleged) a "woman politician" who marked in advance the fraudulent ballots. It was a woman member of the Democratic committee who contrived to get rid of an inconvenient judge of elections. Women—scores of them—went twice and thrice to the polls. It is their fine work in ballot-box stuffing that Shafroth now refuses to attempt to profit by. What, we should like to know, has become of those strenuous women we used to hear about, who were going to "purify politics" by their very presence? Where are they, we wonder,

PORT ARTHUR THE SANTIAGO OF THE FAR EAST.

OTHER NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE WAR'S EFFECT ON TRADE.

AN HONEST MAN AND SOME WOMEN.



who talked about "ideals" and "refining influences"? No wonder the members of the Women's Suffrage Association, in session in Washington, were "shocked and surprised." So fade they all, our roseate dreams. But the influence of the honest act of Shafroth, of Colorado, has extended to the remotest corners of the country.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

A new phase in the war between the employers and the unions is disclosed by the *Labor Clarion* in an article on "The Spy System in Trade Unions." From this article it appears that various organizations, made in the interest of the associated employers, have been formed which depend for their success on spying out the secrets of the unions and delivering them to the offices where they can be used to best advantage. The *Clarion* reprints a letter addressed to employers in this city by "The Corporations Auxiliary Company," of Cleveland, O., in which is offered the services of a body of men who will help eliminate the agitator, advise of loss of time or material, combat the spread of socialism, and tell exactly what employees are loyal and efficient. It states that through its efforts already "in many cases local union charters have been returned without publicity, and a number of local unions have been disbanded."

All this, according to the *Clarion*, is a fact, and a fact to be reckoned with by all unions. It is pointed out that San Francisco is by no means free from the work of the servants of such associations, and that in many instances harm beyond calculation may be done. It further quotes Paul J. Maas, writing in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, who says: "Blinded by successes and gains made in the past year, the labor movement of Chicago has permitted itself to become honeycombed by spies and detectives, with the result that there is not in this city to-day a labor union of a hundred or more members which is without its informer, spy, or detective. In all cases these men are members, and even officers of the unions they report upon." The most remarkable fact, however, would seem to be the offer of the Corporation Auxiliary Company to send men to San Francisco "for no other purpose than to combat the spread of socialistic theories." It states that these men are "educated along industrial lines for the express purpose of combating by calm argument the fallacies of socialism." To meet this grave danger the *Clarion* advises a "temperate and just discussion on the floor of the union," which will afford the spies nothing inflammatory to report, and a careful selection of officers known to be above reproach. It would indeed seem if employers are beginning to reply to the labor-union violence with a system of spies, real war between labor and capital is on.

The question of allowing the flower venders the use of the curb at Kearny and Market Streets has now, by the efforts of the *Chronicle*, become a public matter. The volume of protest published in that paper's columns, its caustic comment on the attitude of the Merchants' Association, and its exposure of the animus at the base of the rule of the board of public works has borne good fruit. The Merchants' Association has now come forward with the proposal of an ordinance which will not only permit the sale of flowers as before, but will provide a number of markets throughout the city, when on special days in the week any one, licensed or unlicensed, may freely sell the flowers of California. Incidentally, the *Chronicle* has brought up one abuse that it is to be hoped will soon be abated. That is the occupation of the footwalks down town by loads of merchandise. Excellent work has been done in fighting for the rights of the innocent flower venders, who are a noteworthy feature. If the *Chronicle* will only get the supervisors to clear the sidewalks of the wholesale district, the city's debt to it in this affair will be doubled.

In the present agitation of ways and means of beautifying San Francisco—or rather disclosing her beauty—it seems as if a suggestion made by a tourist to one of the papers, that all teams be compelled to slow up while crossing streets, might be well considered. As it is now, it is as much as one's life is worth to attempt dodging through the vehicles that plunge, rock, reel, and tumble over every crossing. It is a well-known fact that every time a man threading the mazes of Market Street looks over his shoulder a laundry wagon is on the point of running him to the pavement. It is indubitably true that if one turns his eyes to right or left while leaping from one curb to the other on Kearny Street, a wildly driven express wagon will just miss his solar plexus;

and who is there who is not aware that in strolling around any corner in the city he will come plump on a scavenger's careering and perfumed conveyance? The sooner the police make it a regulation in force that no vehicle shall cross a street at a pace faster than a walk the sooner will this city become appreciated. How can a tourist, who has just been blackguarded by a laundry driver, perfumed by a scavenger, and scared into a fit by an express wagon, dwell with proper complacency upon the loveliness about him? How can the traveler, who wishes for wings to fly away from rushing and malicious vehicles, contemplate with gladness and placidity the life that streams along our thoroughfares? Even the flea that propagates within our gates has need of all his agility to arrive safely at his goal, and those of us whose legs, in the phrase of Abraham Lincoln, barely reach to the ground, are at a sad loss before the monsters of the roads. Let us not compel every man who crosses a crossing to be cross.

An extremely important decision was handed down last week by the supreme court of California—four justices signing the decision, two dissenting, and one not participating. Briefly stated, the court's decision was that "the permission of the State for any corporation to conduct business is a taxable franchise." It affects every incorporated company in California. It will add enormously to the revenue derived from taxation. For example, in the case of the Bank of California, which brought the suit, \$12,187 more will have to be paid annually. The taxes of other banks—fifty in this city alone—will be increased proportionately. The method by which the value of a corporation's franchise is arrived at is simple. Taking the Bank of California as an example again, Assessor Dodge found that the property of the bank amounted to \$5,156,903.08. The market value of the stock he found to be \$8,100,000. The difference of \$2,943,096.92 was held by the assessor to be the value of the franchise, and he assessed it at \$750,000. It is in this action that he is sustained by the court. The court, in its findings, laid particular stress on the fact that the tax is not upon the business but upon the property of corporations. It also made it clear that the decision in no wise affects partnerships. The legal victory is another triumph for Assessor Dodge in his aggressive campaign to make everybody pay his share of the burden of taxation.

Two weeks of the Japanese-Russian war has apparently overturned the calculations of naval experts for twenty-five years, rendered ridiculous the pride of the war-lords, and put into the power of the poorest nations naval efficiency. If the events of the past few days mean anything, so the experts say, the cheap torpedo-boat, manned by an inconsiderable crew, is the equal of the biggest and most carefully constructed battle-ship afloat. England may spend a million sterling on a steel fortress, and a little tin skiff, with two nerry men and a torpedo between her teeth, can blow her into a mass of junk. Russia has spent millions on huge ships of tremendous strength, and because a half-dozen Japanese torpedo craft spun their missiles at them, the clams are spitting at them from the tide flats. The fact and the future possibility are so interwoven that the great navies feel almost as much injured as the Russians.

The consequences of this discovery can not be minimized. The United States points with peculiar pride to her new navy, and reveres the men who made it possible. Congress is even now considering large additions to our force, and these additions, on Admiral Dewey's recommendation, will provide for no torpedo-boats. But what has proved true in the case of Russia before the Japanese, may well be a warning to us. Our war with Spain did not prove the value of these little craft, and we have had to wait till now to be sure. But we are sure, or at least the experts are. Captain W. W. Kimball, who commanded the torpedo-flotilla during the Spanish war, says that the victory at Port Arthur "is only another accentuation of the fact that any navy which neglects or starves its torpedo-boat service will find itself in a bad way when the proof of the efficiency comes. I have always held that three fairly well-handled torpedo-boats could, on a moonless night, in moderate weather, account for the most powerful battle-ship in the world within the radius of action of the boats."

But there is another feature of this new discovery. A battle-ship costs from two to three millions, and even five millions of dollars. A torpedo-boat can be built for two hundred thousand. A battle-ship requires years to build. Your torpedo-boat can be constructed while you wait. A battle-ship or cruiser requires a crew of hundreds, and coal by the thousand tons. A torpedo-boat needs a score of men and insignificant amounts of fuel. The supremacy of the seas no longer

lies in the longest purse and the biggest ship-yards. A common, or garden millionaire, can provide, equip, and run a whole navy of torpedo-boats. A nation that is out at the heel can have a force of destroyers that will, according to the English admiralty, decide a war in a week.

Is the great armored ship doomed? Is naval defense against the torpedo impracticable? This is the question of the hour. It can not lightly be decided. A writer in the London *Times*, comparing the *Czarevitch*, Russia's huge battle-ship which was disabled at Port Arthur, with crack English ships of the same class, thinks the British boats would stand even less chance against torpedo attack. Congressmen are quoted widely as pondering the advisability of constructing at immense cost new ships which may prove defenseless. The French, always averse to the big ship, are glorying in their torpedo-fleet. But the thoughtful man will ask, What would the torpedo-boat do if there were no battle-ships to attack? What if all nations should instantly put their dependence in these cockleshells? As a matter of fact, the exigencies of transportation of munitions, convoy of transports, and long voyages through rough seas will render imperative the cruiser. It is only a question of the huge and slow moving, frequently unseaworthy battle-ship. And if, as Captain Kimball says, three cheap torpedo-boats can answer for any battle-ship on a moonless night, the sooner we increase our flotilla of these little craft, the better off we shall be. And those who dwell with regret on the immense expenditures due to preparation for war can hardly object to defenses so cheap and easily provided as the torpedo-boats and the torpedo-boat destroyers.

One of the things that have caused fair-minded men to look with alarm upon labor unions, as at present organized and conducted, is their hostility to the national guard. The unions here have denied that they are hostile to the militia. Mr. Baker affirmed that they were, and stated that they had materially reduced the militia enrollment in this State. This is the fact. The *Argonaut* is in a position to say unequivocally that labor unions have not only interfered very materially with this State's national guard, but have made it quite impossible to maintain bands of music for the regiments. The Second Brigade in this city, for example, paraded on the Fourth of July without music because the union forbid the men to march with it. The band of the Seventh Infantry at Los Angeles has had to be discontinued and one organized at Pomona, a small country town, in order to escape the influence of unionism. The band of the Fifth Infantry in Oakland has for a similar reason been moved to San Rafael. There have been numerous requests for discharge by enlisted men, as the union demanded that they should sever their connection with the National Guard of California.

We are also informed that many of the unions, avowedly or not, have a regulation forbidding any of their members to belong to the national guard. While such a condition of hostility exists, no member of a labor union which tolerates it can pretend even that he is a good and loyal American citizen. He is not a good citizen who strikes a blow at the instrument which, in time of stress, is the sole agent of the State in enforcement of the Law.

The controversy long waged between the advocates of the vertical system of writing and the disciples of the ancient slanting system, seems on the eve of recrudescence in this city. As the contract for the supply of copy-books for the vertical style has expired, the board of education is now considering a return to the old way. The problem to be weighed is really whether it is worth while after adopting one system to leave it and go back to another. There are probably advantages in the perpendicular writing; it is legible, it may be learned, and it lends itself to individual variation. On the other hand, it is slow, unlovely, and grates horribly on the nerves of meticulous bookkeepers. It is suggested, as a sort of compromise, that the plan of Alameda County be followed, and the so-called medial slant adopted. It may be conjectured, very modestly, that legibility is the first requisite in a man's handwriting. Therefore, if there were no women in the world, the vertical system might prevail. But as there are both women and old-fashioned bookkeepers, there are strong grounds for retaining the ancient Spencerian hand, which is delightfully sinuous, flowing, and fair to the eye when properly done. But there's the rub; who does it properly except those facile students who make flourishes the crux of salvation and shadings the test of sanctification? Public schools are no more to educate bookkeepers and bank clerks than they are to foster exclusively the ideas of Dowites. Whatever system is adopted should be permanently retained.

SPIES  
IN THE  
LABOR WAR.

CORPORATIONS  
MUST PAY TAX  
ON FRANCHISE.

THE  
IRRESISTIBLE  
TORPEDO.

THE CHRONICLE'S  
FIGHT FOR THE  
FLOWER SELLERS.

THE JERU  
ON THE  
EXPRESS WAGON.

THE LABOR  
UNION AND  
THE MILITIA.

THE GENTLE  
ART OF  
WRITING RIGHT.



## WESTERNERS IN NEW YORK.

How They Are Invading Sacred Circles—Their Energy Carries Them Along—Regarded as Interlopers—New York Ignorance of the West.

One hears a great deal of talk this winter about the rich Westerners who, of late years, have been pouring into New York. I have never before known the Westerner to take so prominent a place in general conversation, and I have never before heard the West so often spoken of and so obviously accorded a sort of grudging and almost angry attention.

"The Westernizing of New York" is a phrase that has suddenly leaped to the tip of everybody's tongue, and which, as far I know, does not date further back than the past autumn. It is used by the New Yorker with a rather alarmed irritation, as, we may suppose, the English use the phrase "the Americanization of London." I have heard it employed to account for many of the changes that have taken place in the point of view and manner of living during the last five years. The Gothamites claim that it is the influx of huge Western fortunes which has vulgarized domestic life here, exactly as the English make the same charge against the American millions which of late have overwhelmed and submerged the simplicity of the Briton's existence.

Up to about ten years ago New York regarded the West as a wild, untutored country, inhabited by a strange and simple race, who raised pigs, and occasionally came East to see the sights. Nobody thought of it as a possible menace to the serenely developing civilization of the metropolis any more than they would have so regarded the Irish invasion which poured into the country from Ellis Island. The West was a vast sweep of territory, mostly prairie, upon which raw, unlovely towns were set down in a sprawling debris of half-built houses and half-planned streets. Its people were absolutely unlearned in the arts of graceful living. They kept "a hired girl," and entered their houses by the back doors. Moreover, they were poor. The West was papered with mortgages held in the East.

The East has clung until quite late to this ideal. It is only of recent years that the advent of copper kings and bonanza men into the Empire City has forced New York to give reluctant heed to the West's claim to social recognition. The far half of the country has grown very wealthy. Its millionaires see in Gotham their Mecca as New Yorkers were wont to see theirs in Paris. They come here with their womenkind, and make their presence felt by spending money in as sensational a way as a lively imagination and a strenuous ambition can suggest. It has all happened so quickly that the New Yorker was at first bewildered by it. He is now recovering from his bewilderment, and is annoyed, startled, and alarmed at this sudden invasion of his stronghold.

One of the things that it would be difficult for the Westerner to understand is the Easterner's feeling toward him. I have spent my life between the two sections of the country, and have heard talk on both sides, and I do not think the man from beyond the Rockies has any idea of the queer attitude his Atlantic Coast cousin maintains toward him. It is compounded of disdain, fear, and curiosity. The Easterner realizes that the Westerner, with his immense amount of money, his vitality, his aggressive force, and his determination to conquer, is a tremendous power, and in his heart he is afraid of him. He would like to laugh at him as he did in the past, but that he can no longer do. Too many Westerners have entered New York, done a few startling stunts in the way of money spending, and been taken to the bosom of society, for them to be any more regarded as a barbaric horde of invading Goths and Vandals, whose womenkind wear diamonds in the morning and talk with a Middle-West burr.

But the mass of the society element still regards the Westerner as an outsider, a strange provincial person, occasionally picturesque, who may be expected to do odd things. I have heard comments made here on him that would enrage and astonish the dwellers in the far side of the country, and have amazed me. The real, old blue, dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker knows no more of the country beyond Chicago than an English tourist does—often not as much. When these people travel they go to Europe. The thought of going westward never crosses their minds. Sometimes the men have to go on business, and the women stay at home and feel "so sorry, poor John's had to go out into that wilderness."

Their ignorance of the ordinary facts to be learned in a geography book is astonishing. I was talking to a woman, the other day, and, in the course of conversation, some allusion was made to Colorado, where many *poitrinaires* from New York live. I do not remember how it came about, but she made some remarks which indicated that she thought Colorado and Southern California were much the same thing, evidently contiguous, and enjoying similar climatic conditions. I rallied her on her ignorance, and she laughed, and cheerfully admitted that she hadn't the slightest idea of anything west of Hoboken, and wouldn't go to that part of the country for any bribe that could be offered. She was a born and bred New Yorker, bright, charming, and accomplished. Every summer she went abroad, and why, when she could go to Paris and buy clothes, and then on to Aix and meet all her

friends and spend exciting days playing the *petits chevaux*, should she go to the West?

The simple, untamed Western woman is looked upon with wary watchfulness tinged by interested curiosity. In the stimulating atmosphere of Gotham, many of them have gone through transformations of the most startling kind—ugly ducklings have become the most resplendent swans. Young matrons, who were married from wild places that no one ever heard of, and were brought to New York to be domesticated, have looked about them for an informing year or two, then risen up and out-Heroded Herod in the originality of their caprices, the magnificences of their extravagances, the sensational splendor of their lives. The Gothamite has grasped the fact that the Westerner, once resolved to storm the heights and enter the citadel, generally succeeds, and "gets there" in the quickest and most spectacular manner.

But these are the rich Westerners—the ones who have come to spend their millions, and have a distinct purpose which they almost invariably achieve. Those who are not millionaires, and have been brought to New York by business or a desire to settle there as the centre of the country, are regarded by the aborigines with more curiosity than cordiality. The adjective used to describe them is the word "Western." This I have heard used in many ways—it can be good-naturedly applied, but always suggests a restricting and limiting of enthusiastic commendation—"a nice girl, rather Western, but really very nice," is a form of encomium one often hears. "Yes, she's interesting, clever and original, but there's no denying that she's Western," will be another manner of speech. "A good-looking girl; pity she's so Western," you will hear said of some Middle-West belle, who never before thought the section she came from would weigh against her claims to beauty.

I have often been amused and sometimes irritated by the curious, damning significance attached to this word. It will be used by the New Yorker with such a perfect assurance of its unflattering force. No other word of its apparent harmlessness has the same shattering power. It is generally enunciated with a somewhat pensive regretfulness, as though the speaker mourned the fact of its aptness. But where there is no particular tenderness felt on the subject of a fellow-countrywoman, it stands alone, an adjective of sinister, blighting destructiveness. To hear one woman characterize another as "Western," accompanying the word with a shrug of the shoulders and a turning down of the corners of the mouth, is to see the dire significant force that can be crowded into two short, innocent syllables.

The other day, at a studio reception, I noticed an unusually pretty girl, very picturesquely dressed, and with gracious, almost elaborate manners, and a sweet, studied way of talking. As she left, one of the girls she had been speaking to asked me what I thought of her, to which I answered that I thought she was most attractive and unusual, but I could not make out whether she was a bundle of affectations or a perfectly natural and simple person.

"Oh, she's quite natural, I think," said my informant; "she's always like that."

Another girl, who was standing near us, answered to this: "Well, I don't know that it is all natural. She's a Westerner, you know. She comes from Iowa."

This remark had the effect of reducing the women who had been talking to the girl from Iowa to an astonished, staring silence. They evidently could not connect any one so delicately distinctive, so picturesquely sophisticated, with the Middle West. The original speaker hastened to explain the anomaly by remarking: "Oh, well, she left there a long time ago. She's been living in Washington for three years. She's got well away from the West."

This was said with the air of reassuring a shaken faith. The surprised women regained the composure of their usual point of view, and the speaker wanted to know what I was laughing at.

The Californian is regarded by the New Yorker as something quite different from the ordinary pork-packing, unredeemed Westerner. The one prevalent characteristic that all Easterners ascribe to Californians is that they are possessed of limitless millions. Everybody from the Golden State is supposed to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. If a New York girl marries a Californian she is understood to have linked herself to a person who has a mine somewhere (all Californian men are supposed to have mines) out of which he extracts silver and gold in vast quantities.

The only other characteristic that I have found New Yorkers ascribe to Californians is that they all—male and female—have matrimonial complications. California is looked upon as the land of divorce. Whenever he hears that a native of the Golden State has just bought a house on Fifth Avenue or the Riverside Drive, the New Yorker wants to know the history of the family's previous alliances, so that he "won't make any breaks." I have been asked numberless times about the beginnings of the various rich Californians now settled in New York, and as to the matrimonial tangles from which they emerged before they began life anew by the Atlantic. Each and all are supposed to have passed through a series of experiences in the holy estate of matrimony before they found the partner with whose help they are now prepared to storm the outworks of Gotham's inner citadel.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1904.

## SONGS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

[The Christmas number of the Manila *Sunday Sun*—easily the cleverest and most enterprising journal published in the Philippines—contains another batch of Kipling-like verse with a highly insular flavor. All those printed below are from the Christmas *Sunday Sun*, with the exception of the first, which has already been printed in "the States." Edward F. O'Brien, the editor of the *Sun*, writes us that "The Song of the Camp Followers," credited by us last November to Robert F. Morrison, was really the work of Herbert Ross.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

## Dopy Dreams.

In the land of dopy dreams,  
Peaceful, happy Philippines,  
Where the holoman is husy night and day,  
Where Tagalogs steal and lie,  
Where Americanos die,  
Where the soldiers sing this Filipino lay:

Chorus—Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos,  
Pock-marked, khaki-ladrones,  
Underneath the starry flag,  
Civilize them with a Krag,  
And return us to our own heloved homes.

Social wants are very few,  
All the ladies smoke and chew,  
And the gentlemen play monte night and day.  
Presidentes cut no ice,  
For they live on fish and rice  
Where the soldiers sing this Filipino lay:

Chorus—Damn, damn, etc.

'Neath an homhre's nipa thatch,  
Where the lazy lepers scratch,  
Only haven after hiking all the day,  
As I lay me down to sleep  
Slimy lizards o'er me creep,  
And I hear the soldiers sing this evening lay:

Chorus—Damn, damn, etc.

—Anon.

## The Song of the Rice Brigade.

It's cheaper to feed 'em than fight 'em,  
It's better to chow than to slay,  
However far they roam,  
The Amigos come hack home,  
When the Kettle's hoiling rice we give away.

It's cheaper to gorge 'em than gun 'em,  
It's better to feed than pursue,  
Whatever they may lack,  
Natural impulse hings them hack  
To the Kettle that contains the savory stew.

It's cheaper to dine 'em than work 'em,  
It's better to coax than to plot,  
Whatever else they miss,  
You can always hank on this—  
That around the Kettle's where the homhres squat!  
—Anon.

## "Harvest Time."

We have laved the land with our havest blood,  
We have put our hands to the plough,  
Sowing the seed for a coming hreed,  
But what are we reaping now!  
When the fields are ripe, and the land is fair,  
While the widow and orphan weep;  
The spoils are for the victor's share.  
Then why don't ye let us reap?

When the scythe is keen, and the reapers wait  
To glean the fruits of their toil,  
We hind them fast, while the time goes past  
And the vanquished seize the spoil.  
Is justice blind, that she can not find  
A flaw in your nerveless ease?  
Who called us forth, from the honest North,  
To this scar on the Southern Seas?

What of the heroes who fought and fell,  
For the good of the Nation's name,  
While we, who are here in the Harvest-year,  
Must hang our heads in shame?  
With our thew and sinew on the strain  
To prove our pride and place,  
And ye stay our feet, with your senseless heat,  
Ye who mate with the dhobie race.

When our Pioneers tamed the Virgin West,  
Both tree and root were cleared;  
And they tilled the soil, for the golden spoil,  
Which our hardy nation reared.  
That the prize was theirs by might and right  
None other could gainsay,  
And the Red gave place to the Great White Race,  
As the Brown must do to-day.

We have laved the land with our havest blood,  
We have put our hands to the plough,  
Sowing the seed for a coming hreed,  
But what are we reaping now!  
When the fields are ripe, and the land is fair,  
While the widow and orphan weep;  
The spoils are for the victor's share.  
Then why don't ye let us reap?

—Robert F. Morrison.

## The Glad Hand.

Down from the northern hills he came, a miner from Ben-guet,  
As boldly through the streets he marched he puffed a cigarette;  
When suddenly he paused, then stopped as something strange he spied,  
A puzzled look crept o'er his face as mightily he cried:

What means this line of armed men who, marching down the street  
With parched lips and sweated brow, are panting in the heat?  
What means the stir in this old town, this great and grand display?  
Pray, hush, my friend, his neighbor cried, Our Willie's going away.

What means this host of officers, this grand and glorious staff?  
And why are all the natives sad, why do the white men laugh?  
Come tell me, neighbor, answer me, oh, tell me true, I pray.

You see I am so ignorant, what's going on to-day?  
Your question "one" is easy, my friend, as easy as can be,  
The second I can't answer, sir, it really puzzles me;  
The army celebrates to-day as it has n'er before,  
For "Willie" goes abroad to be the S-E-C of War.

—"Sam Hike."



## A RACE FOR MAGGIE.

How the Wager Went to the Slow.

"Hop pole! Hop po-o-le!" The little O'Mallys raised their shrill voices insistently. "Tickut! T-i-c-k-ut!" The Flannigans shouted, triumphantly.

Mrs. O'Mally straightened from long stooping over a tangle of fallen vines, and peered into the next row. "Is yer box full a'ready, Mrs. Flannigan?"

"Indeed it is full! Me an' Jerry picked three bar'ls—big bar'ls they be, too—an' the kids picked the rest. They're workin' fine this mornin'. They're makin' the boxes bigger this year, don't yuh think, Mrs. O'Mally? Five bar'ls hardly fills 'em. It takes six if they settle."

Overhead the hop vines, festooned about their brown poles, swayed, faintly green, in the sunlight. Beyond rose the darker green of the firs upon the hillside. Pickers called gay greetings to one another in the long rows; a masculine voice in the distance was caroling, plaintively, "Oh, aint it a shame—I know I'm to blame—Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?" Great wagons loaded with boxes, empty and full, chucked their way around the field.

Jerry Flannigan went over and pulled the vines down within easy reach of Maggie O'Mally's nimble fingers, and Mrs. O'Mally, seeing him, frowned.

"Call fer the hop-pole boy if yuh can not reach him, Maggie! Jerry Flannigan has his own rows, t' pick and his old mother t' help—as is a head sharter than yuh be."

"Never mind the old mother, Mrs. O'Mally," cried Mrs. Flannigan, in jealous defense of her idol. "Jerry 'll do the proper thing by his mother—an' save time t' luk after his sweetheart beside. The boss was tellin' me Jerry's the fastest picker in the patch."

Mrs. O'Mally's frown grew more pronounced. That her Maggie should be spoken of as Jerry Flannigan's sweetheart was as gall; to hear him called the fastest picker in the patch was more bitter than wormwood.

"You was in the field an hour before us this mornin', Mrs. Flannigan, or yuh'd not be the first t' cry tickut. An' I take bold t' differ with the boss: Jerry's not the fastest picker, by a long shot."

Jerry brought his eyes and his thoughts from Maggie's distracting profile, and smiled indulgently. "Who's there can beat me, then?" he demanded, teasingly.

Mrs. O'Mally faced him with no smile in her twinkling, black eyes. "I can beat ye, Jerry Flannigan! An' give the five of us but clear pickin', an' no waitin' on the hop-pole boy, an' there's no five pickers by the name o' Flannigan kin stay up with us."

"Then yuh must prove that same," Jerry winked openly at Maggie, who giggled. Clearly, he looked upon the assertion as a joke; so far, life itself had been a joke to Jerry—at least, until he had met Maggie O'Mally.

Mrs. O'Mally dragged savagely at a heavy laden vine. "It's six boxes we got yesterday, an' stopped two hours fer the rain. An' if it wasn't that Dinny lost his shoe in the tent this mornin', an' kep' us all in a lukkin' fer it (an' it was in the tea-kettle we found it—an' no wonder the water wouldn't pour good when I made the tea), we'd a cried tickut before yuh this mornin', Mr. Flannigan!"

Here the three little Flannigans turned three scornful somersaults in reckless proximity to the box of feather-light hops, and came up roaring "Tickut!"

The O'Mallys picked steadily until the mother, running her eye critically over the three brimming barrels, the two zinc wash-tubs, and the clothes basket, turned to the pink-cheeked girl, with slim waist and blue sun-bonnet that matched her eyes and the sky, and commanded: "Maggie, take off yer apurn an' we'll fill our box."

The girl untied her green-and-white checked gingham apron and spread it smoothly upon the brown soil between the rows. Mrs. O'Mally tipped a barrel and the hops showered down, a quivering, aromatic pyramid, upon the cloth. Carrying it to the great, coffin-like box and lifting it gingerly over the side, they sifted the hops lightly into the depths; another apron full—another and another, until the box was full. Mrs. O'Mally smoothed the hops carefully into the corners, and picked off the most conspicuous of the leaves and stems.

"Git away from the handles, Dinny!" she warned, hastily. "you'll settle 'em."

As the last apronful was being judiciously sprinkled over the top, the little O'Mallys changed their chorus to "Tickut!" And, they being fresh-lunged, the ticket man heard, and came almost immediately to check their box, much to the disgust of the four little Flannigans.

When Jerry had pocketed his ticket and turned to his empty barrel, Mrs. O'Mally reverted to the subject which still rankled in her mind. "I'll race yuh now, Jerry Flannigan—if yuh dare. They's five o' you an' five of us, barrin' Dinny an' your little Nora, that don't count. It aint always them that's biggest an' has the broadest shoulders that's quickest in the fingers. Trampin' yer beat may be good fer the laigs, but it aint the trainin' fer hop-pickin'."

Jerry shoved his bicycle cap far back on his brown curls, and looked across at Maggie, tying on her apron demurely. Maggie flashed a challenge from her blue eyes, and Jerry became suddenly bold.

"I'll race with yuh, Mrs. O'Mally, if yuh'll let me name the stake."

Mrs. O'Mally tossed her head. "Name it, then—it's mine."

Jerry grinned, then checked himself. This was not altogether a joke. "If I win, yuh'll give me Maggie?" he said, gravely.

Mrs. O'Mally swallowed hard. It was a sore subject with her. Jerry Flannigan was well enough, and there was no gainsaying his good looks, but Maggie could do better. What was a poor policeman at sixty dollars a month, when Maggie had only to say "yes" to Mike Egan, who was an alderman and half owner of the Klondyke Bowling Alley in Tacoma? He would buy Maggie a piano, and Maggie, as her mother daily reminded her, would not need to lift her finger at the housework. There was one drawback, but it was a serious one: Maggie, as is the way of girls the world over, seemed to prefer Jerry and his good looks to Mike Egan and his bowling alley.

Mrs. O'Mally glanced sharply at the averted face of her daughter. "Maggie's a good picker, Mr. Flannigan, an' she'll not slacken up t' let yuh win the race—will yuh, girl?"

Maggie flushed hotly, and replied that she would do her best.

"It's a bargain, thin, Jerry Flannigan! If we beat yuh" (there was an accent of raillery upon the "if"), "yuh'll leave Maggie be an' not be tormentin' the girl with yer courtin'—yuh'll agree t' that?"

"Sure. And yuh'll stand by yer word, Mrs. O'Mally, if yuh lose?"

"I'll do that, sir! The O'Mallys air not the ones t' go agin their word. An' yuh'll do your best, Maggie!"

"Git yer bar'ls ready thin," cried Mrs. Flannigan, impatiently. Jerry was, as I have said, her idol, and not one to be denied his heart's desire. If he wanted Maggie O'Mally, it was Maggie he should have and none other, if mother love and industry could gain her for him. Beside, hadn't Mrs. O'Mally, the week before, refused to lend the recipe for her famous pickled pears, for which she confidently expected to receive first prize at the Puyallup fair? Mrs. Flannigan was not one to forget.

"Call fer the hop-pole boy, Dinny," cried Mrs. O'Mally, seizing upon her clothes basket. "It's likely he'll give us the word t' start. You take that side the row, Jimmy, an' no foolin', mind. Wait, honey, till we git the word—we'll do it fair. Jennie, you go over there—an' don't git t' scrappin' with Jim an' lose time. Take the biggest tub, darlin'. Maggie, here's yer bar'l—an' remember yuh've promised."

Jerry was marshaling his forces in the next two rows, speaking low words of advice or admonition to each as seemed needful. Jake stood by his appointed vine and barrel, and wriggled his fingers before his nose at Jim O'Mally, who thrust out an amazing length of pink tongue in reply. Jennie wrinkled her nose till the freckles overlapped three deep, and Mary Flannigan retorted by raising her scrubby eyebrows and drawing her mouth unbecomingly downward at the corners.

If the parents refrained from "making faces," they enfolded themselves in an antagonistic atmosphere which attained the same end. It was as though a chill wind had swept down the hop rows, freezing the "milk of human kindness" in every heart save two.

The hop-pole boy came ducking down the unpicked rows, and grinned when he heard the news from Jerry. He inspected each barrel, tub, and clothes basket with elaborate impartiality, turning each one upside down and tapping the bottom to make quite sure that not a vestige of hops remained. Then he cut the strings deftly with his hook, stepped back, and surveyed the contestants judiciously a moment, and sung out: "Ready? One—two—three—GO!"

At the word the little O'Mallys and the little Flannigans fell upon the vines like small wildcats—all save Denny and Nora, who were barred from the race. The elders worked more systematically, but none the less fiercely—and I fear they were not over-careful to exclude leaves and stems.

The box-rustlers, warned by the hop-pole boy, made haste to remove the checked boxes and replace them with "empties"—and, incidentally, to keep an eye on the progress of the contestants.

The unseen baritone changed its lay from the woes of Bill Bailey. It presently broke out feelingly in "Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes!" Jerry Flannigan was conscious of a strong desire to land on the singer's jaw, but he reflected that time was more precious to him than gold, just then. However, when the voice unblushingly resurrected "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," Jerry told the hop-pole boy to "tell that yawpin' fool t' cut it out, or I'll see him later." The hop-pole boy delivered the message, and Jerry being known as a fellow who never wasted words in idle threats, the voice was stilled.

Mrs. O'Mally picked feverishly, her black eyes flashing watchfully from one to another of her brood. At the first they traveled oftenest toward the slim figure crowned by the blue sunbonnet, but Maggie, looking neither to right or left, was clearly "doing her fastest," and Mrs. O'Mally discarded any secret misgivings she may have felt. A good deal depended upon Maggie. She had but to shirk a trifle—to waste time over a tangle—and the race was to the Flannigans. But Maggie had promised.

As the minutes passed, picking in the adjacent rows

flagged, while the pickers craned their necks toward the Flannigan-O'Mally rows.

Jerry's lips were set closely together, and there was a white streak around them as he tore away the shorn vines. It meant a great deal to Jerry, this race. He had not realized, at the time, how foolhardy he had been to stake all his hopes upon a box of hops. He must win! He dared not glance toward the blue sun-bonnet with the shiny, yellow braids trailing down from under its ruffled back. His brown eyes fixed themselves briefly upon Jake, who had paused to "make a face" at Jim O'Mally, with a sternness in them which set that young gentleman to redoubled exertions.

Mrs. Flannigan stopped long enough to cuff Mary into remembrance of her duty, then worked the faster to make up for the seconds lost.

Mrs. O'Mally was a woman of resources. She saw that it was to be a close-run race, and as the barrels, the two zinc tubs, and the clothes basket grew level full—not heaped, mind you, just level—she turned and breathed, in hushed exultation, "Maggie, darlin', yer apurn!"

The girl started and caught her breath, but when she turned, apron in hand, her mother's keen eyes read nothing but indifference in her face.

"Gee!" began Jake Flannigan, poising a half-picked branch over his barrel—but Jerry, with a threatening look, cut short the utterance.

"Don't lose heart, Jerry—we're almost done," called Mrs. Flannigan, with unquenchable courage. "We'll have an honest boxful into the bargain," she added, pointedly, and Mrs. O'Mally flushed at the thrust.

"It's the ticket man that'll say if the boxes air full or no," she retorted, sharply, and kept doggedly at her filling.

"Pour lightly, Maggie!" she adjured in a tense half-whisper. "Don't ye joggle thim handles, Dinny—git away from there entirely! . . . A little more in this carner—lightly, mind—now on this side—it's a bit scant just here. Bring a handful an' lay 'em over there, Jennie—don't hit the box. Git away from there, Dinny!"

The space of ten heart-beats, while she hurriedly picked off leaves and disposed the hops carefully, then Mrs. O'Mally, arms on hips, lifted up her voice in her song of victory: "T-i-c-k-ut-t!"

And all the little O'Mallys flapped their wings—that is to say, arms—and cried ticket at the top of their shrill voices. Maggie alone stood silent, her braids glistening in the sun, her eyes gleaming darkly blue in the shade of her bonnet.

And Jerry Flannigan, tight-lipped and proud, picked unflinchingly in the next row.

Of a sudden, there was a commotion among the little O'Mallys. Three exultant shouts changed simultaneously to three shrieks of horror.

"Maw! Maw! Dinny's fell in the box!"

Mrs. O'Mally whirled and darted, but she may as well have stood still, for all the good haste did then. The hops were hopelessly, unequivocally "settled." Denny, scared and breathless, floundering helplessly in their depths, settled them still more.

It was Maggie who rescued him, shaking him ignominiously before ever he touched the ground.

"Luk at what yuh've done!" shrieked Mrs. O'Mally, wrathfully. "Gone an' settled the hops till it'll take a good half hour's pickin' t' fill the box agin. Luk at the hole where yuh wallered—an' I told yuh t' keep away from thim handles!"

There was an unmistakable sound of maternal chastisement, and Denny's wailing resounded throughout the patch.

Long before it had died, another cry arose and fought for the mastery. It was the Flannigan's calling for their ticket—and their box was honestly filled.

Mrs. O'Mally turned her broad back upon Jerry when he held up his ticket with a smile. His brown eyes met Maggie's blue ones, masterfully. "Come away, Maggie," he whispered. "They can pick without us t'-day. We'll take the next car for Tacoma, an' we'll go out t' Point Defiance an' feed the bears peanuts, a' have a boat ride."

Maggie followed obediently. When they reached the road, however, she stopped and faced him and the morning sun. "Do yuh think yuh really won that race, Jerry Flannigan?" she demanded. "Maw's box was filled first."

Jerry, peering down under the blue bonnet rim, laughed, happily. "What if yer mother'd a seen yuh push Denny into them hops?" he counter-questioned, and Maggie, blushing furiously, answered not a word.

BERTHA MUZZY BOWER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1904.

This year's postal appropriations will be twenty millions of dollars more than last year, reaching altogether one hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars. This is twice what the service cost in 1896, under Postmaster-General Wilson. This year's increase over last equals the total cost of the postal service in any year before Grant's administration.

A New York physician claims to have discovered a lemon-juice germicide for the bacilli of both grip and pneumonia, which diseases have made extraordinary ravages in that city this winter. The medicinal virtues of the lemon have been long recognized by the medical profession.



## A BOOK THAT ROUSED A NATION.

Lieutenant Bilse's Arraignment of the German Army—Cruel Treatment of Privates by Officers—Gambling, Licentiousness, Drunkenness, and Unthrift—Disaster Ahead?

Of literary merit the novelette, "A Little Garrison," has none. It has no plot, lacks sprightliness entirely, shows a total absence of humor, and is without distinction of style. Its sole interest lies in the fact that it presents a picture of German military life sufficiently true to have stirred the press of the German Empire to cry out for correction of the evils therein depicted, and to have formed the theme of debate in the Reichstag. Its sale in Germany was prohibited by the censor, yet one hundred thousand copies have actually been sold; Lieutenant Bilse, the author, was court-martialed and sentenced to serve six months in prison, yet, on an interpellation in the Reichstag, the minister of war did not deny that such conditions as were portrayed in the book existed. Even the Kaiser himself has taken notice of the book, and has based recommendations upon it.

Of the conditions which made possible so remarkable a success of so mediocre a book, Wolf von Schierbrand, the translator of the American edition, and a well-known journalist, makes some interesting observations in an extended introduction. We quote:

Does the German army, as a body, still show the same sterling qualities which led it to victory after victory on the soil of France? Alas, no. Foreign military leaders who have had opportunity to watch the German soldier of to-day at play and at work, have sent home reports to their respective governments, saying: "These are not the men that won in 1870!" A couple of years ago, several American officers of high rank, fresh from the Philippines, witnessed the autumn manoeuvres of the German army, conducted under the supreme command of William the Second. One of them, after viewing in stark amazement the senseless attacks of whole cavalry divisions up steep declivities or down slippery embankments, exposed all the while to a withering fire from the rifles of infantry masses, said to the present writer: "If this were actual war, not a horse or a man would be left alive!"

The causes of this alleged demoralization of the army of Germany are believed by Mr. von Schierbrand to be the widespread gambling spirit, habitual over-indulgence in liquor on the part of officers, luxurious living, and a defective "code of honor," which permits abuse of privates and civilians by officers, and tolerates the "money marriage" and unthrift. In discussing the question of abuse of power by officers, the translator says:

At the Reichstag session, in the middle of December, the Kaiser's spokesman, General von Einem, made the formal admission that, during the preceding year, no fewer than fifty officers and five hundred and seventy-nine non-commissioned officers had been court-martialed and sentenced for cruelly mistreating their subordinates. When we reflect that scarcely in one case out of every hundred formal charges are preferred by victims, who know themselves completely in the power of their tyrannous masters, the official record thus stated is indeed appalling. One sergeant, a man by the name of Frankzi, belonging to the Eighty-Fifth Regiment of the infantry, was shown at the trial to have been guilty of no less than twelve hundred and fifty individual cases of cruelty, and of one hundred cases of abuse of power. Another man, Lieutenant Schilling, of the Ninety-Eighth Regiment of the infantry, stationed in Metz, had a record against him of over a thousand such cases. Both men were recently tried and convicted, and the degree of the punishment seems strangely inadequate. Yet, in most instances, the Kaiser does not even allow these convicted offenders to serve out their brief terms of confinement, but issues pardons to them after they have undergone but a small portion of their penalty.

In the first chapter, Lieutenant Bilse introduces the reader to all the characters in "The Little Garrison" by the simple device of bringing them together at a dinner-party. We meet Frau Clara König, who was "about thirty," with "a rather pretty, rosy face"; Captain König, whose "squadron was always in apple-pie order," and whose innocent diversions were "wine-tests" and the piano; Von Konradi, "a rather fleshy sort of a man," whose "two ideals in life were a good dinner and several bottles of even better wine to go with it"; Frau Kohle, of "petite figure" but "large mouth"; Lieutenant Pommer, a "general favorite"; Lieutenant Miller, "whose appetite was Gargantuan"; Lieutenant Kolberg, "who led a life against which moralists might have urged arguments"; Frau Captain Stack, "whose corpulency and unskillfully powdered face and arms made an unpleasant contrast with a badly fitting robe of black and yellow"; Captain Stark himself, "whose special forte was a carefully trained and extremely long nail on the little finger." Besides these, there were Colonel von Kronan and his wife, and Lieutenants Borgert, Leimann, and Bleibtreu.

All these characters the author follows to a fatal or at least unpleasant termination of their careers. Kolberg gets caught in a liaison with Frau Kohle, and shoots her husband in a duel. Borgert runs away with the wife of Leimann, leaving behind innumerable promissory notes, on which Leimann had gone security, thus ruining him. König is falsely accused of embezzlement, and forced to resign, etc., etc.

Some of the most effective passages in "A Little Garrison" deal with the abuse of privates by officers. Here is an example:

When he awoke in the morning it was past ten. Borgert began to rage. Almost half the day was gone now, and yet he had meant to do so much. Had this ass of a servant again forgotten to wake him? With that his head ached, and he felt nervous and out of sorts. Throwing his dressing gown loosely about him, he went into his servant's room and found Rose laboriously penning a letter. When his master entered the poor fellow shot out of the seat and stood bolt upright. "I awakened the Herr First Lieutenant at seven o'clock, but the Herr First Lieutenant wanted to continue sleeping and he did not come back any more to annoy him."

"That's a lie, you swine; I will teach you to do as you are told." And he seized a leather belt lying on the fellow's bed, and with it struck Röse violently, then kicking him and letting the belt play around his face and neck until broad, livid marks began to show.

Röse preserved his military attitude, and stood his punishment without in the least resisting. But that was a further cause of anger to Borgert, and the latter dropped the belt, and with his fist struck the man several hard blows in the chest. Then he took the man's letter, half finished as it was, crumpled it up in his hand, and threw it into the coal-scuttle.

"Step upstairs lively and tell Herr First Lieutenant Leimann that I want to speak to him. Tell him if possible to step in here for half an hour before he goes to town."

"At your orders, Herr First Lieutenant."

An evil pointed out by Lieutenant Bilse is the officious interference by officers' wives in regimental affairs, and the magnifying of breaches of social etiquette into serious offenses. Here is a colonel's address to his assembled officers:

"Gentlemen," he said, in his most pompous manner, "I have commanded your presence in order to talk over a few matters. First: I must request that for the future, at balls and similar affairs, dancing spurs be worn, so as to avoid such unpleasant incidents as we had night before last. One gentleman, who shall be nameless" (and as he said it he fixed a basilisk eye on Lieutenant von Meckelburg) "tore off with his spurs the whole edge on the robe of Frau Captain Stark. This must not occur again, gentlemen, and from now on I shall officially punish similar behavior. Furthermore, it is customary among persons of education not to be first in stretching out a hand to shake that of a lady. And if the lady herself offers her hand, good manners in our circles require that the gentleman salute it with his lips. Some of you gentlemen stand greatly in need of further education on such points of etiquette." This particular passage referred to the fact that Lieutenant Bleibtreu had omitted the customary hand-kiss, the other day, when Frau Captain Stark had thrust her hand under his nose, his reason being that she had worn an old pair of dog-skin gloves, soiled and wet by the rain.

The great success of Lieutenant Bilse's book has inspired imitation. Herr Franz Adam Beyerlein has written a novel entitled "Jena or Sedan?" and has thus far escaped official suppression. A Saxon editor, who wrote a book called "From All Sorts of Garrisons," has had his entire edition confiscated. A play by Paul Langenscheidt, entitled "For Nothing," and dealing with the dueling question, has been produced at Essen, and received with great applause.

Particularly interesting, in view of the possibility of a world war, is the question whether or not the German army is morally diseased. Instead of the high courage and simplicity of the earlier time, says Beyerlein, the average man "only does what he must, laughs when he is censured, and curses the duty that comes between him and his pleasures. Ask any one of them how he feels about training the recruits, for example. Does he get up in the morning and say to himself, 'I must do what I can to-day to train good soldiers for the king'? Or does he say, 'Devil take the whole dirty pack of them!'" And so "the heirs of the victors of Sedan are marching straight on, head erect, knees well braced, and the finger-posts on the road point to the disasters of Jena."

Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## An Unidentified Soldier.

The government has a queer case on its hands of a soldier who served a year in the army without enlisting, without any knowledge of how, when, or where he became a soldier, and without any record of his enlistment. His name is Frank J. Belyea, a Brooklyn machinist, of good reputation. He came to San Francisco in January, 1902, on a holiday. He admits going out one evening with some companions, and drinking a little, though not enough, he insists, to intoxicate him. The next he knew, he awoke, clothed in the uniform of a United States soldier, in a guard-house in Honolulu. He was surprised to find that he was a private in the army, and still more surprised to find that he was in Honolulu. Investigation shows that he was arrested there for drunkenness, it being presumed that he had been left behind by the transport *Kilpatrick*, which had called on her way to Manila. So when the transport *Thomas* dropped in at Honolulu, on her way to the Philippines, Belyea was put aboard. Arriving at Manila, he was enrolled in Company I, Second Infantry, and sent to Laguanan. When he had an opportunity, he put his ease before the commanding officer. His name was on the pay-roll, but there was no description of him, and nothing to show when and where he had been paid last, or any information about his enlistment. So his pay was held back, and his ease referred to the higher tribunals. Investigation showed no record of his enlistment in San Francisco, or of any man whose place he had taken. Altogether he served a year in the army, and can get nothing for it, his only consoling thought being that two fines against him, aggregating eight dollars, can not be deducted from his pay. He intends to bring action against the government for what is due for a year's services, and hopes in that way to find out how, when, and where he got into Uncle Sam's uniform, and whose place he took, if anybody's.

London, says Dr. Robert Jones, is responsible for the production of over seventy insane persons a week. In 1859, there were in England 36,762 insane, or one to five hundred and thirty-six of the population; there are to-day 113,964, or one to two hundred and ninety-three. The recovery rate from all cases of mania is also decreasing, being now 38.4 per cent. Melancholia is increasing, and also premature dementia. The same complaint comes from the Continent.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William R. Hearst has leased the residence in Washington formerly occupied by ex-Secretary of War Root.

Walter B. Raymond, whose name is part of the history of the traveling excursion business in the United States, has retired from that field, and will make Pasadena his permanent home.

W. T. Stead has gone to South Africa. The exertions connected with his new daily paper proved too much for him. His physicians warned him that if he continued at work he would lose his memory entirely, and so he dropped his pen and sailed on the first steamer.

Gaylord Wilshire, editor of *Wilshire's Magazine*, was married on Saturday last to Miss Mary Mac-Reynolds, at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. Wilshire started his paper first in Los Angeles, later went to New York, was finally debarred from the second-class mail privileges in the United States, and has since published his magazine in Canada. He is a man of wealth, and a socialist.

Prince Louis Napoleon has been recalled by telegraph to St. Petersburg, having been appointed to the chief command of the Russian cavalry in Manchuria. Prince Louis is the younger brother of Prince Victor Napoleon, the real heir of the "empire." But Louis, although younger by several years, is more enthusiastic as a pretender than his brother. He joined the Russian army as a boy. He rose rapidly, and now holds a rank corresponding with that of brigadier-general. He is said to be the *fiancé* of the Grand Duchess Helen, first cousin of the Czar, and has the support of the Bonapartists in France.

W. Cameron Forbes, who has been appointed a member of the Philippine commission, to fill the existing vacancy, is a Harvard football player and successful graduate coach of the teams of 1897 and 1898, as well as a devotee of out-of-door sports. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of '92. Forbes is a son of William H. Forbes, and a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Upon his graduation from college he became associated with a firm of electrical engineers. He has had a wide experience in constructing and operating electric railways, electric light and power companies, and similar properties. He has held numerous offices in various corporations, and is a member of many clubs. He is a bachelor.

One of the four vice-presidents of the French Chamber of Deputies is a colored man. His name is Greville-Réache, and he represents the island of Guadeloupe. He has been prominent in political life as a journalist and a member of parliament for the last twenty-five years. M. Greville-Réache ran as vice-president on January 12th, and was elected by two hundred and fifty-five votes against M. Jaurès, who polled only one hundred and ninety-nine votes, and was consequently defeated. The friends of M. Jaurès are very angry, and remember for the first time that M. Greville-Réache is a colored man. M. Clémenceau writes in *L'Aurore*: "M. Gerville-Réache is a mulatto in politics as well as by race."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has recently been having an adventure with a too-amorous swain. First she received a telegram with an expression of love, dated at Montreal. Then came another from a nearer point. Then she found a note from "Amedée Cypriot," left at her apartments at the Hotel Everett, New York, during her absence. Finally there appeared the amorous Amedée in person. It was soon determined, however, that he was not quite sane, and an officer was sent for. To the police judge next morning, Amedée said that he didn't know why he had sent the messages of love to Mrs. Wilcox. At the request of the poetess, and upon his promise to send no more love-letters, and to hie him back to Montreal, he was released.

Tsi-An, the empress-dowager of China, who is reported to be on the point of leaving Peking, is not of a gentle disposition. On the memorable flight from the city in 1900 it is said that when, on the journey, a man in Boxer regalia rushed into the road, knelt beside her chair and began a eulogistic address on her efforts to exterminate the "foreign devils," she, having at last made up her mind that the Boxer movement was a sad failure, merely motioned to one of her bodyguard, who quietly walked up behind the Boxer, and with one stroke of his sword cut off his oration and his head at the same time; and she degraded the mandarin who had permitted the man to make this demonstration under the mistaken impression that it would be pleasing to the empress. When the lady was informed that a Manchu of high rank in her party was making a handsome "squeeze" in hiring carts to carry the luggage, she at once caused his head to roll in the dust of the road. A considerable number of decapitations, in fact, relieved the journey of monotony; and these incidents did not tend to make the empress-dowager less popular with her subjects. Foreigners who have spent much time among the common people in China say that they almost worship her, and that her faults and cruelties are virtues in their eyes, and the more intelligent classes have a great admiration and respect for her character and unbounded confidence in her ability.



## THE CALAVERAS SKULL.

## Did It Come From "Old Missouri"?

[We recently printed in these columns an inquiry from Andrew Lang as to the antiquity of the famous Calaveras skull. The annexed article from Charles Palache, of the Harvard University Museum, presents the known facts in the case, and James Palache, of this city, who transmits the letter, remarks: "I was living in Murphy's Camp when the skull was discovered (?). Dr. Jones was 'dead right' when he threw it in the street and 'dead wrong' when he picked it up again."—Euds. ARGONAUT.]

Several years since, I was showing a party of California friends through the Peabody Museum at Harvard, where Professor Putnam, who is now lecturing at the University of California, has collected such a rare assemblage of relics of all sorts of the American aborigines. In our course through the museum we came upon the genial professor, who took charge of the party, and when he learned we were all Californians, he said that we ought to see the Calaveras skull. Some of us knew what it was, but none had seen it, and we naturally followed him with interest as he led the way into his study, and, on a shelf over his desk, revealed the battered human relic that has been a source of so much controversy.

By those who know its history, the relic could not be viewed without interest and a certain amount of veneration, for were it veritably what was claimed for it, the skull was a million years, more or less, older than any other known remnant of ancient humanity. The history of its discovery and of the discussions to which it has given rise, leading, at the present time, to a general disbelief in its authenticity, is interesting, and, in brief, as follows:

The skull was said to have been found in 1866, in the shaft of Mattison & Co.'s mine, on the gentle slope of an oblong rounded hill, some three hundred feet in height, situated in the outskirts of Altaville, about a mile north-west of Angel's Camp. The shaft, about one hundred and thirty feet deep, which is still open, is cut in beds of compact volcanic rock and underlying strata of various character to the gold-bearing gravels beneath. The skull reached the hands of Professor Whitney, then in charge of the State Geological Survey, and later, and until his death some four years ago, a teacher of geology at Harvard University. Of the means by which it came to him, more later; the find greatly excited his interest, for he was making a special study of these same gold-bearing gravels, and, as many implements of human workmanship had been reported as coming from them from a number of localities, this discovery of a human skull seemed to clinch the evidence of the existence of man at the time of their formation in a most desirable manner.

He investigated on the spot the circumstances under which the skull was found, was satisfied that Mr. Mattison's story of its discovery was correct and told in good faith, and accepted the skull as absolute evidence of the existence of man in the Tertiary period during which the gravels were deposited. His faith was never shaken, and, at the time of his death, he was, I believe, engaged in an elaborate defense of the authenticity of this evidence of Tertiary man.

The matter was variously received by the scientific world; doubters were many, but believers not a few, and the Calaveras skull became a *cause célèbre*, for it was almost the only definite evidence extant of Tertiary man. Since the Tertiary epoch events which demand periods of time so vast that its measurement in years means little have taken place. Did man live in this region before and during all these vast changes? Where numberless other species of animals and plants became extinct, did he continue on his unprogressive way, unchanged through countless ages? Such a state of changelessness is unthinkable, and it is this consideration, more almost than any other, that has convinced modern students of the matter, of the valueless character of the evidence of the antiquity of man so far obtained here. Of these recent investigators, Mr. Holmes, of the ethnological bureau at Washington, has given us the most convincing and, in parts, amusing account of his studies. His accounts of his attempts to get at the true history of the skull on the ground recall many names familiar to old Californians of those parts. In Whitney's account of the skull he stated that Mattison, after finding it, had taken it to the store of Mr. Scribner in Angel's, who, some time later, had sent it to Dr. William Jones, a jovial physician and a collector of all sorts of natural-history specimens in Murphy's Camp. He in turn had sent it to the survey officials in San Francisco.

Here is in part Holmes's account of what he learned:

Scribner and Jones are dead, and others have removed from the district. At Big Trees I found J. L. Sperry, who kept the hotel at Murphy's, and was Whitney's host while the latter was visiting there. He proved to be a good friend of Whitney's, and a believer in the correctness of his views regarding the skull. His hotel faced the office of Dr. Jones, and he told me that, one day, as he was stand-

ing in the door of his hotel, Dr. Jones came out of his office opposite and, with characteristic imprecations, threw a broken skull into the middle of the street. Called upon to explain, the doctor said the skull had been brought to him as a relic of great antiquity, but that he had just found cobwebs in it, and concluded that he had been made the subject of one of Scribner's practical jokes. Later the doctor picked it up again, saying that perhaps he had been too hasty in his judgment, and still later sent it to the survey office in full belief in its authenticity. . . . All the others interviewed at Murphy's, familiar with the story, were unbelievers, and took pleasure in telling of the practical jokes perpetrated by Scribner and his coterie upon their friends and upon Dr. Jones in particular. I talked with J. L. N. Shepard, C. A. Curtis, W. J. Mercer, E. H. Schaeffe, and others well informed on the events of the early days, all of whose accounts were of a similar trend, and showed a common origin, differing only in details.

It was the common opinion that the skull was either put in Mattison's shaft as a joke on him, or was not the object found there, but another, and that in either case it was found in an Indian burial cave then recently discovered not far away, from which a number of skulls had been brought; that the joke was originally either on Mattison or Dr. Jones, that neither had seen the point, but had taken the matter in good faith, and so the mistake had arisen.

Whatever may be thought of the value of this evidence, taken so long after the event it concerned had come to pass, the inherent evidence in the skull itself points so strongly to the correctness of the latest story—that it had come from one of the many Digger Indian burial caves of the vicinity—that that explanation must be accepted. Mr. Holmes shows clearly in how many ways the various implements supposed to have been found in the gravels might have been introduced, especially as many Indians were employed in the mines and had their dwellings near at hand. In short, Mr. Holmes's article is so convincing that the Calaveras skull and all the other supposed relics of Tertiary man in the California gravels must be regarded as discredited, and, if we can not accept Bret Harte's solution that the original of the skull came from "old Missouri," we must at least assign him a very modern and unromantic origin.

CHARLES PALACHE.

To the Pliocene Skull.  
A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

"Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!  
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,  
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum  
Of volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palaeotherium;  
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogam;  
Older than the hills, the oldest infantile eruptions  
Of earth's epidermis!

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoever the 'cene' was  
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder,—  
Where shores Devonian or Silurian beaches,—  
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the professor slightly antedated  
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,  
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted  
For cold-blooded creatures?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest  
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria  
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant  
Carboniferous epoch?

"Tell us of that scene,—the dim and watery woodland  
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect  
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,  
Lycopodiaceae,—

"When, beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,  
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,  
While from time to time above thee flew and circled  
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

"Tell us of thy food,—those half-marine refectories,  
Crinoids on the shell, and Brachipods *au naturel*,—  
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo  
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation,—  
Solitary fragment of remains organic!  
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence,—  
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,  
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,  
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,  
Ground the teeth together.

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,  
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,  
Came these hollow accents, hlemt with softer murmurs

Of expectoration:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted  
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County;  
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces  
Home to old Missouri!"

—Bret Harte.

## "THE PIT" IN NEW YORK.

Dramatization of Frank Norris's Novel Produced—  
A Melodramatic Success—Little Merit as a  
Drama—Remarkable Stagecraft.

Californians will no doubt take a special interest in the presentation before the New York public of the late Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," in dramatic form. The play is being received with great favor, although the audiences do not really wake up until the uproarious excitement of the pit scene in the fourth act, which is greeted with prolonged and hearty applause.

Channing Pollock, the playwright who has cast "The Pit" into dramatic form, is not a literary artist who deals in subtleties or the power of suggestion. His play is a commonplace and melodramatic rehash of the more obvious incidents of the story. Nevertheless, it will be a success. Like "Ben Hur," with its climactic tableau of the chariot race, "The Pit" has one big, sensational, thrilling scene, which is the cause of its being. If it had not been for the scene at the wheat pit in which Curtis Jadwin is ruined, "The Pit" would never have succeeded in attracting the attention of a theatre manager. As it is, William A. Brady, of the Lyric Theatre, recognizing its drawing possibilities, has been very liberal in his expenditures, both for mounting and for preliminary advertisement. Even his call for supernumeraries to impersonate the bulls and bears of the wheat pit, the acute Mr. Brady turned to account. He advertised for "five hundred men with Stock Exchange experience preferred." Whether any one of the men secured has ever had such experience is open to doubt, but the dear public will never know, and we will probably see in the press some biographical details gotten up in interesting guise, purporting to be the blighting experiences of some of Mr. Brady's five hundred. For of the guileful art of advertising, Mr. Brady is a pastmaster.

The action of the play, like that of the book, begins with a scene in the lobby of the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, wherein Mr. Pollock intrepidly imports such a quantity of people and such a variety of incident as to make the lobby serve as a sort of advance chamber to a Chicago *salon*. Whether it was to rival the shrieks of the putative opera singers behind the closed doors of the Auditorium, or whether it is meant as a subtle intimation of the penetrating vocalism of the Chicago society conversation, one can only guess. But the love squabbles and society chatter of this act is given fortissimo. Frank Norris did not intimate that his "Pit" characters were newly rich upstarts, but there is something in the atmosphere of Mr. Pollock's piece which very palpably suggests that intention. In either case, the act is trivial, unduly noisy, and its relation to ensuing events is not particularly obvious.

Act second is equally detached in interest, being principally given over to an open-air rehearsal in comedy spirit of "Romeo and Juliet" by society amateurs. The old, but effective climax of suicide by the ruined master of the revels revives in the spectator's mind the idea of wheat and its capacity for blighting the prosperity of its devotees. This is practically the only purpose served in this act.

In the following one, Laura, the wife of the wheat magnate, is seen in her gorgeous home, coquetting, during the wheat engrossment of her husband, with the artistic and musical Corthell. But little improvement in Mr. Pollock's craftsmanship is here apparent. True, there is a warming up of the dramatic interest in the discovery of the wife's resentment at her husband's business absorption and consequent forgetfulness of her own claims, but the musical flirtation is clumsily handled. The pair strike, stained-glass attitudes, and the organ episode, during which Mr. Whittlesey, as Corthell, pumps out music from an *Eolian* and talks art and elopement in a breath, is dangerously near the border line of the ridiculous.

It is in the first of the three divisions of the final act that the play finally grips the public. This is in Curtis Jadwin's office, where intense and growing excitement reigns. There is a constant coming and going of breathless clerks and messengers; agitated brokers struggling for supremacy, and the leading bull and bear lock horns in a death struggle. This scene, exciting in itself, is made still more so by the roars from the hoard of trade escaping through the open door at each exit and entrance. The stage drill, both here and in the ensuing scene, is so admirable and complete, that illusion comes with a rush, and the public heart-beats quicken in alert recognition of the fidelity of scenes so characteristic of the commercially inspired frenzy which prevails in the public meetings of the men who live by making values fluctuate.

The climax comes when we see the contending elements raging in the pit itself. Here Brady's presumable five hundred are to the fore in an intermingled, shouting, whirling mass. Hundreds of arms are upflung, the uproar rises and falls like mountainous waves, and on the multitudinous faces

is a composite expression of fierce self-solicitude—the concern of the gambler who watches in savage isolation the fate of his own venture. It is a truly amazing exhibition of stage management in its triumphant representation of wild, irresponsible, spontaneous excitement. There comes a lull in the uproar. The secretary of the board, in level, business tones, announces Jadwin's failure, and the scene ends with the ensuing outburst, which celebrates the fall of the bull in the arena where he has struggled to his commercial undoing. Up to this point, Wilton Lackaye, who impersonates Curtis Jadwin, has had comparatively little opportunity to show his mettle. Mr. Pollock's earlier acts, as I have said, are commonplace and artificial in the extreme, and it is only in the moment of Jadwin's supreme despair that the audience is treated to an exhibition of Mr. Lackaye at his best. The rigid tension which locks face and figure in the struggle preceding defeat is an index to the desperate mood of the gambler, watching the fate of his last throw, but the look of agony when the beaten broker recognizes the ruin that awaits him is the keynote to the whole struggle that has been raging in the pit. Brief as it is, it is a highlight of dramatic power flashing out in the midst of the tumultuous tossings and roarings of the multitude.

The final scene is merely a wind-up, revealing Jadwin and his wife reunited and planning a future in which wheat, growing in its native fields, shall figure only as a force for good.

With the exception of Mr. Lackaye, the company is of mediocre quality. On the opening night, Mr. Brady was an electric presence in the scene of the pit, and could scarcely be spared, even in that pandemonium of organized frenzy. Miss Jane Oaker, the Laura of the cast, though pretty and superbly gowned, as in fact were all the ladies, is artificial in method and unrepentful.

The play, in spite of its mixture of maudering and melodrama, will undoubtedly enjoy a prosperous run at the Lyric Theatre, partly because the public will respond with enthusiasm to the excitement of the pit scene, but also because of the good qualities drawn from the book. There is truth in some of its portrayals—the truth that Norris learned of men—and it gives us one most vividly and graphically presented picture which, if not drama, is at least life.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 19, 1904.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

New York Tribune:

In "Two Argonauts in Spain" are collected a number of letters written by Jerome Hart to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, narrating the sights seen and the impressions gleaned on a tour of the land of the dons. The letters are vivacious and interesting, the author avoiding such "weighty" subjects as the condition of religion and politics in Spain. "If what is written here is mainly light," Mr. Hart frankly explains, "it is because we saw mainly the lighter side of life; if what is written here is pleasanter, it is because our experiences were pleasant; if I do not write of brigandage it is because we saw no brigands; if I do not write of religious bigotry, it is because we saw of it only the gorgeous churches which are supported by the squalid poor." The book, therefore, can not be described as an important contribution to the literature treating of Spain. At the same time, it gives some useful information concerning the conditions of every-day life in that country. It contains a number of illustrations.

Portland Telegram:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is an admirable work. It is a fascinating series of sketches of travel. Crossing the Pyrenees, Madrid, the Gateway of the Sun, Andalusia, Granada, the Alhambra, and the City of Seville are vividly described. These letters were first published in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. The book is excellently illustrated and handsomely bound, with unique cover design.

Colusa Sun:

There is a treat for readers in "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart. Spanish life has never been so interestingly delineated as by this well-known writer. The volume is provided with a colored map of the sections visited by the author. It is delightfully illustrated by snap-shot photographs, giving glimpses of the pleasant impressions received all along the route. These striking letters from Spain are well worth perusal by those who have never traveled in that most interesting of countries. The letters deal with everything as it is: you are made to see just what the author did—no more.

Pavot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Some Leading Books of the Hour.

Of the new novels, one of the most important is Eden Phillpotts' "The American Prisoner" (Macmillans)—a dramatic story presenting an unforgettable picture of the lonely Devon moor, and portraying vividly the strange, sinister characters who live upon it. On the moor stands Prince Town Prison, where are confined prisoners of the War of 1812 (the time of the story is 1813), and the plot revolves about the marriage of Grace Malherb, the daughter of a Tory squire, to one of the prisoners, Cecil Stark, a Vermonter. There are in the tale some remarkable bits of description—for example, this picture of a snowstorm:

Now through the bursting heart of that great storm the American prisoners struggled on their way. None spoke; for all believed that death strode beside them and came closer with each savage thrust of the northern wind. About them the snow already lay in a heavy carpet, and upon the moor, in gorges, and old deep ravines, an icy dust was piling into drifts that would only vanish with the suns of April. The gale blew with gigantic hut irregular outbursts, so that it seemed as if fingers invisible or cruel hands stretched out of the night to tear their garments off them. The spirit of the storm escaped from its icy chambers, swept chill around them, and each breath they drew cut sharp to their lungs as the men panted onward. South of Prince Town rolled high and open heaths, whereon, under the tremendous impetus of the tempest, the snow was swept horizontally.

Another new novel is Baroness von Hutten's "Violet" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is the story of a poetic and musical youth, who lives under the shadow of a paternal crime. The scene of the story is partly London and partly a lighthouse in the English Channel, and the characters are largely theatrical folk and other dwellers in bohemia.

"Lux Crucis" (Harpers) is also a fresh novel that is bound to attract attention. It is by Samuel M. Gardenshire, a new writer, and deals in a sensational and inartistic way with the time of Nero, portraying its licentious revels and Christian butcheries. It will, however, appeal to a large body of readers who fancy something both religious and "all huggy."

Among serious books of the hour, Clive Day's "The Dutch in Java" (Macmillans) has front place. It is a thorough and most excellent study of colonial government as exhibited in Java, and has a peculiar interest from its bearing on the problems of administration in the Philippines. It seems strange, indeed, that Java—a country as large as England, densely populated, and very fertile—should have received no more attention than it has from American students of the colonial problem.

The Russia-Japan war brings into prominence Meredith Townsend's "Asia and Europe." It contains a series of essays showing great breadth of vision, all of which are directed to one end—a description of those inherent differences between Europe and Asia which forbid one continent permanently to conquer the other." The author says:

This struggle between Europe and Asia is the hindering thread of history; the trade between Europe and Asia is the foundation of commerce; the thought of Asia is the basis of all European religions; but the fusion of the continents has never occurred, and, in the author's best judgment, never will occur.

Among scientific works, W. J. Holland's "The Moth Book" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) bears away the palm. Something of its scope may be imagined from the statement that the volume (octavo) contains fifteen hundred figures in the colored plates and three hundred text cuts. Few pictures in any book are more lovely than some of the pages of brilliantly colored *Heterocera*. Of its sort, Dr. Holland's work is easily the best available in the language.

In reprints we have the first three volumes of Scribner's distinguished new edition of Thackeray, printed by De Vinne in his matchless style upon an excellent grade of paper, and illustrated with the original drawings by Thackeray himself. And the binding is severely beautiful. The edition is easily the best published in America. It is uniform in general style with, and sells at the same price (\$2.00) as, the same publishers' Stevenson, Tolstoy, Kipling, and Turgeneff, of which latter, by the way, two more volumes have been received, bringing the total up to six.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Geraldine Bonner's latest novel, "To-Morrow's Tangle," is shortly to appear in England. It will be published by Cassell & Co. In New York, last week, at the annual exhibition of the Society of Illustrators, one of Keller's illustrations for "To-Morrow's Tangle" took the first prize. It was the picture representing the struggle between Mari-posa and Essex for the marriage certificate.

The readers of "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" will welcome the announcement that George H. Lorimer has another book ready for publication. It is called "Old Gorgon Graham," and is,

like its predecessor, in the form of letters; but the new letters tell the self-made merchant's own story, and do not concern themselves with the son. Readers of the *Argonaut* will have noted that "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant" was named among favorite books of 1903 by both Dr. David Starr Jordan and President Benj. I. Wheeler.

One of the Century Company's spring offerings is a new edition of Captain Robert H. Fletcher's "Marjorie and Her Papa" in attractive dress, with all of Birch's original pictures. The pretty tale of how Marjorie and her papa wrote a story and made the pictures for it has always been a favorite, and its handsome new form should delight old friends and new.

The last book of the late Charles Godfrey Leland is coming out in London. It is entitled "The Alternate Sex; or, the Female Intellect in Man and the Masculine in Woman."

Herbert Spencer's autobiography is announced for April.

Maurice Hewlett has been delivering addresses before the Dante Society of London on the "Divina Commedia."

Edmund Gosse is receiving the congratulations of his friends on his appointment as librarian of the House of Lords. He had eighty competitors.

Lovers of Shakespeare will regret to learn that the Castle of Kronborg, sometimes known as Elsinore Castle, on the battlements of which the ghost scene of "Hamlet" is laid, is in danger of disappearance, owing to the fact that its foundations have been undermined to such an extent by the stormy seas of this winter that they are regarded as being beyond repair.

Mme. Grand, the author of the once popular but now nearly forgotten novel, "The Heavenly Twins," is now engaged upon a novelette and a play.

A new work by Maurice Maeterlinck will soon be published simultaneously in English, French, and German. It is entitled "The Double Garden."

The hero of Frederick Palmer's novel, "The Vagabond," is said to be a real person—a well-known mining engineer, whom the author met on a Pacific liner.

T. P. O'Connor, who is about to begin the publication, in his weekly, of a new serial by Joseph Conrad, has just published a short sketch of the author, from which it appears that Mr. Conrad was the son of a Polish exile to Siberia; that he was educated at a Polish university, and was for some years an officer in the French navy. Later in life he entered the British mercantile marine in order that he might become a sailor.

*Le Figaro*, the well-known Parisian daily paper, is to have a weekly edition published specially in New York for American readers, under the name of *Le Figaro d'Outre-Mer*.

Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby" is completed in its serial form and, with Miss Cory's charming illustrations, will soon be published in book-form.

We are to have a new book on Tolstoy. Professor Steiner, of Grinnell College, who is an old acquaintance of the apostle of the doctrine of non-resistance, is preparing a biographical volume, which is promised for early publication by the Outlook Company. The Russian artist, Pasternak, a friend of Tolstoy, will illustrate the work.

Just now there is a vogue in France for the works of President Roosevelt, and another volume of his appears this month, under the title of "L'Idéal Américain."

W. L. Alden writes from London: "Mr. Hall Caine's lungs are understood to be perfectly sound." Much obliged.

"Angels and Devils and Man" is the amazing title of a new novel by Winifred Graham, soon to be brought out in England.

## Death of Sir Leslie Stephen.

Sir Leslie Stephen, president of the Ethical Society, who died in London on Monday, was one of the first figures in English literature of the period. He was an acute critic, a charming biographer, and his philosophical works take high rank. His last book, a life of George Eliot, was one of the notable works of last year. His brief biographies of Johnson, Pope, and Swift are well known. Of Mr. Stephen's critical work the best is found in "Hours in a Library," "Studies of a Biographer," and "The English Utilitarians." He was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* from 1871 to 1882, and resigned that post to assume the editorship of "The Dictionary of National Biography." He has been a constant contributor to English magazines and reviews. Of his philosophical works, "History of English Thought in the Nineteenth Century," "The Science of Ethics," and "Social Rights and Duties" may be mentioned. He was created a K. C. B. in 1902. His wife was the younger daughter of Thackeray.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## "Italy a Corpse."

SAN FRANCISCO, February 18, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Here and there a word, nonsensical, meaningless, is picked up in the streets, makes the round of the town, gets out of the "helt line," and, for a season, elicits the laugh of half the world. In the 'fifties, it was Lamartine, who, instead of a laughable word, uttered a ridiculous phrase—"Italy, the land of the dead."

Lakes of ink were poured over the phrase, in Italy as well as in France, and if I do not mistake, the gauntlet was raised by an Anglo-Saxon, Lord Byron, for whom the dead had proved even too lively. And now, forgetful of literary utterances, memorable and infelicitous verbal landmarks, our Gertrude Atherton comes out with a "street cry," cut on Lamartine pattern, a trifling plagiarism, "Italy a corpse!"

Aside from the bluntness of Mrs. Atherton's plagiarism, Italians can not endure her recognition of Gabriele d'Annunzio's leadership of Italian literature, any more than the American would be prone to admit, on d'Annunzio's retaliation, the leadership of Gertrude Atherton in American literature. At the utmost, the Italian man, with his peculiarities and filthy disregard of ethics in love affairs, and Mrs. Atherton in utterances homastic, meaningless, are at par as advertising agents of their literary wares.

There are sayings which pass as the quintessence of wisdom, which, on consideration, prove to be fallacious. For instance, the nations have the government they deserve: the character of nations is revealed by their literature.

If we speak of Dante as an exponent of the truth, embodied in every man of every nation, expounded from an Italian man by mere chance, all right; if we take the writings of Goethe as another instance in Germany, Shakespeare in England, Cervantes in Spain, Voltaire and Rousseau in France, we agree. But these specimens can not be taken for systematic happenings at every decade and seriously considered, on the mere desire of each nation to acknowledge its supremacy over another, without being crowded with an accumulation of stars who may sparkle and soon die.

d'Annunzio, to begin with, is not considered in Italy as the exponent of Italian thought. God forbid! Neither of the aspirations of modern Italy. At the beginning of his career much was expected of him. He elicited great hopes for his talent, his scholarly bent, and wonderful patience in the study and sifting of Italian roots.

He was compared to Virgil, and, as such, we may be proud of him. But as soon as his early poems began to attract attention and to be praised, he suddenly became engrossed with his importance, studied foreign literature, informed himself of circumstances prevailing in the literary markets of France, England, and America, and diminished his importance by forsaking his province. He went to dabble in Guy de Maupassant's field, and tried to out-Guy Guy de Maupassant; strayed into the literary preserves of Oscar Wilde, mingled in the doubtful obscenities of the Greek drama, and unmercifully failed, producing lots of words beautifully styled, but without producing a work of art which could stand the moisture of the rain on the *argilla* foot. Take, for instance, his "Francesca da Rimini"—the language is perfect, belonging to the period, the situations and the details of the drama in harmony with history, and yet this work of real patience and art was greatly criticised by the Italian public of several cities.

The destruction of Duse is due to the influence and obstinacy in catering inside and outside of Italy the narcotic pill of d'Annunzio's drama. Of the two better-known novels of d'Annunzio, "Il Piacere" and "Fuoco," the first is written under a cold-blooded, satyr-like hallucination. Not even Marquis de Sade's obscenities could have a more pernicious and useless influence. The other is a flagrant break of all laws of honor, of which no Italian could be accused of being an imitator.

d'Annunzio is not an exponent of Italian thought, aspirations, or ideals, but an effete production of this effervescent century. He stands alone, a mixture of talent, genius, patience, and premeditated literary commercialism. The general condition, and particularly the literary condition of Italy, is far from being as it has appeared to the hasty traveling of Gertrude Atherton. Had she gone to parliament, or to the senate, she would have witnessed the struggle among legislators belonging to different parties, of one idea, i. e., the solution of the problem, how to make prosperous and grand this nation.

Did she fail to notice a young prince, who only yesterday was unknown, now respected, beloved, keeping high the noble traditions of his house and of his nation, showing a tact worthy of such great men as Richelieu, Palmerston, Gladstone, Cavour, forming new alliances, breaking conventional bonds, and ever ready to yield to the necessities of the times in order to come near to that people of whom he is one, and also the most representative?

That grand fleet in the docks, superbly manned by the stalwart sons of the marine towns of Italy, those Alpine soldiers, those centaur-like cavalrymen, were these what gave Gertrude Atherton a hint of the decay and purlence of a nation which, thirty years ago, was under the yoke of tyrants, separated, torn to pieces, practically speaking dialects unknown to each other's provinces, and now fully aroused to an importance which may be counted upon?

L. D. VENTURA.

Richard Harding Davis says that he is going to devote the next five years to play writing.

A pair of properly fitted glasses will chase away that headache.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Pagot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,

246 Sutter St., S. F.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## Educational.

Oregon. Portland.

## St. Helen's Hall

Home and Day School for Girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic college preparation and special courses. Music, Elocution, Art in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. All departments open September 14, 1903.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Authors, Critics, and the Law of Libel.

What with the redoubtable Professor Triggs, of Chicago, suing the New York *Sun* for libelous criticism of his poetry; the redoubtable T. W. H. Crosland, author of "The Unspeakable Scot," suing the *St. James's Gazette* for libelous criticism of his new book, "Lovely Woman"; Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott suing Harper & Brothers for fifty thousand dollars damages on account of an entry in Hawthorne's diary made fifty years ago and printed by Harpers in Julian Hawthorne's new book about his father, affairs legal-literary have of late been rather lively.

In the case of Triggs *versus* the Sun Publishing Company, the plaintiff objected "to the articles published as tending to expose him to ridicule and contempt and to impair his usefulness as a teacher in the university." The court held that the criticisms were "plainly intended to be understood as humorous"; that "the spirit of exaggeration and fun pervading these articles was not intended seriously"; that, therefore, "there is nothing in any of them that can be taken as a serious charge against the plaintiff, or as subjecting him to contempt." "Certainly," said the court, "in no case to which our attention has been called has it ever been held that a publication which tends to ridicule opinions upon controverted subjects is libelous, as tending to make the individual who is responsible ridiculous." Therefore the *Sun* and everybody else may make all the fun they please of the poetry of Triggs or any other poetical.

In the English case, tried a week or two ago, Author Crosland's ground of complaint was because the critic said he was a man of "music-hall calibre," whose choice of subjects was restricted to "hooze and umbrellas," but who could not speak of umbrellas. He also objected to the criticism of the following passage in the book:

When I look out upon life in my calmest moments I am prone to wish that all women were widows. If they were, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced.

The *St. James's* comment on that passage was as follows:

If true, it is of no particular profundity. But when we think of Mr. Crosland, even in his "calmest moments" as a prospective and possibly actual husband, we are inclined to agree that if one woman at any rate were a widow "the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced."

Mr. Justice Grantham, before whom the case was tried, was not at all impressed with Mr. Crosland's plea. He remarked that the book itself was "one of the foulest libels on English womankind." He also read this passage from Mr. Crosland's book: "Of all the men in the world commend me to the plain, blunt critic. He is the salt of the earth, the savor of his kind." "Here you have your plain, blunt critic," said the judge, "and yet you complain." The author suffered still more from the opposing counsel. We quote from the *London Express*:

Mr. Crosland denied Mr. Gill's suggestion that in his book he insulted women in their every relation in life.

"We shall see," said Mr. Gill; "you start by saying that 'the whole trend of experience goes to show that a man's house which is infested by women is less happy on that account.' Is that humor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Crosland, promptly. "You suggest," proceeded Mr. Gill, "that the most desirable place to keep a woman is in a hutch at the bottom of the garden."

Mr. Crosland said that was humor, too. "You say that at ten women is faithless, spiteful, cruel, merciless, vindictive, and illogical; and at twenty she is the same, only more cunning and a trifle more commercial. Is that still humor?"

"If you want loyalty," read Mr. Gill, "you will never go to a woman for it, however old she may be." Still humor?"

Mr. Gill tried another page. "You say, 'I know a man who asked to be introduced to his own wife at a country house. He had not seen her for eight months, and her hair had come out of the peroxide of hydrogen.' Was that a true statement?"

"There is a great deal of truth in it," said Mr. Crosland.

After sparring in this fashion for an afternoon, the jury went out to return in twenty minutes with a verdict for the critic, with costs.

The complaint of Sarah J. Lippincott ("Grace Greenwood") is on account of a passage in Hawthorne's diary—printed in the *Argonaut's* review of "Hawthorne and His Circle" some weeks ago. Therein Charles Kemble is made to say: "Ma'am, you expose yourself." Mrs. Lippincott, now a woman of seventy-five, says she didn't, and furthermore that her relations with the Hawthornes were of the pleasantest. "Why, Julian Hawthorne was only five years old at that time," she says, "and I used to tell him fairy-stories." Her suit against Harpers for fifty thousand dollars has not yet been heard.

The verdict for the defendant in the two cases of author against critic noted above is the usual thing. Criticism of literature, the drama, music, or art is fully protected by the

law of privilege. The book-reviewer may slash to his heart's content. But he must not misstate material facts or attack the personal character of the author. "It is well settled by innumerable precedents," says Shuman, in his chapter on libel, "that an author, artist, musician, or book-publisher can not recover damages for the strictures of a critic upon his work, no matter how much pecuniary loss he may suffer in consequence. This continues to be true even where the critic is unjust."

One of the most famous cases of author against critic was that of J. Fenimore Cooper. President Duer, of Columbia College, wrote for the *Commercial Advertiser*, of June 8, 1839, a criticism of Cooper's "Naval History," in which he said:

We are certainly not prepared to find that the infatuation of vanity or the madness of passion could lead him to pervert such an opportunity to the low and paltry purpose of bolstering up the character of a political partisan, an official sycophant.

For saying this, the *Commercial Advertiser* had to pay Cooper three hundred dollars.

Another famous case was that of Charles Reade against the *Round Table* for saying of his novel, "Griffith Gaunt," that it was "one of the worst stories that has been printed since Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett defiled the literature of the already foul eighteenth century . . . replete with impurity, it reeks with allusions that the most purulent scandal-monger would hesitate to make." Reade had sued for twenty-five thousand dollars; the jury gave him six cents, perhaps for the reason that he had already been sufficiently compensated by the advertising the book had received. For it was proved that sixty thousand copies of the novel had been sold after the publication of the libel. In the case of Whistler *versus* Ruskin, the defamatory words were: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"—and Whistler got one farthing without costs.

So it is clear that if the author is really seeking redress, not notoriety, the better part for him is to keep out of court. As for the literary critic, he can wield a quill dipped in gall with small danger of unpleasant consequences.

## The Amazing Blunder of Dr. Wallace.

One of the most egregious literary blunders ever perpetrated by a writer in a staid English review is contained in the *Fortnightly* for February. Over the signature of Alfred Russel Wallace, the noted scientist, appears an article headed "An Unpublished Poem by Edgar Allan Poe." With the utmost gravity, Dr. Wallace tells how the MS was sent him eleven years ago by his "brother John," who emigrated to California in '49; how he has searched in Poe's works for the poem; how he failed to find it, and then follows a page or so of speculation as to the date Poe wrote the poem. Dr. Wallace concludes:

This little poetic gem, never before published, may have been the first, and also the last, fruit of that happier period that seemed to opening to him. . . . I think that all admirers of Poe will welcome it as a worthy addition to the limited number of his shorter poems of the first rank.

By this time Dr. Wallace is undeceived. The poem, "Leonainie," was written as a hoax by James Whitcomb Riley, in 1876, and published in the *Kokomo (Ind.) Sentinel* with the initials E. A. P. appended. It was widely copied, and hailed by some as a genuine Poe treasure. It deceived even so good a critic as William Cullen Bryant. But that now—twenty-eight years later—a grave English magazine should still be in the dark is as amazing as it is laughable. To settle all controversy, Riley included the poem in his book of verses, entitled "Armazindy," published in 1895. Here it is:

## LEONAINIE.

Leonainie—angels named her, and they took the light  
Of the laughing stars and framed her in a smile  
Of white;  
And they made her hair of gloomy midnight, and  
her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me in the  
solemn night—

In a solemn night of summer, when my heart of  
gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer like a rose in  
bloom;  
All foreboding that distressed me I forgot as Joy  
caressed me—  
(Lying Joy! that caught and pressed me in the  
arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper in the Angel-tongue;  
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—"Songs are  
only sung  
Here below that they may grieve you—tales are  
told you to deceive you;—  
So must Leonainie leave you while her love is  
young."

Then God smiled and it was morning. Matebless  
and supreme,  
Heaven's glory seemed adorning earth with its  
esteem;  
Every heart but mine seemed gifted with a voice  
of prayer and lifted  
Where my Leonainie drifted from me like a  
dream.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.
3. "Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.
4. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
2. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
3. De Blowitz's "Memoirs."
4. "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London.
5. "The Heart of Rome," by F. Marion Crawford.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Russian Advance," by Albert J. Beveridge.
2. "Memoirs," by Mme. Vigee Le Brun.
3. "The Close of Day," by Frank S. Spearman.
4. "Fanny Burney," by Austin Dobson.
5. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

## New Publications.

"Laurel Leaves for Little Folk," by Mary E. Phillips. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard.

"The Story of Our Lord's Life," by Maud Montgomery. Longmans, Green & Co.

"New Light on the Life of Jesus," by Charles A. Briggs. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

"The Ultimate Moment," by W. R. Lighton. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—a well-told story of Nebraska.

"The Angler's Secret," by Charles Bradford. G. P. Putnam's Sons—a book of bright essays about angling.

"Sybil's Husband," by Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co.—a light novelette in the author's familiar style.

"The Oligarchy of Venice," by George B. McClellan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25—a workmanlike study by the mayor of New York.

"Foster's Bridge Tactics: A Complete System of Self-Instruction," by R. F. Foster. Frederick Warne & Co.; \$1.25—a first-rate guide to the game.

"The House of Life," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. H. M. Caldwell Company; \$2.50—a new edition including the sonnets suppressed in the second edition.

"Among the Great Masters of the Drama," by Walter Rowlands. Thirty-two illustrations. Dana Estes & Co.—brief essays on thirty-three famous actors and actresses.


"A Book of Girls," by Lilian Bell. With frontispiece by W. B. Stevens. L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.00—another clever book, but not up to the level of the author's earlier ones.

"The Defense of the Castle," by Tudor Jenks. The Merston Company—an historical novel conveying accurate information about attack and defense of a thirteenth-century fortress.

"Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy," by Arthur Stone Dewing. J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.00 net—a thorough work by one of the recognized leaders in that department of thought.

"The Cambridge Modern History: The Reformation." By various writers. Volume II. The Macmillan Company; \$4.00—this is the second volume of the great history planned by the late Lord Acton.

"Give Me  
the  
Remington"



says the  
experienced  
operator.

Remington Typewriter Company  
327 Broadway, New York.

228 Bush Street, San Francisco.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT &amp; CO., Publishers, New York

For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

AUTOGRAPH  
LETTERS

OR FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York.  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

Publisher of "The Collector," a monthly magazine for autograph collectors. \$1 per year.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN

## CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE,  
President.T. T. DARGIE,  
Secretary.

TRACK 12  
TRAIN LEAVES  
6.58  
EXPRESS

The Railroads  
run on  
ELGIN TIME

The Elgin Watch is the watch for  
those who use railroads as well as  
for those who run them.

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to  
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.





There have been many bitter complaints in the past that American theatrical managers have neglected home talent, preferring to secure the rights to pieces that have had a London or Paris success. How much truth there has been in this affirmation the public may never know. It seems improbable, in their constant and urgent lookout for good drawing plays, that shrewd managers would neglect native talent of a character that was likely to prove profitable to themselves. But since the days when the discontent on this subject was at its height, there have been some indications of a change. Clyde Fitch is a most popular exponent of the preferred native dramatist; Augustus Thomas and William Gillette have won their spurs in American fields. American farce-comedies are as common as green peas, and James H. Herne's rural plays have had sufficient imitators to prove the popularity of this form of native drama.

"The Old Homestead" may be said to belong to this category, although it is not drama at all. It is a disjointed, inconsequential jumble of amusing episodes. But Uncle Josh, as impersonated by Denman Thompson, is so natural, simple, genuine, and untheatrical a personage that he has won the heart of the public, and this piece, in its unfashionable old age, still has power to draw.

Mr. Thompson has not sought to modernize his play with up-to-date songs and specialties, but evidently prefers that it should continue to retain its old-time flavor. "Daisy Bell," "Sweet Marie," and similar time-worn relics are among the incidental vocal numbers, and the old piece, like its venerable author, seems unchanged.

The company is not much above mediocre quality, but the quartet, minus the occasional off-key excursions of the star-gazing tenor, discourses acceptable music, and three or four of the company, notably Josh's laughing city friend and the spinster sister, fit into the scheme of things with a simplicity and genuineness of manner that one looks for in associates of old Josh Whitcomb.

And yet this piece, harmlessly amusing as it is, and the real pioneer in a most worthy field of native drama, belongs to the category of plays, so-called, whose popularity has been instrumental in arresting the evolution of strong, inspiring drama; the sort which springs so inevitably from the comprehension and logical exploitation of the intrinsic springs of human thought and action that it not only stirs the sensibilities but penetrates with the living force of truth.

Doubtless there must always be two classes of drama which appeal separately to tastes refined by the habit of thought and study, and to the coarser standards of the uncultured. The taste of the latter class, standing as it does, for that of the hard-working, unthinking multitude, who demand relaxation only, has a wide and fell influence on the character of the national output in dramatic composition. The inclinations of those who prefer contemporary drama that will appeal to thinking men and women has been almost ignored, and the higher class of drama is practically extinct on the American stage. It almost seems at times as if the faculty of creating it were also dead. Perhaps, indeed, it has never existed. Our dramatists seem to be essentially light-minded. They avoid plays that are serious in tenor. Indeed, they have a downright terror of them, inclining, almost unanimously, toward light, sparkling, romantic comedies, so-called—the comedy that entertains and cheers, but lacks the element that appeals to the mind. With such compositions the impression is evanescent, and when the play is over there is so little matter left for reflection or discussion that the memory is not apt to recur to it again. "The Colonial Girl" recently presented at the Alcazar, belongs to this type. So do the majority of the Fitch plays. "The Girl With the Green Eyes" verges on this class of drama. In spite, however, of an improbability or two, it has a much stronger claim on our interest and esteem because it shows up human virtues and foibles in a simple, natural, moving way.

Elaborate reproductions of the mere externals of life are becoming more and more prevalent on the American stage. Material realism is, indeed, rapidly becoming a vice and a hindrance to the play which deals with emotion. It should be with something of mortification that we must look to the leading English dramatists, or to adaptations from foreign sources for galleries of human portraits in plays of artistic construction and with dramatic themes. It is something of

a bardship that we must turn aside from the contemplation of drama that would reflect native characters and conditions, and be forced to absorb so complete a knowledge of modes of life and thought foreign to our own.

Not but that periodical excursions into the land of mirage which shows us how the other half of the civilized world acts, thinks, and lives are valuable mental exercise. We do, indeed, sincerely enjoy them. But it is discouraging to reflect that among the American dramatists who are actively producing plays, there are but three or four of acknowledged superiority who recognize and strive to perpetuate in dramatic form various local types and social conditions that are essentially American. How few, for instance, have endeavored to treat satirically the social competition and vulgar luxury which has attracted the attention of curious Europeans to the multi-millionaires and millionairesses of our own country.

E. F. Benson, the English novelist, has recognized the richness of material lying about us, and has utilized some of it in "The Relentless City," a striking novel, strongly British in tone, which, very much to the disadvantage of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, gives contrasting pictures of English and American society.

For some reason, the English playwright always seems to be at home in an atmosphere of polite society. His pictures have an air of reality, and inspire confidence in their fidelity. He can sketch the fine lady, copy the chattering dandy, echo the catch words of drawing-room *habitués*, exhibit the dried and desiccated emotions which govern the *beau-monde*—in short, reproduce the atmosphere which is so essential in depicting society on its native heath.

The American playwright does not find himself equally at home in dramatizing the life of moneyed worldlings and society *élégants*. Perhaps our millionaires, weary of the peeping Toms of the press, distrust the intentions of all literary men. Perhaps the two elements are irreconcilable. However that may be, the native dramatist still may find a swarm of other types and indigenous characters upon which to employ his talent.

But this is emphatically a country of fads. Let one stage attraction of pronounced individuality gain a vogue, and it has hundreds of imitators springing up from as many places. We have exhausted the novelty of New England drama before we have exhausted its possibilities, and have not fairly begun on the Western drama. Early Californian drama has been done to death. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" made an inspiring start in showing up the character and lives of our fellow-citizens of the lower Mississippi Valley. "Pudd'nhead Wilson," aside from its intense dramatic power, is a play warmly touched with local color. Yet this beginning, so fruitful in suggestions, has never been carried on, and the modern South, a region—whether on the Mississippi, the Gulf, or the Atlantic—still tossing in the throes of transition, rich in sectional peculiarities, inhabited by a passionate, impulsive, dramatic, and intolerant people, fails to draw the professional attention of the native dramatist. Then there is San Francisco with its easy-going cosmopolitanism; Washington society exhibiting diplomatic excellencies and inland politicians rubbing shoulders; our frontier army posts, our naval stations. Who shall say, with such mines lying unworked before him, that the American dramatist has not dazzled the public with the cheap glitter of haker metals to avoid the labor of digging for rockbound gold?

When one reviews the situation, it seems, after all, as if it were the sluggishness of the American dramatist, or perhaps the paucity

of first-class talent, which denies us our due proportion of American plays. We hear, it is true, of vast quantities of manuscripts that are handed over to and rejected by the New York managers; but again the doubt intrudes as to whether any really meritorious and valuable ones are overlooked. Players, however, must play, and if native productions are not forthcoming, old or alien ones must take their place.

In glancing over the list of most notable plays and players that have been seen in San Francisco during the last two years, I have been struck by this very state of things: that is to say, the comparative rarity of first-class American plays.

In reproducing the list I will add to the name of each play that of the country or section in which the events are supposed to transpire:

1902:

Willard in "The Cardinal," Italy; "Tom Pinch," England; "The Professor," England; "Davy Garrick," England.

Nat Goodwin in "The Altar of Friendship," United States; "The American Citizen," partly in the United States.

Kathryn Kidder in "Francillon," France. Henry Miller in "The Gay Lord Quex," England; "Trelawny of the Wells," England; "The Wilderness," England; "The Importance of Being Ernest," England; in a later season, "The Devil's Disciple," England; "Camille," France; "The Aftermath," France.

Denis O'Sullivan in Boucicault's Irish comedies, Ireland.

Nance O'Neil in "Hedda Gahler," Norway.

1903:

William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," England.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Joy of Living," Germany; "Magda," Germany; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," England; "Aunt Jeanie," England.

Mary Manning in "The Stubbhornness of Geraldine," United States.

Edward H. Sothern in "If I Were King," France.

Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers," United States; "The Modern Magdalen," United States; "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," France (but American in sentiment).

Ben Greet's company in "Everyman," England.

Florence Roberts in "Gioconda," Italy. Robert Edson in "Soldiers of Fortune," South America.

Virginia Harned in "Iris," England.

Mrs. Langtry in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," England; "The Degenerates," England.

"The Girl With the Green Eyes," United States.

"Ben Hur," Roman Empire.

E. J. Morgan in "The Eternal City," Italy.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

There are many entries for the one mile and fifty yards race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday). It will be for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of one thousand dollars. Another good race will be the second, four furlongs, for two-year-olds and upward.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

## HAROLD BAUER

The greatest Pianist before the public,

Next Tuesday and Thursday nights, Mar. 1st and 3d; Next Saturday matinee, Mar. 5th.

Reserved seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. Mason & Hamlin Piano.

Coming—Mrs. RAYMOND BROWN in Wagnerian Lecture Recitals.

**SHREVE & COMPANY—STATIONERY.** The advantages of a complete equipment in the work-rooms of Shreve & Co.'s Stationery Department are available for the prompt and intelligent execution of orders for Wedding Stationery, Visiting and Reception Cards, and the stamping of Correspondence Papers.

**POST AND MARKET STREETS.**

## THE FURNITURE AND CARPET COMBINE TO RAISE PRICES.

As soon as the PATTOSIEN COMPANY has sold out the \$250,000 stock of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, and Stoves, it is the intention of the Furniture Combine to raise prices still higher. That is the real secret why there is a continual rush just now at the PATTOSIEN COMPANY, cor. 16th and Mission Streets. Wilton Velvet, \$1.40 Carpet \$1.00.

P. S.—Country orders promptly attended to. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free of charge.

**The Ocularium**  
IMPROVED  
**Eye-Glasses**  
AND  
**Spectacles**  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

## TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Last time of  
**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**

Beginning Monday, February 29th, magnificent revival of

**THE GYPSY BARON**

A romantic opera in three acts, by Johann Strauss. Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00. Next—Mr. Pickwick.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, matinee Saturday only,

**DENMAN THOMPSON**

(Himself)

In the greatest of all rural plays,

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD**

March 7th—The Silver Slipper.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, February 29th, Jerome K. Jerome's delightful comedy,

**MISS HOBBS**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, March 7th—The White Horse Tavern. Monday, March 14th—Wagner's Parsifal.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow matinee, the delightfully droll comedian, FRANK BACON, and his own company in the comedy drama,

**THE HILLS OF CALIFORNIA**

Prices—Evening, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, and 50c. Regular matinee Saturday.

Coming—Mrs. Fiske.

## CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall. Week starting Monday, February 29th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the Eastern dramatic sensation,

**A BREAK FOR LIBERTY**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of March 7th—Rip Van Winkle.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, February 28th. Valuable vaudeville. Nirvana and her statue horse, Liki; Carlin and Otto; Anderson and Briggs; Girard and Gardner; George W. Day; Morris and Bowen; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Filson and Errol, presenting "A Daughter of Bacchus"

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischers THEATRE

Monday begins the last week of **ROLY-POLY**. And farewell appearance of Kolb and Dill.

Commencing Monday, March 7th, the great musical comedy success,

**THE ROUNDERS**

First appearance of the star comedians, Richard F. Carroll and John P. Kennedy. Our "all-star" cast. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Seats now on sale.

## RACING

New California Jockey Club

**OAKLAND TRACK**

Commencing Monday, Feb. 22, 1904.

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY**

Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

## CEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Russo to Sing.

On Monday evening "The Gypsy Baron," by Johann Strauss, will succeed "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" at the Tivoli Opera House. The Strauss opera has not been heard here for many years, and a thoroughly good revival is promised. A notable feature will be the reappearance of Domenico Russo, who will sing the title-role in English. Ferris Hartmann, who staged the opera and took the principal comedy rôle when Heinrich Conried gave it its first production in this country, will again be the pig-dealer. Arthur Cunningham will be the Count Carnere, and the part of his son will be taken by Eugenia Barker. Others in the cast will be Teddy Webb, Mme. Caro Roma, Annie Myers, and Bessie Tannhill. The march of the Hussars in the last act will be one of the attractions of the opera.

## New People at Fischer's.

The last performances of "Roly-Poly" will be given at Fischer's Theatre during the coming week, and it will be succeeded on March 7th by "The Rounders," the musical success of the Casino, New York. The lyrics are by Harry B. Smith, and the music is by Ludwig Engländer. Sunday night, March 6th, marks the farewell appearance of Kolb and Dill at Fischer's. They will be replaced by Richard F. Carroll and John P. Kennedy, two well-known comedians, both of whom have starred in musical comedies for the past several years. Mr. Carroll will play his original rôle in "The Rounders," that of the Irish Pasha, and Mr. Kennedy will assume the rôle made famous by the great Dan Daly. The piece will be the most elaborately staged of any yet put on at Fischer's. Many new features will be offered, and it is predicted that the new play will mark a new era in the history of this successful house.

## Quiet Comedy.

Drollery, with a suggestion of sentiment, marks "Miss Hobbs," the comedy to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It is by Jerome K. Jerome, and Annie Russell achieved one of her greatest successes in it. Miss Adele Block will appear as Henrietta Hobbs, and James Durkin as her wooer. Miss Juliet Crosby, who has returned from the East, will have a rôle. The cast will also include Miss Starr, George Osbourne, John B. Maher, and Harry Hilliard. "The White Horse Tavern" will follow "Miss Hobbs," and elaborate preparations are being made for the production of the dramatic version of "Parsifal," which will be presented on March 14th. Owing to the costly nature of the production, prices will be advanced while "Parsifal" is on.

## Orpheum Attractions.

A novelty is promised at the Orpheum this coming week in Nirvana and her trained horse, Loki. The woman and her steed will be seen in tableaux, which reproduce many well-known paintings, including Frainger's "Maid of Orleans," Felix Wichert's "Phantom Horse" and his "Fable." Robert Carlin and Frank Otto, the "Merry Germans," will make their first appearance in this city. As conversationalists, parodists, and general funmakers, they are said to have but few equals. Al Anderson and Bill Briggs, who are announced as "Kings of Colored Comedy," will appear in an act full of dark fun and surprises. Anderson has played at the Orpheum several times with his wife, Mamie. For their second and last week, Al Filson and Lee Errol have reserved their best and brightest sketch, "A Daughter of Bacchus." Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner will present, for their farewell appearance, their original success, "The Soubrette and the Cop," and George W. Day, the monologist, will change his songs and stories. Morris and Bowen, expert horizontal bar performers, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an unusually strong programme.

## Frank Bacon at the Grand.

Beginning at the to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, Frank Bacon will begin a week's starring engagement at the Grand Opera House in "The Hills of California," especially written for him. Mr. Bacon has been producing the play with success in other cities. "The Hills of California" contains a story of sweet and simple people, and the rôle of the old farmer, Amos Hill, will be taken by Mr. Bacon. His principal support will be Bessie Stuart Bacon. Monday night, March 21st, Mrs. Fiske comes to the Grand.

## Based on Facts.

Next week the Central Theatre will have a new play, "A Break for Liberty," based on the famous escape from jail of the Biddle brothers, who, with the assistance of the jailer's wife, broke from prison at Pittsburg. There will be a snowstorm, with horse and sleigh on the stage, and many other surprising scenic effects are promised. "A Break for Liberty" has had big runs in the melo-

dramatic houses of the large Eastern cities, and is expected to be a strong card at the Central Theatre. The author is Howard P. Taylor, who has contributed many successes to the American stage, but who is said to have outdone all his former efforts in his latest hit, "A Break for Liberty."

## Musical Comedy Coming.

Denman Thompson, in his farewell tour, will be at the Columbia Theatre in "The Old Homestead" for one week more, giving the last performance on Sunday evening, March 6th. There are Saturday matinees. "The Silver Slipper" will open at the Columbia on March 7th. It is a musical comedy which has had a success in the East. There is a large cast, headed by Samuel Collins. Seats go on sale Thursday morning.

## Coming Theatrical Attractions.

Jacob J. Gottlob, of the Columbia Theatre, has returned from the East, where he has been arranging for the attractions that are to appear here. He announces that Klaw and Erlanger will send out their spectacular play, "Mother Goose," which will probably be put on at the Grand Opera House. Among those secured for the Columbia are Ethel Barrymore in repertoire; Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars" and "The Man from Blankley's"; the English musical comedy, "Three Little Maids"; E. H. Sothern in "A Proud Prince"; Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz"; other Savage productions, including "Peggy from Paris," "The Sultan of Sulu," and "The Country Chairman"; Kyle Bellew and E. M. Holland in "Raffles"; Lawrence d'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket"; Maude Adams; Willie Collier in "The Dictator"; Henry Miller in "Man Proposes," and repertoire for an eight weeks' season; Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way"; Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy"; Mary Manning in "Harriet's Honeymoon"; Virginia Harned; Anna Held in "Mam'selle Napoleon"; Rogers Brothers in "In London"; the four Cohans in "Running for Office"; and Richard Mansfield for four weeks in repertoire.

"Papa Mulot," a dramatic comedy by Robert Charvay, recently produced at the Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, has an unusual plot. It tells of a hard-working man who has an illegitimate daughter. She passes out of his life and becomes a professional beauty, making an immense fortune, which, at her death, she leaves to her father. He refuses to accept the money, although his family is in want. He commits suicide, and the money goes to his family, who take it without any qualms. The play had a successful production.

On account of the poor quality of the farce-comedies presented of late at Stanford University, it has been decided to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" instead of something by local talent the next Commencement Day.

It is said that Marcus Mayer, who has managed tours for Bernhardt, Patti, and other celebrities, is writing a book of theatrical reminiscences.

Miss Dorothy Hammond is Henry Miller's new leading lady. She was formerly with Richard Mansfield.

## Mecca of House Furnishers.

Since the great retiring sale started at Patiosien's, it seems that most of the furniture, carpet, and drapery buyers are flocking to that big store. Every day new stock is replaced from the warehouse for that which has been sold. Just now the prices at other stores, particularly installment houses, are fifty per cent. higher. When Patiosien's store closes its doors prices will rise at least seventy-five per cent. higher. This is the reason big crowds go daily to Patiosien's, corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets.

## For the Oriental Trade.

The new twin-screw steamship *Mongolia*, turned out by the New York Shipbuilding Company for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, will ply between San Francisco and Honolulu, Japan, and Manila. In a recent trial trip she exceeded her contract speed of sixteen knots by more than a knot. The *Mongolia* is the largest steam vessel ever built in an American shipyard. Her length is 616 feet, breadth 65 feet, depth 51 feet 3 inches, and her gross tonnage is 13,639, while her displacement is 26,530 tons. Her dead-weight carrying capacity is 14,000 tons. She will accommodate 450 cabin and 1,300 steerage passengers, and will carry a crew of 250. The vessel has a double bottom, for either fresh or salt water, and the hull is divided into seven water-tight compartments, making the ship practically unsinkable.

Miss Sallie Bennefield, formerly of San Francisco, is gaining notice in New York as a poster artist.

## The Best Way



What do we know without trial.

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

The perfect Whiskey has stood every test. Between good and bad, trial is the test and taste the umpire.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
215-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## 4 1/2 per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4 1/2 per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TROVNER; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Asst. Cashier.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts. R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK, President  
S. L. ARNOT, JR., Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## VALUABLES

Of all kinds may be safely stored in the

## Safe Deposit Vaults

—OF THE—

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Safes to rent from \$5.00 a year upwards.  
Trunks, \$1.00 a month.  
Careful service to customers.

Office hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPSMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 216 Sansome Street.  
BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager Pacific Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00  
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.



## VANITY FAIR.

"A voyage to India nowadays is a continuous social event," says William E. Curtis; "the passengers compose a house-party, being guests of the P. and O. Steamship Company for the time. The decks of the steamer are like broad verandas, and are covered with comfortable chairs, in which the owners lounge about all day. Some of the more industrious women knit and embroider, and I saw one good mother with a basket full of mending, at which she was busily engaged at least three mornings. The Americans and English do not mix as readily as you might expect, although there is nothing like coolness between them. It is only a natural restraint. They are accustomed to their ways, and we to ours, and it is natural for us to drift toward our own fellow-countrymen. In the afternoon nettings are hung around one of the broad decks, and games of cricket are played. In the evening there is dancing, a piano being placed upon the deck for that purpose, and for two hours it is very gay. The ladies are all in white, and several Englishwomen insist upon coming out on the deck in low-cut and short-sleeved gowns. It is said to be the English fashion, but it is not half as bad as their cigarette smoking, or their ostentatious display of jewelry that is made on the deck every morning. Several women, and some of them with titles, sprawl around in steamer-chairs, wearing necklaces of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones, fit for only a dinner or a ball, with their fingers blazing with jewels and their wrists covered with bracelets. There seems to be a rivalry among the high life on this steamer as to which can make the most vulgar display of gold, silver, and precious stones, and it occurs to me that these Englishwomen have lived in India so long that they must have acquired from the Hindoos their barbaric love of jewelry. I have never known the most vulgar or the commonest American woman to make such a display of herself in a public place as we witness daily among the women of the British nobility upon the P. and O. steamer *Mongolia*, bound for Bombay. Nor is it exceptional. Whenever you see an overdressed woman loaded with jewelry in a public place, you may take it for granted that she belongs to the British nobility. Germans, French, Italians, and other women of continental Europe are never guilty of similar vulgarity, and in America it is absolutely unknown."

A Washington dispatch relates that when Senator Carmack, who was reading Senator Morgan's speech in the Senate, thundered out the sentence—"the President has taken a course [in the Panama matter] which would have cost the King of Great Britain his crown if not his head"—there was a movement in the diplomatic gallery, and Miss Alice Roosevelt, accompanied by several other young women, arose from the front seat she had been occupying, and left. Miss Roosevelt's face was slightly flushed, and she held her head high. Her friends followed, laughing and joking her on her anger. Miss Roosevelt had brought some friends to the Capitol, and they were being shown about. They entered the diplomatic gallery not long before Mr. Carmack arose, and were, of course, unaware that they were to hear one of the strongest personal criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt which have been heard in the Senate this year.

No nation has a better right to be proud of what its women have done in wartime than Japan. Even the mothers and wives of ancient Sparta have been rivaled in deeds of patriotism and self-sacrifice by the women of Japan. In the feudal times, which came to an end in Japan only thirty years ago, all gentlewomen were trained in the use of the sword and lance. The women of the samurai class received a regular military education, and if the castle of a *daimio* was besieged, they were capable of assisting in the defense if necessary. A noted instance of the martial prowess of the Japanese women occurred during the siege of the Castle of Wakamatsu in 1869, when the Shogun made his final stand against the forces of the Mikado. Nearly one thousand women and girls belonging to the families of samurai attached to the Shogun fought behind the barricades and on the castle walls. Many of them were killed in battle, while not a few committed suicide rather than undergo the humiliation of defeat. It is a matter of record that some ten thousand Japanese women volunteered to go to the front as nurses in the field hospitals at the outbreak of the Chinese war, and advices from Japan state that the number of women volunteering to go to the front as nurses to-day is greater than in 1895. There is an anecdote concerning the mother of the heroic Commander Sakamoto, who was killed on the bridge of his ship, the *Akagi*, at the battle of Yalu, which shows how the spirit of patriotism flames in the hearts of Japanese women. An official of the Navy Department called on the family of the naval officer to convey, as delicately as possible, news of his death. Having communicated findings to a member of the family, he was

about to depart, when the *shoji* slid open softly, and the aged mother of the dead commander staggered into the room. She had been an accidental eavesdropper, and had heard all. Trembling with emotion she howled low to the visiting officer, and said: "Tell the emperor I rejoice that a son of mine has been able to be of some service to him." Some Japanese women refused to weep over their dead, because it was considered disloyal to the Mikado to weep for those who had had the honor to die fighting for him.

The following matter-of-fact advertisement recently appeared in an English publication: "Wanted—A really plain, but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest sixteen. Music, French, and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manners, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown up sons. Address, Mater," etc.

At his daughter's wedding, the other morning, Justice Brewer received a practical lesson in the new official etiquette. As the bridal-party vanished down the church aisle, the justice left his pew and made for a side door, with a view to getting his carriage promptly and reaching home in time to get out of his hat and coat before the arrival of the guests hidden to the breakfast. Observing that no one followed him, he turned inquiringly and heeded somewhat impatiently to the occupants of the family pew. Mrs. Brewer put out a restraining hand and clutched his coat. As she drew him back within the enclosure, she pointed out to him with a motion of her hand the gentleman and lady standing in a front pew on the opposite aisle. No one nowadays may leave an assemblage of which the President or members of his family form a part until the White House people have taken leave. Justice Brewer cast an impatient glance in the direction of the Presidential pew, and subsided, while the naval aid summoned the White House turnout.

The four thousand telephone girls in Germany are government employees. Each must be of good character, and live in a respectable family. The pay is fifty-three and a half cents a day, with an advance of six cents in two years, and those four years in service secure seventy-one cents a day. Applicants for these positions usually wait two years for an opening.

It is only in the private account books of the sovereign that any record exists in Great Britain of cases of multiple hirths. The latter are not recorded as such at the register's office, at Somerset House, in London. Indeed, not even twins are officially recorded as such, and the only approach to a statistical record of triple hirths is to be found in the private account books of the late and the present sovereign. This arises from the fact that the monarch is accustomed to bestow a gift of three gold sovereigns upon the parents in each case of triple hirth. The usage originated on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first visit to the Emerald Isle. The case of a poor peasant woman, who had given hirth to three children at the same time, was brought to her notice. Her maternal heart was touched thereby, and she then and there initiated this form of private royal bounty, which has been kept up ever since.

Mme. Sarah Grand, in the *London Chronicle*, makes a long and interesting contribution to the controversy now going on, "Should Women Smoke?" She gives her own personal experience: "I personally entered by accident upon the experiment of smoking. I was lunching with a friend at her father's house. Ourselves, her father, and two other gentlemen composed the party. After luncheon my friend suggested that we should go to the library and have cigarettes with our coffee. In the library she said to me: 'Do smoke.' 'But I don't smoke,' I answered. 'Well, but just to keep me in countenance.' Of course, I took a cigarette and lighted it. This was between 1893-4, just after I had published 'The Heavenly Twins.' Our companions were all three distinguished men; their talk was delightful, and as I listened I smoked without much consciousness of what I was doing. The cigarette had no effect upon me whatever at the moment, either pleasurable or the contrary. But a few days later, while I was talking to one of my stepsons—who, by the way, was not smoking at the time—I was seized with an importunate craving for tobacco. 'I should like to smoke,' I said. 'Well, smoke, then,' he answered, and handed me his cigarette case. And from that time I have smoked, more or less—generally less—my average being from two to four cigarettes a day. I smoked at first, not because I cared particularly for the act, but in order to be sociable. It became my custom to have cigarettes brought in with the coffee at dessert, and to sit and chat instead of breaking up the party and separating, the ladies to yawn in the drawing-room, leaving the men to such ideas as more wine might engender. Thus, in my mind, smoking he-

came associated with pretty still-life pictures of dessert on the dark polish of a Chippendale table, with shaded lights and flowers, with many a brilliant mind that gave of its best, and with the close sympathy of many a loyal heart that expanded under the gentle, genial influence." But while at first Mme. Grand regarded the cigarette as the "toy of the dinner table," she says, by successive stages, she smoked for solace in time of trouble, for inspiration in stress of work; soon lost her taste for needle work, and smoked when she should have been sewing on buttons or darn- ing socks; gradually began to inhale the smoke, and finally ended up by smoking as many as fourteen cigarettes a day. Still, she is of the opinion women should smoke—in moderation.

Professor William Elliot Griffiths, of Cornell University, who went to Japan more than a quarter of a century ago to organize a school on the American plan, has been telling some interesting things about the Japanese people. He says that when he had spent some time "among the sweet-faced women" of that country, "Caucasian women had the most cruel and repulsive appearance" to him. This observation has been made by other foreigners who have lived in Japan, and one of them attributes the "harsh and unpleasant looks of the women of European blood" to their meat diet!

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
February 18th.....	58	46	.00	Cloudy
" 19th.....	56	50	.00	Cloudy
" 20th.....	56	48	.00	Cloudy
" 21st.....	60	46	.00	Cloudy
" 22d.....	58	56	.00	Cloudy
" 23d.....	60	52	.00	Rain
" 24th.....	56	50	.00	Rain

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 24, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	3,000	@ 106½	106	106½
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	2,000	@ 103½	.....	104½
Cal. St. Cable Co.				
5%.....	5,000	@ 117	116½	117½
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	4,000	@ 99-99½	98¾	99
Los An. Ry 5%.....	10,000	@ 113	.....	114
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	11,000	@ 116	.....	116½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 105	105	
North Shore Ry 5%.....	1,000	@ 99½	.....	100½
Oakland Transit				
6%.....	1,000	@ 119¼	.....	119¾
Sac. Electric Gas &				
Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 99½	99½	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 118¼	118	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	7,000	@ 105½-105¾	105½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906.....	10,000	@ 107	106¾	
S. V. Water 6%.....	10,000	@ 107½-107¾	107¾	
S. V. Water 4%.....	10,000	@ 99½-100	99½	100

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Val. W. Co.	385	@ 38½-40	39½	40
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	5	@ 61¾	61¾	62½
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	30	@ 44½	44½	45
Hutchinson.....	40	@ 8	8	8½
Makawell S. Co.....	25	@ 19-19½	18½	19½
Paauhau S. Co.....	25	@ 11¼	11	
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	500	@ 57½-58	57½	58½
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	15	@ 136½-139		
Cal. Wine Assn.....	10	@ 92½		

Giant Powder has been steady, and very little stock changed hands.

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, and on sales of 385 shares sold as high as 40; closing at 39½ bid, 40 asked.

Sugars were traded in to the amount of 120 shares, with gains of from one-quarter to one point, the latter in Hutchinson.

Alaska Packers sold off two and one-half points to 136½ on small sales, closing at 136 bid.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Rush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

**RUBBER**

LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation  
Company  
713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

ALWAYS  
INSIST UPON HAVING  
THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
FLORIDA WATER  
THE MOST REFRESHING AND  
DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE  
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Edward Hartshorn  
All America knows the  
**HARTSHORN**  
Shade Roller  
is the best. But look out for  
counterfeits. The genuine  
has the signature on the label as  
above. Get the improved.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

# THE Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critic.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Ont West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Talleyrand was talking, one day, to a duchess who had a small and very pretty foot, which Talleyrand thought she was protruding somewhat needlessly. "Oui, madame!" he said at last, "je sais que vous avez le pied très petit. Votre nez" (hers was very big) "ne tiendrait pas dans votre soulier!"

Some things that happen on the stage are very wonderful. An English audience was recently marveling at a dog which was playing a bit of an old masterpiece on a piano. Suddenly some one in the audience yelled "Rats!" and the dog made a break from the piano. But the music kept right along, just the same.

Dr. Parkhurst's attention had been called to a morning newspaper account of an interview with his dear old friend, Thomas C. Platt, and particularly to the senator's assertion, "I am in town for business and religion." Then with a contemptuous snort: "Why use eight words when six would do? If Platt's going into religion, it must be for business."

The following tale is told of the Bishop of London. Having indulged that precarious pastime of asking any small boy or girl in the audience to ask him a question, Dr. Ingram was met by the following: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" It is sad to record that even the Bishop of London was driven to make the usual humiliating and miserable escape by returning, "What little boy or girl would like to answer this?"

Browning had a maid in his service who had a gift for saying quaint things. When the poet was going to pay the last mark of respect to George Henry Lewes, she said she "didn't see the good of catching cold at other people's funerals." And once, when he was away on a holiday and a journalist came to the door to inquire if it was true that the poet was dead, she indignantly answered, "I have not heard so, and I am sure my master is not the kind of a man to do such a thing without letting us know."

An English lawyer, who had been cross-examining a witness for some time, and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury, and every one in the court, was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross-examination. Before telling the witness to stand down, he accosted him with this parting sarcasm: "Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow—we can all see that." The witness leaned over from the box, and quietly retorted: "I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."

During the campaign of 1900, when people made pilgrimages to Canton, O., to call on President McKinley, a delegation of commercial travelers came, one day, and were cordially received by the President. The spokesman, in thanking Mr. McKinley for their reception, said: "We are nearly all your enthusiastic supporters—I say nearly all, for there are seventeen of us, and we are all good Republicans but one." Instantly the President responded: "Gentlemen, I am glad to see you; you represent exactly the issue of the campaign—sixteen to one."

Jake, the colored servant of Lionel Barrymore, has quite a flock of children, all of them with Biblical names, as their father is very religious, and a great student of the Bible. A boy was added to the family not long ago, and Jake confessed himself puzzled as to a name for him. "You see," he explained, "we've 'bout 'sauted all dem characters—such as David an' Amos an' Solomon. De woman suggests Balaam, but I see calculatin' on Hallowed." "Hallowed?" "Yas, sah; de books suggests it foh itself. 'Hallowed be Thy name,' sah. I reckon we'll leave it dah, sah."

The intricacies of the English language are demonstrated by the story of a business man who, knowing nothing of horses, took his wife for a drive. He was anxious about the disposition of the horse he was to drive, and was assured by the liveryman from whom he hired it that the animal was perfectly safe as long as the reins were not allowed to become mixed up with his tail. The city man hesitated, but was encouraged to proceed by the assurance, "If you just keep the rein away from his tail he will be all right." As he returned the horse in the evening the liveryman said: "Well, I see you have had no trouble." "Oh, no," said the man; "we had only one shower while we were out, and my wife held her umbrella over his tail while that lasted."

Mrs. Hoyt, wife of Charles Hoyt, the playwright, added much to the enjoyment of a Lambs' Club banquet in Chicago by her sharp and witty tongue, always ready for a home

thrust. Mr. Hoyt was second on the list of speakers, and was badly frightened. He concluded that he would plunge quickly into his speech when called upon, and with this idea he arose briskly when announced, and started in: "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel honored, I'm sure, by this request of the toastmaster. But it is so unexpected I really had no time to prepare—a—I really had no time to prepare—a—" And he stopped. Every one felt sorry for him, but Mrs. Hoyt seemed in no way disturbed. When she noticed his predicament she turned toward him suddenly, and called out: "Why, Charley, you did it perfectly this morning."

The stoical bravery of Russian soldiers is well illustrated by the story of a captain who was unsuccessfully shelling a battery at the siege of Varsovie. Field-Marshal Pashkevitch galloped up to the captain and sternly asked why his firing did not have some effect. The captain replied that the shells did not ignite. The marshal scoffed that theory, and threatened to degrade the officer. The captain picked up one of the shells, ignited the fuse, and, holding it in the palm of his hand, said to the marshal: "See for yourself, sir." The marshal, folding his arms across his breast, stood looking at the smoking shell. It was a solemn moment. Both men stood motionless, awaiting the result. Finally the fuse burned out, and the captain threw the shell to the ground. "It's true," remarked the marshal, turning away to consider other measures to silence the enemy's fire. In the evening, instead of punishment, the captain received the cross of the Order of St. Vladimir.

When Meredith P. Gentry was defeated for the governorship of Tennessee by Andrew Johnson, afterward President, he was much chagrined, principally, he said, because he "had been run over by that great calf," as he contemptuously designated Johnson. Gentry's melancholy over the result of the election increased as time passed, and he went into a decline. So some of his friends visited him in order to cheer him up, and, as was the custom in those days, emptied several demijohns of whisky during the evening. It was very late before they thought of retiring, and then Gentry announced that, as there was a clergyman present (Parson Brownlow) he would request him to offer up a prayer before the company went to bed. Brother Brownlow, whose specialty was exhortation, began to pray. He included everything in his petition, and at last said: "And, O Lord, if in Thy infinite mercy it be possible, have mercy also upon Andrew Johnson." Gentry was on his feet in an instant. "Stop, Mr. Brownlow, stop," he exclaimed; "you will exhaust the fount of infinite mercy."

## A Theatre-Party.

SHE—Say, dear, will you take me to the theatre with you to-night?

HE—Why, I don't know. [I'll put up a bluff about its being too late to get tickets.] Have you got the tickets, dear?

SHE—No, not yet. Is it too late?

HE—I'm afraid it is. [Here's where I make good. It will be just the same as if I took her.] I happen to know there isn't a seat left.

SHE—Have you been inquiring?

HE—[Gee whiz, she suspects me of going off myself. Forry!] Certainly not, darling. I heard Smith say so this afternoon. He tried all over town to get seats. [Here's where I get in my fine work.] What in the world did you suggest such a thing for?

SHE—Why? Would you go if you could?

HE—Would I go! [What a chance she has given me!] Why, sweetheart, I'm dying to go. What did you mention the theatre for, anyway? I hadn't thought about it until you spoke. Hang the luck! I feel just like having a good time—with you. [That'll make her feel good.] Wouldn't it be nice? A good play, all by ourselves, and then—

SHE [Breathlessly]—What then?

HE—[Oh, this is easy.] Oh, then we'd have a nice little supper. Oh, why did you mention it! It makes me sick. Now we'll have to stay home and mope. I feel just in the mood. Oh, if we only had a couple of seats!

SHE [Clapping her hands]—You dear! We have! We have!

HE—[Heavens! am I caught?] What do you mean?

SHE—I mean this. This morning early I reserved two fine ones over the telephone. Come, dear, there isn't a moment to lose!—Smoot Set.

The wise physician—"Pardon me, ladies. I am called to the court. I can not prescribe individually for you, but don't let that worry you. I prescribe that those sitting on my left go to the seacoast, and those on my right to the mountains."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## No Substitute

not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals and general household cooking. It is the result of forty-five years experience in the growing, buying, handling and preserving of milk by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Puzzle.

If female cats have nine lives each,  
And each life kills a rat,  
And twenty dogs that live in reach  
Take two lives from each cat.

How many rats will be cbeued up  
From dawn to break of day,  
If thirty cats and one bull pup  
Thus pass the night away?

—Walter P. Neff in Ev.

## The New Version.

A soldier of the Russians

Lay jappaned at Tschirzvjkskivitch,  
There was lack of woman's nursing  
And other comforts which  
Might add to his last moments  
And smooth the final way;  
But a comrade stood beside him  
To bear what he might say.  
The jappaned Russian faltered  
As he took that comrade's band,  
And he said: "I never more shall see  
My own, my native land;  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine.  
For I was born at Smnlzrsksqrxski,  
Fair Smnlzrsksqrxski on the Irkz-  
trvklmnov."

—W. J. L. in New York Sun.

## Ton Bad.

Two dance-hall musicians in Butte  
Were paid to play cornet and flute,  
But they drank lemonade,  
Beer and whisky, which made  
Those two tooters too tight to tutte.

—Philadelphia Press.

## Chaucer Retorts.

[It being reported from London that Rudyard Kipling is engaged upon a series of parodies of the English poets, Geoffrey Chaucer, as dean of the colony beyond the Styx, was deputed to reply in kind.]

"What ben ye people readyng now?" ynquired ye Bookyshe Shade.

"Ye parodies, ye parodies," ye Ghostlie Salesmanne sayde.

"What parodies be these you speake?" ynquired ye Bookyshe Shade.

"Ye ones Rud. Kyplunge turneth oute," ye Ghostlie Salesmanne sayde.

"He ys pickyng oute outelandsyshe wordes, soe difficulte toe spelle,  
And twystinge up ye poetrie that we have writ soe welle,  
And—bere be hath ye bulge on us!—be knoweth bowe toe selle.

Ye parodye he maketh everie mornynge."

"Lest we forget, lest we forget," ye Bookyshe Shade made crye.

"It beates ye belles of Mandalaye," ye Salesmanne made replie.

"Butte that's another storie," sayde ye Shade of Bookyshe mynde.

"A penne, a page, a borne of ynke," ye Salesmanne thenne outlynd.

"He ys gryndynge oute a goodlye lot of 'ye,' and 'whyeb,' and 'ys,'

And tanglyng uppe ye alphabette inne thys new work of bys,

For Kyplunge bath a goodlye eye—a goodlye eye for byz—

A parodye he maketh everie mornynge."

"'Ere's to you, fuzzie wuzzie!" smyled ye Bookyshe Shade in scorn.

"It beates ye Just So Stories," syghed ye Salesmanne all forlorne.

"Let Homer smas hys bloomyng lyre," ye Bookyshe Shade cryed oute.

"Bylle Shakspeare asks that pryvilege," ye Salesmanne thenne did sboute.

"Bylle Shakspeare sayes butte waite untill ye thys Kyplunge turnes toe bimme,

And thenne hys cbaunces will be smaile and wylle be mygbtie slimme.

'Odsblod! It irketh us to see Kyp's purse fylled toe ye brimme—

A parodye he selleth everie mornynge."

—W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

Unanswerable: Pompous magnate (making speech at public luncheon in provincial town)

"Speaking of travel reminds me how greatly I have admired the scenery round Lake Geneva, and also what pleasant times I have spent in the neighborhood of Lake Lemnan."

Cultured neighbor (in audible whisper)—"Pardon me, but the two places are synonymous." Pompous magnate (patronizingly)—"Ah! So you may think, sir—so you may think! But, from my point of view, I consider Lake Geneva to be far the most synonymous of the two."—Punch.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved,  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## SOZODONT

## Pretty Teeth In a Good Mouth

are like jewels well set. Our best men and women have made SOZODONT the Standard.

## BEST FOR YOUR TEETH

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

St. Louis.....Mar. 5 | St. Paul.....Mar. 19

New York.....Mar. 12 | Zealand.....Mar. 26, 10:30 am

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Merion.....Mar. 7, 10 am | Havendord.....Mar. 19, 10 am

Westmead.....Mar. 12, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Marquette.....Mar. 5, 9 am

Minneapolis.....Mar. 12, 1:30 pm

Minneapolis.....Mar. 19, 7 am

Mesaba.....Mar. 26, 9 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Canada.....Mar. 12 | Dominion.....April 2

Vancouver.....Mar. 26 | Cambroman.....April 9

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Rotterdam.....Mar. 8 | Rotterdam.....Mar. 29

Noordam.....Mar. 22 | Potsdam.....April 5

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.

Finland.....Mar. 5 | Kronland.....Mar. 19

Vaderland.....Mar. 12 | Zealand.....Mar. 26

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic.....Mar. 9, noon | Majestic.....Mar. 29, 10 am

Celtic.....Mar. 16, 4 pm | Arabic.....April 1, 5 pm

Cedric.....Mar. 23, 9 am | Oceanic.....April 6, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Mar. 17, April 14

Cretic.....Mar. 31 | Cretic.....Mar. 26

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Canopic.....Mar. 12

Republic (new).....Mar. 26

Romanic.....April 9, May 14

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Doric (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, Mar. 5

Coptic.....Thursday, Mar. 31

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26

Doric.....Friday, May 30

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Feb. 29, at 11

A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, March 3, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 18, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 339 Market St., San Francisco.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home

Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine

section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There

are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers,

on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY

CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and

are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art

store. All this in addition to a superior news service,

both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents

per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition,

\$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,

Manager, Proprietor.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may

appear about you, your friends, or any subject on

which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily

papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact,

every paper of importance published in the United

States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the Euro-

pean Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized

globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips

giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day

by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.



## SOCIETY.

## The Hall-Bolton Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Conway Bolton, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Bolton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bolton, to Mr. Gordon Hall, took place on Tuesday at the quarters of the bride's father, at the Presidio. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by Rev. Wylls Hall, the groom's father. A luncheon was served after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Hall have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bailey, to Mr. William Frederick Mohr, of New York.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Martin Kent, to Lieutenant Gilbert N. Allen, U. S. N., will take place on April 6th.

The wedding of Miss Egbert, daughter of the late General Egbert, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Yates Sterling, U. S. N., took place in Manila recently.

The wedding of Mrs. Hilda Macdonald Baxter, daughter of Colonel William Macdonald, to Mr. Ralph Hart, will take place to-day (Saturday).

Mrs. J. Parmenter gave a luncheon recently at her residence, 3346 Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. H. F. Francis, of Honolulu. Others at table were Mrs. H. S. Dana, Miss Birdsal, Mrs. J. T. Barracough, Miss Mabel Cluness, Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Jr., and Mrs. Lloyd Weaver.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, 2611 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Robert Hooker and Miss Hooker will give a card-party on Tuesday evening at their residence, 1117 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Alva Watt entertained informally on Monday evening at their residence, 18 Devisadero Street.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Fish, of Boston. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. James E. Robinson, Mrs. Richard Boyne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Miss Bliss, Captain de la Mar, and Miss Pillsbury.

A hop was given at the Officers' Club at the Presidio on Tuesday evening in honor of Major John Pitcher, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of Mrs. Emily F. Pope, who died on February 11th, has been filed for probate. George Andrew Pope, the decedent's son, was appointed executor, and receives one-third of the estate, which is valued at something over \$1,000,000. Mrs. Florence Pope Frank and Mrs. Mary Pope Murphy are bequeathed \$175,000 each. The other legatees and the amounts bequeathed them are as follows: Mrs. Mary E. Hovey, of Providence, R. I., decedent's sister, \$6,000; Mrs. Emily R. Spaulding, of Providence, a niece, \$5,000;

Martha Talbot, of Providence, a niece, \$1,000; Susan E. Clafin, of Providence, \$1,000; Olive Belches, of Boston, \$5,000; Andrew B. Talbot, \$5,000; Emily F. Walker, \$2,000; Mrs. Harriet E. Young, of Everett, Mass., \$5,000; Eliza T. Chaloner, of San José, a cousin, \$1,000; Sophia G. Pierce, a niece, \$1,000; Edith T. Pope, \$5,000; Martin V. Whitmore, decedent's former coachman, \$3,000; Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, \$6,000; Pope Kindergarten, \$4,000; Helen T. Bacon, of Oakland, \$1,000. Every precaution against a contest has been taken, and an agreement among the heirs is added at the end of the will, wherein it is stated that they are perfectly satisfied with the provisions, and will always hold the document a sacred trust.

The last will and testament of Alvinza Hayward was filed for probate Tuesday noon in the county clerk's office at Redwood City. Howard G. Stevenson and L. W. Shinn are named executors, and Charity Hayward, the widow, executrix. No bonds are required. They are authorized to sell any of the estate without an order of court, and at any time. All the property is to go to the widow, Charity Hayward, with the exception of the small bequests of five thousand dollars to the decedent's half-brother, Jonathan A. Hale, of Pottsdam, N. Y., and five thousand dollars to each of his half-brother's children. The daughter of the deceased, Emma Rose, is specifically omitted from sharing under the will, and the reason given for this is that Hayward recently deeded valuable property to her. The value of the property set forth in the petition accompanying the will is over a million dollars. The will expressly provides that the executors shall not return an inventory and appraisement of the property of the estate to the court. Garret McEnerney, representing the widow, and the other attorneys, received special letters of administration. The petition for general letters is set for March 24th.

Rumors having gained circulation that "Ye Sign of Ye Peacock," the Geary Street restaurant, opposite Union Square, had become known as a place where a cocktail could be obtained without embarrassing publicity, the police department sent a man to investigate. He reported that he secured a cocktail, then another, without any trouble. Consequently, the police commissioners have revoked the license that permitted the proprietor of the restaurant to serve liquor with meals.

Robert Edeson declares that one night, in Terre Haute, a convict-looking fellow applied for a job as super, and was told that he would not fill the bill, as his hair was too short, and the management did not furnish wigs. "What do you want for fifty cents," exclaimed the disgusted applicant; "the seven Sutherland sisters?"

The delight of traveling up Mt. Tamalpais on the crookedest railroad in the world is nothing to the sensations produced by the view to be obtained on reaching the top of the mountain. Another agreeable feature is the hospitality dispensed at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. Michael Davitt, wife of the Irish agitator, arrived in Oakland last week to look after her share of the estate left by her aunt, the late Mary Canning. Mrs. Davitt, who was formerly of Oakland, has two brothers there, William J. Yore and John M. Yore.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Large Attendance Assured.

The farewell concert to be given this (Saturday) evening at Steinway Hall as a parting testimonial to Mr. Donald de V. Graham, who is to leave here soon for London, is looked forward to both by Mr. Graham's friends and by music-lovers in general. Although Mr. Graham's personal popularity would be enough to insure a large attendance, the programme arranged is one that appeals to the best taste. The concert will mark the first appearance of Mr. Harry Gillig since his return from abroad, where he has been studying and developing his voice. Mr. Graham will also have several numbers, and, altogether, as will be seen from the programme, the evening will furnish an artistic treat:

Violin solo, "Romance pour violon," Saint-Saëns, N. Landsberger; songs (a) aria, "Trumpeter von Säckingen," Nessler, (b) "Dawn," Guy d'Hardelot, D. de V. Graham; song, Mme. Camille d'Arville; song, "Benvenuto," Godard, H. M. Gillig; song, "Seeligkeit," Von der Stucken, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard; songs (a) "Pensee d'Automne," Massenet, (b) "Chant Vénétien," Bemberg, D. de V. Graham; songs (a) "Irish Volkslied," Foote, (b) "Ariette," Vidal, D. de V. Graham; violin solo, "Am meer," Schuher-Vilkeley, N. Landsberger; song, Mme. Camille d'Arville; song, "O casto fior" ("Roi de Lahore"), Massenet, H. M. Gillig; song, "Haymaking," Needham, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard; songs, (a) "Noël d'Irlande," Holmes, (b) "Ask Nothing More," Margiote, D. de V. Graham. Musical Director, Dr. H. J. Stewart.

## Eaton Organ Recital.

Mr. Louis H. Eaton, assisted by Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano, and Miss Elsie P. Sherman, violinist, will give his twenty-second free organ recital at Trinity Church Monday evening, February 29th, at eight o'clock. Mrs. Northrup will sing two Biblical songs by Dvorak, and "Great is the Holy One of Israel," by H. L. Case. Miss Sherman will play the "Romance" from Wieniawski's second violin concerto, and the "Hejre Kati," by Jenö Huhay. The organ numbers will be "Fourth Trio Sonata," by Bach; "Scherzo Symphonique Concertant," by Faulkes; "Andante Cantabile," from the string quartet, by Tchaikowsky, op. 11; and Mendelssohn's "Fifth Sonata." A collection will be taken for the benefit of the volunteers of Trinity choir.

## The Bauer Concerts.

Harold Bauer, who is most highly praised by Eastern critics, will give three recitals at Lyric Hall next week—on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday matinée. The programmes will include the F-sharp minor sonata of Schumann, Chopin's "Fantasie," Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," Schuher's impromptu in A-flat, the Brahms arrangement of the gavotte of Gluck, Schumann's "Kreisleriana," Beethoven's "Apassionata" and G-major "Rondo" and sonata, op. 110. The complete programmes for all the concerts may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens this (Saturday) morning. Prices for this engagement are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

## Wagner Lectures.

During the last week of March, Mrs. Raymond Brown, an Eastern musician, pianist, and lecturer, will give, at Lyric Hall, a series of four musical talks, with illustrations at the piano, on the music dramas of Richard Wagner. The subjects to be taken up are "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Ring of the Niebelungen," and "Parsifal." The course will be given during one week, three nights and Saturday matinée. Season tickets will be \$3.00 and \$2.00.

## Last of the Kilties.

The famous Kilties Scotch Band will close their engagement at the Alhambra Theatre on Sunday night. There will be matinées to-day (Saturday) and to-morrow. At to-day matinée every lady will be presented with a handsome album containing the words and music of the most popular Scotch songs. To-night (Saturday) a rag-time smoker will be given.

The smaller of the two galleries at the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum has been remodeled and turned into an art gallery for the display of work done by local painters and sculptors. Many works have already been put on exhibition, and more will be added.

Homer Davenport, the famous caricaturist, will lecture at Lyric Hall under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum on Wednesday night, March 10th, and Saturday afternoon, March 12th. His subject will be "The Power of the Cartoon."

The wedding of Miss Grace Cordell to Mr. Homer Henley took place at the bride's residence, 1202 Haight Street, on Monday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George C. Adams.

# Pears'

Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it oft-n.

Established over 100 years.

## ORDER SOME

## "Club Cocktails"

SENT HOME TODAY.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at dinner which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to

G. F. Heublein & Bro.,  
29 Broadway, N. Y.,  
and Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
**THE SPOHN-TRAGT CO.**  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

**HOT AND HANDY**  
**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.  
**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

**F. C. JAEGER**  
Florist and Decorator  
Floral Designs, Palms, Seeds, and Spring Blossoms.  
**236 SUTTER STREET**  
Telephone Main 1951.

**PODESTA & BALDOCCHI**  
FLORISTS AND DECORATORS  
Bay View Nursery  
**242 SUTTER STREET**  
Bet. Kearny St. and Grant Ave.  
Telephone Grant 160.

**BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.**

Dealers in **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS.  
For Printing and Wrapping. } 401-403 Sansome St.

**There is no Substitute for**

**ROYAL**  
  
**BAKING POWDER**  
**Absolutely Pure**

**It is a Matter of Health**



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Prince Poniatowski is on his way home from Paris. His family will remain in Europe with Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who has been at Del Monte, will leave this week for a visit to Southern California and New Mexico.

Mrs. Alexander H. Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough were recently at Nice, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Keyes.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has left Paris for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart have returned from Del Monte, and are at the Hotel Granada.

Senator Charles M. Belshaw and Mrs. Belshaw will make Antioch their future home.

Mrs. Gerrit Lansing has returned to her home in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto are now in Paris.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt and Mr. William F. Herrin have gone to New York to attend the annual conference of the officials of the Harriman lines.

Mrs. Davenport, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Beth Allen, Mr. John Young, Mr. William Goldsborough, Lieutenant Edward Shenkle, U. S. A., Mr. Brockway Metcalfe, and Mr. Burrage spent several days recently at Mill Valley.

Mr. Willard V. Huntington will be in New York for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pendleton and Mrs. Titton, of New York, are registered at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Barker have gone on a short visit to Pasadena and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams Poett have returned to town.

Miss Josephine Smith, daughter of ex-Paymaster-General Smith, U. S. N., is the guest of Mrs. Hubert Howe Bancroft. She will leave next week for San Diego.

Mr. Southard Hoffman is expected back soon from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Griffin have returned from the south, and are at the Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough leave today (Saturday) for a short stay in Southern California, and from there will go East for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson have returned from Monterey.

Mr. Edward A. Stent has gone East, being called away by the illness of his sister.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lenahan, the Misses Lenahan, and Master F. Lenahan, of Chicago, are at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson expect to leave on March 16th for the East, and later will go abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sewall are the guests of Mrs. Sewall's father, Rev. Arthur Crosby, of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip have returned from Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill left on Friday for Honolulu, where they will remain for about six weeks.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Lucy R. Weill was in London last week.

Miss Kathleen Bull, Miss Edith Bull, and Miss Marie Bull will leave about March 1st for Europe.

Miss Lilly McCalla has returned from Omaha.

The week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dickson, and Mr. Harry West, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Boughton, of Catskill, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Perry, of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitney, of North Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shorp, of Paterson, Mr. John Walthof, of Beaumont, Dr. Striholt, of Copenhagen, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Swanberg, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenblatt, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hunsaker, Miss L. Swanberg, and Mr. C. A. Grow.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. W. McL. Osbourne, of Fusan, Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Lynch, of Alameda, Mr. Warren Olney, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sweasey Powers, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Harold de Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Rosenbaum, Mrs. Helen Wooster, Miss Helen Wooster Peckham, Miss Hill, Mr. R. M. Boyce, Mr. J. H. Cutter, Mr. T. H. Schumacher, Mr. R. L. Topf, and Mr. Robert Capelle.

## Army and Navy News.

President Roosevelt has approved the selection of Captain Theodore F. Jewell, Captain William M. Folger, and Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., for promotion to the rank of rear-admiral.

Captain C. C. Bellou, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twelfth Infantry to the Fifth Infantry, and ordered to the Ordnance Barracks, Monterey.

Major W. P. Kendall, U. S. A., has been relieved of the command of the General Hospital at the Presidio, and transferred to the hospital at Ordnance Barracks at Monterey.

terey. Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, chief surgeon of the Department of California, U. S. A., has been ordered to the command of the Presidio Hospital.

Dr. Edward R. Patterson, U. S. N., was in town this week.

Captain J. K. Thompson, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fifteenth Infantry to the Twelfth Infantry.

Captain Alga P. Berry, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty as quartermaster on the *Buford*.

Major George O. Squier, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence, to take effect when his services can be spared.

General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lee left last Saturday for San Antonio, Tex., where General Lee will be stationed as commanding-general of the Department of Texas.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent has joined Captain Bent, U. S. A., at Fort Logan Root, Mo.

Major W. E. Birkhimer, U. S. A., of the general staff, has been relieved from duty at Washington, D. C., and ordered to proceed to San Francisco, and report in person to the commanding-general of the Pacific division for duty as assistant to the chief of staff.

Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Hughes, U. S. N., formerly of the *Pensacola*, has been ordered to the Asiatic station.

Major Ira MacNutt, U. S. A., in charge of the Benicia arsenal, has been relieved, and will go to the Watertown arsenal, Massachusetts.

Navy Pay Inspector R. T. M. Ball has been appointed president of the naval examining board at Mare Island Navy Yard in addition to his duties at the San Francisco pay office.

Commander John B. Milton, U. S. N., recently in charge of the twelfth lighthouse district, has left for the Asiatic station for duty as commander on a ship as yet undesignated.

Lieutenant S. M. Waterhouse, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty on the transport *Logan* and from further duty in the Philippine division, and ordered to proceed from San Francisco to Fort Worden, Wash., and report at that post for duty.

Mrs. Fair, wife of Lieutenant John S. Fair, squadron adjutant, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone on a visit East.

Mrs. Holmes has taken a house in San Francisco during the cruise of the training ship *Mohican*, of which Captain F. H. Holmes, U. S. N., has recently taken command.

Mrs. Hulme, wife of Lieutenant W. O. Hulme, U. S. N., has taken apartments at California and Larkin Streets.

Lieutenant Nolan V. Ellis, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, will join his company at San Francisco upon the arrival of the Eleventh from the Philippines.

Ensign Stanley Woods, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and ordered for duty in connection with the submarine torpedo-boats at Mare Island.

## A Balty Automobile.

Mr. Thomas Magee has suffered the loss of his new five-thousand-dollar French automobile, a Renault, which, through its own gasoline, is a wreck. The accident occurred very early last Sunday morning. Mr. Magee was among several people who went to Del Monte last week in their automobiles. The whole party had difficulty in going over muddy San Juan Hill, below Gilroy. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson were the first to reach the top, and after much urging Mr. Magee induced his automobile to follow. The machine did not work well, and on Saturday night Mr. Magee decided to bring it back to San Francisco. He made the journey with little trouble until he reached the heavy slope in the road beyond Centerville. There the automobile balked again, and positively refused to make the ascent. Mr. Magee and his chauffeur descended to tinker with the machine, when suddenly the acetylene lamp exploded, and in an instant the costly Renault was a mass of flames, making, at two o'clock in the morning, a spectacular but not a cheerful sight. In a few minutes the automobile was a blackened, twisted wreck. Both men had their hands slightly burned, and some of their personal effects were lost. They had the rather trying experience of slopping through the mud and rain to the little station at Centerville, where they waited for the morning train to bring them to San Francisco.

President Roosevelt has appointed C. E. Grunsky, San Francisco's city engineer, a member of the Panama Canal Commission.

—ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, WHO HAS BEEN connected with the Equitable Life Insurance Company for the past year, has been appointed general manager of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, 419 California Street.

"Knox" Spring Styles  
just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE, KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR,"  
121 Post St., cuts fine-fitting shirt-waists for ladies.

## A Strong Arraignment.

William Winter, the nestor of New York dramatic critics, has been inspired by the vapidity of "The Younger Mrs. Parling," a play in which Annie Russell lately appeared, to write for the New York *Tribune* the following fierce attack on the insipidity of modern drama and its exponents:

It is a melancholy fact that most of the contemporary things that are praised are praised only because they used to be fine, and because it is hard and painful to admit they are fine no longer. There are more than forty theatres in and about New York, and there scarcely is one of them in which anybody is doing anything that is interesting or important. They are open as wood-yards are open, and scores of persons are sawing wood in them. Veterans, who might have played before Noah, when he landed from the Ark, wander about the flats and totter and mumble. Persons who were "supers" yesterday are "stars" to-day. Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as "actresses," rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. The slimy muck of Mr. Ibsen and the lunacy of Mr. Maeterlinck are made to trickle into the public mind and turn the public stomach.

Degenerates from foreign lands, provided with rancid plays about libertines and wantons, fix a steadfast gaze on the coast of Greenland and whisper to the scenery in the third groove, and are vaunted as prodigies of "genius" and "intensity." Historical demigods of England and France are theatrically celebrated for social delectation. Women whom scandalous divorce has made notorious, diffuse upon the theatre their foul repute. Prize-fighters and unspeakable cranks—John L. Sullivan, "Kid" McCoy, and Carrie Nation—are obtruded as "actors." The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen. It seems only necessary to pen a hole in the wall and call it a theatre, and a multitude rushes into it to sweat and snigger.

The California Society of New York gave its annual dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria last Saturday evening. Benjamin Ide Wheeler was a guest of honor. Rev. Dr. Robert MacKenzie presided, and Joseph Campbell and Congressmen J. C. Needham, T. A. Bell, J. N. Gillette, and V. H. Metcalf also spoke. Letters and telegrams from many prominent people, including President Roosevelt, were read.

Count Rozvadowski is to succeed Chevalier Carlo Serra, who has been Italian consul-general at this port for seven years past. Count Rozvadowski was formerly Italian consul at Chicago. Chevalier Serra is at present in Europe, and will be given a consular position in some continental city. The Italian consulate will be in charge of Count Grimani until the new consul-general arrives.

Consumptives will be barred hereafter from the first-class Pullman cars on the Santa Fe Railway hereafter. Hospital cars at intervals on through trains will be used. The innovation will be put into effect as soon as the summer tourist trade begins.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

## GIANT STRIDES!

All Records Broken

The DISTINCTLY HIGH QUALITY

—OF—

MOËT & CHANDON

"White Seal" Champagne

Never Varies

WHY ???

Messrs. Moët & Chandon own more vineyards, than all the leading Champagne houses combined and have over 11 miles of cellars, the most extensive in the world.

Their sales during the Year 1903 were

4,013,684

Bottles, a figure never before reached by any Champagne house

This Great House offers its choicest product in

"WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

William Wolff & Co. PACIFIC COAST AGENTS San Francisco, Cal.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.







# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1408.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 7, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 345 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Brixton Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Some Larger Aspects of the War—Will Japan Awaken Asia?—England's Hold on India Weak—Indian Press Favorable to Japan—How Will Europe Meet the Crisis?—A Russo-Japanese Alliance—Let Us Have More Trade Schools—The Importance of Learning Handicrafts—Climate Here and Elsewhere—Our Content—Criticism, Condemned, Copied—Amusing Diversity of Opinion on "Two Argonauts in Spain"—The Expressmen's Grievances—Oppression from Every Side—No Gifts by Hanna or Whitney—Left All Their Money to Their Families—The Tariff a Local Issue—The Shoe Pinches the Newspapers—The Mysterious Boom of Hearst—Watterson Gives Up—Murphy Cool Toward the Editor—The Events of the Week in the War	145-147
ENTER LIZARD BILL: The Subduing of a Bad Man. By George S. Evans	148
ARTISTIC NEW YORK: The Change That Has Come About—Writers and Artists Flock There—Their Favorite Places of Abode—Slums Contiguous to Respectability—A Dramatic Night Incident. By Geraldine Bonner	149
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World	149
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: King Edward's Love of Pageantry—Embassador Choate in Sombre Garb—Other Notabilities—The Duchesses of Marlborough and Roxburghe the Prettiest Women There. By "Cockaigne"	150
HYMNS OF BATTLE: "Port Arthur"; "War in the East," by Clinton Scollard; "The Destroyer," by Edward Sydney Tyler; "The Cossacks of the Don," by John S. McGroarty	150
GOON STORIES OF ROOSEVELT: The President Not a Genius—Plan to Smash the Spanish Fleet—In Youth a Free Trader—Is He Impulsive?—Impeaching the Veracity of a Cabinet Member	151
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	152-153
DRAMA: "Miss Hobbs" at the Alcazar—"The Gypsy Baron" at the Tivoli. By Josephine Hart Phelps	154
STAGE GOSSIP	155
VANITY FAIR: "How to Live Long"—Digging Our Own Graves—We Eat Too Much—Instances of Asceticism—Scarcity of Diamonds—Prices Advanced—Rough Diamond Market Almost Depleted—The Reasons—Docking Horses' Tails—Colonel William Jay Defends It—Editorial Troubles—The Monogram Unfashionable—Change in Women's Voices	156
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—An Unskillful Biographer—A Satisfactory Excuse—Knew George Eliot—He Lost—The California Senator and the Bus Driver—Quick Dutch Wit—Tillman's Bottle—Whitney's Brevity—A Cold Weather Story—Dr. Rixey's Retrenching Brother	157
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Wings of Riches"; "My Pa Aint Like George Washington's Pa"; "If Bill Was There," by W. D. Nesbit	157
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News	158-159
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dis-mal Wits of the Day	160

The war now raging in the Far East is no common war. It has features without parallel in any war. The first supreme test of modern types of naval machines is being made. For the first time in history, steel and powder—which were wrought together into lethal power by Western inventiveness and skill—are being effectively employed by the Oriental against the Occidental—by the taught against the teacher. For the first time since, in the thirteenth century, the triumphant horsemen of Genghis Khan penetrated to the Volga and be-

yond, a yellow race wars with a chance of victory against a white.

These three facts alone suffice to place the present conflict in a class apart from any struggle since the Napoleonic wars. It marks the end of an epoch. For a hundred years Europe has been conquering Asia. The English are in India; the French are in Indo-China; the Dutch are in Java; Russia is in Manchuria; the United States is in the Philippines. For the first time, an Asiatic nation wages victorious war against the alien invader of the greatest of the continents. May it not be the beginning of a movement that will profoundly change the currents of history?

Without expressing an opinion on so vast a question—a matter of generations in time and a thousand millions of people—it may yet be interesting to array some of the facts that bear upon it. Mr. Meredith Townsend, for example, has written a book whose sole purpose is to demonstrate the impossibility of permanent conquest of Asia by Europe. "Asia," he says, "which survived the Greek and the Roman and the Crusader, will survive also the Teuton and the Slav." It is his profound belief that the English influence in India is purely superficial. "There are not ten thousand natives in India to-day," he says, "who, unpaid and uncoerced, would die in defense of British sovereignty." Again: "Beneath the small film of white men who make up the 'Indian Empire' boils or sleeps away a sea of dark men, incurably hostile." If England were defeated in war, India, he says, would rise against her.

That a victory of an Oriental race would have an effect upon India little less profound than a disaster to England, is the opinion of many students of the Eastern question. "Asia is one," says Kakasu Okakura, one of the most highly honored of Japanese writers, "the Himalayas divide, only to accentuate, two mighty civilizations. . . . Arab chivalry, Persian poetry, Chinese ethics, and Indian thought, all speak of a single ancient Asiatic peace." That Japan actually has the sympathy of India in her struggle is proved beyond a doubt. A noted Orientalist writes: "In the discussions regarding the Russo-Japanese dispute in the native [Indian] papers the sympathy with Japan as an Asiatic power is intense. . . . Persia, India, Siam, French-Indo China are all stirred to the depths by the spectacle of an Asiatic Power standing up to a great European Power." Such statements might be multiplied. The same writer also points out that the reason no Hindoostani troops were sent to South Africa was because it was believed that the prestige of European nations would be affected if the Oriental were employed in warfare against the Boer!

If it is indeed true that the conclusion of a favorable peace by Japan will effect the militant solidarity of Asia, the fact transcends in importance any question of ice-free ports or boundaries. How would Europe meet such a crisis? Certainly the action of the Powers looking toward securing the neutrality of China was a step unfavorable to any Oriental combination. Japan as conqueror will find the Powers unitedly opposed to such extension of her influence as will be likely to menace their several possessions in Asia. Their identical action might absolutely repress an impulse to expand, even as united action of France, Germany, and Russia frustrated the natural sequelæ of the Chino-Japanese War of 1896.

But this brings up another possibility. Suppose Japan should drive Russia out of Corea back into Manchuria or even into Siberia, and it should then appear that neither nation, through the nature of things, could "conquer" the other—might not Japan and Russia settle their differences, and combine to control the Orient?

Probably no European nation understands Orientals so well as Russia. As allies the two nations would be all-powerful. Such a result of the war is not impossible, and is supported by numerous writers. Mohammed Barakatullah, whose name is familiar to readers of the reviews, is, for example, of this opinion, supporting the thesis with cogency and force. It is also interesting to note that the English *Saturday Review*, the *Speaker*, the *Spectator*, and the *Pilot* are not in sympathy with the anti-Russian utterances of what they call the "jingopress," the last named remarking that the Japanese "have done nothing of late to weaken the impression that their political ambition is anti-European."

The effect on the attitude of European powers of these larger questions growing out of the war is not small, but too many factors enter into the situation for any predictions to be made. All that is reasonably certain is that Germany is more friendly to Russia; that French sentiment is strongly pro-Russian; that England is waking to some of the inconveniences of a treaty with Japan; that Russian feeling is strongly anti-American. Whether anything will come of Russo-British friction over Tibet, what Poland will do, if anything, whether there will be a rising in Finland, whether Russia's relaxed grip in the Balkans will bring a conflict between Turkey and Bulgaria, whether China will remain neutral, and whether in Russia herself the revelations of bureaucratic incompetency will bring revolution in their train—these are questions only the future can answer. At any moment any one of them may step out and hold the centre of the stage.

When, not long ago, the corner-stone of the new building of the Wilmerding Industrial School in this city was laid, the newspaper report spoke of there being one hundred and fifty students present. That is a very small number. Yet the Wilmerding and Lick schools are the principal schools in this great city where young men may learn handicrafts. The great majority of San Francisco's youth are filling their heads; only a comparative few are training their hands to skilled usefulness. Are they not by far too few? Ray Stannard Baker tells us that "the minimum wage of bricklayers is six dollars a day." How many of the soft-handed boys that our high-schools and colleges turn out can earn that much? How many hundred high-school graduates earn not twice that in a week? "Plasterers have been paid eight dollars a day, and lathers ten dollars a day," says Baker. How many bright boys, with a smattering of Latin and mathematics, work six long days and Saturday night for similar sums? How many briefless barristers and patientless physicians are there to whom ten dollars earned in a day would seem like sudden wealth? The number of young men who scorn the labor-roughened hand and the flannel shirt, and who pinch along on meagre stipends, is prodigious. Is it well? Is it really well that our universities are so thronged by those in search of "higher education"? Consider for a moment this list of student enrollment in twenty leading universities:

Harvard, 6,013; Columbia, 4,557; the University of Chicago, 4,146; the University of Michigan, 3,926; the University of California, 3,690; the University of Illinois, 3,661; the University of Minnesota, 3,550; Cornell, 3,438; the University of Wisconsin, 3,221; Yale, 2,900; Northwestern University, 2,746; the University of Pennsylvania, 2,664; the University of Nebraska, 2,247; Syracuse University, 2,207; New York University, 2,150; Ohio State University, 1,710; the University of Indiana, 1,614; the University of Missouri, 1,540; Princeton, 1,434; Leland Stanford Junior, 1,370; and Johns Hopkins, 694 students.

The inevitable result of such a hegira of intelligence from the trades to the professions as these figures show is scarcity of good workmen; consequently high prices



for inferior work. Books we can do without; cooks we must have is the gist of a stanza in Meredith. Similarly, we could well spare a few thousand super-educated, hyperaesthetic, soft-handed, college graduates if we could only put in their place as many practical plumbers, good masons, skilled carpenters, and master mechanics—graduates, say, of the Wilmerding School. We need more like it.

The tumult of war has all but drowned the voices of the

THE MYSTERIOUS  
ROOM  
OF HEARST.

Presidential shouters during the past few weeks. They may have shouted, but they were not heard. But now that

the war has become something of a commonplace, interest returns to politics; and, on the Democratic side, there is no getting away from the fact that the name of Hearst is oftener heard. The most startling news comes from Kentucky. There, Henry Watterson gives up the fight against Hearst. He serves notice on the party that he will be a delegate neither to the State nor national convention. "It is not the intention of the *Courier-Journal* to make any war on the governor," he says, "nor shall it be its purpose to raise a hand against his plan of sending a Bryan-Hearst delegation to the national convention." Jeremiah Watterson thus continues his lamentation:

The Hearst barrel is already on tap in Kentucky. The governor's machine is reasonably intact. We see no reason why the combination should not prove all-powerful. There is not likely to be anybody to resist it. Certainly the *Courier-Journal* will not try to resist it.

If this means anything, it means that Hearst has the Kentucky delegation. It means that there, at least, Bryan and Hearst are working together. If Hearst has Kentucky, has he also other Southern States? It seems possible. A dispatch to the *Sun*, from Texas, says that ex-Governor Hogg is supporting Hearst, and that the secretary of the State committee is booming Hearst in his paper, *State Topics*. In the *Savannah News* we read: "It is probable that Hearst will have the biggest number of votes on the first ballot at St. Louis." The editor hears from Washington that most of the Presidential talk there centres around Hearst. In Mississippi, a dispatch to the *Sun* says that Hearst is "making headway." Up in Massachusetts, George Fred Williams is out for Hearst. The *Springfield Union* (Republican) says: "Hearst supporters are certain to give the regulars a very hot contest." That paper also says that "On Friday fifty names were added to the roll of the Hearst club in Springfield, in addition to the hundred already on."

But it is in New York that Hearst is getting his setback. As we have frequently pointed out, the support of his own State is essential to success, and Charles F. Murphy, who seems absolutely to control the New York delegation, is coy and hard to please. He is enthusiastic for Cleveland. "I find Cleveland growing stronger every day," he says; and when asked whether Cleveland would accept the nomination, inquires: "Who could refuse it?" But Murphy is very cool toward Parker. Parker's friends are to be "suppressed in the convention." So the interesting question is, Will Hearst have Murphy's support if Cleveland can not be nominated? Considering Hearst's newspaper support of Tammany in the late election, it seems probable. But Hearst is getting very sore because of Murphy's present attitude of aloofness. In fact, his New York papers are becoming openly hostile to Mayor McClellan. They have attacked Bourke Cochran, who was chosen by Tammany to succeed McClellan in Congress. It is quite evident that Hearst intends to show Murphy that if Murphy will not lend his aid to the editor's Presidential aspirations, he will have a bitter fight on his hands with his quondam newspaper friend.

It goes without saying that if Hearst can not get the delegates from his own State, his chance of gaining the nomination is very slim—even though he has already filled with despair the heart of Watterson of Kentucky.

Protection may be a very good doctrine for one's neighbor, but with singular unanimity the newspapers of the country, be they

high, low, or no tariff, resent the workings of protection in their own business. Because of the present high duties on paper pulp and white paper, their presses are running on scant allowances, and what is used costs so many dollars a ton that publishers can not speak of it without choking. Therefore the newspapers are up in arms, and have joined together in addressing a protest against the paper trust, known as the International Paper Company, to President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Knox, in which they are prayed to set the machinery of the law in motion to stop iniquity and help the righteous.

As a matter of fact, the paper question has been a

serious one for several years. As long ago as 1898 and 1899, the various paper mills in the combination began to buy timber land at exorbitant rates, the object being to shut all avenues for competition. In Northern California and Oregon alone immense tracts were purchased, hundreds of thousands of dollars being expended for land that could not be utilized for twenty years. At the same time the output was decreased by three hundred tons a day, and the price was raised in order to pay interest on the terrific sums borrowed to fight competitors with. The trust did this behind the shelter of the high tariff, which shut out Canadian paper makers.

In the effort to make up for the enormous expense entailed for printing paper, publishers did many things. Most of them raised their advertising and subscription rates; one, at least, the *Kansas City Star*, put up its own paper factory. The *Oregonian* in Portland already enjoyed the same advantage.

It may be surmised that the most virulent protectionist papers will hereafter recognize the virtues of more moderate tariff. Besides, this International Paper Company has roused the most powerful of enemies.

Those glib and garrulous people who are forever rubbing chilly hands and chattering that there is nothing like the change of seasons, or who fan themselves, and over their futile ice water speak of the beautiful alternation of winter and summer, are having the time of their lives in the East. Zero is the pole of the mercury, rivers refuse to run, bays are choked with ice, trains are delayed by snow and cold, pneumonia claims its thousands, fires burn unchecked because the firemen are helpless, and only the beaming philosopher, rejoicing in the handiwork of an all-wise Providence, is content.

Every one understands perfectly that this climate of ours, with its gentle, almost imperceptible variations, is unhealthful. It goes without saying that the fact that we have no zero mark on our thermometers is a sign of degeneracy. We confess that pneumonia is not our favorite disease, and we plead guilty to ignorance of frostbite, chilblain, pleurisy, and frozen rivers. Much as we rebel against the taunts of the man from the Atlantic Coast, we are forced to own that we have no days in our year when noses are better under cover and toes ache with chill. He can point the finger of scorn at us and say without fear of retaliation, "Aha! you have no four seasons like we have!"

We have not. There is no use glozing the fact. We haven't any 120-degree-in-the-shade summer, and our winter is unmarked by minus-signs. Our autumn is not frosty nor our spring a season of fever and quinine and sarsaparilla. In June we are not praying for December, and in January our thoughts are not fixed with yearning upon the vernal equinox. We live in dull content with our lot. The sun shines and the trades blow and the sky of hollow blue opens above, while we disport ourselves, careless of thermometer, barometer, chest protector, and cough syrup. We are unhappy, because we have nothing better to look forward to. We are disconsolate, because fancy is sated with delightful reality. We are unappreciative of the present, because the future holds nothing infinitely better. Infelix California, within whose borders men live and are glad, not knowing that their joy is false, or that there are no four seasons and the sound of zero is not heard in the land!

A pronounced lull in hostilities has marked the fourth

THE WAR  
NEWS OF  
THE WEEK.

week of the Russo-Japanese war. At Port Arthur, not a shot seems to have been fired since the end of last week, when the four merchantmen were sunk near the harbor mouth in an attempt to block the channel. This seems to have been partly accomplished, so that while cruisers and smaller craft have easy egress, it is impossible for battleships to pass safely. Some of the men forming the crew of the sunken merchant vessels reached the opposite shore of the Gulf of Pechili and were finally taken on board Japanese warships.

But if there has been no fighting at Port Arthur, the garrison and ships' crews seem to be more or less demoralized. It is a fearful strain on men to be cooped up in a shallow harbor, expecting attack at any moment, night or day. This was shown at Santiago, where the strain of watching for the Spanish fleet to come out became almost unendurable. One of our torpedo-boat officers, quoted by a New York paper, favors a daily attack under conditions similar to those at Port Arthur, and advocates the use of tug-boats or other merchant craft to rest the torpedo-boat crews, and at the same time keep the enemy in a constant state of anxiety and sleeplessness.

How great is the panic at Port Arthur it is easy to perceive from General Stoessel's despairing address to

the garrison. "We must fight to the finish," said this cheery proclamation; "I call on all to become convinced of the necessity of fighting to the death. . . . There is no way out." This seems a mere paraphrase of "Stay and be killed."

In Corea, so far as may be determined from the very unsatisfactory reports, Russian scouts have penetrated as far as Ping-Yang. A slight skirmish was reported from that neighborhood early in the week. The Japanese are said to have seized and fortified Ichio Yang, while Jack London cables to the *Examiner* that three hundred Russians have occupied "Anju, which is about forty-five miles from Wiju." He also says that "Wiju is some twenty-five miles from Ping-Yang." The fact is that it is more than seventy miles, which shows how little reliance can be placed on the reports. All that is clear is that the outposts of the two armies are now not far apart, in North-Western Corea, and that fighting may be expected any time. It is also probable, as reported, that the Koreans are friendly to the Japanese, perhaps may give them some slight assistance. The general staff and commander-in-chief are now in Corea, which encourages the belief that active fighting will soon begin. The position of neither army is enviable. Corea is a mountainous, almost roadless country, and the cold now is intense.

The dispatch last week stating that Japanese troops were being landed on the coast south of Vladivostok has not been denied, and seems probable. A further force of eight hundred is said by Thursday's dispatches to have landed one hundred and thirty miles north of Gensan, with intention of striking northward into Manchuria and cutting the railway behind Vladivostok. From Vladivostok itself come reports of complete panic. The four Russian cruisers are still in the harbor.

The Russian press still seems to be in a state of dazed

THE POWERS  
AND THE  
WAR.

surprise that the people of the United States should rejoice at Japanese victories. Count Cassini has called at the

State Department to say that it was a "bitter disappointment" to his people to find newspapers "attacking" Russia. "The tone of Russian newspapers," said the ambassador, "in consequence of the tone of many American newspapers, is beginning to take a very painful direction in their references to the United States, and, in my opinion, it is to the interests of both countries that some measures should be taken to check this before it is too late." Certainly the ambassador has been a poor student of American public sentiment, if he has not perceived that Russia's many and various failures to keep her agreements regarding Manchuria had created in this country a profound feeling of distrust long before war began.

This Russian irritation at the attitude of the United States is reported to have shown itself in trade relations. Orders for American goods have been countermanded. Our consul-general has been appealed to in several instances of this sort. This, however, was prior to the official explanation by the United States Government of the *Vicksburg* incident at Chemulpo. It was first said that the commander of the *Vicksburg* had refused to give assistance to the crews of the sinking ships *Variag* and *Koriets*. It is now explained by the Navy Department that four boats were sent, which assisted in taking off the Russian sailors. This explanation is already said to have favorably affected Russian public opinion, and dispatches from St. Petersburg are profuse in assurances that the Russian Government deprecates the hostility to America expressed in many newspapers of the empire.

Diplomatically speaking, an important event was the negotiation of a treaty by which Japan assumes a protectorate over Corea. The text of the treaty bears many resemblances to the treaty between Cuba and the United States. Thus Japan insures Corea from attack by other powers, is given a part in the administration of affairs and the right to occupy—when necessary for strategic purposes—parts of Corea. The treaty has been received without protest by the Powers, with the exception of Russia, which does not recognize it.

The general attitudes of the various European Powers remain practically unchanged. The idea expressed last week that Russia and Germany have an understanding is said to be growing. The investment of two thousand millions of francs by France in Russian securities is one of the facts which lead observers to believe that France might be compelled to go to Russia's aid were the empire tottering to a fall through revolution at home and wars abroad, and this vast sum thereby jeopardized. In England, Premier Balfour, while making an appeal in the House for liberal naval estimates, said that the country should not lose sight of the possibility of war between Great Britain and two great maritime Powers. He, however, explained that he did not think such a war probable. Generally speak-



ing, a greater feeling of assurance that a European peace may be preserved is observable in the week's news, though many rumors are current to the effect that the Chinese viceroys can not restrain their forces from aiding Japan.

Amusing, if it were not so serious, is the "warning" from Baron Suyematsu, son-in-law of Marquis Ito, to France to keep out of the struggle, as Japan would and could whip her and Russia both at the same time, single-handed. The baron is further quoted by a New York paper as saying that the Japanese "army and navy can combat any nation in the East." This is an expression of that racial arrogance and pride which the nations of the world will have to reckon with if Japan wins.

We have printed many notices, from widely scattered periodicals, concerning Mr. Hart's European letters. His two unpretending volumes of travel sketches—"Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain"—seem to have met even more favor when bound together than in their original newspaper form. They have been favored by the reviewers as well as by our own readers. This fact is apparent from the press notices; while they betray a certain monotony of eulogy, the eulogistic tone is not due to editing or selecting in this office, for the notices have been printed when they came and as they came—except to curtail some of them, for they often devote more space to the book than we can spare. In fact, singular as it may be, out of the notices, we have observed but one journal whose review seemed calculated to lacerate the heart-strings of an ingenuous and sensitive author. The newspaper in question objected to the writer's "jaunty air" on his travels, which it found "displeasing." The Jeffreysque journal which thus, at one blow, annihilated Mr. Hart, was the Philadelphia Ledger.

We had intended, in the interest of truth, to add this sprig of rosemary and rue to the fair nosegays we have been throwing at our editor during these recent weeks. But in late numbers of both the San Francisco Call and the San Francisco Bulletin we find a column article headed "Idols Shattered when Truth is Known." This article describes the misadventures of a traveler seeking Turkish coffee in Turkey, Castile soap in Castile, Smyrna figs in Smyrna. It turns out to be a portion of one of Mr. Hart's Mediterranean letters, originally published in the Argonaut, and since reprinted in scores of journals, sometimes with one head, sometimes with another head, and sometimes with no head at all—an acephalous foundling, so to speak. This derelict on the vast sea of journalism—this flotsam cast up on the Pacific shore, and rescued by the kindly hands of the Call and Bulletin—comes credited to the "Philadelphia Ledger."

What is the Argonaut to believe? Are the Ledger's editors right when they find (in one column) Mr. Hart's letters "displeasing"? Or are they right when they find (in another column) Mr. Hart's letters to be so pleasing that they reprint them? We waive the lax morality of reprinting them without credit. That is a venial sin—perhaps a blunder. But to condemn them and then reprint them is more serious. Critical inconsistency is worse than a blunder—it is a crime.

The expressmen—the people who climb up San Francisco's steep hills with saratogas and folding-beds, to whom stairs are a source of revenue and front steps an income, who move us from house to house and from wrath to rage, under whose feet floors are as wax and at whose nod plaster falls—in a word, the expressmen—have a double grievance. From their united allegations it is certain that they are oppressed, and the public, whose burdens they have borne, should not be slack in righting their wrongs. They state that they can not go into the produce markets and buy, and that real estate and renting firms get a commission on the business of all expressmen whom they recommend, this commission amounting to from twenty-five to thirty per cent. The first prohibition prevents them buying fresh provisions for their families except at high rates, and the second injury reduces them to a pittance. They allege that the produce ring has done this by imposing a fine of fifty dollars on any member of the commission merchants' association who sells even a sack of potatoes to a non-member of the retailers' association; that ninety-five per cent. of the expressmen have families, and that prices for everything are exorbitant. They complain that the horsehoers have combined against them, and that the milkmen have put prices up almost beyond their reach. On the other side, they affirm that all renting concerns have agreements with certain express companies operating public wagons, whereby the ex-

press company is informed whenever a house is rented and preparations made to remove, so that the cartage may be secured. Just what action the expressmen will take is in doubt, but there is one thing sure: when a man's family suffers for necessities of life, it is time the real or fancied oppressor looked to his defenses. Fair words butter no expressman's parsnips, or bread either.

The always original Bulletin presents for the approval of its judicial-minded readers a reason why some famous engineers did not have their names proposed as candidates for membership of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The Bulletin says: "They were afraid to have their names proposed for fear of being rejected. They dreaded a repulse, lest it damage their prestige." Now, did they, indeed? We rather fancy they were less afraid of "being rejected" than of catching Chagres fever. We opine that it was not their "prestige" which they feared would be damaged, but their abdominal viscera. We are of the opinion that it was visions of being disabled with dysentery, pitted with smallpox, racked with rheumatism, made miserable with malaria, bitten by rosammanas, and tortured by chiggers snugly nestling under the nails of their big and little toesies that was the cause of their bashfulness. The Bulletin further says that these engineers who would not hustle for a commissionership will "live and die obscurely." It may be so. But sometimes—once in a while—upon occasion—it may be better to "live obscurely" than to die prematurely. *Nicht wahr?*

Neither Senator M. A. Hanna nor William C. Whitney left anything to charity in their wills. Senator Hanna's estate is valued at seven millions of dollars, and Mr.

Whitney's at twenty millions of dollars. Both were men who had taken lively interest in charitable schemes during life, and the news that neither had made bequests to any beneficent organization came as a surprise to many. It was thought that Mr. Carnegie's world-wide fame as a giver of gifts would incite other wealthy men to like generosity. But evidently Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hanna thought they had greater duties to their families, for both provided that elder sons should manage and conduct the estates for the exclusive benefit of the immediate heirs. That Mr. Hanna and Mr. Whitney thought it best to leave their property absolutely to their families should not vex the souls of those who believe that testamentary beneficence assures a happy hereafter. It is very certain that Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and Mr. Dan R. Hanna can use the money in charity if they so desire, and if they do not so desire, perhaps they need it in their business.

Evidences multiply that the struggle between the Citizens' Alliance and the labor unions of this city is about to reach an acute stage.

One reason we think so is because Herbert George—described by the union papers here as "largely responsible for the military anarchy that reigns throughout Colorado"—is here from Denver. His valedictory appears in the last issue of *George's Weekly*. We quote part of it:

We leave next Sunday for San Francisco to take charge of the Citizens' Alliance work on the Pacific Coast. We shall return to Denver every six weeks to look after our quarry interests in Colorado and Wyoming. We expect to start a Seattle branch of *George's Weekly*, and will also publish *George's Weekly* in San Francisco and Los Angeles. It is our aim to make *George's Weekly* the best exponent of "Free Labor and Open Shops" in the West. Our new undertakings are backed up in a manner that makes us feel as if we had very little more to worry about in this world from a financial standpoint.

It is undeniable that the Citizens' Alliance has been growing here, as in Los Angeles, with rapidity. In the latter city, Mr. George is said to have called on every prominent business man. The members of the Alliance there, as here, are bound to patronize union-boycotted restaurants and shops. And the recent action of the alliance in establishing a national blacklist has provoked the labor press to angry reply.

The Isthmian Canal Commission, which will have in charge one of the greatest of engineering enterprises, has been appointed by the President, and acceptances have been received from all the members named. They are Admiral John G. Walker, president of the present Canal Commission; General George W. Davis, retired, of the army; Colonel Frank J. Hecker, of Detroit; Alfred Noble, engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad; William Barclay Parsons, engineer of the New York subway; Benjamin M. Harrod, of the Mississippi River

Commission, and C. Ewald Grunsky, of San Francisco. Mr. Grunsky is the present city engineer of San Francisco. He is a native son, having been born in San Joaquin County in 1855. His school years were passed in Stockton. In 1872 he went to Germany and entered the Polytechnic Institute at Stuttgart, where he remained for five years. On his return to California he was appointed chief assistant to the State engineer. Here he served nine years. From 1887 to 1892 he was occupied with private practice, making water-supply and sewerage a specialty. In 1892 he became a member of a commission to make general plans for a sewerage system for San Francisco. Later, jointly with Marsdon Manson, he was engineer in charge to design the new system. In 1894-95 he was consulting engineer to the State Commissioner of Public Works. Five more years were then spent in private practice, and in 1899-1900, under appointment from the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Grunsky was engineer expert in charge of the irrigation investigation on the Kings River. These facts, drawn from a biographical sketch by A. T. Hermann, make it clear that, in experience, Mr. Grunsky is admirably fitted for the responsible post that is now his.

## BEAUTIFUL SAN FRANCISCO.

From an Address, by Willis Polk, Before the Outdoor Art League.

The possibilities of our city are many. Among its unique advantages may be mentioned natural picturesqueness of situation, mildness of climate, and commanding position in the path of Occidental civilization. All combine to assure its destiny.

Natural picturesqueness of situation is in some respects a misfortune. It is more difficult to make a beautiful thing conspicuous here than it would be in a city without such a fine natural background.

The first logical plan of development in San Francisco will only be created after many efforts, many failures, and many minds have combined to formulate it. Even the complete failure of such a league as the Outdoor Art League would be honorable; the smallest success would be noble, for the task is Herculean. Before planning for San Francisco let us examine the experience of other cities.

Forty years ago, the French people made Paris the most beautiful city in the world. They reconstructed the heart of the city. They made uniform requirements as to the height of buildings, and they laid the foundation stone for what might have been a city of beauty forever.

But those Frenchmen who did this forty years ago have been replaced, and the Frenchmen of to-day seem to have ideas of their own on the subject.

To-day they disregard the uniform height of buildings, and the Champs-Élysées itself possesses notable exceptions to this rule. At night Paris is like most other cities.

Any evening now it is possible for one to walk the boulevards of Paris and think he is on State Street, Chicago, or Market Street, San Francisco. There is no difference. They all look alike. They consist of a blaze of electric signs, with as many Parisian signs in English as there are Chicago signs in French, or more.

In modern buildings the Parisians beat the world for grotesqueness.

The celebrated bridge of Alexander the Third opposite the Esplanade des Invalides, or the Twin Palaces of Art flanking it, are as much out of harmony with the well-defined plan of Paris of forty years ago as are the innumerable façades of the so-called L'Art Nouveau.

L'Art Nouveau is about to add its charm to San Francisco. Let us hope that it will not prove contagious.

Four years ago, San Francisco adopted a new charter, with many excellent building regulations. The law became effective and was rigidly enforced for about two years.

This only shows that we are more progressive as a community than the Parisians, for it took them forty years to disregard their building laws.

We all know that George Washington laid out a plan for a beautiful city. We did not know, however, that the plan was not being carried out until Mr. Burnham and his confrères took the matter up. They found the original plan of the French architect and engineer, L'Enfant, and immediately recognized its excellence. They spent a year and more in studying its possibilities, and commended it in all its essential details. The beauty of Washington in the end will depend entirely upon this plan as a work of art, for in no way as a city is it distinguished for the natural beauty of its situation.

But San Francisco beautiful by nature exists. San Francisco beautiful by art is yet to be built, and Mr. Burnham is to make a plan for this city similar to the one he made for Washington. A committee has been organized to bring this about.

Meanwhile, there are many other things that might be done. If our post-office in stamping our outgoing letters would, under the date of the stamp, insert the mean temperature of the day, the unfortunate residents of New York and Chicago would realize that while they are freezing, we are not; or while they were melting, we were not. In June or December a general knowledge of the temperature of our climate would attract more visitors and more permanent residents than would all the beauty of nature and art combined.

The poetic padres who invaded California, established beautiful, but now desecrated, missions. They deserve more respect than is shown them by the now prevalent, but hideous, caricatures of the so-called mission type of architecture. The missions were not designed out of hand, but were evolved from the force of circumstances. They ought not to be basely imitated.

Here our possibilities are great beyond comprehension. While Washington dreamed of a great country and planned for a beautiful capital, we must plan for a great city that will be more than a capital with its vast distances and limited population, but a city of vast population and limited distances.

No city in its early history ever had as many possibilities as this city has to-day.



## ENTER LIZARD BILL.

The Subduing of a Bad Man.

"There's some men that's bad by nature," said Wylackie Jake, "others is bad because it's easier to be bad than good. They's another class that's too bad to be bad, and too good to be good, an' they's yet another class that's quiet and peaceable like, regular Mary's little lambs that don't make no noise until it's time, an' then they let out a blat like a old ram. The first kind is easy to get along with, provided they don't get down on you an' you let 'em alone. The second kind is good at heart, but uncommon quick on the trigger when they's trouble in the wind. The third kind is always a lookin' fer trouble, an' generally findin' it. You can't bank on what a teller of that kind 'll do. Sometimes he's liable to be a grizzly bear, an' sometimes a sneakin' coyote. You kin always tell what the fourth kind 'll do if you watch their eye. When you see a little twinkle, git ready for a coroner's inquest. Now what I'm a goin' to tell you about aint got nothin' to do with the first two kinds uv men. But I'm a-goin' to tell you about a fellow that thought he was bad, an' a fellow that knowed he was when he had ought to be. It's just the old story over again: the loud barkin' dog aint the one that bites the hardest.

"Now ol' Charlie Porter thinks he's a whirlwind of destruction. He thinks the sun rises an' sets on his badness. Of course, fellers like me an' Ernie Mason an' Alf Redfield knows the ol' man aint the hell on wheels he claims to be, but then we're copper-riveted residents of this here valley, an' knows his ways. To a tenderfoot or a casual acquaintance, ol' Charlie Porter is about the same as a rattlesnake. He aint a man that kin be handled with lily white hands. Every man has got his hobby. It's some men's hobby to ride all the buckin' broncos in the world. An' it's some men's hobby to cause a whisky drought. They's other men that aint satisfied unless they're doin' a little rustlin', or sellin' liquor to Injuns, or doin' somethin' that aint actually on the square. Ol' Charlie Porter's hobby is that he's the wickedest swearer in Round Valley and vicinity.

"In a big town they aint much call for a man to be much on roundin' up a string of cuss words an' then stampedin' 'em over the landscape. But out here where they's mules an' buckin' broncos an' sheep an' stock, a man's got to swear or lose his self-respect. A stockman is always hot an' tired an' sweaty an' mad, an' he uses swearin' as one of the mediums of expressin' his feelings. Some men swear easy an' quiet like an' don't give offense to nobody. There's ol' Mr. Doyle: he could swear before a parlor full of ladies an' not stampe a heifer. He's just natural in his cussin'. His powerful language is just like bubbles along the top of the stream of his conversation—sort of ornamental, but not servin' any useful purpose. Then there's Jack Wilson—he's from Arizony—he just cusses for the sake of cussin', an' damn me if I don't hate to see a man do that. Jack's swearin' don't do any good. Ol' Charlie Porter kin braid a long bull whip of cuss words an' wind up with a terrible buckskin lash of unhyphenated, ginger expressions. When ol' Charlie gets to jawin' at stock he just nacherally brings gore. Some men can swear this way without givin' offense, but ol' Charlie gets so awful wicked at times that I don't like to hear him.

"Ol' Charlie has got a sheep range over at the foot of Long Ridge, an' only comes to town now an' then. When he comes to town he transacts what business he has, an' then proceeds to step up to the bar of the Dewey an' punish straight goods. After the liquor has had the required effect, ol' Charlie begins to boast about his cussin' ability, about how he's able to shoot out a string for five consecutive, contiguous minutes without repeatin' himself. An' if they's a tenderfoot in the bar-room, ol' Charlie, after he's had seven drinks, 'll challenge him to a cussin' match. Now ol' Charlie is really about the most ugly man I ever seen, an' that's sayin' a good deal. When Nature made him I think she collected the ugliest man an' the ugliest woman that ever lived an' rolled 'em into ol' Charlie Porter. You take his ugliness, his reputation for makin' trouble, an' his premier royal cussin', an' to a tenderfoot he's the Bad Man from Bitter Creek. So when he proposes a-cussin' match most tenderfeet decides that they shore has to humor him, instead of pullin' his whiskers. To compare the strained, stilted, weak little wheezes of cussin' expressions that a tenderfoot blows off to the expressive, elevatin' bellows of ol' Charlie 'd be like comparin' a miserable little pop-gun of .22 calibre to a man-killin' .45 Colt. But ol' Charlie thinks it's lots of fun, an' keeps it a goin' until his eleventh drink, when he forgets about his hobby an' goes to sleep with his head on a cyard table.

"Onet or twict in his time ol' Charlie Porter has run into a feller that couldn't, or wouldn't, squeeze out the orneriest little word when called upon to do so. I wisht you could see ol' Charlie then. He jest rips around an' raves an' roars an' bellows an' beefs about it. When such a thing happens you'd think they was shore a round-up in the Dewey. Ol' Charlie has the habit of pullin' a gun on such a tenderfoot man an' makin' him repeat a few choice expressions for the good of his general constitution. They aint nothin' like swearin' or send off a man's education, so ol' Charlie says.

"Now they never was a man that was so bad they

wasn't somebody worse, an' they never was a man so skilled in any line that they aint somebody better. All bad men runs into worse men, an' men that prides themselves on their swearin' always runs into somebody that makes their efforts look like a bluff again four aces. Ernie an' Alf an' me always 'llowed that ol' Charlie 'd run into a tenderfoot some day that 'd turn out to be a rattlesnake instead of a garter snake, an' of course we 'llowed right. Such things is perfectly nacheral. Nobody's got a monopoly on all the badness in the world. It's too bad they aint, for then we could kill him an' drink our liquor in peace, Charlie Porter or no Charlie Porter.

"One day ol' Charlie Porter come into Covelo to buy some grub. As usual he was a-huntin' trouble, an' as usual he found it, but this time he found more 'n usual, more than he could really handle. Ol' Charlie marched into the Dewey an' ordered drinks fer all hands. We'd had seven drinks, when in comes a quiet-lookin' feller, with a steel gray eye an' tolerable well built. Him a-bein' a stranger, everybody looks at his quiet like. He walked up to the bar an' says, 'What are you a-goin' tew have, boys?' Now that was a-doin' the right thing in a cow town. If he'd a-corrallad a drink all by himself an' 'a' left the rest of the poor mavericks in the Dewey a-lookin' on, he would 'a' been put down as a stingy, measly lump of tenderfoot flesh. But him a-doin' the right thing shore argued he'd been educated some in the right way. Now ol' Charlie Porter thinks he'll play smart, an' he goes up to him, an' says:

"I'm ol' Charlie Porter, the bad man from Long Ridge, an' I kin cuss louder an' longer than any man in Round Valley."

"What you say is probably true," says the tenderfoot.

"Probably true!" bellers ol' Charlie. "Probably true! Well if this don't just beat hell an' bereft me of the power of speech. This is shore the strangest thing that's ever happened to me in my long an' eventful life. To think that I should ever've lived to see the day when my word should be doubted as to my swearin' ability by a long horn. Well, I'm simply damned."

"He took off his hat an' wiped his forehead with a bandanna.

"Don't take on so, pardner," said the tenderfoot. "I didn't mean no offense."

"This was where he made his mistake. If he'd a run a straight out-an-out bluff on ol' Charlie from the beginning, he'd 'a' had him down an' out.

"My tenderfoot friend," says ol' Charlie, "when you said that my claim was probably true you suggested that they was shore a doubt in your mind about the truth of what I said, an' then you told me not to take on so. Now out here we don't allow tenderfeet to doubt our words, an' we don't take advice from dudes that don't know a Winchester from a Savage. To show you, my friend, that I'm what I claim to be, I'm a goin' to take on all I please, an' as for my a-bein' the worst swearer aroun' here, you an' me 'll prove that before this here intelligent multitude," says he, a-sweepin' his hand around the bar-room.

"The tenderfoot didn't say nothin', but I seen a light in his eye that told me he wasn't a man a-lookin' fer trouble, but bein' in it, he'd make the other fellow think he'd run into a combined yellow jacket and hornets' nest. He just looked at ol' Charlie as if he was the kind uv people he'd always done business with.

"Ol' Charlie waited for his awe-inspirin' bluffin' words to sink into the 'intelligent multitude,' an' then he says, 'You an' me 'll cuss this matter out before these here thirsty boys. I'll blaze away first, an' then you kin toot your infantile bazoo, an' the boys here 'll decide who wins. The loser 'll have to stand for the crowd three times. I'll begin.'

"The tenderfoot looked on in a sort of a amused way.

"All bad men has to have the first word, an' that's why they gets proved to be somethin' other than poison oak. They always give the other fellow a chance to put in the last word, an' that's what counts, if it's a good one. If bad men 'd put in more time a-thinkin' about the last word instead of the first one, the coroner wouldn't have to set on so many bad men.

"Ol' Charlie began to saw the air an' paw, an' then he let loose the foundations of his great deep. If that flood had a been let loose just after Noah got his livestock rounded up, the ark would 'a' been shipwrecked, an' none of us would a been here to tell the tale. I'd heard ol' Charlie do some right smart cussin', but this here effort of his shore eclipsed all previous records. He stampeed the strongest bands of cuss words I ever heard up to that time. He didn't repeat, an' he jest stood there an' talked like he was mad at a lot of stubborn mutton. There was just one thing I didn't like about his effort. It was so wild an' unnatural an' wicked that it was awing. There seemed to be an atmosphere of religion pervadin' the room. Ol' Charlie just rolled along to the end. He wasn't like a mountain stream, turbid an' quiet, an' loud an' gurglin', an' wide an' narrow, an' a-splashin' over bowlders an' then a-hidin' underground, but more like a broad river in the spring time, all riled up an' knowin' where it's a goin'. Finally the ol' man finished, an' a kind of peaceable calm come down on us. All of us was awe struck. Ol' Charlie had shore produced his masterpiece, an' he was proud of it. He up an' says to the tenderfoot, 'It's your move, pardner.' The tenderfoot, he seemed kind of awed, an' bein' with strangers, wasn't a-choo-chooing forward.

"Ol' Charlie he said, 'What have you got to say to that, my friend?'

"The tenderfoot, he up and said, 'You go to hell.'

"At that ol' Charlie's neck just swelled up like it was a-goin' to bust his collar, an' says he, 'Would you a-mind a-repeatin' what you said. Perhaps my ears didn't just round up them words of yourn proper?'

"Anything to oblige you," says the tenderfoot. 'I said for you to go to hell, an' I meant it.'

"At that ol' Charlie just pulled his gun an' covered that tenderfoot like a robber does a stage driver.

"Now," says the old gentleman, 'you will have to repeat every word I say before this here crowd. If you don't I'll see about who goes to a warmer climate. Now then you repeat.' With that ol' Charlie got ready to start off. He had just turned the first word out of the corral, when he heard a whoop outside, an' jawin' an' cussin', an' we all run out to see what the trouble was, includin' ol' Charlie an' his victim. We see it was Tom Freeman an' Sam Blaine an' Jack Wilson with a big bunch of steers from off Frank Bell's range. Them wild range-steers hadn't never been to town before, an' they didn't know how to act, an' the first thing they did was to stampeed. Well, sir, afore I knowed it, that tenderfoot had run out of that saloon an' jumped onto my old pinto plug. That horse is nine years old, but he's from Modoc County, which is as wild a place as they make, an' he's never been rode without him a-havin' a buckin' spell first. When that tenderfoot got aboard, the horse knowed it wasn't me, an' he shot up in the air all humped up like a steeple. But he didn't throw the rider. Then he jumped stiff legged for a hundred feet, an' then turned quick several times, an' then he jumped into the air like he was a-goin' to fly, but he had shore met his match, which he knew. Then the fellow, he wasn't a tenderfoot, took after that stampeed bunch of steers an' whooped an' yelled an' finally turned 'em back. Then we could make out what he was a-sayin'. He jawed an' raved an' roared. He let loose combinations of cuss words that was shore new around here, an' what he said bad meanin'. He seemed to draw on up above an' down below, on the earth an' under the earth, from the mountains an' from the trees, an' from the air, from men an' from stock. An' them cattle understood him as well as a mule would. Sheep! Why sheep would 'a' been plumb scared to death. In the face of that, ol' Charlie Porter's effort looked like a solid chunk of worm-eaten misery. The tenderfoot rode up in front of the Dewey, an' the fellers cheered him, all but ol' Charlie Porter.

"The drinks are on you, Charlie," says Ernie Mason, which the same a-bein' a sbeepherder. Ol' Charlie he didn't say nothin', but walked over to a chair an' sat down an' looked at the floor. We all stalked in, an' the tenderfoot that wasn't a tenderfoot, says, 'That's a likely horse. Who's his owner?' 'I am,' says I, proud like. 'Lucky man,' says he, 'an' now that you boys here has heard the ol' gentleman an' me disturb the religious-minded around here, it's up to you to decide who's a-goin' to pay for three rounds of drinks.'

"Ol' Charlie Porter," yells the crowd.

"Ol' Charlie, he got up an' said he guessed he'd be a-goin' home, as he wanted to get to the top of the ridge by sundown. He started out, when the tenderfoot pulls a gun on him, an' says, 'Now, you old white-headed bully, you just pungle up for the drinks for the crowd three times, or I'll make you get down on your hands and knees an' ask my pardon.'

"There wasn't nothin' for the ol' man to do but treat, an' he done it, but with ill grace. When we all 'd put the three rounds of dark horse under our belts, ol' Charlie starts out, when the tenderfoot stops him, an' says, 'It's due to you to know my name an' where I'm from. I aint got no cards, but I'm Lafe Hadley, called Lizard Bill for short, an' I'm from near Tombstone, Arizony.'

"Ol' Charlie he didn't say nothin' for an instant, an' then he up an' says, 'I wisht I'd a knowed who you was when you first come in. I'd a like to've introduced you to the valley.' An' with that, ol' Charlie went up to the tenderfoot that wasn't a shore enough one, an' put his hand on his shoulder an' steered him toward the bar, an' says, 'Generally I don't take but eleven drinks when I come to town, which the same I've stowed away today, but for onct I'll break my rule. You an' me 'll drink without the boys for this onct. What 'll you have?'

GEORGE S. EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1904.

Dr. Archdale Reed, in a lecture at Portsmouth, England, recently, ascribed the advance of the British Empire to bacteria. "By living closely together in civilized communities," the doctor maintained, "we have rendered ourselves immune from diseases like consumption and smallpox. We carry these diseases with us when we found colonies, and in the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest the natives are attacked by these diseases and killed. Thus, more room is made for the Anglo-Saxons."

A unique Masonic gathering occurred in London recently when the Viscount Hayashi, Japanese minister at London, was installed as "worshipful master of Empire Lodge." Some forty members of the grand lodge, past and present, witnessed the ceremony, and visitors from a distance included the past grand master of the State of New York, Brother John Stewart, who initiated President Roosevelt into the craft.



## ARTISTIC NEW YORK.

The Change That Has Come About—Writers and Artists Flock There—  
Their Favorite Places of Abode—Slums Contiguous to Respectability—A Dramatic Night Incident.

It is only recently that New York has come to be recognized as possessing a distinct and separate artistic life in the midst of its commercial life. It is only within the last five or six years that people whose work lay among the arts have begun to congregate here. There was a time when, if one wrote, one naturally went to Boston, or retired to some sequestered New England village, where one lived a life of studious seclusion. Painters could not get on at all in New York. There was no inspiration, no atmosphere.

Within the last few years a great change has taken place in this particular. Artistically, as well as financially, the Empire City has become the centre of the country. If one has wares to sell, it is the marketplace to which they should be brought. If one can do anything well, from trimming hats to composing operas, one settles in Gotham. You not only get the best prices here, but the friction of all these striving, stirring minds fills the air with a stimulus found nowhere else in the country. You are pitted against many and powerful antagonists, but at least you are pitted against somebody.

The result of this congregating of the artistic element has created a flourishing and ever-expanding series of bohemian groups. Painters pour into New York every year from their long course of study abroad; singers come hunting for opera or concert engagements; writers appear from New England, the South, and the West, armed with manuscripts and looking for flats. Then these floating, foreign particles converge toward one another, sociably cohere, and form a "set" or a "crowd" which in turn drifts toward a larger "set" or "crowd," and becomes merged in it. All the time this army is being augmented, growing in force and numbers, and gaining recognition as a separate and important element of the community.

One of the results of it is that New York is getting what writers call "an atmosphere." I have heard many people use this word without in the least knowing what they meant by it. And in truth it is very difficult to define. In a city "atmosphere" (as a visible thing) is an outcome of the mellowing processes of time. It is the opposite of all that is raw and tawdrily new; a blending together of what might be antagonistic elements into a comforting, harmonious whole. Violent contrasts and the intrusions of the barbarously new and crude, which make one feel lonely in the midst of one's kind, is the condition of things when there is no "atmosphere." The artistic temperament set in a place which lacks this suggestion of the beautiful, suffers with a sense of deadly, nostalgic bleakness—something like homesickness, without its last, excruciating poignancy.

The parts of New York that are distinctly atmospheric are the old parts—the small parks far down town, round which cluster the dwellings of stately old Knickerbockers, and families whose sterling Anglo-Saxon names go back to pre-revolutionary days. Of these, Stuyvesant Park and Washington Square have the most color. There is a suggestion about them of that suave tranquillity, that misty stillness of air and rich softness of tint which seems a characteristic of old localities. There is nothing gimcrack or catchily pretty about either of them. In the spring they bud soberly and slowly; in the autumn they cling to their leaves long after the trees in Central Park are bare.

The houses that surround them are large and splendid. I once made a stop in a boarding-house on Stuyvesant Park, which had in its heyday been the home of a distinguished clan, long since moved to more fashionable localities. The gas was so bad and the ceilings were so high that in the evening I sat in a melancholy half-light, feeling small and sad in the vast, dim room, and seeing myself reflected in enormous mirrors, the tops of which were lost in the upper obscurity. All the houses down there are dark and solemn. Some have old wistaria vines covering their faces in a complicated twisting of writhen branches. Many have colonial doorways, with quaint fan-lights above, and pilasters flanking the entrance.

But Washington Square is unquestionably the star section of New York when one talks of atmosphere. Long before any one ever hoped that the Empire City would become an attracting point for impetuous and aspiring genius, its claim to a certain picturesque distinction was admitted. It has figured in many New York novels. When authors could not make heroes and heroines be in the least like heroes and heroines on Fifth Avenue or the Riverside Drive, they could manage them very nicely in Washington Square. Romances were possible in those sober-faced houses, whose brick fronts had a rich, mildewed film of age over them. You realized that people living in such places might do things worth recording.

Many things contribute to give the Square its atmosphere—the old gnarled trees, with mottled trunks and crooked boughs, on which large, scanty leaves flutter; the fountain in the middle, with its low embrowned basin, just restraining the water's quivering lip; the serious brick house fronts, with white doors and white window frames, seen through the delicate bar-

ring of winter boughs. The upper side of the Square is still given over to the elect. "The best people" are yet to be found there, in the big red houses with the straight rows of windows and the polished brasses on the front doors. The new mayor lives in one of them; the bishop did live in another till he married millions and moved away.

It is the lower side of the Square that has become the housing place of Bohemia. Take Fourth street on from University Place, across the Square and over Sixth Avenue into Greenwich village, and you have a locality where the disciples of art and literature are nearly as numerous as they are in certain sections of Paris. To those who seek for a modish cleanliness and the modern conveniences in their dwellings, this part of town would be a byword and a reproach. Anything less dapper, less smart and smiling, can not be imagined. It has the distinct appearance of a slum. A sort of foreign dishevelment is over it all. Some of the old houses stand intact, save that their faces are covered with small signs which tell of various and sundry articles manufactured on the different stories. Stained glass windows will be made in the basement, women's health waists on the ground floor, while an artist is *au troisième*, and a writer has the attic.

In some cases whole houses have been turned into studios, not carefully and decoratively, but practically, by cutting out large squares of wall and inserting small paned sheets of glass. A picturesque dirt and disorder marks the entrance to these buildings. As the season grows warmer, bleary-eyed, foreign children swarm on the steps, and slatternly young women, dark-eyed and curly haired, sit among them nursing babies. Inside, down dingy passageways and up unswept stairs, some of the most famous artists in the city have their studios—not luxurious and elaborate apartments, full of rare tapestries and costly works of art, but bare work-rooms, with the white north light pouring over the even whiter body of the model as she poses on the stand.

Just off this lower side of the Square it is said that a veritable and unsavory slum exists. I live on the lower side, on a corner, and I have been told that immediately back of me, extending into a dark congeries of mysterious streets, lies one of the worst sections of the city. I scoffed at this at first, having looked down from my windows on the peaceful daylight life of the park, and thought it one of the most worthy if not improving scenes to be found anywhere. After a longer sojourn I changed my mind. This was partly due to a familiarity with the spectacle of the patrol wagon, augmented by the witnessing of numerous fights, and having my sleep disturbed by sudden, unexplained shrieks and much and varied cursings.

One night in particular a scene was enacted just beneath my sitting-room window which made me feel as if I were looking on at an especially well-played melodrama. Some time in the second half of an exceedingly dark and frosty night, I was awakened by a singular and arresting sound—a woman sobbing. In the dead, heavy stillness that holds the world between two and three in the morning, the sound rose unmistakable, clearly defined, beating on the silence with persistent regularity. I ran to the window and pulled up the shade. Outside the park lay, dreaming under its snow blanket, still as a picture, and completely deserted. Here and there the electric lights diffused a pale, cold, lustre, against which the trunks of trees stood out, large and black.

Directly under the window, the only living things in sight, were a man and woman, locked together in a fierce struggle. As they struggled they moved across the street, not speaking, simply a writhing black silhouette, from which an arm now and then struck out. From the woman of the pair the sobs were issuing. As she fought she sobbed, the loudest sobs I ever heard anybody give, as if they might be tearing her asunder. Just as she got beneath the window she made a furious effort and tore herself away. Then, still strangled with tears, she poured out such a stream of bad language as I hope never to hear again. She was at once so frenzied with rage—and probably drink—and choked with sobs, that it was nearly impossible to follow her, but I received the impression that they had stolen something, that she had not wanted to do it, and that terror and rage had possession of her.

The man sprang at her, muttering some low-toned, furious words, and once more the struggle began, he dragging her, she resisting, fighting, beating at him, and always sobbing. There is a small fire-box lamp on the corner, and here he suddenly let her go, throwing her from him with such force that she fell. I heard him say in a perfectly clear and sober voice: "All right, then, you can be locked up if you want to." Without another word he turned and ran, and in a twinkling was lost in the darkness.

The woman stayed where she had fallen. I could see her faintly in a sitting posture on the sidewalk, her head bowed on her knees. Without interruption or cessation she went on with her sobbing, loud and full of the abandonment of misery as a child's tears are. For a space she was left in undisputed possession of the night. Then, looking out into the shadowed whiteness of the park, one could see the black figures of men suddenly stop in their homeward course, turn and sniff the wind for the sound as a dog might for a scent. Having located it they advanced toward it, rapidly, with ever-quicken gait.

A little group soon stood around her, eying her dubiously, and consulting together. One, bolder than the rest, stepped out and attempted to lift her up. She raised her head and said something—what, I do not know—but he jumped back as if she had bitten him, and after that they let her alone. Suddenly there loomed up from outer darkness a burly shape, with the slow, rolling gait of authority, a gleam of brass buttons, and the domed form of a brass-decked helmet. He asked no fruitless questions, but immediately struck a match. The quick leap of the flame cut a circle of radiance in the darkness. With the match in one hand he bent down, took the woman by her head and lifted her face. The light shone for a moment on his own chin and nose, the brass buttons, the peak of his helmet.

"Lift up your head," he said; "I want to see if I know you."

The match went out, and in the darkness he dragged the woman to her feet. He evidently knew her, and she resented the fact. She upbraided him, and was fluent and much more moderate in her language. But she showed a rooted aversion to "moving on"; even after being pushed and hustled along the pavement, she was defiant and loquacious. Finally the defender of the city's peace said in a tone of exasperation: "Oh, I'll have to lock you up!"

He took her by the arm, and together they walked briskly down the street, their two figures, touched into clearness as they passed the occasional lamps, having quite a sociable, friendly air.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, February 24, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Conyngham, who recently came of age, is the largest land-owner in Ireland, as his property, which is spread over four counties, consists of some one hundred and seventy thousand acres.

Professor James Ward, fellow in Trinity College, Cambridge, a noted psychologist and author of "Naturalism and Agnosticism," a text-book used in many universities, will be included in the faculty of the Berkeley Summer School this year.

How statesmanship may come in "the small package" is demonstrated in the case of Congressman Thomas W. Hardwick, of Georgia, who stands but an inch over five feet in his shoes and weighs only one hundred and seven pounds. When seated in the House his toes just touch the floor and his head is barely visible above the desk in front.

Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, of Chicago University, who recently sued the New York *Sun* for damages on account of its jocular remarks about his poetry, has been dropped from the faculty of the university where he has been an instructor in the English department for the last eleven years. No reasons for the retirement of Dr. Triggs are given by President Harper.

A new play has just been favorably received at one of the small Paris theatres. Its author is no less a personage than Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the now grown-up son of the famous Père Hyacinthe by his American wife. There was a great noise about his birth, when it was said that his father's new Gallican church had risen in numbers to three—Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé. Then there was Louis Veillot's witicism when the baby's photograph was published, clutching at his scant child's shirt with his hand as if he would thus early imitate his father's example "and unfrock himself!"

The professors at Annapolis are polishing up their recollections of the Japanese admirals whom they remember as students in the academy years ago. "It was perfectly marvelous," the old French sword-master, Corbessier, is reported as saying, "to see that mite Uriu [of Chemulpo fame] handling a sabre. You would think to look at him that he could not lift it, but *sacré!* he could do what he liked with it. He simply had you before you had time to wink. His thrust was very dangerous. He was equally clever with the lighter weapons." Uriu was a very close student. He was one of the ablest fellows in the school of gunnery, and in seamanship was the equal of anybody of his time. He was a sound mathematician, showing especial cleverness in the calculus and higher mathematics, and also in physics.

Dr. Manuel Amador, the new president of Panama, is seventy years old, a physician by profession, and a native of Cartagena, Colombia. He was one of the leaders in the revolutionary movement which led to the independence of Panama on November 4th last. In fact, to him more than to any of his associates was due the success of the undertaking. The honor that has come to Dr. Amador was unsought, and is all the greater because of the fact that he is not a native of Panama. He has lived on the Isthmus since 1860. Although he has figured for many years in the political life of Panama, he has steadfastly refused many high offices. Dr. Amador is the leader of the Conservative party. In 1869, he was nominated and elected by his party to the presidency of the State of Panama. He never took office, however, for a Liberal revolution was started, and succeeded before his inauguration.



## THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

King Edward's Love of Pageantry—Embassador Choate in Sombre Garb—Other Notabilities—The Duchesses of Marlborough and Roxburghe—The Prettiest Woman There.

Certainly King Edward is doing his duty. Again he has opened Parliament in person. Queen Victoria didn't trouble herself in this respect during the later years of her reign, and as a result there was a great deal of grumbling and growling by both high society and West End tradespeople. The ladies of the peerage wanted to show their gorgeous dresses and their jewels, and the tradespeople wanted to profit by the making of the gowns. For be it known, there is no grander pageant than the opening of Parliament by the sovereign. While Queen Victoria was on the throne, King Edward, as Prince of Wales, made it no secret that he meant to change all that when he became king. Most assuredly he has kept his word. No court could be more brilliant than his has been since his accession, the most brilliant of all the royal functions being his opening of Parliament. Of course, there are complainers still who call it a silly, empty form, like a scene in a theatre.

The opening on Tuesday last was perhaps the most magnificent of those King Edward has made since his reign began. To describe it I have no intention. But a few comments from personal observation may be not out of place.

Next to the king himself there were three men who attracted more notice than any of their fellows. These were, first, Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador. Apart from the fact of his immense popularity in England, and that he is consequently an object of sincere interest wherever he appears, his sombre attire made him a noticeable figure. All the other ambassadors and ministers were in gorgeous costumes and uniforms, glistening with gold lace and glittering with orders. He, alone, wore simple evening dress. Of course, we all know that he represents a republic. But in the eyes of some people the simplicity of the American ambassador's official attire—indeed, he has no official attire at all—smacks of affectation, when the present-day expansion of the United States into a "Power" is taken into account.

Next to Mr. Choate as an interesting personage was the Duke of Devonshire. Never before has he attracted so much notice. The fact that he marched before the king in the procession, bearing the sword of state, and clad in his ducal robes of velvet and ermine, had nothing to do with it. It was because he is now the most prominent man of the moment—the only individual in the kingdom whom Joseph Chamberlain fears. Already the hole which he pricked in Chamberlain's fiscal bubble has expanded into a rent, and it looks very much as though the duke would be the next prime minister.

The third of the trio is the Duke of Norfolk. As earl marshal he was responsible for the carrying out in detail the formalities of the king's entrance into the House of Lords. Until just before the moment of the king's arrival, he was fussing about seeing to this thing and that. Attired in plain morning dress, he was many times taken (by those who didn't know his homely features and plebeian figure by heart) to be some wandering member of the House of Commons. At last he hurried away to don his ermine robes and strawberry leaved coronet, and so close did he run it that the procession had to wait for him just two minutes to come and lead it. Fancy, keeping the king waiting two minutes! Bluff King Hal would have sent him to the tower or the block. King Edward only smiled.

Of course, there were other great men to be seen—as, for instance, Sir William Harcourt, and Campbell-Bannerman, and Joe Chamberlain, and Winston Churchill, and Redmond, the Home Ruler. But they were only Commoners. At the pageant of a king's opening the House of Commons and its members are of little consequence, and cut no figure in the show whatever, except as a dense throng of darkly clad men huddled together like a flock of black sheep (not in the figurative sense) when they troop in to hear the king read his speech.

Among the ladies, an interesting figure was the lovely Duchess of Westminster. She was plain Miss Cornwallis-West before she married the richest peer in the kingdom. But, as the daughter of the famous Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the professional beauty of the 'seventies and 'eighties, who vied with Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Wheeler to get the Prince of Wales's exclusive notice and favor, she is of as good blood and high birth as any woman in the peerage, through the Irish Fitzpatricks and English Sackvilles. She has lost much of the prettiness of her young face and bright, fresh complexion since her marriage.

Another lady who attracted much notice was the young American Duchess of Manchester. She has, however, been somewhat eclipsed by the newest recruit to the duchess ranks by her grace of Roxburghe, who was not present. One of the most telling shots in the new musical play, "The Orchid," at the Gaiety, by the way, is when Connie Ediss, as Caroline Vokins, speaks of "duchesses and other American ladies." Naturally, the Duchess of Marlborough was a central figure. But she has now been some time before the English public as an American duchess, and has been photographed to death. Her famous dog collar and ropes of pearls as gaudy as marbles were in evidence.

The Duchess of Devonshire sat up in the gallery with the Duchess of Connaught. She is almost as wonderful as Queen Alexandra in the way she preserves her youthful looks. It is worth remembering that both the queen and duchess are foreign born—the one a Dane, the other a Belgian. Lady Craven (Mrs. Bradley-Martin's daughter) looked quite charming in a white silk gown, and fairly shone with diamonds.

The most beautiful woman there, however, was the Countess of Airlie, who still keeps all the beauty of feature, complexion, and expression that made her famous as Lady Mabel Gore. The fact that her hair has now grown white, if anything enhances her brilliant Irish beauty and gives the effect of powder. She is a widow, her husband, the earl, having been killed in a cavalry charge in the Boer war. It is whispered that her widowhood is shortly to be broken. No woman during its continuance has been offered and refused so many offers. The successful man is said to be an American multi-millionaire, who has taken up his residence in England, himself a widower, and still young in looks.

LONDON, February 12, 1904.

## A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF THE JAPANESE.

Albert S. Ashmead, M. D., late foreign medical director, Tokio Hospital, Japan, writes to the New York *Evening Post* an interesting estimate of the Japanese from an ethnological standpoint. "The Japanese race," he says, "is notoriously a hybrid race—Mongolian, Malay, and Negritoid, or Papuan. The Aino hybridity never occurred; the glabrous Japanese had too much repugnance for the hairy, dog-like (*aino* means dog in Japanese) Aino. The type of face of most Japanese is Mongoloid, brachycephalic skull, and eyes bridled. Chinese hybridity occurred across the two hundred kilometres of distance of the Straits of Corea.

"A local pigmentation, a dark blue, or negro-like violet spot, which all newly born Japanese children have in the region of the sacrum, or on the buttocks, is remarkable. It appears first in the fifth intra-uterine month, and vanishes generally during the first two years of life. The mothers of Japan believe that by transfixing this spot with a double threaded needle, and then tying the strings about the two halves of the spot, and strangling both with the ligatures, that leprosy will be eradicated from the blood of the child. This superstition carries us back traditionally to Negroid times. The hairs of the head are thick and straight. The curly hair of the Eta, a despised hybrid in Japan, is considered ugly. The higher classes of Japan are effeminate—thin, weakly, and sickly. The old aristocratic families of Japan were inbred through concubinage, and the women were sterile, almost. The robust, healthy type appears in Japan only in the Mongolian-Malay hybrid of the great middle class; the sickly type in the purer, higher classes, and the full negroid type in the basest classes, the curly headed Eta. The Japanese race (excepting the white Indonesian Emperor's class) is Negritoid, if not Negroid race. Many Japanese show on the white sclerótica of their eyes, the pigmented spots seen still on our Minorcan women of St. Augustine, Fla. In one hundred Japanese, ninety-five have brown eyes, and five black eyes. All Japanese can use their big toes as thumbs, move them independently. All Japanese have the Malay use of the nose, even to play a flute with it.

"A Spaniard and a Japanese, no matter how the crossing occurs, is a bad hybrid, and a savage Eurasian is produced. In the harbor cities of Japan, Eurasian hybrids may be seen frequently. Of the Anglo-Saxons the Dutch crossings are most numerous and oldest, and perhaps most solid specimens. Children of half English and half German origin show themselves immediately after birth so poor of vitality that they can be observed rarely grown up. The characteristics of a semi-Anglo-Saxon in Japan are observed to be a high forehead, totally different from that of the Japanese; straight eyes, undulating hair, and considerable diminution of the negroid breadth of the nasal route."

The Scotland Yard records show thirty-four thousand English people reported as missing during the year, while the number for the last three years was seventy thousand. Ninety per cent. of the wanderers were married men. At the present moment there are thirty thousand deserted wives in London alone. The Salvation Army is credited with doing more than all other agencies together in tracing the runaways.

The students of the University of Missouri have asked the college authorities to cut out one meal a day hereafter, they having found by experiment that they are "in better health and spirits, and better prepared for hard mental work," when eating only two meals a day.

In New Haveland, recently, cattle became drunk from alcohol that got into their fodder by mistake. Hitherto quiet old bossies capered around and refused to be milked, and oxen, harnessed to plows, refused to follow the furrows. Several farmhands were injured by the animals.

Alfred S. Hall is the most talked about member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. There are two of him. One is from Revere, and the other from Winchester.

## HYMNS OF BATTLE.

## Port Arthur.

Waiting with their boilers cold  
For dispatches to unfold,

Hulking sentries of the Bear  
Drowsing in the wintry air,

Vast and helpless, gun and man,  
*Tsarevitch* and *Retvizan*.

Not one searchlight looks for war  
Under watching moon and star.

Swift as venging Samurai  
Comes the soundless destiny.

Whale and swordfish in the sea—  
Asp and bear beneath the tree.

Stab and stab—and then away!  
Russia is awake to-day.—*New York Sun*.

## War In the East.

The sable again for thine altars,  
O Goddess of Peace!  
Once more the red demon is loosened,  
Death's hounds have release!  
Ah, the sorrow untold, ah, the anguish,  
Ere conflict shall cease!

Will the dove and the bough of the olive  
Ne'er, ne'er be supreme?  
Is good-will but a pitiful by-word,  
A diplomat's theme?  
And the time of the Nazarene's vision,  
Is that but a dream?  
—*Clinton Scollard in Harper's Weekly*.

## The Destroyer.

A dwarfish thing of steel and fire;  
My iron nerves obey  
The bidding of my crafty sire,  
Who drew me out of clay,  
And sent me forth, on paths untrod,  
To slay his puny clan;  
A slave of hell, a scourge of God;  
For I was made by Man.

When foul fog curtains droop and meet  
Athwart an oily sea;  
My rhythmic pulse begins to beat;  
'Tis hunting time for me.  
A breathing swell is hardly seen  
To stir the emerald deep,  
As through that ocean jungle green  
I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo! my prey, a palace reared  
Above an arsenal,  
By lightning's viewless finger steered,  
Comes on, majestic.  
The mists before her bows dispart;  
And 'neath that Traitor's Gate  
The royal vessel, high of heart,  
Sweeps queenlike to her fate.

Too confident of strength to heed  
The menacing faint sound,  
As from their leash, like bloodhounds freed,  
The snub torpedoes bound;  
She does not note them quivering wide,  
Nor guess what lip is this  
That presses on her stately side  
Its biting Judas kiss.

Till with a roar that frights the stars,  
Her cracking timbers rend,  
And lurid smoke and flaming spars  
In one red storm ascend;  
Whose booming thunder drowns the cries  
Of myriad souls in pain;  
Where tossed on turbid waters lies  
My quarry, torn in twain.

—*Edward Sydney Tylee in New York Mail and Express*.

## The Cossacks of the Don.

[LONDON, February 15.—The *Daily Mail* Port Arthur correspondent, under date of February 12th, says: "Official advices state that the Japanese landed six hundred soldiers near Talienwan with disastrous results, four hundred and ten being sabred by Cossacks."]

The bugle rings, his steed be strides,  
The battle calls him on,  
And forth to meet its shock he rides—  
The Cossack of the Don.  
The fierce, red Tartar blood that flows—  
Down from unconquered sires  
Wakes, with the joy his wild heart knows,  
When blaze war's flaming fires.

God help the foe that meets them when  
The Cossacks ride to war;  
The strong, swift, bearded, fighting-men  
Whose friends the gray wolves are;  
Who make their coverlets the snows  
When they lie down to sleep,  
Who faster ride than wind that blows  
When they their saddles leap.

No man has seen the Cossacks' sword  
Turn downward in the fight,  
In vain have tides of battles poured  
Against them in their might;  
The hoof-beats of their steeds are known,  
With all their wandering clan,  
From bleak Siberian highways down  
To sun-kissed Astrakhan.

When sits the White Czar on his throne  
Within his guarded gate,  
Brooding, with brow of gloom, alone,  
Upon his Empire's fate,  
He knows, through every vague alarm,  
While ships and men fight on,  
He still may trust his strong right arm—  
The Cossacks of the Don.

—*John S. McGroarty in Los Angeles Times*.

Archbishop Alarcon has formally blessed the premises of the Catholic bank, which has started in the City of Mexico with a capital of six millions of dollars, and the Pope has sent his blessings to *El Pais*, the new Catholic weekly established in the same city.



## GOOD STORIES OF ROOSEVELT.

The President Not a Genius—Plan to Smash the Spanish Fleet—In Youth a Free-Trader—Is He Impulsive?—Impeaching the Veracity of a Cabinet Member.

Weems, by his saccharine biography of Washington, made the personality of the Father of His Country repellent to many honest men—until they read some one besides Weems. Weems retouched all the human lines out of his picture of Washington: the resultant was a cross between a sanguinary saint and a military tailor's dummy.

A similar fate, on a different scale, seemed lately to be in store for Mr. Roosevelt. The biography that a zealous friend of his has been printing serially in a New York weekly has been very cloying. Indeed, some discriminating friends of the President have suggested that it was about time Mr. Roosevelt sent his reporter-friend a little letter, reading: "DEAR JAKE: Please let up on that gush. T. R."

But no such fear need be expressed regarding Francis E. Leupp's "The Man Roosevelt." It is frank, critical, straightforward, yet gives a picture of Theodore Roosevelt that will increase admiration of the man. Very few men are better fitted than Mr. Leupp to write such a book. He has long been the friend of the President; yet as Washington correspondent of the independent New York *Evening Post*, for many years, it has been necessary for him to look upon every public question from both sides. Frequently it has been his privilege to voice the administration's ideas upon some matter of importance. The book, throughout, impresses the reader with its great moderation and strict adherence to truth. In view of these facts, this summary of the character of the President is interesting:

President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. As author, lawmaker, administrator, huntsman, athlete, soldier, what you will, his record contains nothing that might not have been accomplished by any man of sound physique and good intelligence. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother wit in his choice of tasks and his method of tackling them. He has simply taken up and completed what others have dropped in discouragement, sought better ways of doing what others have done before, labored always in the open, and remembered that the world moves.

Elsewhere Mr. Leupp says that the President might be described as "the greatest all-around antithesis." His favorite maxim, according to the author, is the old Norse Viking's commentary on a short sword: "If you go in close enough, your sword will be long enough."

What Mr. Roosevelt means by "the short sword" and getting "in close enough" is shown by an incident Mr. Leupp relates of Mr. Roosevelt's term as Civil Service Commissioner. The House, it seems, had cut down the commission's appropriation. "A meek man," says the author, "would have bowed to this. Not so Mr. Roosevelt":

He sent for the schedule of examination routes as laid out, and prepared a revised version, chopping off with one blow the districts represented by the men who had refused to vote the necessary money. He then informed the leading newspaper men of what he had done, so as to have it well advertised. He coupled with the news an explanation that it was only common justice that those members who had voted against the necessary grant should be given the full benefit of the restriction they had themselves imposed. There was loud chatter about "impeachment" and "removal" and what-not when this news reached the ears of the victims, but the hold stroke carried the day.

Here is another story of Mr. Roosevelt while he was police commissioner of New York. He had closed up all the saloons on Sunday, and the liquor interests arranged a monster parade, designed as a protest. Invitations to the reviewing-stand were sent all the city officials as a matter of form. Nobody supposed, however, that Roosevelt himself would accept. But he did. Pretty soon the procession came along, with various banners, shouting remarks about the law and its enforcer:

"Nun, wo ist der Roosevelt!" cried one sturdy veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, and was struck dumb by the vision of a smiling round face leaning over the rail toward him with the response: "Hier bin ich! Was willst du, Kamarad?" As soon as the veteran could command his voice again he led a cheer for the man he had set out to denounce.

Mr. Leupp differs with Secretary Long as to what Roosevelt, then Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, desired done about the Spanish fleet. Leupp says that Mr. Long "overlooks the one essential feature of the story." We quote:

One Sunday morning in March, 1898, we [Roosevelt and Leupp] were sitting in his library discussing the significance of the news that Cervera's squadron was about to sail for Cuba, when he suddenly rose and brought his two hands together with a resounding clap.

"If I could do what I pleased," he exclaimed, "I would send Spain notice to-day that we should consider her dispatch of that squadron a hostile act. Then, if she didn't heed the warning, she would have to take the consequences."

"You are sure," I asked, "that it is with unfriendly intent that she is sending the squadron?"

"What else can it be? The Cubans have no navy; therefore the squadron can not be coming to fight the insurgents. The only naval power interested in Cuban affairs is the United States. Spain is simply forestalling the 'hush' which she knows, as we do, is coming sooner or later."

"And if she refused to withdraw the orders to Cervera—"

"I should send out a squadron to meet his on the high seas and smash it! Then I would force the fighting from that day to the end of the war."

As Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, it was part of Roosevelt's duty to purchase colliers and transports for the government. He knew that the government was being cheated with old hulks for which fancy prices

were asked. But the extremity was dire; the navy had to have the ships; if these were refused, he did not know where to turn for others. But he was pretty "sore" about it. Mr. Leupp writes:

I burst in upon him one day without warning, and found him in the middle of the floor indulging in some very spirited talk to a visitor. As I was hastily withdrawing he called me back.

"Stay here," said he, "I want to see you." Then he abruptly turned from me and again faced the third party, in whom I recognized, as the light fell on his face, a lawyer of some prominence and an office-holder under a former administration. Mr. Roosevelt's teeth were set, and very much in evidence, in the peculiar way they always are when he is angry. His spectacle-lenses seemed to throw off electric sparks as his head moved quickly this way and that in speaking; and his right fist came down from time to time upon the opposite palm as if it were an adversary's face. And this was about the way he delivered himself:

"Don't you feel ashamed to come to me to-day with another offer, after what you did yesterday? Don't you think that to sell one rotten ship to the government is enough for a single week? Are you in such a hurry that you couldn't wait even over Sunday to force your damaged goods upon the United States? Is it an excess of patriotism that brings you here day after day, in this way, or only your realization of our necessities?"

"Why, our clients—" began the lawyer.

"Yes, I know all about your clients," hurst in the assistant-secretary. "I congratulate them on having an attorney who will do work for them which he wouldn't have the face to do for himself. I should think, after having enjoyed the honors you have at the hands of the government, you'd feel a keen pride in your present occupation! No, I don't want any more of your old tubs. The one I bought yesterday is good for nothing except to sink somewhere in the path of the enemy's fleet. It will be God's mercy if she doesn't go down with brave men on her—men who go to war and risk their lives, instead of staying home to sell rotten hulks to the government."

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Roosevelt, as a young man, was a free-trader. But such is the case:

In or about the year 1881, with the economic doctrines emphasized by his university still fresh in his mind, Mr. Roosevelt became a member of the Free-Trade Club in New York. He found there congenial associations, the club consisting largely of educated young men like himself, full of public spirit and ambitious for a share in the world's activities. He remained a member through his entire legislative career.

It was in 1885 that Roosevelt resigned from membership:

His resignation was a simple, straightforward statement that he was "a Republican first, a free-trader afterward." In this matter, as in the larger conflicts between the enthusiasms of his youth and the teachings of practical experience, he has come, with the passage of years, to take a more sympathetic view of his party's attitude.

He still remains, however, a tariff reformer within Republican lines. Protection as a policy commands his support; but it never has held, and never can hold, the place of a fetish with him. It must always be a means to an end, not an end in itself.

Mr. Leupp declares that the publicity in connection with the Booker T. Washington incident was not of that gentleman's seeking. In fact, a friend of Washington's came to Leupp and asked how he could get into and out of the White House without meeting any reporters. A plan was suggested, but failed, because "we could not very well make the President a party to it." So the regular list of visitors was furnished the press with the item "Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., dined with the President last evening." That caused all the rumpus. We quote:

Even Mrs. Roosevelt was not spared: for a long time I kept on my desk a cartoon representing the President and his wife at table, his face wearing a smile of delight while she assiduously pressed dainties upon a hideous black savage seated between them. . . . Anonymous scrawls served notice on him that he must never attempt to set his foot on Southern soil again for the rest of his term, and that he must keep all members of his family in the North also, if he would save himself and them from insult or worse.

An incident showing the President's attitude toward rival Presidential aspirants relates to the Register of the Treasury, a negro named Lyons. He owed his appointment to Hanna, had served four years, and there was some speculation whether or no he would be reappointed:

His friend, Booker T. Washington, was calling on him, one day, when Lyons remarked, in the course of their conversation, that, although he should value reappointment, he had not asked for it and would not wish Mr. Roosevelt to act under misapprehension; that he admired Mr. Roosevelt very much, and would support him against everybody else except Hanna; but that Mr. Hanna, if a candidate for the Presidency in 1904, could command his allegiance against any man living. Mr. Washington, a day or two afterward, mentioned the matter to me. I obtained his permission to repeat the story to the President. Mr. Roosevelt listened with interest. His eyes snapped as, at the close of the recital, he reached for a memorandum card and wrote Lyons's name on it, remarking: "I like Lyons, and had expected to reappoint him, but this settles the matter. A man who is loyal to his friends, and who will be so frank, when his own fortunes are in the balance, as to be unwilling to profit through any misunderstanding of his position, has the stuff in him of which good public servants are made. I shall lose no time in putting his reappointment beyond question."

The President will do a good deal for the man he likes. He likes no man better than Senator Cabot Lodge; yet there are limits:

"I am going to remove M— to-morrow," he said to me, one day, referring to an office-holder of whose misconduct he was satisfied, though without irrefutable evidence. "Cabot has been here all the afternoon pleading with me to spare the fellow, whom he believes a model of righteousness. He has gone away convinced that I am a double-dyed ingrate, and that I'm too stubborn to recognize resplendent virtue when I see it. I'm sorry. I love Cabot; I'd give him half I possess—but I can't yield that point."

Mr. Leupp flatly denies the story that Mr. Roosevelt struck from the list of prospective members of the Coal Strike Commission the name of ex-President Cleveland because he feared it might bring him so prominently before the public that he would become the

Democratic Presidential nominee in 1904. The author furthermore declares that the much-criticised intervention of Mr. Roosevelt had the hearty approval of Mr. Cleveland; that his name was on the list of arbitrators, but that the operators absolutely refused to consider it.

As to the President's "impulsiveness," the author has this to say:

Many persons who come into only superficial contact with Mr. Roosevelt complain that he acts on impulse always, instead of considering a proposition. Their opinion may have a modicum of truth in it. My own experience with him, however, has led me to believe that his acts are never responsive to a mere blind whim, but are thought out at lightning speed.

Here is an instance:

While he was in college a horse in a stable near his lodgings made a loud noise, one night, that showed the poor beast to be in trouble—probably cast in the stall and choking to death. The note of alarm awakened a half-dozen kind-hearted neighbors, who hastened to the rescue as soon as they could draw on clothes enough for decency and descend from their sleeping rooms. They were in time only to lend a hand at the finish. Young Roosevelt had got to the spot already and relieved the first necessities of the horse. The promptness of his response was due to the fact that he had come as he was—clad in nothing but his night-shirt—and had dropped out of a second-story window to save the time of going downstairs and through the house to the back door.

Here is an interesting passage:

The criticism which most unprejudiced commentators pass upon Mr. Roosevelt's way of carrying the fighting over into his adversary's corner is that so many of his retorts begin like Horace Greeley's: "You lie! you villain, you lie!" At the same time it must be admitted that, other things being equal, such candor does a good deal to clear the air before the real battle opens. I remember once hearing Mr. Roosevelt, as Civil Service Commissioner, discredit a certain Cabinet member's truthfulness to his face. Another person who was present—a mild-mannered man with an ingenious soul—seemed deeply pained by the scene while it lasted, and afterward said to me: "It was very discourteous treatment for Commissioner Roosevelt to visit upon an officer of so much higher rank. Why, he actually accused him of lying." And then, after a moment's pause, but with no indication of seeing anything funny in the remark, he added: "And what was worse, my dear sir, he went on and proved it."

This letter on his candidacy we believe is new:

"I do not believe in playing the hypocrite," Mr. Roosevelt wrote to a friend, a few months ago. "Any strong man fit to be President would desire a renomination and reflection after his first term. Lincoln was President in so great a crisis that perhaps he neither could nor did feel any personal interest in his own reelection. I trust and believe that if the crisis were a serious one, I should be incapable of considering my own well-being for a moment in such a contingency. But at present I should like to be elected President just precisely as John Quincy Adams, or McKinley, or Cleveland, or John Adams, or Washington himself desired to be elected. It is pleasant to think that one's countrymen believe well of one. But I shall not do anything whatever to secure my nomination save to try to carry on the public business in such shape that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity, and courage. If they believe this with sufficient emphasis to secure my nomination and election—and on no other terms can I, or would I, be willing to secure either—why, I shall be glad. If they do not I shall be sorry, but I shall feel that I have done the best that was in me, and that there is nothing I have yet done of which I have cause to regret; and that I can go out of office with the profound satisfaction of having accomplished a certain amount of work that was both beneficial and honorable for the country."

Speaking of newspapers, Mr. Leupp says that no misapprehension is more widespread than that Mr. Roosevelt is given to newspaper reading:

On the contrary, his indulgence in this practice is sparing beyond that of almost any public man I have ever known. If he is doing something which is likely to create excitement in a certain neighborhood, he may direct one of his clerks to watch the comments of the local press and bring him any that are particularly trenchant. He has occasionally subscribed to a clipping bureau. But this is about as far as he goes. . . . He reads a newspaper article, by the way, with great swiftness. Flash—boom—and his shot has struck the very central thought in a column of one thousand words. In thirty years' observation of exchange-readers in newspaper offices, I have never seen anything to approach his celerity. Moreover, the answer to the argument, or the refutation of the charge, is out almost in the same breath that voices the closing sentence from type.

How Mr. Roosevelt composes his letters and messages is thus described:

He does not even see how his periods hang together till they have been reduced to typewritten form and the sheets laid upon his desk. Then, when an interval of reduced tension comes, his eye falls upon the manuscript and lingers there. If he is conversing, the closing words of the next sentence are uttered in a dreamy tone and die away almost with a drawl, as his glance sweeps across the uppermost page on the pile and he sidles absent-mindedly into his seat and bends over the table. His left hand lifts the top sheet while the right gropes for a pen, and in a moment the author is quite hurried in his work, annotating between the lines as he reads.

The friend who is with him probably respects his mood and subsides into a sofa-corner, or warms his hands before the fire, or amuses himself at the window till the first force of absorption has spent itself and Mr. Roosevelt lifts his head to remark, "Now, here is where I believe I have made a point never before brought out," and proceeds to read aloud a passage and descant upon it. If this impromptu enlargement transcends certain bounds, the speaker is on his feet again in an instant, and pacing the floor as he talks. Sentence follows sentence from his lips like shots from the muzzle of a magazine-gun—all well-timed and well-aimed, in spite of their swiftness of utterance. The chances are that one of them will recoil to impress its author afresh with its aptness, and back he will slide into the vacant chair to put that idea into visible form with his pen and wedge it between two others.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The New York court of appeals has handed down a decision affirming the lower courts in the libel suit brought against James Gordon Bennett and the New York *Herald* by former magistrate Leroy B. Crane and sustaining a verdict of thirty-one thousand five hundred dollars. The suit was the outcome of an article published in the *Herald* in which Magistrate Crane was charged with having acted in an improper manner in discharging two men arraigned before him on a charge of highway robbery.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Society Woman's Book.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay's novelette, "The Stone of Destiny," begins in a "fine old house somewhere in Touraine." In the house is a room "in which Theodora slept." "The chiming of the tower clock sound the hour, and with a sigh the sleeper stirs and wakes and turns to the tiny scrap of humanity snuggling close against her." Then we skip twenty years.

"Again the stately mansion by the river," Theodora and her son Theodor sit in the tapestried room. She tells him a story of a princess which seems to have some connection with "The Stone of Destiny," but what connection we don't know. Then Theodora's husband enters the room. He had "snow-white hair" he makes a few remarks, and disappears—from the room and also from the story altogether.

Next enters Margaret, a "lovely girl," to whose beauty "a gypsy-like quality lent a curious fascination." Of course, Theodor loves her. It is while they are in Italy that this happens:

He walked down the bank and knelt beside her in the flowers. When she saw him coming toward her she stretched her arms out to him, and the irises were scattered before him. He took her soft, warm hand in his and kissed it. Thus without question, without an answer, they were pledged to each other under the clear, blue sky, in the radiance of the morning, as Nature meant man and woman to be betrothed. . . .

Margaret, awed by such silent love-making, whispered, "Why do you not speak to me, Theodor?" . . .

Again he kissed her hand, and whispered: "This is my way of telling you."

It is very, very sad to have to say that the affair so sweetly well begun, yet ended lamentably.

Theodor, it seems, wanted to "help humanity." He wanted to put his "shoulder to the wheel." "Now," he said, "is the hour to do." But Margaret was content to dream. So passed years of married life, the rift between them widening. "The parallel lines of their daily lives stretched across the summer months, separated by what was to him a sheet of glass, to her an opaque wall."

At last came the crisis. One day, it came into Theodor's mind to ask Margaret to break the news of their mother's death to two little children. The book says:

Twice he knocked before there was an answer. Then he opened the door. The air was oppressive with the perfume of the cigarette Margaret held in her hand. She was lying on a sofa, indolent in the luxury about her, apparently indifferent to Theodor's entrance.

Theodor made his request, but he might just as well have saved his breath. For she said:

"What—I! You must be mad to think of such a thing. How could I get up now and dress and go down to that village and talk to those strange children about their dead mother, whom I have never seen? Really, Theodor, you do annoy me."

Naturally Theodor felt hurt, and after a page and a half of conversation, he left the room without looking at her.

But the exciting scenes in the book are yet to come. One day, Theodor saw Margaret walking toward him in the crowd:

She did not see him as she came along with shining eyes and brilliant cheeks. A radiant symbol, full of aggressive loveliness, she passed and vanished like a stranger into the living sea of faces.

"Is there a man on this earth," murmured Theodor to himself, "who could have awakened Margaret?"

There was. Only that afternoon, Theodor was walking outside the drawing-room window when he heard Margaret's voice:

"My love, my dearest love!" her voice was pleading. "I can not bear the deception any longer. I can not lie again. . . my baby girl is growing into womanhood, and . . . with the memory of your kisses still burning on my mouth, glowing in my heart, stooped upon my brow for those who know our sort of love, I dare not come under the same roof with her innocence. I can not learn my duty towards her with your arms around me."

Theodor was paralyzed—the author says so. Then,

Mad, blinded with rage, murder in his heart, he threw the window open and burst into the room. He stood before them for an instant, awful in his anger. He raised his hand to strike down the thief before him.

But he didn't do it. He told the man to go, and "the man walked out of the room, across the lawn, down the avenue"; he said to Margaret: "Come, my wife—come with me to our children and to my mother." In his arms, then, Theodora, his mother, expired, and he said as she passed away: "There is no retribution, for I am the Compensation."

That is the end of the book, and we do not understand about this Compensation. But perhaps, it was intended to be caviar to the general, for we read at the beginning: "I dedicate this book to the One for Whom

it was Written." He understands, doubtless.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

## "The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel."

The reader whose tastes incline to witty generalizations on the fads, facts, and fallacies of social and domestic life, will doubtless enjoy strolling—metaphorically speaking—through the pages of "The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel"—a volume which contains the collected *feuilleton* of Isa Carington Cabell. Miss or Mrs. Cabell, if we may judge from a somewhat obscure and hastily written prefatory notice, which emanates from the publisher, contributed occasional letters to the Baltimore *Sun* on such subjects as "Should Women Propose?" "One's Relations," "Mannerisms in Conversation," etc.

While it can not be said that the writer puts forth anything particularly new, she says a great variety of things brightly, wisely, and satirically, and at least gives them the effect of newness.

She belongs to that order of newspaper writer who has her devoted clientele, and whose column is eagerly sought by such when the paper comes to hand. To those whose tastes incline that way, the volume may safely be recommended, if we make the reservation that letters of the kind make a much surer appeal in separate sips than in one overlengthy draught.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "The Mark," by Aquilla Kempster.
3. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Through Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.
3. "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Edgerton Castle.
4. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Jewel of the Seven Stars," by Bram Stoker.
2. "Dennis Dent," by E. W. Hornung.
3. "Violet," by Baroness von Hutton.
4. "The Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin.
5. "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Edgerton Castle.

## New Publications.

"Handicapped Among the Free," by Emma Rayner. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

"The New Thought Simplified," by Henry Wood. Lee & Shepherd; 80 cents net.

"The Story of Rapid Transit," by Beckles Willson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00.

"Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward: A Novel," by Helen Beekman. Brentano's; \$1.25.

"The Book of Months," by E. F. Benson. Marginal drawings in color. Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

"The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms," by John A. Cone. Hinds & Noble; 75 cents.

"The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. New edition. John Lane; 50 cents—a very neat pocket edition.

"Comedies in Miniature," by Margaret Cameron. McClure, Phillips & Co.—a clever book of farces and monologues.

"The Rover Boys on Land and Sea; or, The Crusades of Seven Islands," by Arthur M. Winfield. Illustrated. The Mershon Company.

"El Nino de la Bola por D. Pedro A. De Alarcon," edited with notes and vocabulary by Rudolph Schwill. American Book Company.

"Within the Pale: The True Story of Anti-Semitic Persecution in Russia," by Michael Davitt. A. S. Barnes & Co.—Davitt was sent by the *Examiner* to Russia; the book is rather lurid and sensational.

"Hanover and Prussia, 1795-1803: A Study in Neutrality," by Guy Stanton Ford, B. L., Ph. D. The Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Company, agents—a doctor's thesis, dry but doubtless accurate.

"Esarhaddon," by Leo Tolstoy. Funk &

Wagnalls Company; 40 cents—three fables, in which Tolstoy elaborates his well-known views.

"Manual of Forensic Quotations," by Leon Mead and F. Newell Gilbert. Frontispiece. J. F. Taylor & Co; \$1.50—a very good book of its sort.

"The Story of a Labor Agitator," by Joseph R. Buchanan. The Outlook Company; \$1.25 net—a highly interesting account by a man who has "been there."

"Infection and Immunity, With Special Reference to the Prevention of Infectious Diseases," by George M. Sternberg, M. D., LL. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

"A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," by Daniel Williams Harmon. Frontispiece. Reprinted from the edition of 1820. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00.

"Les Dernières Années de la Louisiane Française," par de Chevalier de Kerlérec D'Aubadie—Auhry Laussat. Sixty-four illustrations. Four maps. E. Guilmoto, publisher, Paris.

"Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent," by Fannie Merritt Farmer. Sixty-five illustrations in half tone. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net—well written, well put together, and certainly useful.

"The Children of the Tenements," by Jacob A. Riis. Numerous illustrations. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a series of newspaper and magazine stories of life in the East Side of New York, written with all of Riis's irrepressible enthusiasm and charm.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Mobile (Ala.) Register:

In "Two Argonauts in Spain," Jerome Hart has given us, from the standpoint of the general reader, the most interesting book of travels that has come to us this season. The author says: "If what is written here is mainly light, it is because we saw mainly the lighter side of life; if what is written here is pleasant, it is because our experiences were pleasant; if I do not write of brigandage, it is because we saw no brigands; if I do not write of monarchical weakness, of official corruption, it is because I could judge of none of these things, being only a bird of passage."

In spite of the author's frank avowal, the book is as valuable in its pictures of Spain of the present time as it is interesting. The Spanish character is a strange mixture, resulting, very likely, from the blending of blood and crossing of purpose with many races and languages through successive centuries. The author gives the following passage as an illustration of this: "The naïve way in which Spaniards look on bull-fighting is evidenced by the fact that a bull-fight was once given in Madrid, so the story goes, for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This mental attitude to us seems as ludicrous as it is incomprehensible. Yet it is a factor in the Spanish character." The author guides us through the dreamy old Spanish cities with their picturesque streets and wealth of legend and romance, gives us an insight into the lives of the people, and, in short, a picture of Spain as the traveler sees it. The book is very handsome typographically.

## Redland Daily Press:

Books of travel, especially of European travel, as a rule are rather stupid—one feels the lack of individual expression and the overpowering presence of Baedeker and Cook. But such is not the case with "Two Argonauts in Spain," which brings before us the manners, the people, and the places of the Iberian peninsula, with a directness of purpose and keenness of view as clear-cut as a photograph. In fact, this volume [issued from The Argonaut Press of San Francisco] is a moving picture of two Argonaut correspondents, who went abroad, full of life, full of cheer, and capable of understanding the world-wide humanity of a strange people in a strange land. Jerome Hart, the author, has marked his story with wholesome common sense and delicious humor.

## Baltimore American:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, is made up of pen-sketches giving a series of vivid impressions, not unlike the snap-shot photos which accompany them. The letters were first published in the Californian weekly, the Argonaut, and written to Californians.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.


You will have a new idea of what eye-comfort means if you come to us to have your glasses fitted.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO



Remington  
Typewriters

look durable  
and are as  
durable as  
they look.

Remington Typewriter Co.  
327 Broadway,  
New York.

228 Bush Street, San Francisco.

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.

202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge.

Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 Market Street (Upstairs),

Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1042.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Numberer of Napoleon's Night-Shirts.

M. Frederic Masson is one of the most interesting literary figures of France. His formal reception into the company of the Immortals, not long ago, was a notable occasion. We have already printed something about it; still further notice of the man and his work may prove interesting.

Masson represents the extreme limit to which "intimate biography" may be pushed. He is what Boswell was to Johnson, what Miss Strickland was to certain British worthies, what Rousseau was to himself—and more. M. Masson holds not only *ex pede Herculem*, but from the boot, the sock, yea, the pocket-handkerchief, of his hero, he would derive the man. M. Brunetiere was, of course, sarcastic, but nevertheless truthful, when, in his speech in reply to the new member, he addressed him thus:

"You have followed him [Napoleon] not only in his battles, and marches across Europe, in the soirées at Malmaison and the official receptions at the Tuileries, but also in his intimacy, in his private apartments, bedrooms, and dressing-rooms. You have counted his wash: thirty-six flannel undershirts, nine dozen white shirts, bosoms of hollands, at forty-eight francs apiece—but sixty francs when they were all hollands; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, three dozen 'folded towels,' about which you 'regret that you have not gained any further information'; three dozen merino foot-warmers, but, perhaps, as you say, 'these were socks.'"

Sixteen volumes, so far, suffice to hold the results of M. Masson's exhaustive researches. He has written of Napoleon in Egypt, Napoleon in Russia, Napoleon at Waterloo, Napoleon and his officers, Napoleon and women. The last of them all is "Napoleon et Son Fils." In this book (which not even in the French is yet obtainable in this country), Masson is said by the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* to have devoted a long and most intimate chapter to the birth of the King of Rome. Previously, when the interesting condition of the Empress Maria Louise became apparent, she received from Napoleon as a gift a picture of himself by Isabey, costing forty thousand two hundred and nineteen francs. The natal bed was decorated with a prodigious prodigality of lace, etc., and cost one hundred and twenty thousand francs. When the birth of a son was announced, Napoleon presented the queen-mother with a pearl necklace for which he paid five hundred thousand francs.

M. Masson also tells how great sums were distributed to needy mothers in Paris, of the baptism of the royal babe, of the quarrels between the governess of the child and the *dame d'honneur*. An interesting detail is that Napoleon, in his solicitude for his son, used to taste the dishes of milk, mush, and pap prepared for the boy. A smallpox epidemic having broken out, Napoleon had his son vaccinated. Dr. Husson and five other physicians were present, and assisted at the delicate task of scraping a king's elbow. Dr. Husson received six thousand francs for his services, and the rather amusing title "Médecin Vaccinateur des Enfants de France." M. Masson's fine-tooth comb methods did not let escape the fact that the vaccination "took," and that the King of Rome had to drink a purgative composed of syrup of chicory and peach blossoms!

Masson is no dilettante at his work. He has given his life to it. Originally he was the secretary of Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) and was made that prince's literary heir. All his volumes are based on the prince's large legacy of Napoleon letters, as well as other collections of letters and family documents belonging to various members of the Bonaparte family. Masson's collection of Napoleon relics is second to none except that of Prince Roland Bonaparte. No wonder that he recently made the boast that any knowable information about the great Napoleon that he did not know already was not worth knowing. Masson is an intimate friend of Princess Clotilde, as also he was of the late Princess Mathilde. He is described as "a pale, gray-haired man, with a white mustache," and perhaps will not live long to lend distinction to the Academy where writers like Anatole France, Sully-Prudhomme, and Hervieu now are about the only *littérateurs* of first-rate importance. An English paper (which may be biased), even calls the French Academy "little more than a Tory club, kept for the sake of wealthy nonentities." But they can not all be wealthy. For when Masson was elected a year ago, defeating Gustave Larroumet, it was more or less officially explained that Larroumet's defeat was due to having incurred the enmity of Jules Claretie. And Claretie, be it known, is a force in the councils of the French Academy. He has so many free theater tickets to give away!

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

L. F. Austin, in a London magazine, remarks: "Pierre Loti is reported to be about to try his hand on 'King Lear.' And still the *entente cordiale* holds out! They don't

translate Shakespeare in Paris now, as in the days when a conscientious scribe translated 'All hail, Macbeth,' into 'Bon jour, M. Macabét.' They rewrite him. M. Loti's Lear will be a nice, plaintive old gentleman, dimly shadowed in polite verse. Everything barbaric about him will be carefully smoothed away."

The collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, upon which he is now engaged, is to be in six volumes, and will only be sold in sets. It is probable that the issue will be followed by a companion set devoted to his dramatic verse.

Fanny Y. Cory, whose name has been appended to innumerable intimate and delightful pictures of children in magazines, and in many books, has recently gone to Montana, where, near Helena, she has built herself a bungalow and is storing up health and strength by a free out-door life of tramping and bronco-riding.

The story that Josephine Daskam has no love for children—on its face an absurdity—is denied by a friend of hers, who declares the real fact to be that she is extremely fond of children. Miss Daskam, or Mrs. Seldon-Bacon, now lives in New York City, her former home being Stamford, Conn. She is a graduate of Smith College. Her "Memoirs of a Baby," which has been running serially, will appear in April.

The estate of the late Herbert Spencer has been valued at something slightly over ninety thousand dollars.

Brisben Walker's new magazine, the *Twentieth Century Home*, has for its editor Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a Californian, while another Californian, Edwin Markham, dedicates the new-comer in the literary field with a poem written for place and occasion.

A new novel by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), "The Imperialist," is announced for immediate publication. This is the first long story in some years from the brilliant author of "An American Girl in London," and "Those Delightful Americans." It deals with modern Canadian life, and is said to show all the humor and clever characterization that are well-known qualities of the author's work.

It is announced that Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," is in its ninety-fourth thousand.

Edward W. Townsend's new book bears the odd title, "Sure." It contains new "Chimmie Fadden" material.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, has written a "Life of William Hickling Prescott," which will be issued in the spring.

Mr. Conrad's new serial, "Nostromo," which began in the last number of *T. P.'s Weekly* (London), is a seaboard story, rather than a sea story, and the scene is laid in one of the South American republics. The opening chapters give a forcible and picturesque portrait of an old Garibaldian, exiled to the Pacific Coast.

Wolf von Schierbrand's introduction to Lieutenant Bilse's "A Little Garrison," was doubtless written *con amore*, for he was only recently expelled from Germany for articles reflecting on the Kaiser.

John B. Watson, Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, has written a volume on "Animal Education," sub-titled, "An Experimental Study on the Psychological Development of the White Rat." This is unintentionally almost as funny a title as the Agricultural Department's recent bulletin on "The Available Energy of Timothy Hay." Both, however, must, so far as humor goes, make way for Stevenson's "Story of the Young Man Bearing a Plate of Cream Tarts." But of course that was meant to be funny.

Mlle. Favre, under the name of Pierre de Coulevain (is this a reminiscence of Pierre de Coubertin?), has been writing Franco-American novels for some years, which have been well received in France and are known in the United States; their appointed task is to show the result of the American training of women in "victorious Eves."

"Pernicious Pork; or, Astounding Revelations of the Evil Effects of Eating Swine Flesh," is the title of a little book by Mr. William T. Hallett. His volume is full of curious information, and he cites many authorities to prove the harm wrought to mankind by a diet that includes pork.

W. H. Mallock's new volume is entitled, "The Veil of the Temple." Mr. Mallock is the author of several volumes on religion and science, economic and social science, verses, and novels. The chief aim of his writings has been to expose the fallacies of radicalism and socialism. His new work ought to find many readers in the United States.

Onoto Watanna, the well-known writer of Japanese stories, has written a new book, entitled "Daughters of Nijo." It is purely romantic, and "might almost be called a Japanese 'Roméo and Juliet' without the tragedy."

## Who Wrote "Joe Bowers"?

"Joe Bowers' Pike County Home" is to be the official name of a log cabin that will stand on the grounds of the St. Louis Exposition. The fact ought to interest Californians as well as Missourians from Pike County, for the ballad of Joe Bowers supposedly originated in California in '30 or thereabouts. It caught the public fancy, and is said to have been sung all up and down the Coast, though, singularly enough, the ballad appears in none of our many collections of American humorous verse. The author of "Joe Bowers" is unknown, though the honor has been claimed for John Woodward, a variety actor and singer of the early days. Not only was Pike County, Mo., celebrated by "Joe Bowers," but it will be remembered that John Hay's volume of verse containing "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludso," etc., was called "Pike County Ballads." Thus the Piker is poetic. Possibly the Bowers of this poem is the Bowers whom Bret Harte had in mind when he wrote the poem on the Calaveras Skull. Harte must have known of the ballad. It would be natural to allude to so locally famous a Missourian; the literary allusion may have been—and still may be—understood by many of his older California readers.

As to the particular text of "Joe Bowers" which we reprint, it is furnished the New York *Herald* by a St. Louisan, apropos of the Pike County log cabin, and runs thus:

"My name is Joe Bowers,  
And I've got a brother Ike;  
I come from old Missouri,  
All the way from Pike.  
I'll tell you why I left there  
And why I came to roam,  
And leave my poor old mammy  
So far away from home

"I used to court a gal there—  
Her name was Sally Black;  
I asked her if she'd marry me;  
She said it was a whack.  
Says she to me, 'Joe Bowers,  
Before we hit for life,  
You ought to get a little home  
To keep your little wife.'"

"O, Sally, dearest Sally!  
O, Sally! for your sake,  
I'll go to California  
And try and make a stake.  
Says she to me, 'Joe Bowers,  
You are the man to win;  
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain,  
And she bave a dozen in.

"When I got to that country  
I hadn't nary a red.  
I had such wolfish feelings,  
I wished myself 'most dead;  
But the thoughts of my dear Sally  
Soon made those feelings git,  
And whispered hopes to Bowers—  
I wish I had 'em yit.

"At length I went to mining,  
Put in my biggest licks,  
Went down upon the bowlders  
Just like a thousand bricks.  
I worked both late and early,  
In rain, in sun, in snow;  
I was workin' for my Sally—  
'Twas all the same to Joe.

"At length I got a letter  
From my dear brother Ike;  
It came from old Missouri,  
All the way from Pike.  
It brought to me the darndest news  
That ever you did hear,  
My heart is almost bursting,  
So pray excuse the tear.

"It said that Sal was false to me,  
Her love for me had fled;  
She'd got married to a butcher—  
The hatcher's hair was red;  
And more than that the letter said—  
It's enough to make me swear—  
That Sally has a baby,  
And the baby has red hair!"

A number of new documents throwing light on the family of Ernest Renan have been discovered and published in book-form. From a review of the book by Gaston Deschamps in *Le Temps*, it appears that these documents confirm the truthfulness of Renan's "Souvenirs" in every particular. Renan's exquisite paragraph on his father is, according to M. Deschamps, an exact and poetic translation of facts made known by the newly found documents. He quotes Renan's words:

Mon père était plutôt doux que mélancolique. Il me donna le jour, vieux, au retour d'un long voyage. Dans les premières heures de mon être, j'ai senti les froides brumes de la mer, subi la bise du matin, traversé l'après-midi mélancolique, insomnie du banc de quart.

"Indignant denial has been made of the rumor that the Indiana novelists are about to go on strike, and also of the report that the Hoosier fictionists are demanding shorter hours and bigger royalties," says the New York *Post*. "This attempt," it continues, "to class Indiana novelists with steel workers and San Francisco mill hands, with poets and dialect-makers, is, naturally, resented. They are not unionized. They have no official organ. Their publishers refuse to set them right before the world in cowardly fear that discussion may actually lead to organization. We are glad, therefore, to deny such baseless slanders."

**POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**



The renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry.

**THE TWO-SPEED GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE**

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.  
"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Tribune" "Crawford"  
Western Department, Chicago, Ill.  
"Crescent" "Ramblor" "Monarch" "Imperial"  
Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York  
For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.  
Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,

246 Sutter St., S. F.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

**Quina LAROCHE**

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUQUERA & CO.,  
30-30 S. William St., N. Y.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

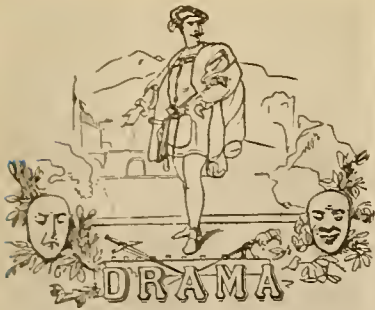
Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

**RUBBER** LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation Company  
713 Market St., S. F.  
AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING





It seems odd that a heroine of Jerome K. Jerome's should be lacking in a sense of humor. Yet that is just what is the matter with Miss Hobbs; the girl, I mean, not the play. She is almost too uncomfortable a young woman to make the subjugation of "Kingsearl Major" quite plausible. And, for that matter, "Kingsearl Major" himself is nothing much to brag about as a hero. In the yacht scene, which is the principal episode in the play, and the one in which the man is supposed to dominate the situation, he seems to have rather forgotten his manners in the enthusiasm of giving Miss Hobbs her little lesson in sweet womanly helpfulness. I rather suspect, though, that the trouble with the play is the inherent artificiality of its handling.

Indubitably, there are girls in plenty like Miss Hobbs; girls who think that the first duty of man is to get down on all fours and offer incense, abject service, and large bags of money to feminine deities. Sometimes these maidens reach the 'forties and still think so—in single blessedness. Sometimes they marry, and reach the 'forties in double wretchedness, and still think so, and never guess what they have missed. They rear their daughters to think with themselves, or try to; but often nature is too much for the young things, and they go back upon the maternal counsel, and insist upon falling in love with young men to whom they tender, and from whom they receive, the fond, willing, eager service and self-abnegation that goes hand in hand with true love. A man, when fate is cruel and Bridgets are scarce, will sometimes pick up a dish-towel and assist in drying the family china in the same spirit of pure, high-hearted chivalry with which knights formerly rescued maidens in distress. A woman will drag a tired, aching, ailing body to the mirror, pile on her finery, summon her smiles and bright looks, and without one cloud on her brow, will accompany her husband to some scene of gaudy in order to give him the needed relaxation after his hours of business confinement. And never for a moment will the deluded one guess that the radiant being at his side, doing him credit by her pretty looks and her vivacity, has cheerfully sacrificed herself for love of him.

These things are the give and take of matrimonial affection: a something of which the lady who prefers devotion on all fours, knows absolutely nothing.

So, remembering these things as women will, the feminine side of the audience is apt to criticize Wolff Kingsearl for the cold-bloodedness with which he carries out his little joke.

It may have been forgotten, perhaps, by those who saw Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "Miss Hobbs," that the hero, incensed by the stiff-neckedness, wrong-headedness, strong-mindedness, and general combativeness toward man of the doughty Miss Hobbs, undertook to cultivate in that lady's hosom a meek and lowly spirit appropriate to the submissive sex by making her cook his dinner, when she believed that his yacht had slipped its mooring, and was carrying them out to sea in a thick fog. So the impromptu woman-tamer discovers an appetite that comes on with the same suddenness as the improvised fog, and which is promptly reflected in the Hobbsian stomach. Mr. Kingsearl points out that the woman's duty is to cook while the man runs the yacht—a manifest theorem which is scarcely borne out from the leisuredness with which, without proffering assistance of any kind, he looks on while Miss Hobbs, in spotless white yacht-rig, sets her delicate hands to shoveling coal into the fire and grinding coffee with the air of a martyr. The lady herself shows a nasty temper, a sort of higher-education strenuousness of sulky energy, and a total lack of girlish relish or fun in the novelty and unconventionality of the affair.

Nor does Miss Hobbs shine in the closing act, in which she descends as a social blight upon a harmlessly happy dinner-party, extinguishing mirth and ease, and only relaxing toward the very end into a smile that seems almost grudging but for the kiss that follows it.

Truly, a man would need courage to voluntarily enthrone upon his hearthstone a lady of such formidable firmness as Miss Hobbs. These qualities, however, are all on the surface. Mr. Jerome has made her plastic enough at bottom, but he lacked the skill to effect the transformation by easy stages.

The play is not a farce, but rather a comedy of sentiment, so we must needs look at the situations with a modicum of earnestness at least. It is a thoroughly artificial little play—artificial not only in sentiment, but also from the obviousness with which the author brings to bear his little devices for making his puppets do his bidding.

But there is humor in the dialogue; a pleasant, if superficial humor, and there are pretty and prettily dressed women, and young men well gotten up in yachting togs, and a general atmosphere of ease, prosperity, and drawing-room refinement about the people in the play, which is soothing, if not stimulating; so that if one does not go with anticipations unduly heightened from the fact that a name as well known as Jerome K. Jerome's stands as the author, one can put in a sufficiently entertaining evening.

Mr. Maher, as George Jessop, the friend and confidant of the hero, has an opportunity to be on the stage pretty steadily, and succeeds in keeping the audience in a state of constant hilarity by the aid of an improvised impediment in the speech, an old trick whose use is excusable from the skill with which Mr. Maher engrafted this little vocal parable upon his enunciation.

Mr. Durkin is always agreeable, although never brilliant. He seemed, however, rather too soothing in manner for such a brilliantly successful woman-tamer. Miss Block is particularly well fitted for the part of the recalcitrant Miss Hobbs, and enacted the dark-browed moods and imperious tenses of that young lady with signal success. It is incumbent upon Miss Hobbs to atone for the hostility of her attitude toward man in the abstract, by possessing the style and attractions that disarm man in the concrete. Otherwise we might not have extended toward the heroine the necessary sympathy for the happy culmination of her love-affair. Miss Block does her duty handsomely in this respect, looking particularly well in the statuesque dinner gown in the last act.

Miss Juliet Crosby, Frances Starr, and Harry Hilliard were assigned rôles that employed their lighter abilities to agreeable purpose, and Miss Howe and George Osbourne gave, as usual, realistic and genuinely portrayed characters.

At the Tivoli, they have been working on Johann Strauss's opera, "The Gypsy Baron," to good purpose, and the piece is having a spirited representation this week, with Russo as a drawing card in the title-rôle.

Russo, however, has been the unconscious means of inflicting general and deep disappointment. We all confidently expected that the little tenor would be the star comedian of the performance, and assembled with gleeful anticipation of seeing him make bad breaks in the English language and tangle himself up in thickets of corkscrew rhetoric. Whereas the unfeeling youth played the part in traditional style, gave his English unconcernedly, stuck to business, and created absolutely no diversion of any kind beyond that prescribed by the entertaining qualities of the opera and the rôle. Russo's voice is ample for the requirements of light opera of "The Gypsy Baron" type, but, as usual, this improvident young tenor produced his highest effects in the beginning, and had no superlative degree left with which to rouse his audience later.

The music of "The Gypsy Baron" is particularly distinctive, melodious, and pleasing. The composer succeeded in inducting into it the slightly *bizarre* quality that is characteristic of Hungarian melodies, and old as the opera is, it is notably free from the thinness of orchestral background that was accepted without question in the days of its composition.

As to the book, that is a different thing. It is difficult to make an equally enthusiastic response to either romance or comedy that was aimed at people of an earlier day than ours. The fun is rusty, and the romance musty. It is also difficult, in these prosaic times of microbes and energetic sanitation, to accept the gypsy as a figure of romance. One is disposed to look askance at his elf locks and suspect the cleanliness of his garments. It is even possible for an unbridled imagination to follow old Czipra and Saffi into their underground hut with a shudder, to foresee the need of drains, the presence of smells, and the

activity of fleas, and to mentally invoke the spirits that watch over a spring cleaning. This, however, it must be confessed, is from rather a rabidly prosaic point of view. The uncombed hair, the rags, and the riddled hose of the gypsy rabble have their picturesque quality to a zealous imagination, and the closing scenes of the first act certainly are successful in forming a wild and striking effect.

The large stage of the new Tivoli is going to be an immense aid to the management in the employment of scenic effects, as has already been shown in the two preceding operas, and was made particularly patent in "The Gypsy Baron."

The chorus at last has room to show off its numbers, and has a background for the better throwing out of its vocal volume. The chorus, by the way, does particularly well in "The Gypsy Baron"; and is in collectively better voice than some of the principals, whose voices sound as if they had been strained in rehearsing. Mme. Caro Roma, although too mature in style for the rôle of Saffi, was gypsiesque in appearance, and sang dramatically, in spite of a blur on the clearness of her upper notes.

Annie Myers was "cute" from her neck down. But her burlesque grimaces, which are becoming too much of a habit, are unbecoming and out of place in the rôle of Arsena. Nettie Deglow, with her blonde prettiness, buried under the scattered gray locks, the bowed back, and the dun-colored rags of an old witch, plunged herself so thoroughly into her rôle, both musically and in spirit, as to achieve a pronounced success. Ferris Hartman struggled stoutly to put some new-fashioned comedy into an old-fashioned rôle, and found the task almost too much even for his optimistic and superabundant energy. The remainder of the cast was acceptably presented, and the presentation, as a whole, both picturesquely and musically successful.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

According to a house-to-house census of the people served by letter-carriers, Major W. G. Hawley, postmaster of San José, finds the population of that city to be 35,023, as against 27,887 in 1900. This is inclusive of the suburbs carried by rural delivery. He finds the population within the corporate limits of San José to be 27,868, while in 1900 it was 21,518.

### A Beautiful Dancing Surface

is obtained on the floor of any hall or ball-room by the use of Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It will not ball up on the shoes nor lump on the floor; makes neither dirt nor dust, but forms a perfect dancing surface. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

**Bowdlear's Floor Wax.**

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum.

Next Thursday Night, March 10th, at 8:15; Saturday Afternoon, March 12th, at 3:00

### HOMER DAVENPORT

The Man Whose Pictures Have Made the Whole World Laugh

WILL GIVE TWO TALKS ON

"THE POWER OF A CARTOON"

Illustrated with Pictures from his clever pencil sketched before the audience.

Reserved Seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday A. M.

#### EXTRA

Sunday Afternoon, March 13th, at 3:00, THIRD "NOVELTY POP" CONCERT by

### THE KOPTA QUARTET

And MRS. OSCAR MANSFELDT

Novelties: Richard Strauss's Piano Quartet and Dvorak's American String Quartet.

Reserved Section, \$1.00. General Admission, 50c. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday.

Coming—Mrs. RAYMOND BROWN in Wagnerian Recital Lectures.

## SHREVE & COMPANY

STATIONERY. The advantages of a complete equipment in the work-rooms of Shreve & Co.'s Stationery Department are available for the prompt and intelligent execution of orders for Wedding Stationery, Visiting and Reception Cards, and the Stamping of Correspondence Papers. POST AND MARKET STREETS

**The Ocularium**  
IMPROVED  
**Eye-Glasses**  
AND  
**Spectacles**  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Beginning Monday, March 7th, second week and stupendous success of

### THE GYPSY BARON

A romantic opera in three acts, by Johann Strauss. First appearance in English of Sig. Domenico Russo.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Next—Mr. Pickwick.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, March 7th. Every night, including Sunday, matinee Saturday, John C. Fisher's \$50,000 production of the latest musical comedy,

### THE SILVER SLIPPER

By the authors of "Florodora." The sensational "Champagne Dance." Company of one hundred and twenty-five.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, March 7th, Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy adaptation,

### AT THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, March 14th—Wagner's Parsifal. Sale begins next Monday. Special prices.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Week beginning Monday, March 7th, the charming American drama,

### RIP VAN WINKLE

The everlasting favorite of old and young.

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

March 14th, St. Patrick's week special—Shamus O'Brien.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, March 6th. A big, new show! Barrows-Lancaster Company, including Miss Clara Throp; Poettinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintet; Ferguson and Mack; Gillo's Artiste; Lowe-Hughes Duo; Carlin and Otto; Anderson and Briggs; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Nirvana and her statue horse, Loli.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischer's THEATRE

First time, Monday night, March 7th,

### THE ROUNDERS

A new vaudeville in three great acts. The remarkable New York Casino success. A brilliantly witty musical comedy. Magnificently staged. Our "all-star" cast. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Same popular prices.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum.

#### EXTRA

FOUR ILLUSTRATED LECTURES BY

### KATE JANISCH

On "NEW ZEALAND."

A beautiful country about which but very little is generally known. Magnificent colored views and motion pictures.

Monday Night, March 14th, No. 1; Wednesday Night, March 16th, No. 2; and repeated Friday Afternoon and Night, March 18th.

Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. School-children to Friday matinee, 50c all seats. Box-office Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## RACING

New California Jockey Club  
**OAKLAND TRACK**

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Euphony in the Title.

There is something harmonious and musical in the name of "The Silver Slipper," the show that goes on at the Columbia on Monday evening. It is described as a "girl-and-music" production, but it is said that it does not depend entirely upon its beautiful women or catchy music; that it has a story and a plot and considerable comedy. The original play is by Owen Hall, with infusions of American wit and humor by Clay M. Greene. The lyrics are by W. H. Risque, and the music by Leslie Stuart, of "Florodora" fame. The play has the reputation of being one of the most gorgeously costumed on the stage. There are one hundred and twenty-five people, including Alfred Kappeler, Ben Lodge, Louise Moore, Laura Clement, Alice Lessing, and Maude Clement. A great feature is the whirlwind-like "Champagne Dance." The last performance of "The Old Homestead" will be given to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

Musical Comedy at Fischer's.

The management of Fischer's Theatre has decided upon a season of the best musical comedies, and will inaugurate the change on Monday night by putting on "The Rounders," which had a year's run at the Casino, New York. It details in an amusing way the troubles of a duke who did not appreciate his wife's beauty and charm, and fell under the spell of a famous ballet dancer. The scenes are laid at the bathing beach at Biarritz, in the dressing-room of a theatre in Paris, and in the *salon* of Maginnis Pasha in the same city. The lyrics of the play are by Harry B. Smith, and the music by Ludwig Engländer. It is said that the songs are very bright and tuneful, and the comedy situations extremely amusing. Something excellent in costumes and stage settings are promised. This is the last week of Kolb and Dill at Fischer's. The new comedians, Richard F. Carroll and John P. Kennedy, have good Eastern reputations, and are expected to make a hit with Fischer's patrons. As soon as the plans for the remodeling of Fischer's Theatre are completed, the house will be closed for a short time to allow extensive improvements to be made. The seating capacity will be increased to eighteen hundred.

Sydney Rosenfeld's Comedy.

"At the White Horse Tavern," adapted from the German by Sydney Rosenfeld, will be the bill at the Alcazar next week. This comedy is a favorite, and its revival will be welcomed. On Thursday, March 14th, the dramatic version of Wagner's "Parsifal" will be put on at the Alcazar. On account of the great expense of this play, slightly increased prices will prevail during its run. The sale of seats begins Monday. Audiences must be seated by eight o'clock, nobody being admitted after that hour until the end of the first act.

Comedy, Novelty, Living Pictures.

The Barrows-Lancaster company, which includes James Barrows, John Lancaster, Clara Thropp, and others, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting "When Georgina Was Eighteen," a clever comedy skit; Poettinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintet will offer a novel act. Attired in the picturesque costumes of their native land, and surrounded with a beautiful scenic environment, they will be heard in their folksongs, glees, and other numbers; Barney Ferguson and John Mack, eccentric comedians, will introduce their latest laughing absurdity, "The Dimple Sisters," in which they appear as thoroughly up-to-date ballet girls; Gillo's Artesto, direct from the Olympia, Paris, is an automaton dressed as a boy. It writes names thought of by spectators, and draws a picture of any celebrity in two minutes. The Lowe-Hughes Duo, xylophone soloists and musical artists, will present their refined specialty; Carlin and Otto, the "Merry Germans," will change their specialty; Al Anderson and Bill Briggs, the "Kings of Colored Comedy," will be heard in new songs and stories; and Nirvana and her statue horse, Loki, in their artistic act, will appear for the last week. The Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an unusually interesting programme.

In Joe Jefferson's Role.

"Rip Van Winkle" will be the bill at the Central Theatre next week. Washington Irving's delightful American classic has furnished material for a drama that will live as long as the story itself. The play has been made famous by Joseph Jefferson, and it will be welcomed by the Central patrons. Herschel Mayall will play the old vagabond, Rip, and a characterization of great credit is looked for.

A Pleasing Revival.

The revival of "The Gypsy Baron" at the Tivoli Opera House is welcome to those who prefer comic-romantic opera to the present-day musical comedies. "The Gypsy Baron" is a good example of Strauss's work, and has

much pleasing music. It also furnishes opportunities for brilliant and picturesque costuming and massed chorus work. "Mr. Pickwick," based on Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," will be the next attraction at the Tivoli.

Lectures on New Zealand.

Mrs. Kate Janisch, a prominent writer of New Zealand, will give two illustrated lectures at Lyric Hall on that country, which she knows thoroughly. She has many colored slides, besides motion pictures, which assist her in describing the beauties of New Zealand. The lectures will be given Monday and Wednesday evenings, March 14th and 16th, and Friday matinee and night, March 18th. The matinee will be given at three-fifteen so that school-children may attend. The prices will be 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00, including reserved seats. School-children will be given the best seats at the Friday matinee for 50 cents. The sale of seats will open Wednesday, March 9th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Mrs. Fiske Coming.

The Grand Opera House will be closed next week, and on Monday, March 14th, will open with Minnie Maddern Fiske as the attraction. She will play for four weeks, presenting "Becky Sharp," "Mary Magdalen," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and one or two Ibsen plays.

Mme. Patti's Troubles.

The Adelina Patti farewell concert tour has met with reverses and stumbling blocks since the diva and her managers departed with something like fifteen thousand dollars of San Francisco's money. At Spokane and other towns her concerts were called off on account of a dearth of ticket buyers, and when Philadelphia was reached it was "money back" again; or would have been, had not an attachment been levied on the \$2,700 that the citizens of Philadelphia were willing to pay to hear the singer on her return engagement in their city. The trouble was brought about by Otto Hegner, cello player, who was dropped by the company in San Francisco, and who sued Grau for \$50,000. At last accounts the public was still clamoring for its money, while the opposing sides wrangled over whether it belonged to Grau or those who paid it for tickets and got nothing in return. There was trouble also at Scranton, where the concert was canceled. A newspaper there tried to have an attachment, on account of an alleged \$100 advertising bill, served on Patti in her private car, but the train hands baffled the deputy sheriffs.

It is estimated that Patti will make \$200,000 on this tour, despite reverses, her contract calling for \$5,000 for every concert at which she sings, and 50 per cent. of any receipts over \$7,500. If the receipts are less than \$5,000, the astute Mr. Grau announces "no concert."

During the Philadelphia trouble, Otto Hegner, the cause of a good part of it, sent Patti a big bunch of roses. "I attached the money, yes," he said, "but the diva is so much an artiste!"

It is understood that Weber and Fields will dissolve partnership at the close of the present theatrical season. It is said that they have had numerous business squabbles, and have lost money on all the stars they sent out on the road. Up to this season, their Broadway music-hall, where they put on their burlesques, brought in a large income. A few months ago its patronage began to fall off, so they immediately went on their road tour, which was a success, the receipts in San Francisco being about thirty thousand dollars. It is reported that Weber is worth five hundred thousand dollars, and Fields nearly as much. Weber, in speaking of their troubles, said: "We quarrel like man and wife, but up to this time we have always made up."

For the eleven performances of "Parsifal," in New York, the receipts were \$186,000.

Homer Davenport to Lecture and Draw.

Homer Davenport, the great cartoonist, formerly of this city, will speak at Lyric Hall on "The Power of a Cartoon" on Thursday night, March 10th, and repeat the lecture on Saturday afternoon, the twelfth. Mr. Davenport is sought after at the present moment by half the newspapers in New York, but before "going into harness again" he intends touring the Coast, getting fresh ideas and recuperating after a long spell of hard work. His lecture, or to speak correctly, his storytelling, is a recital of his adventures and experiences, from the time he drew a caricature on the school blackboard when his teacher's back was turned until the present day. Mr. Davenport has a fund of humor and a magnetic style. He illustrates his anecdotes with rapid cartoon drawings. The sale of seats will open Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and prices will be \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents. Mail orders should be addressed to Will Greenbaum, Lyric Hall.

The ride up Mt. Tamalpais on the crookedest railroad in the world is a delight throughout every mile of the route, and the view from the top of the mountain is the most diversified in California. The Tamalpais Tavern is noted for its comfort and hospitality.



Because

there is nothing wanting in

Hunter Whiskey

it leads in universal popularity.

It has

Absolute Purity, Faultless Quality, Exquisite Flavor.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN

Secretary and General Manager.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier,  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Fond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK .....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR. ....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY .....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Penne, F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy .....President  
Arthur Legallet .....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz .....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department.  
216 Sansome Street.

4½ per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. FRANCIS SMITH, Cashier, Treasurer, George C. Boardman, Manager, Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.

516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping, } 401-403 Sansome St.



## VANITY FAIR.

That most men dig their graves with their teeth has seldom been pointed out more forcibly than is done in the February *Century* in an article by Roger S. Tracy, entitled "How to Live Long." The three-score-and-ten limit to human life is pronounced a fallacy. Death from old age, occurring at seventy-five or eighty, is a misnomer. Comparative physiologists, we are told, have set the natural years of man at one hundred, even sometimes at one hundred and twenty; and the reason why the overwhelming majority fall short of normal life is comprised in one sentence: we all eat too much. He, then, who would live to be old, retaining sight, hearing, and some digestion, not relinquishing the power of healthy enjoyment, has but to follow a simple rule. Eat sparingly. Refrain from clogging the system by an over-supply of food. Never entirely satisfy the appetite, and make it a habit occasionally to omit a meal or two altogether.

"If I were to assign any one thing as especially conducive to long life from a study of the habits of centenarians, it would be semi-starvation," says one authority quoted; and the example is cited of one Luigi Cornaro, who, having lived the pace that kills, amended his ways when death threatened, and so reorganized his enfeebled body by a life of temperance and restraint that he lived to be one hundred, although the doctors had given him up at forty. In middle life, from thirty-five to forty-five, according to Dr. Tracy, there comes a waning of the powers. The effects of over-indulgence in eating or drinking are no longer vigorously thrown off as in youth. If the fact is not recognized and the same habits are kept up as heretofore, there is trouble ahead. But if the individual adopts a new regimen of diet, diminishes his meals, and regulates his existence as becomes his soberer years, a sort of rejuvenation follows; and if at the second climacteric, occurring somewhere between sixty and seventy, there is a further pull-up in the food supply, regulated by the slackening powers of assimilation, a hale old age is extremely likely to ensue.

The simple rules for health and long life laid down by Dr. Tracy are not claimed by him as original or new, but they are backed by a logical recounting of consequences that makes them more than commonly impressive. It is not difficult to recall instances that fall in with these theories. The late Pope, Leo the Thirteenth, is a case in point. He lived a life of ascetic abstinence as regarded food, and, although a man of weakly constitution from his earliest years, he attained a ripe age, and that, in spite of years of confinement within the walls of the Vatican. So also with his predecessor, Pius the Ninth. With certain prelates, vowed to a life of asceticism, self-denial in eating and drinking to a degree that most people would regard as semi-starvation, is a matter of pride, as well as principle. Reformed rakes, taking alarm, may occasionally snatch health and longevity by a late-begun moderation in living. Pretty women, too, have done wonders in the way of retaining youth and beauty by means of a meagre diet. Great is the power of vanity. But for the mass of humanity, the allurements of the senses have ever proved too strong. Doctors may advise, and physiologists may draw up statistics, but it may be safely predicted that, when the commonly accepted term of human life reaches one hundred and twenty years, the millennium will have dawned.

The instinctive feeling in France toward America is respect for our men, in spite of their lack in "cerebral over-nutrition," and admiration for our women, in further spite of what is considered a prevailing positiveness of disposition, amounting almost to hardness, and general shallowness of feeling. This has caused unusual attention in the Paris press to the attack made in the *Nineteenth Century Review* on the Americanization of women because of the damage it does them, and to the sharp retort made by the New York *Critic*, declaring that it is contact with English society which is spoiling American morals! Certainly, the evolution of the French girl is not toward the British matron, writes Stoddard Dewey.

The New York *Sun* is pleased to be facetious about so serious a subject as diamonds. "It is estimated," says the *Sun*, "that the total world production of diamonds up to date approximates eighty-five million carats. As we are not in the habit of weighing our diamonds by the ton, we are in some doubt concerning the proper system of computation, whether troy or avoirdupois, long ton or short ton. According to the system used by those who do weigh their diamonds in ton quantities, the result would be in the neighborhood of twenty or twenty-five tons of sparklers now appearing as factors in the joys and miseries of a world which has been bedazzled by the beads and the bling of its ancestors. The regions con-

tributing to this supply, and the percentage of their contribution, appear as follows: South Africa, 81.5 per cent.; Brazil, 18 per cent.; and the remaining .5 per cent., divided among Borneo, India, New South Wales, and British Guiana, with North America and Russia supplying specimens. The last two of these countries have furnished just about enough to equip an opera-box for a single evening. The deep obligation of society to South Africa is fully apparent. The price of diamonds has been heavily advanced during the last year or two; but it is simply appalling to think what the price would have been without the South African supply. Society—American, English, and Continental—should daily thank heaven for Kimberley and Jagersfontein. We are unable to give the cubic measurement of the total collection, but so far as weight is concerned it would make a load for a medium-sized freight car."

"Women's voices are no longer low and sweet," says Lady Violet Greville, in the London *Graphic*; "whether in trains, omnibuses, clubs, hotels, or theatres women talk loudly and shrilly. They can be heard at the other end of a room, and domestic concerns of a purely personal nature are, in spite of one's efforts, being constantly overheard. The tones, too, of the voice are certainly deeper and gruffer. I have sometimes been startled to find that a speaker was a woman, so masculine and loud rang the timbre of her voice. When it is added to this that women wear swishing silk skirts and carry jingling bangles and chains and chatelaines, it will easily be surmised that a company of ladies is no longer soothing."

So much has been written about the cruelty of docking horses' tails that it is interesting, at least, to hear what the other side has to say. Colonel William Jay, a noted horse-owner of New York, has been moved to vigorous utterance by the introduction of an anti-docking measure in the New York State legislature. "In reality," he said, "the practice is not a cruelty to the animal. The operation of docking the tail is not particularly painful, as it requires but a moment to do it, and the best proof that the horse does not suffer from the operation lies in the fact that his general health does not suffer and little or no swelling or inflammation follows. A horse that is docked in the morning is frequently driven without discomfort the same afternoon. That docking makes a horse more tidy, more safe to drive, and decidedly improved in appearance, every person familiar with horses knows. One of the great dangers in driving is the catching of the reins under the horse's tail, and this danger is largely obviated when the horse is docked. There are many common operations performed on animals far more cruel than the docking of horses. How about the universal practice of cutting off lambs' tails? Why do not the members of the anti-cruelty society take up that matter? Maybe the society does not know about it. They may suppose that all sheep are born with short tails. If this bill is to pass it should certainly be amended to include sheep. One of the contentions of the society against docking is that it deprives the horse of his natural way of fighting flies when turned out to pasture. That is pointless, because, as a rule, only high-class horses are docked, and these horses are rarely turned out to pasture in fly time. Most of them are kept in their stables covered with a light cloth. Crusades have been made at times against the practice of clipping horses in cold weather. As a matter of fact, it is an act of mercy to clip a horse in winter. When a clipped horse goes into his stable after his work he is easily rubbed down, and his hair soon becomes dry when he is covered with a warm blanket and is comfortable. If his hair is long it becomes wet by storm and perspiration, and can not be dried, and he is in greater danger of taking cold or being otherwise attacked by disease."

The *Country Gentleman* informs its readers that the use of the monogram is very much on the decline in every department of personal adornment. Leather traveling cases are now marked simply with the initials of the owner, silver toilet ware is left plain, or has the Christian name of its possessor engraved across it. Note paper is still monogrammed, but only rarely is it crested as well.

The Fenton (Wis.) *Courier* says: "Wes Ruddles spent last Sunday in this burg, sparking around with several of our fairest. We know of three separate and distinct personages that he called on, and if this thing keeps up some of our boys will be out in the cold completely. There is something about Wes that seems hard to resist."

The *Emporia Gazette* says: "This is leading a butterfly life: An Emporia business man and his wife were invited out to dinner last night. After the dinner they went to the Normal musical entertainment, and after that they attended the masquerade dance at the Wigwam."

## Goat-Lymph, the New Remedy.

According to a recent article in the New York *Tribune*, it has been found that goat-lymph has many curative qualities, and is a wonderful rejuvenator of the human system. Experiments along this line were tried for years before success was reached. The efficacy of animal serum, inoculated with disease and then used as a preventative of the same disease, was established years ago, and gave rise to the thought that the healthy animal serum would be of value in building up a debilitated system. Nothing came of the experiment until an obscure physician thought of a fact that should have been apparent long before: that the serum must be extracted from a live animal and the vital forces preserved. His well-known hardness and absolute freedom from disease made the goat the victim—and now, at the sacrifice of his own existence, he is furnishing lymph for the saving of human life.

When the curative properties of goat-lymph were first discovered, the optimistic hailed it as a solution of perpetual life, as a wonderful cure-all. Sane reasoning, though, saw the fallacy of this, and subsequent developments proved it. Experiments showed that the goat-lymph could be successfully used in cases of locomotor ataxia, chronic articular rheumatism, paralysis agitans, hemiplegia, nervous prostration, and general debility. It has also been used in cases of incipient tuberculosis. The simple fact is that it builds up cells that have been partially destroyed, and furnishes vitality. It is an invigorant and revivifier—a vital fluid, containing all the germs of life, which are imparted to the patient who uses it.

If goat-lymph does all that is claimed for it (and there seems to be plenty of evidence that it does), it will be a great factor in the cure of what has become almost a national evil—neurasthenia, or nervous prostration. We have been going at too swift a pace, both socially and in a business way, with the result that people are suffering from debility and aggravated cases of "the blues." When the fact becomes generally known that the goat can furnish a cure for this ailment, he will cease to be the butt of the comic paragon and artist.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 2 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.	2,000	@ 98%	98	
Los An. Ry 5%.....	8,000	@ 113	113	
Los An. Pac. Ry. Con. 5%.....	20,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 1st Con. 5%.....	1,000	@ 116 1/2	114	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	35,000	@ 118	118 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5% ..	6,000	@ 110		
Oakland Transit 6%.....	4,000	@ 119 1/2	119	
Oakland Transit 5%.....	5,000	@ 111		112 1/2
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	41,000	@ 105 1/2-105 1/2	105 1/2	
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 118 1/2	118	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909 .....	2,000	@ 105 1/2-105 1/2	105 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906.....	16,000	@ 107	107	107 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	5,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	7,000	@ 107 1/2-107 1/2	104 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	10,000	@ 99 1/2-99 1/2	99	99 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 2d	16,000	@ 100	99 1/2	100 1/2
STOCKS.			Closed	
Water.	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Spring Val. W. Co.	480	@ 39 1/2-40 1/2	40	40 1/2
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	45	@ 61 1/2	61	63
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	200	@ 44 1/2-44 1/2	44 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	80	@ 11 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2
Hutchinson .....	20	@ 7 1/2-8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	80	@ 20-20 1/2	20	
Pasauhu S. Co.....	430	@ 11 1/2-12 1/2	12 1/2	
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	100	@ 10	9	10 1/2
S. F. Gas & El'ctric	425	@ 57-57 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers....	200	@ 135-136 1/2		
Cal. Fruit Canners.	10	@ 95	95	
Cal. Wine Assn....	215	@ 92 1/2-93	.....	94

Spring Valley Water sold up one point, from 39 1/2 to 40 1/2, on sales of 480 shares, closing at 40 bid, 40 1/2 asked.

Alaska Packers was in better demand, sales of 200 shares being made at 135-136 1/2.

The sugars on sales of about 820 shares have made fractional gains, and closed in fair demand at the advanced prices.

Giant Powder was quiet, with no change in price. San Francisco Gas and Electric was steady on sales of 425 shares at 57-57 1/2, closing at 56 1/2 bid, 57 1/2 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

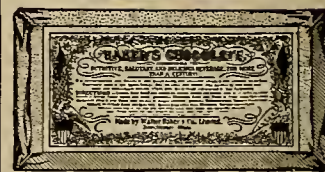
A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

# Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780    Dorchester, Mass.

These trade-mark crosscross lines on every package.

**Gluten Grits** in  
**BARLEY CRYSTALS.**  
Perfect Breakfast and Diet Health Cereals.  
PANSY FLOUR or Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book of sample, write  
**FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.**

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Ont West.....	5.25



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is told of a hookkeeper who wrote a glowing eulogy of his employer—just deceased—making use of this remarkable estimate: "His keen pre-ception and indomitable will led him into the grocery and feed business, and subsequently induced him to embark in the coal business."

Mrs. Van Rennselaer Cruger tells a story of a Washington hostess who invited an attaché of one of the foreign legations to dine with her. The invitation was formally accepted, but on the morning of the appointed day a note, written by the foreigner's valet, was received, which read: "Mr. Blank regrets very much that he will not be able to be present at Mrs. Swift's dinner to-night, as he is dead."

A pompous person applied to the elder Bennett for a job as editorial writer. "What are your qualifications?" asked the editor. "I know all the literary men of England," replied the applicant. "H'm, h'm," said Bennett, "you must know Dickens, then?" "I was a reporter with Dickens," said the applicant. "I helped Thackeray with his 'Book of Snobs,'" and Tennyson?" "I have broken many a pipe with Tennyson." "And George Eliot?" "I roomed with him."

At an "at home" a young man came in and made his way to the hostess, greeting her and apologizing for his lateness. "Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Blank," said the hostess; "so good of you to come. But where is your brother?" "I am commissioned to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away, so we tossed up to see which of us should come." "How nice! Such an original ideal! And you won't?" "No," said the young man, absently, "I lost."

A California senator, who recently returned to his home from a European tour, has been telling a story of his adventures which redounds to the credit of the London bus conductor. On a very rainy day the senator got into an omnibus. Very soon he noticed that drops of water were pattering down upon his head from the roof. At that moment the conductor entered to collect the fares. "What's the matter with the roof?" said the senator; "does it do this always?" "No, sir," replied the sensible conductor; "only when it rains."

A story of quick wit comes from Holland. Barend Vet, of The Hague, was arrested for calling a constable a monkey, and was sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment. The judge informed him that he must not insult the police, and that to call a constable a monkey was a serious offense. The culprit reflected, then inquired, "Would it be any crime to call a monkey a constable?" "Certainly not," replied the judge, "if it would give you any satisfaction." Vet turned to the prosecuting attorney, and, with an elaborate bow, said, "Good-day, constable."

When W. C. Whitney was Secretary of the Navy, he was noted for the brief, quick way with which he dispatched business. He found the department full of "dead wood," as he once expressed it, and was compelled to do a lot of "chopping before he could do any plowing." Among other evidences of his terseness of thought was a paper which was discovered, the other day, in overhauling the records. It was an application of an inventor of a submarine boat to allot fifty thousand dollars or more to test his device. This was Mr. Whitney's indorsement: "No, siree. W. C. W."

In the Senate, the other day, while Bailey and Tillman were both on their feet arguing heatedly, Senator Warren tiptoed to Tillman's side and took from the South Carolina senator's pocket a bottle. It contained a colorless liquid. Warren removed the cork, smelled the contents of the bottle, then restored the latter to Tillman's pocket. Tillman did not know why the Senate and galleries were in uproars of laughter, but Bailey, who had seen the by-play, exclaimed: "When this vaudeville performance has ceased, I shall be glad to go on!" So the chair rapped the Senate to order.

A Le Sueur, Minn., man met with an accident recently which shows the perils of cat hunting at thirty-five degrees below zero. The cat was on a framework supporting a water tank when the shot was fired. The bullet killed the cat and pierced the bottom of the tank, and in an instant the water, gushing out, surrounded Mr. Witte with a complete shower bath, in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. Instantly his overshoes froze to the stone foundation on which he was standing, and, stooping to unhook them, he was changed by the spray, freezing in the terrible cold as fast as it fell, into a helpless

statue of ice, stiff and immovable as a stone. Only by his stooping posture, which kept his face free from the ice, was he saved from suffocation. Soon the flow of the water was stopped by the sediment in the tank flowing into the bullet hole, and a little son of Mr. Witte, who had seen the whole affair, ran for assistance. It was necessary to loosen the unfortunate man's feet with chisels, and when he had been carried into the house by three strong men the ice had to be broken from him with clubs. He was badly frightened by the experience, but otherwise unharmed. The body of the cat was found frozen to his back. The last sentence shows the painstaking attention of the correspondent to the veracious details of his story.

Dr. Rixey, surgeon-general of the navy, who was the medical adviser of President McKinley and Mrs. McKinley, has a brother, a Democratic congressman from Virginia, who is on the House Committee on Naval Affairs. He is a steady retrencher, working, partly from conviction and partly from habit, against every appropriation that comes up. When the item came up for the maintenance of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, of which his brother is chief, Congressman Rixey immediately offered an amendment cutting down the bill by two hundred thousand dollars. His colleagues, seeing the joke, voted for his amendment. Congressman Rixey may be able to have the bill restored to its original figure, but he has somewhat changed his views on retrenchment.

Moral Suasion.

The car porter, noticing that the passenger's head did not look entirely easy, thoughtfully brought him a pillow, which he tendered with a smile. The passenger waved it away impatiently after a suspicious look.

"Le me fix it fo' yo', sah," urged the porter; "yo' don't look exactly comfortable, no-how, en' yo've no ideah how that pillow will contribute to yo' ease. It res' yo' haid surprisin'—en' it don't cos' yo' a cent. No, sah. Ah jes' lak ter see mah passengers comfortable."

The passenger eyed the pillow with an undecided air, but did not move his head.

"It's free, sah," smiled the porter; "ah aint tryin' ter wo'k yo'. There's some folks thinks that each tahn a portah shows some little attention he's lookin' fo' a quatah. En' there's some portahs on the cyahs that is lak that, but Ah don't expect er gent'mun ter put his han' in his pocket each tahn Ah does somethin' fo' him. No, sah. Le me fix this yer pillow underneef yo' haid now. Yo'll feel hettah fo' it."

His tone of good-natured appeal was irresistible. The passenger said, "Well," and raised his head, and the pillow was quickly and deftly adjusted beneath it.

Then the porter stood back and surveyed the result approvingly. "No, sah," he said, apparently continuing a train of thought, "Ah don't expect er gent'mun ter put his han' in his pocket each tahn Ah does some triflin' little thing fo' him. Some people is lak that, but I aint. Ah reckon it pays in the long run," he added, with an ingenuous giggle. "Ah've been pow'ful lucky."

"One gent'mun in this cyah the last trip was sot' o' ailin' en' mis'uble, en' o' cose Ah did what Ah could fo' him. One tahn when Ah'd gin him er pillow he offered me ha'f er dollah. I says, 'No, sah, Ah don't want yo' to feel you's ef obligated ter put yo' han' down in yo' pocket every tahn Ah does a little thing lak that.' En' he put the half-dollah back. But when he got off the cyah at Alh-uquerque he jes' nachully give me er five-dollah bill."

The passenger closed his eyes wearily. "Ernuther tahn—" began the porter.

The passenger grunted and, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out some small change, and handed the porter a quarter, which he took with an air of surprise.

"Why—Ah—thank yo', sah," he said; "Ah hope yo' didn't think Ah intended to wo'k yo' fo' that. Ah didn't intend yo' should feel yo's ef obligated ter put yo' han'—"

"Oh, cut it out!" said the passenger, impatiently; "I want to go to sleep."

"Yessah, suhtainly, sah," said the porter—*Chicago News.*

"You should have seen me jump up and down this morning when I discovered a mouse in my room," said the impulsive Chicago girl. "Your upward exertions I can readily understand," rejoined her cousin from Boston, "but I am led to infer that your descent was brought about by the action of the laws of gravitation, with no volition on your part."—*Chicago News.*

Infants Thrive

on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates and at all seasons. As a general household milk it is superior and is always available.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

My Pa Aint Like George Washington's Pa.  
When George cut down the cherry-tree  
And said he done it, his pa he  
Took him in his arms and cried,  
He was so glad George hadn't lied.

But—

My pa aint like George Washington's pa.  
When I cut down our cherry-tree,  
And said I did, pa wallowed me:  
And I went up to bed and cried,  
And, golly, how I wished I'd lied!

Because—

My pa aint like George Washington's pa.  
—*Life.*

If Bill Was There.

If Bill was there—  
There where the Jap and Russ  
Are raisin' such a fuss—  
The cables would be sizzin' hot  
A-tellin' of the fights they fought,  
For Bill—he's got the whole thing planned:  
How each one ought to make a stand,  
And just how either could begin  
And, with no trick at all, could win.  
There would be trouble in the air  
If Bill was there.

If Bill was there—  
He'd take his submarines  
And rapid-fire machines  
And tow 'em slowly, after dark,  
Right up to where he's put a mark  
Near that there town—it's name, b'gee!  
Runs out some fifteen miles to sea—  
And then you bet there'd somethin' drop.  
He'd fight below 'em and on top,  
And some one sure would get a scare  
If Bill was there.

If Bill was there—  
He's stuck the dozen pins  
To mark the outs and ins  
Of how he'd march a million men  
Across the land and back again  
And put the foeman in the ditch.  
Whose men? What side? He don't care  
which!  
He says sometimes he fairly aches  
To see how both sides make mistakes.  
There would be fightin' everywhere  
If Bill was there.

If Bill was there—  
But he's at Miller's store—  
Him and a dozen more  
Of our town's keenest strategists,  
With stubby pencils in their fists,  
Concoctin' battles and campaigns  
That take in all the seas and plains.  
If either one—the Russ or Jap—  
Is lookin' for a likely chap  
To run the war with tact and skill,  
They'll send for Bill.  
—*W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.*

The Wings of Riches.

Riches have wings, so the wise men say,  
But a plague on such wings as riches wear;  
They were only made for flying away  
And never for coming from anywhere.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The teacher called the bright boy up to her desk. "Now, Homer," she said, "can you tell the class why Paul Revere was so successful in his ride?" "Because he didn't start in an automobile," responded the bright boy.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Another war: "Lots er furrin' war talk now," said Brother Williams; "hut, thank de Lawd, we got peace at home!" Brother Dickel heaved a deep sigh, and said: "Fo God, dat's mo' dan I got!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	*Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
February 25th.....	55	46	.01	Pt. Cloudy
" 26th.....	58	52	.50	Pt. Cloudy
" 27th.....	52	50	.04	Cloudy
" 28th.....	54	46	.00	Clear
" 29th.....	56	46	.00	Cloudy
March 1st.....	58	48	.00	Cloudy
" 2d.....	62	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy

\*The record of rainfall having for some weeks not been properly kept in the table regularly appearing in this column, the precise figures are given herewith: January 1, .03; 5, .15; 11, .02; 17, .09; 18, .59; 20, .02. February 5, .47; 6, .13; 7, .12; 9, .10; 12, .49; 13, 2.28; 16, .15; 17, .37; 20, .03; 22, .14; 23, .32.

**SOZODONT**  
TOOTH POWDER  
There is no Beauty  
that can stand the disfigurement of bad  
teeth. Take care of your teeth. Only  
one way—  
**SOZODONT**

**AMERICAN LINE.**  
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
St. Louis.....Mar. 5 | St. Paul.....Mar. 19  
New York.....Mar. 12 | Zealand.....Mar. 26, 10:30 am  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Merion.....Mar. 7, 10 am | Haverford.....Mar. 19, 10 am  
Western Ind.....Mar. 12, 10 am

**ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.**  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Marquette.....Mar. 5, 9 am  
Minnehaha.....Mar. 12, 1:30 pm  
Minneapolis.....Mar. 19, 7 am  
Mesaba.....Mar. 26, 9 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

**DOMINION LINE.**  
Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada.....Mar. 12 | Dominion.....April 2  
Vancouver.....Mar. 26 | Cambroman.....April 9

**HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.**  
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Rotterdam.....Mar. 8 | Rotterdam.....Mar. 29  
Noordam.....Mar. 22 | Rotterdam.....April 5

**RED STAR LINE.**  
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Finland.....Mar. 5 | Kronland.....Mar. 19  
Vaderland.....Mar. 12 | Zealand.....Mar. 26

**WHITE STAR LINE.**  
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Oceanic.....Mar. 9, noon | Majestic.....Mar. 30, 10 am  
Celtic.....Mar. 16, 4 pm | Arabic.....April 1, 5 pm  
Cedric.....Mar. 23, 9 am | Oceanic.....April 6, 10 am  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric.....Mar. 17, April 14  
Cretic.....Mar. 22 | Rotterdam.....Mar. 31, April 28

Boston Mediterranean Direct  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Canopic.....Mar. 12  
Republic (new).....Mar. 26  
Romanic.....April 9, May 14  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

**Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, Mar. 5  
Coptic.....Thursday, Mar. 31  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Friday, May 20  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

**OCEANIC S. S. CO.**

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, March 12, at 11  
A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 18, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Anckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, March 24, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Cn., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 339 Market St., San Francisco.

**THE CALL**

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine  
section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There  
are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers,  
on topics of interest to everybody.  
THE PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY  
CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and  
are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art  
store. All this in addition to a superior news service,  
both local and foreign.  
Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents  
per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition,  
\$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.  
JOHN MCNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPECKELS,  
Manager, Proprietor.

**Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau**

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may  
appear about you, your friends, or any subject on  
which you want to be "up to date."  
A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily  
papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact,  
every paper of importance published in the United  
States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the Euro-  
pean Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized  
globe.  
Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips  
giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day  
by day.  
Write for circular and terms.

**HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.**

Branches:  
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth M. Center, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Center, to Mr. Jure N. Stane, of Gothenburg, Sweden.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Martin, daughter of the late W. O'H. Martin, of Reno, Nev., to Dr. Otis Buckminster Wright.

The engagement is announced of Miss Genevieve Huntsman, daughter of Mrs. George Huntsman, to Mr. H. H. Williar, of Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Edith M. Clay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Clay, of Alameda, to Mr. Charles Franklin Eckart, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Eckart, took place on Monday evening in Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Eckart will reside in Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Landers, niece of Mrs. E. L. May, to Mr. John Mason Ross, of Prescott, Ariz., took place on Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Jack Johnston, of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Ross have gone to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Anita Goodwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dallas Helms, of Victoria, B. C., to Mr. Walter H. Crowell took place on Wednesday morning at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. After their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Crowell will live in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Edith Cole to Dr. Lewis D. Pontius, of Seattle, took place on Monday at Trinity Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. A wedding breakfast at the Palace Hotel followed. Dr. and Mrs. Pontius will live in Seattle.

Mrs. J. C. B. Hebbard gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence, 912 Devisadero Street. Others at table were Mrs. A. P. Van Duzer, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Charles Goodall, Mrs. J. M. Litchfield, Mrs. Byron Mauzy, Mrs. J. Homer Fritch, Mrs. H. H. Young, Mrs. John I. Sahin, Mrs. A. J. Raich, Mrs. Frank Fredericks, Miss M. Alice Schroth, and Miss Florence G. Schroth.

Mrs. Charles Bentley gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Park, of New York. Others at table were Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. John Galen Howard, Mrs. Charles Blakewell, Mrs. Randolph, of Denver, Mrs. Julius Weber, Mrs. Southworth, Miss Nichols, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mrs. Swincoe, and Miss de Fremery.

Mrs. Walter Magee gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday. Others at table were Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Ethel Dean, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., and Mr. Cyril Tobin.

Mrs. Peter Martin gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening.

Mrs. Robert S. Hooker and Miss Hooker gave a bridge-whist party on Tuesday at their residence, 1117 Pine Street. Others present were Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Lena Maynard, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Henry Poett, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Drysdale, Mrs. A. J. Lewis, Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Frederick King, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Wins-

low, Mrs. Harold Sewall, Mrs. Frederick Talant, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Bruce Bonny, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Carolan, Miss Hager, and Miss Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Spear, Jr., gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, Miss Emma Shaw, and Miss Enid Shaw. Others at table were Colonel F. S. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton, Colonel John P. Irish and Mrs. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mr. Chauncey St. John, Mr. Frank Dougherty, Judge Samuel P. Hall, Dr. Blue, and Mrs. Alexander Sharon.

Mrs. Andrew McCreery and Mrs. Francis Carolan will give a *mi carême fête*, ending with a cotillion at the Burlingame Club on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten gave a reception in Century Hall recently, in honor of their fifteenth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, recently entertained a large house-party for several days at their country place near Alvarado. Their guests were Miss May Burdge, Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Florence White, Mr. Bernard Miller, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Ralph Jones, Mr. Hartley Peart, Mr. Harold Havens, Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, and Mr. Clay Gooding.

Mrs. George H. Howard gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday. Others at table were Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Austin Tuhhs, Mrs. N. J. Woods, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

Miss Laura Farnsworth gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence, 3019 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Addah Horr, of Alameda. Others at table were Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing, Miss Anita Meyer, and Miss Jane Wilshire.

Mr. John D. Spreckels gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday.

Captain Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., and Mrs. Drake gave a card-party recently at their residence at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mr. F. B. Fish, of Boston, gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening to twenty guests.

Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., gave a breakfast Sunday morning on board the *Tacoma*. Others at table were Dr. George Chismore, Mr. Alexander G. Hawes, Mr. Will H. Irwin, Mr. Barry Coleman, Mr. George Bromley, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Ryland Wallace, Mr. S. D. Brastow, Dr. Swan, and Mr. Harry Marshall.

Two horticultural stations, to be conducted cooperatively by the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of California, will be established in California. They will be known as the government seed and plant introduction gardens and the date-palm experiment station. The former will be located near Chico, on a site yet undetermined. The other will be located at Mecca, at the end of the Coahuila Valley, near the border of the Colorado Desert. Work will begin at once.

The great race at the Oakland track to-day will be the Waterhouse cup handicap, two-year-olds and upward, \$75 entry, \$10 forfeit, and \$3,000 added. There will be several other contests for good purses.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Kopta-Mansfeldt Sunday Concert.

The third of the novelty chamber music concerts at Lyric Hall by the Kopta Quartet and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be given on Sunday afternoon, March 13th, at three o'clock. Manager Greenbaum hopes to make this organization a permanent institution. The programme for the coming concert is a particularly fine one, and two novelties will be played. The most interesting work will be the quartet for piano and strings by Richard Strauss. Dvorak's American string quartet will be the other novelty, and if the work proves as interesting as the same composer's American symphony, "The New World," it will be well worth hearing. The soloist will be Wenzel Kopta, whose numbers will be a "Romanze," by Svendsen, and the "Perpetuo Mobile" from the suite by Reiss. A gavotte by Bazzini and an "Adagio," by Rubinstein, will complete the programme. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after Wednesday next. Prices will be \$1.00 and 50 cents.

## Spohr's Oratorio.

On Sunday evening, March 6th, Spohr's great oratorio, "Calvary," will be given at Trinity Church at eight o'clock. The oratorio is founded upon the Biblical history of the betrayal, trial, and crucifixion of Christ, and requires ten soloists and a chorus. Soprano, Miss Millie Flynn and Mrs. Max Warshauer; contralto, Miss Fairweather and Mrs. Lawrence; tenor, Mr. Aydelotte, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Alexander; basso, Mr. Oksen, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Wanrell. At the offertory, which will be for the benefit of the volunteers of the choir, Miss Fairweather will sing Liddle's "Ahide with Me." Louis H. Eaton, organist and director of the choir.

## The Harold Bauer Matinee.

To-day (Saturday) at three o'clock, Harold Bauer, the great pianist, will give his final concert. The programme is a particularly interesting one, and includes the beautiful Beethoven Sonata, op. 110, the Rondo in G-major by the same composer, several important Chopin and Schumann numbers, and Saint-Saëns brilliant "Etude en forme de Valse." A crowded house is expected. This artist has made an impression on musicians and laymen alike.

## Donald Graham's Farewell Concert.

A notable affair, both socially and musically, was Donald de V. Graham's farewell concert, which took place last week at Steinway Hall, and was the occasion of this popular singer's many friends and admirers rallying together to testify the cordiality of their regard and the sincerity of their regret at his departure.

A particularly choice programme was presented, which, besides Mr. Graham himself, included Mme. Camille D'Arville-Crellin, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mr. H. M. Gillig, and Mr. Nathan Landsberger.

It turned out indeed to be a gala occasion. The ladies were gowned with especial splendor, and the audience was so large as to necessitate the standing of a considerable number during the entire concert.

Donald de V. Graham gave a selection from "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen," and a number of charming ballads.

The ladies, and Mr. Graham as the hero of the occasion, were overwhelmed with flowers, and at the conclusion of the concert many of the friends of the artists sought the parlors of the hall, and converted the affair into an impromptu reunion of congratulation and farewell.

The beautiful Presidio golf links, which have been made into a review ground for the army, were sadly torn up on Friday morning of last week. Troopers of the Ninth Cavalry's third squadron and a field artillery battery went through the manoeuvres of making and breaking camp. The assistant inspector-general of the division watched the manoeuvres; so, also, did many golf enthusiasts, who failed to appreciate the excellence of the work done.

The report gained circulation last week that Count Rozvadowski, Italian consul at Chicago, was to succeed Chevalier Carlo Serra as Italian consul-general at this port. The rumor had no foundation, and Chevalier Serra, who returned Saturday from Europe, is at his post here.

## Crowds Come, Rain or No Rain.

This is the second month of Pattosien's great retiring sale. The crowds of buyers continue to come daily in spite of the heavy rain. This week two carloads of new furniture and carpets arrived. They were ordered for the spring trade, but they will be sold out during this retiring sale at same low prices.

C. F. HUMPHREY HAS REMOVED HIS LAW OFFICES TO ROOMS 211 TO 213 INCLUSIVE, TENTH FLOOR, CROCKER BUILDING. Telephone, Private Exchange 151.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 745 Market.

## Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

Sold all over the world.



## FIRST REGULAR EXHIBITION

OF—  
PAINTINGS AND WATER - COLORS  
OF FRONTIER LIFE

— BY —  
**H. W. HANSEN**

From March 7th to 19th

— AT —  
**Schussler Bros. Art Gallery**  
119 GEARY STREET

**MENNE'S BORATED TALCUM**

**TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Menne's (the original). Sample Free. GERHARD MENNE COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

## Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

**OWNER WILL BUILD TO SUIT TENANT.**

## ADDRESS

**MADISON & BURKE**  
30 Montgomery Street

## GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schilling's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

**TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS**

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

**There is no Substitute for**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**It is a Matter of Health**



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, the Misses Borel, and Mr. and Mrs. Bovet will pass the month of March at the Borel country place at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker sailed for Europe recently on the White Star liner *Cedric*. They will go to the Riviera for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have been spending some time at Nice, Monte Carlo, and other points on the French Riviera.

Mrs. William S. Tevis will leave in April for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck have removed to Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Pearl Landers and Miss Rita May have been in Los Angeles, going there to attend the wedding of their cousin, Miss Mabel Landers, to Mr. John Mason Ross.

Major John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling have departed for Europe, where they will remain for several years.

Miss Herrick, who has been the guest of Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King, has left for the East. Miss Genevieve King will shortly join Miss Herrick in New York, and, with her and Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, will go to Europe, where they will be joined later by Miss Hazel King.

Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, Miss Emma Shaw, and Miss Enid Shaw, of Washington, D. C., are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. F. A. Frank and Mrs. Daniel Murphy have gone to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sprague have gone to their home in Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble have returned from their wedding journey, and are occupying their new home on Pine Street.

Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon and Miss Sara Collier are expected home in about three weeks from their trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins and Miss Mabel Watkins have returned to their home in Sausalito.

Miss Kate Selfridge left for the East last Monday, and will remain away until early in May.

Mrs. Stephen M. White has returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch was recently the host in Cairo of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the war-correspondent, and Mrs. Davis arrived here on February 26th, leaving the next day on the *China* for the Orient.

Mr. J. G. Desher, a Columbus, O., capitalist, accompanied by Mrs. Desher, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, whose brother-in-law Mr. Desher is.

Mrs. William Tevis and Mrs. Harold Sewall have gone to the Tevis ranch, near Bakersfield, which place Mrs. Sewall will leave in a day or two for her home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Merrill, Miss Ruth Merrill and Miss Grace Hammond have gone to Honolulu, where they will remain for some weeks.

Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, of London, arrived last week on his way to the Orient.

Mr. D. O. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, and their families are at Mr. Mills's country place at Millbrae.

Mrs. Harrison Parker has deferred her visit to California until later in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt sailed on Thursday for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra*. They expect to be gone a month.

Mr. W. J. Arkell, publisher of *Judge*, was in San Francisco this week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. H. W. Brolaski, Mrs. Harry Brolaski, and Miss Bell Brolaski, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dungan, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wheatly, and Mr. E. Held.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw and the Misses Shaw, Mr. Edward Pomeroy, of Newark, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. de Forest, Mrs. George W. Stone, Miss C. M. de Forest, Mr. Charles R. Wever, Mr. Carlton C. Crane, Mr. Amos Burr, Mr. Albert G. Wieland, Mr. Chauncey St. John, and Mr. Joseph H. Spear.

Army and Navy News.

Captain Frank L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been appointed aid on his staff by General MacArthur, was stationed at Angel Island for a time while an officer of the First Infantry.

Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson have gone to San Diego.

Colonel John W. Bubb, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert S. Foster, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Sherman* Tuesday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Bolton, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has gone on a two weeks' detail of duty to St. Paul.

Lieutenant Frank H. Schofield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Schofield have returned from Guam, and are at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Major George O. Squier, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has gone on a six months' leave of absence. He will visit the East and Europe, devoting his time to the investigation of

electrical problems. Major Parker W. West, U. S. A., will have charge of Major Squier's work for the present.

General E. H. Crowder, senior officer general staff, U. S. A., sails to-day (Saturday) on the *Doric*. He has been detailed to accompany the Japanese army to take observations.

Colonel Alfred C. Girard, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as chief surgeon of the Department of California and medical superintendent of the army transport service.

Lieutenant-Commander George M. Stoney, U. S. N., has gone to Florida for his health. Captain Thomas A. Pearce, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pearce and family are occupying apartments at 1719 Washington Street.

Commander John F. Parker, U. S. N., is on his way home from the naval station at Cavite, where he has been in command.

Captain James W. Hinkley, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered from the Presidio to Fort Washington, Md.

Commander William H. Nauman, U. S. N., has been detached from the navy-yard at Puget Sound, and granted three months' sick leave.

Major John P. Wisser, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to take command at Fort Miley.

Lieutenant Horace P. McIntosh, U. S. N., has returned from Santiago, where he established a hydrographic office for the Chilean Government.

The following United States army orders were issued at Washington Saturday: Captain J. W. Hinkley, Jr., transferred from the Twenty-Ninth to the Seventeenth Company, Coast Artillery; Captain C. H. Arnold, Jr., from Seventeenth Company to the unassigned list, Coast Artillery; First Lieutenant R. F. McMillan, from Forty-Fifth to Twenty-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery; First Lieutenant Godwin Ordway, from Second to Forty-Fifth Company, Coast Artillery; Second Lieutenant C. E. Wiggins, from One Hundred and Nineteenth to Forty-Second Company, Coast Artillery; Second Lieutenant K. F. Reed, from Forty-Second to One Hundred and Nineteenth Company, Coast Artillery.

A New Painter of Cowboy and Indian Life.

H. W. Hansen, the artist, has collected some seventeen of his latest oil and water-color paintings of Western life, which he will place on exhibition next week in the art rooms of Schussler Brothers, 121 Geary Street. The pictures are sure to attract attention, for they vividly depict the hardships and perils of the cowboy in the South-West, and the customs and pastimes of the Crows and Apaches in war and in peace, a phase of frontier life which is gradually passing away. Perhaps the most striking picture of all is the oil entitled "The Last Cartridge." It shows a cowboy fighting his last fight against great odds. Protected only by huge boulders, he has defended himself all day against a band of bloodthirsty Indians. When twilight approaches, he finds that he has exhausted all his cartridges save one. Rather than be captured and tortured to death by his pursuers, he decides to take his own life, and Mr. Hansen represents him holding his pistol to his temple, as he snatches a last look at the picture of his little child.

Last June, Mr. Hansen visited the Crow Agency in Montana, and secured some valuable Indian studies. Two characteristic portraits are "Big Medicine," the chief of police of the agency, and "Sbort Bull," an Indian judge. Three graphic scenes, full of dramatic action and excellent atmosphere, are "Cutting Out," illustrating how the Crow cowboys divide the herd for issuing rations to the Indians; "The Spoils," an incident of the Indian campaign of the North-West, showing the United States troops with captured ponies; and "Custer's Last Battlefield."

In Honor of the War Correspondents.

A very interesting impromptu dinner was given last Friday evening in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club to Mr. Paul Cowles, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and several other well-known war-correspondents who are en route to the Orient. The decorations were in red, with American flag effect, and an eagle in the centre of the table. Speeches were made by all the guests and most of the members present. The guests of honor were Mr. Paul Cowles, Associated Press; Mr. Richard Harding Davis; Mr. A. G. Hales, London News; Mr. James de Conlay, Sydney News; Mr. Donohoe, London Chronicle; Mr. John Fox, Jr., Scribner's; Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald; Mr. F. T. Lawton, London Express; and Dr. F. W. d'Evelyn. The members entertaining and present were Mr. James D. Phelan, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, Mr. John McNaught, Mr. J. B. Landfield, Mr. C. S. Aiken, Mr. E. S. Simpson, Mr. R. I. Aitken, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. H. Scheffauer, Mr. F. W. Hall, Mr. W. D. Ames, and Mr. W. H. Irwin.

Theodore Wores has returned from Spain to New York, and is exhibiting his pictures of "Granada and Other Scenes in Spain," at the Century Association Gallery.

New Quarters Leased.

The Union League Club has decided to lease, from and after November 1st, the clubhouse at the north-west corner of Post and Stockton Streets, at present occupied by the Pacific-Union Club. All the rooms on the second floor of this clubhouse are large and commodious, while on the third and fourth floors are thirty-four suites or alcoved rooms, called by the club bedrooms, and which can be let to members of the club or to permanent tenants. Mr. M. H. De Young, of the committee delegated to negotiate the lease of the Union League's new quarters, stated, at a club meeting held to consider the matter, that at first William S. Burbank, the lessor of the building, wished \$1,500 a month rental for the three upper stories, being all above the ground floor. After several interviews, Burbank agreed in writing to accept \$1,350 a month for the first year, \$1,400 a month for the second year, \$1,450 a month for the third year, and \$1,500 a month for the remainder of the ten years' term of the lease. The board of directors was authorized to proceed under the recommendations of the committee and lease, make arrangements to sublet, and enter into all other details necessary to install the club in its new home.

Show Girls Are "Lahorers."

The labor-contract law is being enforced by Frank S. Sargent, the United States Commissioner of Immigration, against chorus-girls who are members of foreign theatrical companies. Formerly they were allowed to land under the classification of "artists," but Mr. Sargent has declared that they are contract laborers. His decision has caused the proprietors of some of the English shows that are coming to this country to discharge their chorus-girls, and depend upon native talent upon arriving at New York.

Death of William E. Dargie, Jr.

William E. Dargie, Jr., the only son and last surviving child of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dargie, of Oakland, died at the home of his parents on February 26th, after an illness of a year or more. He had recently returned, with his mother, from Arizona, where he sought relief in vain. He was a native of Oakland, and was twenty-one years old on the twenty-seventh of last December. He was employed on his father's paper the *Tribune*, then attended the University of California, but was forced to abandon his studies on account of ill health. The general regret caused by his death was testified to at his funeral, which took place on Monday. The pallbearers were Henry Durham, Charles Bock, W. L. Price, A. H. Norton, W. T. Vahlberg, and Henry Schutt, and the honorary pallbearers were Frank J. Moffitt, Thomas L. Prather, George W. Reed, M. C. Chapman, John A. Britton, Dr. D. D. Crowley, Edward H. Hamilton, James H. Pond, Dr. J. P. H. Dunn, William H. High, J. C. Adams, and John P. Cook.

Among the mourners were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Dargie, Miss Annie Dargie, Mrs. Toler, Mrs. Ivy, the Misses Toler, Mr. and Mrs. Parke Wilson, and a number of others.

The vocal music for the funeral was furnished by Mrs. Martin Schultz, soprano, Miss Ella McCloskey, contralto, David Manly Jones, tenor, and Signor Wanrell, basso. The composition selected for rendition was Wilcox's "Requiem." The "Benedictus" was interpolated and was taken from Weber's "Mass in G." The offertory selection was "Pie Jesu," a solo for tenor, by Leybach, and was sung by Manly Jones. At the close of the requiem mass, another selection was that of "Pieta," by Stradell, which was sung by Signor Wanrell.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

Cupid's Proverbs

A Wedding Book, is the favorite gift at all the prominent New York weddings. Prices \$3.00 to \$20.00. Ask any first-class booksellers. Circulars mailed by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3  
Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**HOT AND HANDY**  
TESLA BRIQUETTES  
Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

Why Everybody Talks About Pattosien's Great Retiring Sale

Never before were fine Furniture, Carpets, and Draperies going at such low prices as they are now selling for at the RETIRING SALE OF PATTOSIEN COMPANY.

Anyone now buying can fit out two houses with the same amount of money that it takes to fit out one house at the downtown stores, and prices will be still higher after this establishment closes.

PATTOSIEN CO.

Cor. Sixteenth and Mission Streets

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.







# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1409.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 14, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Our Course at Panama—Ex-Secretary Root's Authoritative Defense and Justification of the Government's Action—Answers Honest and Sincere Critics—Our Recognition of Panama "a Righteous Decision"—Is Arbitration a Failure?—A Personal Investigation of the Anthracite Situation—Bill Stickers' Restricted Activity—The Campaign Against Bill-Boards—The Events in the War—Disquieting Labor Situation—"The Unthinkable Hearst"—New York Paper Attacks His Character—A Salt-Water System of Fire Protection—Patronage Plan Falls Through.....	161-163
SOME SUGAR FACTS: Increase in the Consumption of Sweets—Buying Sugar of Germans—Why Not Raise It Here?—California's Opportunity—Now Is the Time to Grasp It.....	163
ICE-CLAD LINERS: Atlantic Steamships Meet Rough Weather—Ice, Snow, Hurricanes, Delay Their Progress—Uncomfortable Times for Passengers—Wreck of the "Kentigern"—Ice in New York Harbor.....	164
MISS GLADYS AND THE JAP: The Narrow Escape of Nobulu Ishiwaki. By Bailey Millard.....	165
THE BRIDGE MAMIA: Bridge Whist Played at New York at All Hours—Regular Teachers—Dinners Shortened that Guests May Play—New Yorkers Can't Talk—Must Play Cards to Kill Time. By Geraldine Bonner.....	166
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	166
THINGS THEATRICAL IN PARIS: A Walking-Match at Midnight—Great Frolic at Moulin Rouge—Piner's "Tanqueray"—Yvette Guilbert's Book. By "St. Martin".....	167
LENTEN LYRICS: "Lent"; "Lenten Piety"; "She's Keeping Lent," by S. E. Kiser.....	168
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	168-169
DRAMA: "The Silver Slipper" at the Columbia; the Performance at the Orpheum. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	170
STAGE GOSSIP.....	171
VANITY FAIR: Queen Alexandra Against Bridge Whist—State Dinners at the White House—Perfect Arrangements and Service—Why Men Do Not Marry—Professor Jaeger's Queer Theory—A Women's Club-House in New York—Women in Gainful Occupations—How Wedding Tours Originated—Plaids in Vogue—Horseback Riding Develops Beauty—Bony Forms Fashionable in Paris.....	172
STORYTTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Drawing Plymouth Rock—Roosevelt Translated by a Frenchman—De La Rey's "Parlor"—Mr. Gillette's Idea for a Play—Royal Reception for Lady Mackenzie—Diplomatic Repartee—How Longstreet's Orders Were Disobeyed—Small Consolation for the Judges—The Conductor's Classification.....	173
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "A. D. 2000"; "The Retort Courteous," by Percy F. Bicknell; "Ballade of Sour Grapes," by Wallace Irwin.....	173
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	174-175
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	176

"In Elihu Root," said President Roosevelt in a notable address recently delivered, "I have a very great Secretary of War." He is not less great because to-day he is a private citizen. Few will dissent, we think, from the opinion that Elihu Root is a great lawyer, a great administrator, a great man. Therefore, now when the clamor of debate has died away, when all arguments have been marshaled, his clear-cut, exhaustive, statesmanly review and defense of the government's course in the Panama matter may fairly be held to equal, if it does not excel and supersede all previous efforts in that direction. It is the final summing up. Particularly is it

important because frankly addressed to those "good and sincere men and women who have thought our course to be wrong," or who are "troubled in spirit" on account of it.

Doubtless all good citizens ought to read Mr. Root's speech in full. But it is ten thousand words long, and these are busy days; wherefore we print here as lucid a statement as may be of the essential features of the argument. *Imprimis*, it may be divided into four propositions:

1. That the government of Colombia possessed only a qualified or limited sovereignty over Panama.
2. That that part of the sovereignty which had passed from Colombia was vested solely in the United States.
3. That the State of Panama was bound by no moral obligations to refrain from secession.
4. That the particular action of the United States in the premises was the only righteous course which could have been taken.

1. Colombia, says Secretary Root in substance, could not justly arrogate to herself supreme sovereignty over the narrow neck of land which the world had long recognized as "dedicated by nature to the use of all mankind." It could not "bar the pathway of civilization." The world had there an easement. International law is founded upon the principle of justice. International injustice would have been the result of the world's acknowledgment of a right, on Colombia's part, to say absolutely whether or no a canal should be built at Panama. No such right was ever acknowledged. "Sovereignty has its duties as well as its rights," said Lewis Cass, and it was the duty of Colombia to permit the construction at Panama of a world's waterway. Her sovereignty over the Isthmus was qualified and limited by that duty.

2. But the easement was the world's, not any special nation's; how, then, did it happen that the United States became civilization's agent in the matter? The answer of Mr. Root is, By the treaty of 1846. Thereby, in effect, Colombia acknowledged the world's right of way, and asked the United States to become trustee of that right. Colombia recognized "the subordination of her sovereignty to the world's easement." We assumed duties, in return for special rights. And when private enterprise failed to build the canal it became, by virtue of these special rights, the duty of the United States to carry into effect the world's easement. "The obligation of the United States to build the canal, and the obligation of Colombia to permit her to build it," says Mr. Root, "both followed necessarily from the relations and obligations assumed by them in the treaty of 1846." In negotiating the new treaty, "we were not seeking a privilege which Colombia was entitled to withhold, but settling a method in which the acknowledged right of mankind over a portion of her soil should be exercised." This is the *crux* of the whole matter.

3. It is, however, obvious that even admitting that civilization had an easement in the Isthmus, and that it was our duty to carry it into effect, our method of doing so—by supporting a seceded state—may have been improper. But to this Mr. Root says no. The Government of Colombia was a military despotism. A usurper was at its head, having displaced another usurper. The constitution of 1886 was framed by delegates appointed by a dictator. Both of those appointed to "represent" Panama were residents of Bogota; neither had ever resided in Panama; one of them had never set foot in Panama. The people of Panama had for years been deprived of the property, the powers, the corporate existence of the state—had been ruled by a dictator in a distant capital. They were ground down by excessive taxation; they were "made pariahs on their native soil"; the right of suffrage was restricted; free speech

was prohibited. When Panama seceded, two courses were open to the United States. Either would have secured the right to build a canal. One was to accept the offer of the Bogota Government to declare martial law, and to approve by decree the canal treaty as signed, if we could put down the revolution; the other was to uphold Panama. At that moment, according to Mr. Root, the die was not cast on the Isthmus; the United States had not recognized the new Republic of Panama; she had assumed no obligations toward the leaders of the new movement or toward their followers; Colombia and Panama then both held out to us the offer of the right and opportunity to build the canal. Colombia said, "We will ratify the treaty—we will ratify it by decree—if you will preserve our integrity." Panama said, "Recognize our independence, and the treaty follows, of course." There was no question of interest on the part of the United States; the treaty was secured, the canal was secure, but there was a question of right, a question of justice, a question of national conscience to be dealt with. What was the duty of the United States toward the people of Panama and the dictator at Bogota? It is the ex-secretary's profound belief that "it would have been a shameful thing for the government of the United States to return the people of Panama again to servitude."

4. As to the charge that the United States "fomented" the revolution, Mr. Root denies it. He likewise denies in detail the charges that the actions of any officers of the army or navy during the first days of the revolution were open to objection. "Upon the firm foundation of our righteous action," he concludes, "we will dig the canal, not for selfish reasons, not for greed of gain. But we shall promote our commerce, we shall unite our Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, we shall render inestimable service to mankind, and we shall grow in greatness and honor, and in the strength that comes from difficult tasks accomplished, and from the exercise of the power that strives in the nature of a great constructive people."

That, in brief, is the administration's defense and justification of its course in an affair already historic.

Trouble is brewing in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, in the opinion of Guy Warfield, who has made a special study of conditions following the awards of the Coal Strike Commission. In an article in the *World's Work* he rehearses the grievances of the miners, and makes the flat assertion that by this arbitration the operators alone were the gainers, and that to the extent of \$1.00 for every ton of coal mined since. The losers are, of course, the miners and the public. Further, the conciliation board, appointed to pass on all complaints and make decision, is reported by Mr. Warfield to be not only sadly behind in its work, but to have apparently favored the operators at most important points.

By the strike, the miners lost in wages about \$25,000,000. They were awarded an increase of wages at its highest not more than eighteen per cent. This increases the present wage cost of mining to \$1.18 a ton, and the total cost of mining to \$2.18 a ton, the costs other than wages amounting to about \$1.00. Before the strike the average selling price of coal at tidewater was about \$3.60 a ton. A year later this price averaged \$4.90 a ton. In other words, the operators' profits to-day are about \$2.72 a ton as against \$1.60 before the strike. The public pays the difference. Since the settlement more than 70,000,000 tons of coal have been mined, and the operators have cleared something like \$75,000,000 more under present conditions than they would have under the old! And how have the miners fared?

Mr. Warfield has worked among them at many



lieries, and he reports disaffection, serious grievances, and an unrest that is bound to result disastrously when the three years agreement is up. He quotes two decisions of Carrol D. Wright, acting as umpire in disputes, which give the companies, so the men assert, power to blacklist and to discriminate against the union workman in favor of the non-union workman. Moreover, the nine-hour day is said to be longer than the old ten-hour day, owing to the exactions of the superintendents, and the twice-a-month payment of wages is alleged to have resulted in two debauches a month instead of one by the heads of families.

The outcome of the dissatisfaction, growing every day with the arbitration agreement, Mr. Warfield thinks will be another and greater strike in 1906. He quotes the war cry of the miners, which now runs, "No arbitration in 1906!" In the meantime, the strain between union and non-union men grows more dangerous. In one mine the scab is given extra privileges by the superintendent, and in another revenge is taken by the union men by acts of petty annoyance and destruction that make a bad situation worse. And the miners are suffering not only at the hands of their employers, but the prices of commodities of all sorts have gone up, and for necessities of life they must pay the highest. President J. L. Crawford, of the Peoples' Coal Company of Scranton, is reported as saying in regard to present conditions, "I'm not kicking," as opposed to the significant remark of John Mitchell, "the three-year agreement will soon run out. In 1906, will come a time for further adjustments." What form those adjustments will take can be more easily conjectured than prevented.

The muck-rakes have been set going somewhat earlier in the Presidential campaign than most people anticipated. On Tuesday, March 1st, the New York *Evening Post* printed a leading editorial, headed "The Unthinkable Hearst." It referred its readers who want "a hint of the repulsive details" to Grove L. Johnson's speech printed in the *Congressional Record* for January 8, 1897. On Wednesday of this week, the *Examiner* devoted a page to the subject. It denounced the *Post* as a "trust organ." It again printed Johnson's "criminal record," extracted from the *Chronicle* of 1878; it reprinted Maguire's speech in the House in reply to Johnson with other matter germane to the subject; and it announced to its readers that any of them might procure a copy of Johnson's speech by application to the *Examiner* office or other Hearst headquarters. The *Evening Post's* editorial began by saying the subject was one that needed "much washing to be touched"; that it had up to that time avoided the subject; that it was, however, becoming apparent that Hearst's campaign was "making some headway"; that therefore it was a duty to warn the public of his character.

The editorial went on to speak of Hearst's "huge vulgarity," his "front of bronze," his "striking unfitness mentally." "But," it continued, "there is something darker and more fearful behind. It is well known that the man has a record which would make it impossible to live through a Presidential campaign—such gutters would be dragged, such sewers laid open!"

The *Examiner*, in discussing the subject editorially and otherwise, maintains that the *Evening Post* is a "trust organ," because its editor and proprietor is Oswald Villard, son of the late Henry Villard, a "captain of industry, a modern pirate."

It is clear that the more Johnson's speech is discussed now the less it will be discussed later, should that "some headway," which the *Post* says Mr. Hearst is making, miraculously materialize into a nomination. In short, Hearst has chosen the best method of drawing the sting of the Johnson hornet.

Abuses of public advertising, according to Charles Mulford Robinson, in the March *Atlantic*, are of several varieties, principally moral, aesthetic, and economic. By "public advertising" he means the ubiquitous and iniquitous bill-board, and by "abuse" Mr. Robinson puts himself on record as believing that the gaudy hoarding is sometimes and in some ways a good thing. However, his attitude is by no means that of the bill-poster, and he speaks from the standpoint of the people. And it is very interesting, instructive, and elevating to read about what has been done and what can be done to prevent the eager bill-sticker from obliterating the landscape under the figments of the artful and artless crier of wares.

Mr. Robinson admits in passing the existence of what may be called common, or Comstockian, immorality in this mode of advertising, but he remarks that this is a case of local opinion, ideas of the limb feminine and its proper display differing in various places. The deeper quality, that dangerous lapse which betokens a deterioration of fibre, he treats under the head of

aesthetics. Here he finds the great and glaring faults and vices of the public advertiser. He has observed that the children look out of the window upon malt whisky, and the young girls view from the windows of their bowers the constant charms of inconstant circus-girls, while before the vision of impressionable youth is hourly flaunted the wicked allurements of ladies of even lesser social standing. But not content with examples like these, Mr. Robinson takes up specially and in detail the great crime of the century, the spoiling of fine natural scenery by the hideous hoardings of the bill-poster.

There are two forces drawn up on this battle-field: the Associated Billposters of the United States and Canada on one side, a dozen States and cities, together with all sorts of art and improvement associations, on the other. So far the battle has been indecisive. Both sides have scored gains. The bill-posters have a beautiful sign on the Canadian side of Niagara, they have made every man to walk in a vast alley of signs, and ten thousand farmers buy tobacco with the money got from the rent of barn walls for advertising purposes. On the other hand, the people have saved the parks; in Massachusetts an excellent law gives park commissioners also control over such advertising as will be seen from the parks and their approaches; Chicago and New York have regulated the height of bill-boards, and everywhere the bill-sticker leads a life of restricted activity. Even the trees, long considered fair prey for the veriest "tacker," are now saved in several States, especially Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Best of all, in Chicago there has been passed an ordinance that no bill-board can be erected on a residence street without the consent of three-fourths of the frontage in the block concerned.

But there are still certain national disgraces. One is the hideous advertisement on a strip of Canadian territory at Niagara Falls, already referred to. This is almost an international disgrace, for if the Canadians built it, the article it heralds is of American manufacture. Compare this prostitution of scenery with the civic pride of Dover, whose white cliffs were not so long ago disfigured by the advertisements of a Chicago firm. The city remonstrated politely. Chicago was deaf. Chicago, Cook County, Ill., U. S. A., did not care a rap whether Dover's cliffs were reported white to Mr. Kipling or not. Chicago had a good article, and was going to advertise it exactly wherever they felt like. Then Dover to Parliament, and Chicago had to withdraw with its sign. Of course, Canada could not be expected to care for Niagara or its beauty. If Canada cares to sell the advertising privileges of the falls to any one, in spite of the efforts of the United States to keep the whole place clear of such disfigurement, it is her own lookout. She is getting paid for it, we suppose. But her greed is matched by the inconsistency of the New York Academy of Design, which, according to Mr. Robinson, let for advertising purposes the boards surrounding a new and beautiful purchase recently.

But we are told that there is hope. The time is coming when for mere "bigness and multiplicity of announcement a quality of attractiveness will be substituted." Bill-posting will become an art. The bill-sticker will evolve an artist, and with our posters regulated to an æsthetic nicety by civic wisdom, we shall live by heeding the ineffable sagacity of the disciplined and censored advertisement. Mr. Robinson believes in the millennium.

On Sunday, about eleven o'clock, a Japanese fleet of seven vessels, under Admiral Uriu, appeared off Vladivostok, and, from a distance of about one and one-third miles, began at one-thirty a bombardment of the city and shore batteries. The bombardment ceased at two twenty-five. About two hundred shots were fired. The Russian official reports declare no casualties or damage, but private advices to St. Petersburg report one woman killed and five men injured. The Vladivostok batteries did not reply to the Japanese fire, partly, it is said, because there was little probability of hitting the ships at such long range, and partly because they did not wish to betray their position.

On Monday, the Japanese fleet reappeared early in the morning at Vladivostok, but after some manoeuvring, retired without a gun being fired. It seems certain that the Japanese fleet desired to ascertain if the Russian fleet of four fine cruisers—the *Russia*, *Gromboi*, *Rurik*, and *Bogatyr*—were in or out of the harbor. It also seems probable that they found them out—or at least they did not find them there—and that a battle between the two fleets is imminent. Indeed, a rumor comes from Tokio that such an engagement has already taken place, but all details are lacking. There are no ports that the Russian cruiser fleet can put into, except Vladivostok and Port Arthur. It must soon get to one or the other for coal. Its only other course is to cut and run for the Red Sea to join several other

Russian vessels that linger in that vicinity. Uriu's Japanese fleet probably consists of one battle-ship, four armored cruisers, and two unarmored cruisers. It is therefore superior in numbers as well as armament to the Russian fleet of four cruisers.

On the night of Tuesday, March 8th, according to a dispatch from Tokio, Japanese warships bombarded Dalny, and attacked Port Arthur. No details are given, and this is the first engagement reported from Port Arthur for nearly two weeks. Again, at midnight of March 9th, bombardment of Port Arthur was renewed, and lasted intermittently until nine o'clock next morning, when a storm coming up compelled the Japanese vessels to withdraw.

As for land engagements, there is good reason to believe that, on March 8th, a slight skirmish, resulting in a Russian repulse, took place at Fungwangcheng. This point is 185 miles north-east of Port Arthur; 75 miles east and a trifle south of Newchwang; 30 miles north-west of the Yalu River; and 45 miles north of the Bay of Corea. No Japanese were supposed to be in that vicinity. It is thought that they must have landed on the shores of the Bay of Corea within the last few days, and marched northward. If it should prove to be true that the Japanese have reached Fungwangcheng in force, they are in a position flanking the Russian troops on the Yalu River which face Japanese troops in Corea, near Ping-Yang, and they are only eighty miles from Haichen, on the Russian railway, where the Russians are in force. A quick march of the Japanese forces from Fungwangcheng to Haichen, along the Haichen post-road, with intent to cut the railway above Port Arthur, would be a spectacular manoeuvre.

Nothing whatever has been heard during the week of the Japanese troops reported to have been landed in North Corea, near Gensan, supposedly with the purpose of marching overland to cut the railway behind Vladivostok.

The Russian gunboat *Mandjur* has been dismantled in Shanghai harbor under pressure of the Chinese authorities.

Another important and apparently reliable report is to the effect that Chinmampho is now free from ice, and that the Japanese are now landing troops there instead of at Chemulpo. Chinmampho is one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Chemulpo, and only fifty miles from Ping-Yang, near where the advance guards of the two armies are supposed to be facing each other. The weather in Corea is trying. Thaws follow frost, and the roads are all but impassable. The prospect for the near future is for sharp engagements near Ping-Yang in Corea and near Fungwangcheng in Manchuria, or else Russian retreat from these two points.

As long ago as last October, the *Argonaut* said that "probably the average American, if asked which of the two nations he would rather see victorious, would say Japan."

But we went on to say that there was "another and perhaps farther-seeing view" of the situation. We said that "after all Russia is white"; that her course in Manchuria, while bad, was little worse than England's in Egypt; that at heart the Oriental disliked the Occidental, and always would. It is interesting now to note that the trend of sentiment has been along these lines. The first impulse was to side with Japan; but for two weeks now, both in this country and England, the pendulum has been swinging the other way. Friendly letters have passed between King Edward and the Czar. The friendliness of Russia to us during the Civil War has been cited here with good effect. It is noted that the commercial journals of the country are not at all inclined to favor Japan. Eastern newspapers are hastening to correct their first partial utterances. Evidently a saner view of the war will from this time on prevail.

It was noted last week, as evidence of disquieting conditions in the industrial situation here, that Herbert George, of Colorado, a noted anti-union man, had taken charge of the work of the Citizens' Alliance on this Coast, and was to carry the fight with vigor into the enemy's country.

Further evidence of impending trouble is the announcement that the Citizens' Alliance, through its delegates in session at Indianapolis, has directed its executive committee to prepare a national blacklist of "lawbreakers, who practice intimidation, boycotting, picketing, destruction of property, or who commit assaults upon their fellow-laborers or commit other crimes in the name of labor."

The anger with which this resolution has been received by the labor press is unbounded. We quote a few extracts from a long and fiery article in the official journal of the San Francisco Labor Council:

These resolutions merit serious consideration, because they show quite conclusively that a large number of employers in



this country has, in cold blood, determined to wage relentless war on labor unionism. No more dastardly and devilish scheme [than a national blacklist] was ever conceived in the minds of bigoted, vindictive, and utterly selfish men. The Citizens' Industrial Association proposes, in order "that JUSTICE may be meted out," to maintain a blacklist, from the coils of which there shall be absolutely no escape. Go where he will, seeking employment of any nature whatsoever, the unfortunate man who had incurred the displeasure of these Parryites would find the sceptre of the blacklist effectually barring the way to bread!

And then?  
Supposing these men, acting in the sacred name of justice, should succeed in perfecting the blacklist system to such an extent as to affect a considerable number of men, what would happen?

What is the instinctive impulse of a man made desperate by hunger—hunger caused by the inhumanity of his fellows? Acting in the name of "justice" and the "peace-loving citizens of the United States"! Ye Gods! Could the fiend incarnate he guilty of attempting to cloak more viciously inhuman sentiments in the garb of righteousness?

David M. Parry and his deluded associates will soon discover the utter futility of their attempts to crush labor unionism. The Parryites' war cry is "No quarter!" and annihilation is their objective point. 'Tis pity 'tis true, but it will not be the labor unions that will be annihilated in the threatened conflict.

As if this were not sufficiently disquieting to the sober citizen who is neither "union" nor "Parryite," it is the current rumor that a strike on the street railways is impending, and the following advertisement, which appeared in the New York *Herold* recently, is said to have its origin in the offices of a company "not a thousand miles from the Golden Gate":

"Motormen and conductors for the Far West; thoroughly competent men of unquestioned staying powers; state whether union or non-union. U. D. Ry., P. O. Box 2052, New York City."

The *Argonaut* does not wish to pose as an alarmist, but it can only regret the growth here among whole classes, of the baser passions of envy, hatred, and suspicion, for which both sides are in part responsible. Particularly regrettable, as we pointed out at the time, was the raising of the class issue by the Republican party in the last municipal campaign. It was a fatal blunder.

The most remarkable thing about the young college student is his odd ethical standpoint. As a rule he will not lie, but he considers it legitimate to play the bully over weaker brethren. He does not ordinarily steal, but no man's person is sacred from his insult. He deems it ungentlemanly in the highest degree to injure the reputation of a classmate, but he will joyously—at least in Cornell—brand a freshman with indelible scars. Indeed, some hundred Cornell freshmen are now bearing on their rosy cheeks the insignia of the sophomores burned in with nitrate of silver. This is a pleasing evidence of the spontaneity of college fun. Let not the crabbed demur. If any freshie feels himself too sorely hounded in this spring round-up, he has a good remedy. The papas of the sophomores are rich. There is plenty of money in the parental exchequer to pay for any sport the sons may fancy. There is no call for moral indignation or fierce wrath. We have laws covering just such cases as these. Let him whose cheek is sore seek legal redress. But let no one attempt to balk the glad youth of his prey. Money will assuage the tenderest pangs of outraged dignity, and these hapless freshmen may now send in their bills. After all, the law points out the best ways of justice. What branded wight can complain if he, for the virgin fairness of his despoiled jowl, bears away damages in four figures?

Among the reviews to hand from the Spanish newspapers concerning "Two Argonauts in Spain," we find one from *Las Novedades*. This journal devotes a column and a half to the book, speaking of it in high terms. It closes by saying:

"Dos Argonautas en España" makes an agreeable impression; it leaves pleasant recollections when you close it; it is one of the few books of travel which we have lately seen that may be read with pleasure.

But we can not refrain from commenting on a curious joke of this American traveler. He says:

"We were told that Spain is a land where everything is fried, where the gridiron has never been known except for broiling heretics."

Mr. Hart will pardon us for pointing out to him that the custom of cooking human beings alive is no longer practiced in Spain, but seems to be highly popular in the southern part of the United States.

'Twas a right merry jest, ifackins, but it seems to work two ways!

It appears from the arguments in the trial of William Boxall, charged with assault with a deadly weapon upon his uncle, Charles R. Lloyd, the late Berkeley capitalist, that a man's grave may be no proof of his demise, and the fact that his wife is a widow does not make it cer-

tain that he is dead. Mr. Lloyd has long been considered dead, but a man who testified that he had had his grave pointed out by the widow was rebuked by the court and asked if he could swear to his own actual knowledge of Mr. Lloyd's decease. The witness balked, and no one knows now whether the deceased is dead or not. No amount of prejudice that he is dead can influence an incorruptible court. The question raised here is of serious import. How many know of their own actual knowledge that George Washington is dead? You have seen his grave? Pish and pooh! Do you know he is dead? Nothing that you have read or heard counts. The inference is that George Washington is not dead. Therefore we are all at sea and sure of nothing. If the law gains many more refinements in California, the man who desires absolute assurance of his neighbor's decease will have to kill him himself. This has its inconveniences, but anything is preferable to this uncertainty.

Much has been written of the unpreparedness for war of Russia's navy. Are there other nations that would be found unprepared? Could it be possible that the navy of the United States would have unpleasant surprises in store for us in event of war? If the *Army and Navy Journal* may be believed, it is not an impossible thing. In fact, that journal finds the situation regarding the big guns of battle-ships "one of extreme gravity."

It will be recalled that, a few weeks ago, two eight-inch guns on the *Iowa* blew their muzzles off. It is the second accident of the kind to occur within a year. No cause has been found for these accidents by boards of inquiry, and a marked depression, according to the *Journal*, is to be noted among both officers and men who have to deal with these guns. The bureau of ordnance has now ordered that smaller charges of powder shall be used, which, of course, decreases the velocity of the missile, and is intended to reduce danger of such accidents. But this impairs the effectiveness of the guns. Indeed, the *Journal* calls the order "a fatal blow to the efficiency of the fleet." "We must admit that our most modern guns," the *Journal* continues, "are thirty-three per cent. less effective than British, German, or French guns built in 1901 and 1902." That is a startling statement. Is it true?

Chief Sullivan, of the San Francisco Fire Department, has reported to the board of supervisors that the city is desperately in need of three hundred more hydrants and many water mains. What happened to Baltimore may easily happen to San Francisco, he says, with conditions as they now exist. His statement can not be denied. He should get his hydrants. More water mains should be laid. Moreover the city of San Francisco certainly ought to have a complete system of auxiliary high-pressure pipes. Until it has such a system, it will not be secure from a great conflagration. Not only would such a system prevent great fires, but it would lower insurance rates so that every man who carries insurance would be the gainer.

The City of New York, situated very much as is San Francisco, is preparing to install a salt-water system. The pros and cons of the subject have been threshed out in the newspapers. To the chief objection that salt water corrodes pipes, engineers agree in replying that, while this is true of ordinary pipes, linings of copper, galvanized iron, or enamel are sufficiently resistant for all practical purposes. Captain Albert Ross, government inspector of navy colliers, urges that the linings be of bronze. Moreover, according to New York's tentative plans, there will be salt water in the mains only when there is a fire. Fire engines will be useless. It is proposed to have one or more central pumping stations connected with the commercial electric power houses of the city. On the alarm of fire, the motors would instantly be set in motion, and the mains filled with an unlimited supply of salt water under tremendous pressure. Philadelphia already has a system of high-pressure fire mains. One station takes the place of forty engines, and delivers six streams from every hydrant at a far greater pressure than six engines could throw the same amount of water. The power is supplied by gas-engines, and the maintenance of the \$250,000-plant costs \$11,000 a month. Cleveland uses two fire-boats, which force water from the river into a system of mains at a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. Each fire-boat equals in efficiency ten engines. Two and a half inch streams have been thrown five hundred feet from the top of the Williamson Building. It is sixteen stories high!

Citizens of San Francisco will have only themselves to blame if some day they look upon their city in flames. Only good luck has saved it thus far. Expansion of the present system to its fullest capacity is worth something, but an auxiliary high-pressure system exclusively

for fires—even if it covered only the down-town district—would be infinitely more valuable.

City Engineer Grunsky, at the request of the supervisors, has now made plans and estimates for an auxiliary high-pressure fire system—not, however, to use salt water. His plans call for a pumping station with a capacity of 3,000,000 gallons a day, a reservoir on Twin Peaks of 10,000,000 gallons capacity, a pressure relief tank of 700,000 capacity, and the necessary mains. The cost of the whole is estimated to be \$642,000. Of course, fresh water is better than salt for fire protection purposes. The only question is, Is there a sufficient supply for every emergency? As to the relative efficiency of a direct pumping system over a stand-pipe system, it may be remarked that, according to figures at hand, the Philadelphia salt-water pumping plant, costing \$250,000, has a capacity equal to forty engines, for unlimited time, while Mr. Grunsky's plans call for stand-pipes and pumping station costing something like \$500,000, with a capacity "of twenty engines for sixteen hours." But these are details. The main thing is that an auxiliary fire system be installed with expedition. In Philadelphia, insurance rates have fallen fifteen cents on the \$100 since the system was put in, and a further decrease of ten cents is promised.

## SOME SUGAR FACTS.

Increase in the Consumption of Sweets—Buying Sugar of Germans—Why Not Raise It Here?—California's Opportunity—Now Is the Time to Grasp It.

Did you ever realize that you are eating more sugar nowadays than you were ten years ago? When you began eating on a wholesale plan, and took charge of the operations yourself, flour was probably one of the main articles of your diet; it was used in all ways, hence the chances for expansion have not been like those with sugar, which was practically a luxury not very many years ago. We oldsters all remember very distinctly what an occasion it was when refined sugar got down to twenty pounds for a dollar. We always had two barrels in our pantry—one of white, one of brown, and for ordinary purposes we were obliged to eat the brown, the white being only for extra occasions and special foods. That was twenty years ago, when the annual per capita consumption in the United States was fifty-one pounds (1884). Flour was an old, old friend then; we had been accustomed to it for a long time, had been using it as the first of our foods; consequently the opportunities for its wider use are not many as compared with sugar, which seemingly has now reached a popular price that is causing its broader use; and it is reasonable that it should. And yet it is not the element of low price to-day that will be responsible for the steadily increasing consumption per capita; it is becoming a common food in an open receptacle at the cook's right hand, as it were, and to be used almost unconsciously. That is why the per capita consumption will continue to increase, even though the price should remain the same. To-day we are eating seventy-one pounds apiece in a year, just twenty pounds more than in 1884. Increasing population has nothing to do with that fact; we are using more sugar per individual because it tastes good and we can afford to do so. When we bring the factor of a greater population into consideration, we must drop the individual and look at the gross tonnage, which gives us some startling ideas:

Total sugar consumption in U. S. in 1881	993,532 tons
Total sugar consumption in U. S. in 1891	1,872,400 tons
Total sugar consumption in U. S. in 1901	2,372,316 tons

This is a tremendous increase; it explains the great efforts made by the national government to develop a domestic industry, to grow our sugar at home instead of importing most of it, as we have been doing. Even if the tonnage remained stationary, its amount and cost would be sufficiently great to warrant magnificent efforts to produce it on the American farm, as we seem to have made a good start to do. In 1900, out of every 1,000 pounds of sugar used in this country, 887 were from foreign sources, 74 were domestic cane, 36 were domestic beet, and three were maple. And it is adding insult to injury to observe that of those 887 pounds of foreign sugar, 199½ were from European beets grown by the small farmers of Germany, Austria, Holland, and France; or, to be more explicit:

162½ pounds were from Germany
9 pounds were from Belgium
14 pounds were from Austria-Hungary
8½ pounds were from Holland
5½ pounds were from France

If we expect to continue writing diplomatic notes telling the rest of the world just how China is to be treated by everybody, we certainly must be in a more independent position ourselves as regards one of our most important foods. We are shipping flour and meat across the Pacific to keep Japan and Russia alive and able to fight, and at the same time our great ports are wide open, drawing sugar from the peasantry of Europe and tropical coolies. What good does it do the American farmer to grow meat and wheat to feed the foreigners, and then draw on those identical returns to pay for sugar from the ends of the world—from places that he probably has never even heard of—like Belize, Surinam, and others? The planter in way-off Egypt, or Peru, or Brazil, opens a can of Chicago beef without being disturbed, because his sugar is paying for an article



he hasn't the "gumption" to produce, whereas it is different over here; we know that the opportunity is right before us, going to waste, as it were. That is why it upsets us. We have heard so much of late about Cuba that most of us have the impression that her cane-fields are the source of a large part of our sugar supply, but we usually get more from Europe. Thus in 1896 to 1900, of our total imports, seventeen and eight-tenths per cent. came from Cuba, while twenty-two and a half per cent. was European beet sugar. Now that peace is prevailing, this percentage will increase, but by no means with such wonderful strides as some of the popular articles of the day would have one believe. In 1901, the total Cuban crop was 635,856 tons; it increased about one-third in 1902, a sixth in 1903, and, judging from this year's estimate, a tenth. This rate of development does not speak in very flattering terms of Cuban enterprise; to add another item of interest let us compare their production of cane-sugar with the progress of beet-sugar in this country:

CUBA.	
1900-1 .....	635,856 tons cane-sugar
1901-2 .....	850,181 tons cane-sugar
1902-3 .....	998,878 tons cane-sugar
1903-4 .....	1,130,000 tons cane-sugar
UNITED STATES.	
1900-1 .....	76,859 tons beet-sugar
1901-2 .....	163,126 tons beet-sugar
1902-3 .....	195,463 tons beet-sugar
1903-4 .....	210,000 tons beet-sugar

Or, in four years, American enterprise has almost tripled in output an industry which displays so many attractive features, to farmers as well as to the factories. This product, moreover, is not like the raw sugar brought from Cuba, which is a brown article, varying from eighty-nine to ninety-six per cent pure; but is an ordinary white sugar, such as is in common use, and does not, like the brown cane-sugar, need to be put through a refinery. In some South American States, where cane-sugar is an every-day product, ordinary people can not afford to eat white sugar, and cube sugar is very much of a luxury. There is only one cane-plantation in the world that carries the manufacturing process right on to a completed white product; even the Hawaiian Islands ship their crude results to a San Francisco refinery; and the manager of a plantation down there may have white sugar on his table that as the raw article left his very presence to travel to California, there to be refined and reshipped to Honolulu, and to appear in a white suit at its birthplace. Japan, alone, in 1901 imported some \$16,000,000 worth of sugar, over \$6,000,000 of which was beet-sugar, from Germany, Austria, and Russia; this had to pass by the East Indies, those great producers of cane-sugar. And not only did Japan import it, but of 155,000 tons of all kinds of sugar imported by China, 20,000 tons was European beet-sugar.

Hong Kong is the greatest sugar market of the East, there being two large refineries which handle the "raws" from Java and the Philippines, and distribute the refined article throughout the East in direct competition with beet-sugar from Europe, despite which the latter not only holds its place but expands. At first there was a great prejudice against it, but it has worked itself into broad use and proved, by gaining a market, that it is in every way equal to the refined cane-sugar. In truth, to quote a standard authority: "The sugar refineries of Java do not produce an article equal to the product imported from Continental Europe." Even little Belgium sends sugar to the Far East. Russia has the reputation of making a good sugar also. Considering everything, we learn that sugar from the cane not only supplies much less than half the world's wants, but is actually so weak that the quiet beet has gone ahead and captured some of its very strongest markets that literally lie under the shadow of the growing cane.

Imagine California drawing on Africa for fruit, and, what is even worse, having the transportation effected through our finest orchards. Our fruit-growers would form a pretty favorable opinion of Africa's capacity to grow fruit, and it would not be long before either State or national effort would have investigated every feature of the African industry. That is exactly how it is with the sugar beet; wideawake men have been making fortunes for years. East of California—that is in Utah, Colorado, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio, New York, and Canada—the beet is fast becoming a common crop, and why? Because the farmer, thanks to the enterprise of capital, gets a chance to grow beets. They don't do things east of here as we do. For instance, one of the greatest ranches in the State, heretofore principally wheat territory, is being advertised on a wholesale scale as a magnificent property perfectly adapted, among many other things, to the growth of the sugar beet, and it really is so suited; it offers innumerable opportunities to the beet farmer; but there is one point lacking, to wit: a factory to furnish a market for the crop. It is like a rich pile of gold-bearing quartz waiting for the erection of a stamp-mill.

This great West has been so greatly blessed agriculturally that the writer ventures the prediction that within ten years beet-sugar grown here will drive the European article out of the Asiatic East. We have been sugar buyers too long; it is time to make a complete change in our policy, sell it instead; but to do that we must wake up, must see clearly that not only is there a tremendous want to be met, but that it has two factors: increased individual consumption and increasing population, the combined result of which

means that many a year must elapse before this country as a nation exports sugar. Consequently the West will have reaped a golden harvest before our East fully sees that, while nature has not been so liberal in arranging their agricultural resources, farmers there have nevertheless been given such facilities to grow the sugar-beet that some day we shall look back in wonder at our vast imports. True, it will be many a year, but the raw material is there, and the demand for the finished product, refined sugar, is not only enormous but is growing, so common sense supports the prediction. In the meantime why does not the West realize that, inasmuch as she started the beet-sugar business in America, she should begin to develop her marvelously rich sugar districts and supply that great demand? And by the West I mean California. We showed the world that Europe had no monopoly of the beet; it took Napoleon to show what it was; he developed a great industry in France because the nation needed the sugar and England's navy forced them to grow it; it was impossible to import. California took the European idea, made a demonstration of success, and instead of going ahead in two of the richest valleys known to man, switched her energies into several of our minor Coast districts, and sent much of her best blood to the poorer regions of Utah, Colorado, the East, and Canada. Probably there was a purpose in the Utah test; it was absolutely novel, the growing of sugar-beets by irrigation, but California again achieved a success, one that the sugar world admires, so that to-day irrigation guarantees success to the dry lands of the interior. The farmer is ready to try it, but San Francisco seems afraid, more so than twenty-five years ago, when there was not an operating beet-sugar factory on the American continent. Then San Francisco, and a small country town twenty-five miles out, raised the money to build what proved to be the first successful factory in America, the forerunner of the fifty odd now in operation. Let us think over that bit of history.

The average increase in per cent. for twenty-two years over the previous years' consumption has been four and a half per cent., though some years it has been a decrease; thus in 1891, there was an increase of twenty-three per cent., and the next a decrease of one per cent. Commencing with 1899, there was a steady gain annually, viz:

Increase in 1899 .....	3.750 per cent.
Increase in 1900 .....	6.826 per cent.
Increase in 1901 .....	6.868 per cent.
Increase in 1902 .....	8.169 per cent.
Decrease in 1903 .....	0.642 per cent.

This is partly accounted for by the cold, backward spring and summer, and is very interesting as showing how an apparently trifling cause will in the aggregate give an important and pronounced result.

The world's sugar crop is one of the greatest results of human enterprise—the grand total of the world's production being almost appalling in its immensity—almost eleven million tons, and long tons, too. Over half is beet-sugar. American beet-sugar constitutes less than two per cent. of the grand total, Cuban cane-sugar eleven per cent., Java eight, Philippines (export) less than nine-tenths of one per cent., Hawaii about three per cent. Is it not plain that there is a remarkable opportunity for the transfer from Europe to America of that great farm product? To emphasize the phenomena, observe the sugar crops of the world according to the greater geographical divisions and in round figures:

America, cane .....	28.0 per cent.
Asia, cane .....	9.5 per cent.
Australia and Polynesia, cane ..	1.5 per cent.
Africa, cane .....	2.8 per cent.
Europe, cane .....	0.2 per cent.
Europe, beet .....	56.0 per cent.
United States, beet .....	2.0 per cent.
100.0 per cent.	

They don't tally very well with the ideas we had as children, when Java and Cuba represented our great ideals as to sugar production. Louisiana used to seem simply another name for sugar plantations; many a story has matured in a Louisiana cane-field, but I fear that the coming novelist must start his hero in a Northern beet-field. As a boy he thins beets, learning every detail of the agricultural end of the business; he is ignored, even insulted by H. Chronos Polariscope, whose father owns the factory; but twenty years later a seeming blight attacks the beet-fields, the total failure of the season's crop is imminent, Chronos has foolishly made a contract to furnish the United States transport service with a great quantity, and ruin is before him, when the little boy of the fields, now a neighboring lawyer and in love with Miss Polariscope, offers to cure the blight on condition that the family withdraw all their objections to his suit. What a scene that night! The quadruple effect evaporator threatens collapse, colstridium gelatinosum can not be expelled, the continuous automatic alkalinity tester balks! But all ends well—

Let the story-writer observe these facts:

Estimated Louisiana cane-sugar crop for 1903-4 ..	215,000 tons
United States beet-sugar crop for 1903 .....	210,000 tons

If this year's beet crop comes up to expectations, the out-turn of beet sugar in the United States will for the first time exceed that of home-grown cane sugar! How many Americans realize that? Furthermore, how many San Franciscans know that this has all been done in twenty-five years, and that the first successful factory is within twenty-five miles of this city?—the founder quietly living in dignified retirement, enjoying the fruits of that early work.

## ICE-CLAD LINERS.

Atlantic Steamships Meet Rough Weather—Ice, Snow, Hurricanes  
Delay Their Progress—Uncomfortable Times for Passengers—  
Wreck of the "Kentigern"—Ice in New York Harbor.

Liners must be stanch and seaworthy to withstand such winter buffetings as the Atlantic Ocean has given them this season. The New York papers contain accounts of voyages that, to one accustomed to travel on the Pacific, seem enough to make transatlantic travel a matter only of necessity. Ships—huge, steel-ribbed, made of the strongest materials—have been coming past Sandy Hook days late, and in badly damaged condition. They have staggered in looking like icebergs—masts, yards, sheets, even the funnels, coated with ice, and with icicles hanging from them. They have had lifeboats carried away, men swept into the sea, rudders rendered useless. Passengers were kept below, where they were decidedly uncomfortable. Sometimes, too, they were very wet, on account of the stupendous waves that, breaking over the ship, smashed skylights and doors, and flooded the cabins. It was life in, not on, the ocean wave.

The *Ivernina*, of the Cunard Line, bound from Queens-town to New York, had a rough experience. For four days there was such a strong westerly gale that the passengers were not allowed on deck. It was uncomfortable, but not dangerous, the rather paradoxical situation being that when Sunday came the weather was so severe that religious services were not held. When the boat did reach New York, it took nearly an hour to dock her on account of the ice in the harbor. The captain of the French liner *La Lorraine* was unable to take observations for two days. Much damage was done to her by big seas.

The American liner *New York* had a trying voyage, running into the storm as soon as she passed the Cherbourg breakwater. Waves curled over the bows, flooding the bridge, crumpling a steel lifeboat into a shapeless mass, and twisting the iron bowsprit around so that it pointed toward the deck.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of the North German Lloyd Line, is supposed to be able to weather any storm, yet in February she met with conditions that made crew and passengers wish themselves ashore. She reached New York thirty-six hours late, with many deck-fixture washed away and skylights smashed in. She had to travel at reduced speed during every day of the voyage. The captain was on duty for forty-eight hours at a stretch, and her speed for one day was only two hundred and forty-eight knots. A wave that broke over her snapped off a ventilating hood and sent it spinning along the sun-deck, damaging several lifeboats. The *Hohenzollern* was in a West Indian cyclone, had to go far to the southward, and was hove to for seven hours.

The *Lahn*, of the same line, passed through trying days and nights. When she was in mid-ocean, struggling along at less than half speed, she fell afoul of a comb, the crest of which reached to the "crow's-nest." The wave fell plump on the forward deck. Part of it swept the bridge, smashing Captain Bolte against the rail, breaking one of his ribs, and badly injuring the first-officer, who was with him. The *Lohn* was so thickly coated with ice when she reached New York that it had to be broken from her winches before she could be docked.

The big passenger boats were not the only sufferers. The British freight steamer *Kentigern* was wrecked in mid-ocean after a succession of terrifying experiences. She was a steel steamship, of two thousand four hundred and eighty tons. She sailed from Portland, Me., on February 7th, for Belfast, loaded with grain. Two days after leaving port she met with gales that developed into a hurricane. Her steam steering-gear became disabled, and the boat was fiercely buffeted before it could be repaired. That night, the waves were so high that they swept the bridge, smashing ventilators and steam pipes. On February 13th a still worse hurricane struck her, and when it was at its height the steering-gear broke again, leaving the rudder flapping and useless. For thirty-six hours every man on board was at work trying without success to repair the damage; then the cargo shifted. This had been partly righted, when the worst gale of all, accompanied by snow, put the finishing touches to the steamer. Water poured through the broken skylights and down into the hold, the tarpaulin coverings on the hatches were cut by broken steam pipes, letting in more water, the rudder became unshipped and was entirely lost—and then the steam pumps became clogged and refused to work. The *Albano* came in sight just in time, and, in the face of fearful difficulties, rescued the officers and crew. Nothing was saved except the log-book. As the *Albano* resumed her voyage, the *Kentigern* was sinking.

Atlantic coasting steamers and vessels met with many disasters, the *Cromwell* being literally dashed to pieces on Long Island, and the captain, first-mate, and four of the crew being drowned. The conditions in New York harbor were extremely bad, on account of the ice. The ferry-boats were delayed, ice-bound, and crushed, and one or two ocean-going steamers were so badly damaged by churning ice while leaving the harbor that they had to put back for repairs. It was the record winter for cold in New York, and while storms along the coast were not so damaging as in other years, the mid-ocean gales were worse, subjecting the big passenger boats to the severest strain they have known.



## MISS GLADYS AND THE JAP.

The Narrow Escape of Nobulu Ishiwaki.

You wishing to know, sir, where I work rast prace and 'bout that? But you do not ask my naming of me. My naming is Nobulu Ishiwaki. Nobulu is Rising Sun. Father of my father was Shogun in Japan, but not now, for no more is Shogun in Japan. Huh! Huh!

My rast prace I working is to Sacramento County—very beautiful—trees and rocks, and river running very grand. I coming there to that prace sisteent of Jury—maybe 'bout four mont ago since now. I coming from Osaka, very large city in Japan—more large as any city in California, but not such learned peoples as Americans. That prace where I work is Missa Hamilton—he very fine gentleman, but not po-et, and his wife I thinking very fine lady. But otha lady she sista to Missa Hamilton, and name Miss Gradys Hamilton—I thinking she not so beautiful. Her face rike that back of my hand—so—thin rike that. But she good lady—Miss Gradys—and she— But I telling you 'bout that prace. That is ranch prace and many grape and pear and apple, and many water running in litter ditch all around to be wetting trees and making grow very fast.

I working in kitchen there in that prace. And first night—very curious American custom. Men who picking grape in daytime come in night and taking me out and having me to walk with eyes covering up with croth rike that, ova ditch and ova fence and raughing all time, and I raughing and they thinking I having good time, and to surprise me with preasure of all that good time; but I am not happy, for I am not understanding that custom.

Then they taking me to prace where I feeling water in box with my hand, and they rifting me up high, I thinking, to put me in that water for that curious custom. But then I hear lady with voice rike small pig say very loud: "You no putting that poor boy in water. I no letting you do that. He get very sick—you shall not be putting him in water."

One man near my ear he grunt like large pig, and he say: "Oh, we no hurting him! We having litter fun—that all."

But that small pig voice—I thinking it is Miss Gradys—say: "No, no, no! You letting him be and you going away. Poor boy!"

Then one man kick me not so gentle, and they all go away, and Miss Gradys come and come very close and saying, "Too bad—too bad!" She make the croth come off my eyes and I see her in moonlight, and she look beautiful. But next day I see her in sunlight and she just the same—rike back of my hand.

I working very hard in that kitchen and reading Missa Rongferrow's po-em, "Hanging of Crane" and "Virrage Bracksmith." Very beautiful po-em. I am writing po-em, too, in Japanese, and trying translate into English, but it is not pos-sible to bring my heart out into English, only half way. But I read my po-em to Miss Gradys, and she do not raugh, but she say: "You doing fine—you will be great po-et."

I riking to hear her say those thing, for I wishing to be great po-et, like Missa Rongferrow and Missa Bryant and Missa Tennyson. So Miss Gradys she read American po-em to me out of American book, and explaining to me, and I am very happy. It satisfies my heart. Some night I am singing to moon out in orchard and smelling honeysucker and hearing night bird what you calling owl. And Miss Gradys she coming oppa-site, and she hearing me sing, and I sing very sad song, and she asking me what it mean, and I telling her and she liking it very good. So I am happy, but I am not happy because Miss Gradys is beautiful, for she is not beautiful. And her ear will not hear very good.

One day I hear Miss Gradys scold schoolboy because he breaking his ruler on my hand, therefore he showing me one more curious American custom, he striking my hand very hard. I feeling not so happy, but I am raughing. But Miss Gradys she is talking very swift to him and very fast, telling him "Go 'way, bad boy!" but he do not go away very far, onry litter way, and say to one more boy so I hearing him pretty loud that time: "She ol' maid—ugly ol' maid! She can't be keeping me from having fun with that Jap."

I understand them not very well, for it is difficult. I thinking Miss Gradys hearing those unworthy boys, too, maybe. But I don't know. She crying so, with hand up to her face, and I thinking she have much sorrowful heart. Huh! Huh!

I am getting dictionary from pocket, and there I see that maid is unmarried woman. Well, I know Miss Gradys is not married, and that she is not young, but I don't see what for she cry when they call her those thing, for it is honorable to be maid. Huh! Huh!

Miss Gradys she go hunting weed many times, and put many flowers and leaves in papers of big thick book among, for the reason I do not know. She say she is botanical student, but that I do not wish to be, and therefore am not for interest. She inviting me to go in the forest and help collection to be making, and I go in the forest once, but I do not go once more, for Miss Gradys send me to this tree and that, and I am so wearisome when I get home. But I am Japanese gentleman, and I do not tell her how so wearisome I am, for she is very happy all time, and sing song in forest; and once she read me po-em of love she write herself, and I am much interest for that time, but for weed I do not interest.

When that time we come home from forest prace

and she go in house one hired gentleman for the ranch I hear him say: "That pretty good—Miss Hamilton she have bo at last!"

I look for bo in dictionary, but many kinds of bo, and I don't know which kinds, so I don't look some more; but my dictionary is my life. If I lose dictionary I am no more good.

Next day Miss Gradys she asking me, can I write love po-em. So I write one in Japanese, and translation make very difficult. But she put hand on her left stomach, and say "that go to my heart quite straight." And she make very curious noise with her mouth, and ask me how many years I am old. I telling her I am twenty-three years, and then she make very curious same noise, so: "Ah-h-h!" and go away too quick.

That next day I am looking for my *ariake*, what you call litter ramp to make right to see at night, but I not find *ariake*, and I look everywhere. I think who have disappeared it? But I can not think the reason or how any one can disappear it. But in the evening there I see *ariake* on my litter table, all clean, and beautiful new pink curtain all round top, so—just litter curtain, you know—very beautiful. Then I hear Miss Gradys laugh, and I know she have disappeared the *ariake*, and I laugh, and I go out and we raugh together, and she say how I rike it, and I say very much—it is beautiful. She say Japanese gentleman very much appreciate, and she make questions all about Japanese gentlemen, and I tell her all about those best one, those po-et, and those prince, and those all dress in native costume. And she ask me dress in native costume, and I dress so very fine, and she take me around to parlor, and I dance po-em for Missa Hamilton and Missa Hamilton; but I do not have sword to make in my belt, so I take stick of broom and make like sword; but when I sing one song very, very serious, Missa Hamilton he raugh roud, and I am very sorrowful and am running away so swift, for my heart is lame because he raugh. Miss Gradys she run after me, and she say, "Too bad! Too bad! He makes no appreciate. In his soul no poetry can be. Ah-h-h!" She make that curious noise with her mouth again, and I am alarm she make it so roud.

Then she say, "Good-night, good-night, my dear Japanese gentleman. You are poet for truth, and I wish—I wish—Ah-h-h!" And I am so scare I run in room and light my *ariake* and burn all night, and make no sleep very much.

She teach me English many days, and she talk rike that with "Ah-h-h!" and "Oh, dear!" and "So poetic!" she say when I say somethings.

I learn beautiful English there, all co-rect English, and talk good as American boy; but I no thinking I stay, so I tell Missa Hamilton I go city. Soon Miss Gradys come and she say many "Ah-h-h!" and too bad I go and maybe I stay one more monts. So I say so, and she go away, and she raugh outside the door. Huh! Huh!

But that rast monts they make new road down the hill alongside and move away big rock and big earths, making noise very terrible. I thinking I like noise very much, like Japanese cannon shoot Chinamens on ships in Yalu River. But they don't do it no more for a week, for the men they go Sacramento with many grape, and can not make what you call those brast. But they come back again I do not know, and Miss Gradys go to forest by hill and take big book and getting many weed, but I don't go if she asking me, for I much afraid. But I go with two others men to road to see brast, and I help making hole in rock with long iron and hammer and much rejoice to see. But the noon time is coming and men getting ready to go eat dinna, but preparing to make brast before they go eat. They tell me, "Stay back, Jap, you will be kill." And they go put yellow candle thing in hole, and litter rope like that, and they telling me when they come, "Go 'way farther, Jap, you will be kill dead." So I go 'way, but I looking up and I seeing something move in bush of forest, and I seeing Miss Gradys come out right by brast prace, up above, she picking weed and putting in book. The men go way off to go eat, but I still standing and rooking for brast go boom; and when I seeing that Miss Gradys there, I thinking she will be kill. So I call very roud with my mouth to her, but she do not hear; and then I thinking she do not hear very well with her ear, I go run up to brast prace and make arms go so and yelling roud, but she make no rook to me, and brast rope burn and make litter smoke, but she do not see, for she very interest in weed. But I run crose up to brast prace, and yell and making arms go so, and then she see me and I say go way, and she smile, and say, very sweet, "Good-morning! How is Japanese gentleman? Come up and see my weed."

And then I very much excite, and I yell so loud; but she say, "What's matter?" and I trying tell her, but do not have time to take dictionary from pocket to tell about brast, which I am knowing very well now. So I go to brast-hole and I taking rope in my fingers, if I can, to pull out rope and stopping brast very sudden. But brast rope is burn too short and I can not take with my fingers. So I run up bank and take Miss Gradys very strong and throw her behind rock and stand ova that rady so. And then brast go "Boom!" and shake ground, and make my ear pain very much, and Miss Gradys she say "Good God!" and something fall and go smash on my leg.

Then I do not know nothing any more, but when I know something I am in my bed and Miss Gradys's face is there, and stranger man with very curious tools, and

stranger man he take my leg with his hand and Miss Gradys she go away and she come back in the evening when burn my littler *ariake*, and she say, "You blessed Japanese gentleman! You have save my life! And I am yours forever!"

I say "yes," but I am not understanding, for my dictionary is in my coats and hanging on wall. Then she say, "And when you get well we shall run away and go over ocean to Japan, and live happy ever after-ward."

I am thinking a rong time before I am saying much, but all those time my leg is sick and I not getting up to make fire or wash dish or anything. She give me good eat things and very bad litter drinks in spoon that the stranger man leave on table. She say, one day, "You will be well in one week." (For I was sit up in chair and she is sitting by me.) "Then we shall be going Japan for voyage in ship, very pleasant."

But when that week time come past I get all my clothes in basket and I see it is very dark to-night and I take stick, for my leg is not so well, and I start off to rail'road. I go very quiet-still and do not make noise, but when I go maybe one-half mile, I hear feet and I see something white coming down along, and I fly behind tree and bush, and then I hear voice—same small pig voice—say out in the dark: "Where are you—where are you, Japanese gentleman?"

And it is Miss Gradys. So I am very still, and I wait a long time, and then I go very soft through bush and very soft along field, and by and by I am coming to railroad and going to station and buying ticket and coming I do not know to where, but anywhere that it is not that Missa Hamilton prace where I work. Huh! Huh!

So now I can no more tell, but I am asking very, very important and very serious and very honorable, sir, if I stay here to your prace and work and you see tall, thin rady, with not so few age and one face rike that back of my hand, and her name is Miss Gradys Hamilton, and she is po-et, and she ask for Japanese gentleman, will you kindly, sir, say "yes, but he is dead, and body of him is sent on ship to Japan?" So kindly, kindly, sir, for this very important.

BAILEY MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1904.

## Expunging Popes From the Record.

Pius the Tenth has recently discovered that he is not, as supposed, the two hundred and sixty-fourth Pope of Rome, but the two hundred and fifty-eighth. He has eliminated no less than six Pontiffs from the list of his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter. In the "Gerarchia Catolica," or official annual of the Holy Seat, which has just appeared, he is set down as the two hundred and fifty-eighth Pope. During the closing years of the reign of Leo the Thirteenth the very active and extensive researches of the learned Mgr. Duchesne, director of the French school at Rome, brought to light the fact that six Popes of the period preceding the Crusades were more or less mythical, their existence being based on legend and tradition rather than on actual history. They have now been eliminated, and no longer figure on the official roster of Supreme Pontiffs of the Roman catholic church. At the same time Pius the Tenth has caused the urn containing the dust of the alleged martyr Fortissima to be removed from the Basilica of St. Mark. Archaeologists have all come to the conclusion that there was no foundation for the story of the alleged martyrdom of Fortissima, and that therefore there was no reason for the veneration of her remains, or for regarding her as either a martyr or a saint. From this it will be seen that Pope Pius the Tenth is a bit of an iconoclast.

The *Philadelphia Press* says that when the Russian battle-ship *Variag* was building at Cramps's ship-yard, an agent of the Japanese Government came to Philadelphia with a letter of introduction which secured him the name of a thoroughly reliable detective agency. He hired detectives, who dressed as laborers, and secured work from the Cramps, and in that way obtained information about every detail of the *Variag*, which was sunk at Chemulpo.

Wild jackasses became such a nuisance in the district of Kaiu, on the island of Hawaii, that a round-up was recently held, with the result that five hundred of the animals were corralled. An auction sale was held, and the supposition is that the jackasses will be made into jerked beef.

Mrs. Lura Wyman, wife of one of the largest land owners in Central Kentucky, has given birth to quadruplets. Mr. Wyman immediately named them Grover Cleveland Wyman, Marcus Hanna Wyman, Theodore Roosevelt Wyman, and Wille Bryan Wyman. The last is a girl.

A thirty-four-story building is to be erected at Broadway and Fifty-Eighth Street, New York, for the Hearst papers, the *American* and *Journal*. It is said that the building, which will occupy about five thousand feet ground space, will be ready for occupancy in a year.

It has been decided that the statue of Frederick the Great, which has been presented to the United States by Germany, shall stand on the terrace of the war college with those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon.



## THE BRIDGE MANIA.

Bridge Whist Played in New York at all Hours—Regular Teachers—  
Dinners Shortened that Guests May Play—New Yorkers  
Can't Talk—Must Play Cards to Kill Time.

The bridge mania, which devastated New York last winter, shows no symptom of abatement. On the contrary, it seems to be even more violent. It is coming to the point where one's social status is gauged by the game of bridge one plays. If you play a good game it does not matter how ordinary, dull, or second-rate you may be—you will be welcome in the realms of the elect. Bridge will get the outsider in more quickly than any other known means, unless, perhaps, a vast fortune.

The deadly earnestness with which women have taken to it is extraordinary. To that large class of matrons and maids who have no worry on the score of means, no disturbing ambitions to lead them far afield in the paths of artistic endeavor, and much time to spend as they elect, bridge has become one of the absorbing interests of life. You hear a good deal of talk—very largely from just this class of fashionables—about the damage done to domesticity by the woman's clubs, and the complete ruin that will overcome the neglected home when the female of the species is given the suffrage; but neither clubs nor politics would ever absorb as much of a woman's time as bridge now does.

They not only play it at all hours, but the competition to play well has become so keen, that they make a study of it. The lady of society goes to her bridge lesson so many mornings in the week, and there plays with other similarly aspiring ladies, while a teacher rules the assemblage and guides and governs the game. The thing that has surprised me is how so many women who seem stupid can play so well. Some of the best players, if you meet them out at dinner, are desperate bores. They either must have a natural knack for cards, or else they have studied so hard that they have thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the game. I should consider a person who played "casino" well as rarely accomplished, and to hear that some dreary frump, who has bored you to extinction at lunch, or some artless maid of eighteen, who has simpered at you across a dinner table, are the star players of their sets, is to be bewildered and amazed.

The hours spent at the teacher's are only the beginning of the bridge-maniac's day. If she goes out to lunch, the last mouthful will be hardly swallowed when the company repair to the drawing-room and fall upon the tables. Then silence settles on the room, and a portentous gravity on every face, and the game is on till late in the afternoon. At eight o'clock she will go out to a dinner, where she meets a given number, all well-known bridgites of established repute. The fashion for repasts of inordinate length, when the victims gorged for three hours and then were taken home in hacks, has passed with other barbarities of modern civilization. A small dinner does not occupy much more than an hour now; a large one never more than one and a half, or, at the most, two.

Toward half-past nine or ten the company rises from the hospitable board, and passes, with eager eyes peering for tables, into the drawing-room. There is no loitering of men over cigars and coffee. The business of the evening claims them almost at once. The women are permitted a moment's dallying with *crème de menthe* and possibly cigarettes, but they are restless, and conversation is fragmentary till the tables are pulled out and the score-cards set. Then the serious side of the evening begins, and they settle down to it with the solemnity of those under the spell of a ruling passion. They will play this way till twelve, and sometimes till two. In houses where they play for money and the stakes are often high, they sit on at the tables till the small hours. At four o'clock the automobiles will be standing in a line outside, the chauffeurs asleep on their boxes.

The result of all this is that those who do not play or care for cards have had to learn how or almost drop out of their sets. Teas are the only entertainments to which they are asked. I have heard numerous women say they did not want to learn bridge, but they had to or simply step down and out of the social life they lived for. A friend of mine was urging me to learn, the other day, and held out as an inducement the flattering increase in the invitations I would receive. She, personally, had been on the point of asking me to dinners at least a dozen times, and always to meet the most delightful people, but as I did not play it was impossible. The delightful people would only come if "bridge" were written on the corner of their invitations. The non player is a hopelessly discordant note in this kind of party. The only thing for you to do is to order your carriage for immediately after dinner.

Some days ago, I heard a lady, in talking of the spread and violence of the bridge mania, speak of it with respect and tenderness as a boon to the entertainer. Since it came upon the carpet, the burden of amusing her guests after dinner has been entirely lifted from the exhausted hostess. All she has to do now is to see that they can all play, that the right number are there, and that there are tables and cards for them. She makes them cheerful and mellow with a good dinner and the best wines, then conducts them to the card-tables, and her work is done. It is like setting troublesome children to building block houses, or putting treacle on a baby's fingers, and then giving it a box to play with. These simple forms of amuse-

ment have been known to keep the most refractory spirits happily occupied for hours.

I think the main secret of the extraordinary vogue of bridge is the decline of conversation. "In society," to use the phrase in its ordinary, hackneyed sense, hardly anybody really talks well. One almost never hears of a person who is brilliant in conversation. There are witty people, and funny people, and that sort of society buffoon who does "stunts" after dinner and makes the other guests laugh. But the person whose talk is worth listening to, who has ideas, knows how to express them, has the active brain, the observing eye, and the ready tongue of the born conversationalist, is non-existent as far as the fashionable world goes.

There are people of this sort outside society, but they are not going to waste themselves on a set who have no interests but clothes, what they eat, and where they spend the summer. The other night I was at a dinner where one of the men was a really fluent and brilliant talker. Whenever he opened his mouth all the others shut theirs and listened in wide-eyed astonishment. There seemed to me to be a slight resentment in their attitude to this unusual and unconventional specimen, who was scintillating with ideas on all subjects. Afterward I heard the gentleman was a well-known figure in many New York sets, and that his claim to the consideration of his fellows was that "he knew how to talk."

Conversation, taken in its polished, dignified sense, is becoming one of the lost arts. I have met many people here this winter, and the man spoken of above is the only one of the lot who has possessed in a high degree the power of brilliant, forceful, and picturesque speech. Conversation, in the French *salon* understanding of the word, where one person holds the floor and others listen, does not exist here. Nobody is clever enough to hold the floor; nobody knows enough, or expresses what they do know well enough, to be listened to. Conversation in the form of people talking together in groups, with a bright interchange of persiflage, a hit or miss sort of wit, has long been the best form of the article manufactured in inner circles of Gotham. New Yorkers have practiced this sort of talk and reached a high state of dexterity in it. In quickness of repartee, sparkle of humor, and gayety of comment, they are hard to beat.

But one can not keep such pyrotechnics up for long stretches of time. After the dinner there is a drop when people sit around on sofas and yawn behind fans till the carriage is announced. A man tired with business has not much to say to the wife of some other business man who happens to have been his dinner partner. She, on her side, has nothing to talk to him about. In nine cases out of ten her preoccupying ideas will be her new clothes, her servants, the best schools for her children, whether she had better employ an allopathic or homeopathic doctor, and the small gossip of her little world. If she is by way of being intellectual and up to date, she will want to talk a little about "Candida," will ask if he has seen the latest exhibition of somebody or other's paintings, and what he thinks of "The Stone of Destiny," Mrs. Mackay's new book. Each one of these subjects will bore him more than the last, and he will murmur a prayer of thanksgiving when his wife signals him that the time has come to go.

This decline of the power of sustaining conversation has an undoubted connection with the decline in the habit of reading. I mentioned in a recent letter how few fashionable New Yorkers read or patronized libraries. Among the society class nobody reads, save a novel or two and a few magazines. This is more or less admitted, the excuse being that in the increasing rush of social life there is no time for slowly plowing through serious books. I have never met so many naturally bright people who have read so little and know so little as one meets in a winter's campaign in Gotham. Some of them make a gallant pretense at it, talk about the titles of new books, between the covers of which they have never glanced. Others frankly acknowledge that they don't read anything but the morning paper, a few magazines, and some of the more popular novels.

With such people, conversation in its higher expression of a leisurely cultivated interchange of thought can not flourish. The naturally fine talker and *raconteur* does not need to have a brain stored with knowledge. He is born, not made, like the well-known Scotch duchess of whom Burns said that he would walk twenty miles to hear her talk, though she knew little, and was, as duchesses go, quite uneducated. But these are star cases. The average good talker requires training, wants his brain well furnished by books, and his tongue oiled by practice. With nothing in his head except the memory of the daily round, he is not likely to be wildly entertaining. He does not want to amuse. He wants to be amused.

It is to this world that bridge has been welcomed as "the shadow of a rock in a weary land." There is no more struggle to talk with an empty head and a full stomach—nobody feels the arid lack of sparkle and charm in the conversation, because there is no time for conversation. During the course of dinner or lunch there is "the little talk of thee and me" that we all enjoy, and then, instead of the dull, heavy hour sitting about and trying to think of smart things to say, there are the green tables, the markers, and the cards. No wonder bridge has "caught on."

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, March 2, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sherman Miles, son of the general, is a member of the second class at the West Point Military Academy, due to graduate next year. He is now twenty-one years old, and stands fairly well in his studies.

Mrs. McBride, who acquired so much celebrity under her maiden name of Miss Maud Gonne by the violence of her Nationalist invectives against everything English, has just become the mother of a boy. It will be inappropriate, therefore, to describe her any longer as "the Irish Joan of Arc."

D. M. Parry, the moving spirit in the Citizens' Alliance, and the best-hated man in the United States, has a strike on his hands. Seventy-five craters and hangers employed by his company have struck on account of a cut in wages. All the men are non-union. They were paid off and discharged.

Missouri hastens to claim as her own John F. Shafroth, the Colorado congressman who resigned his seat rather than hold what he feared had been gained by fraudulent election. He was raised and educated at Fayette, Mo. There is quite a movement in Colorado looking toward his nomination for governor on the Democratic ticket.

Countess Oyama, wife of the field-marshal of Japan, who will direct the field operations of the island empire against the Russians in the Far East, graduated from Vassar College in 1882 as Stenatz Yamakama, and nearly one-quarter of her life has been spent in the United States. She is the daughter of one of the chief feudal barons or territorial nobles of Japan.

Al Adams, the millionaire policy king of New York, has been in Sing Sing for eight months, but is conducting his real-estate business without interruption from the hospital ward. Adams is said to be worth six millions of dollars, and the lowest estimate placed on his fortune is four millions of dollars. He was convicted after one of the most bitter legal struggles in the history of the State, and finally sentenced for three years.

Sir Henry Irving is a good skater. Attired in a little peaked cap of gaudy pattern, a tight-fitting reefer, and dark, small clothes, he was the observed of all observers of the skaters on Trout Lake, Seneca Park, after the matinee presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" at Rochester, N. Y., recently. The tragedian led his company on the frozen lake, cut pigeon wings and figure eights, was graceful, sure, and gallant to the ladies of the party.

Richard Strauss, the noted German composer and conductor, whose compositions have been described as the only living issue in music, arrived in New York recently on his first visit to this country. He is described as not very tall, and neither very stout nor very thin, with fair hair and a light mustache. He wore a long coat, with a great fur collar, and a wide-brimmed slouch hat. The other most noticeable part of his dress was a flannel shirt with vivid blue stripes. He will stay in this country until April conducting concerts as far west as Chicago. He is accompanied by his wife.

Should the Liberals, as is expected, be returned to power at the general election which, it is stated, will take place at Easter, Earl Spencer, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, will be called upon by King Edward to form a cabinet. Physically the earl is a splendid type of man—tall, broad shouldered, and kingly. To his flowing red beard he owes the sobriquet of "Red Earl." In Ireland, where, as viceroy, he ruled with an iron hand when coercion was fashionable, he was called "Foxy Jack." The bayonet, buckshot, and the gallows were applied unsparingly by him to the Irish until he demonstrated to England that repression would not settle the Irish question, and then he became a pronounced home-ruler. He was, when a young man, groom of the stole to the prince consort, and later to King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. The earl's name is John Poyntz Spencer. He is sixty-nine years of age.

General Charles Dick, who will succeed the late Marcus A. Hanna in the Senate, will be the first man of moderate means whom Ohio has sent to the Senate since the days of Senator Thurman. He has no fortune. In fact, Tom L. Johnson last fall made one of the issues of his campaign the fact, which Dick publicly acknowledged, that the chairman of the Republican State Committee did not pay his bills. Dick's career has been a remarkable one. Fifteen years ago—he was at that time about thirty years of age—he was proprietor of a very small flour and feed store in his home city of Akron. He began studying law and history at home. In 1894, he was admitted to the Ohio bar, and soon entered politics, for which he has a gift. It is said of him that he can quote the exact election returns in any county or city of the State in any one of the last twelve years. He always guesses the result of an election within a very few thousands. Since 1898 he has been a member of Congress, and is the author of the so-called Dick militia law. General Dick has a genius for work. Toward the end of hot campaigns in Ohio he has been known to go without sleep for days. He is even-tempered, kindly, warm-hearted, a pleasant man to meet. His personal appearance is rather striking. His friends do not believe that he will be a great senator, but they hope he will be a good one.



THINGS THEATRICAL IN PARIS.

A Walking-Match at Midnight—Great Frolic in the Moulin Rouge—Pinero's "Tanqueray"—Yvette Guilbert's Book.

The athletic craze has hit Paris hard. We have had here all kinds of walking-matches. Away last fall there was an affair called "Le Marche du Petit Matelot," in which as many as four thousand men entered, and nearly fifteen hundred covered the course—forty kilometres. Now the athletic mania has extended even to actresses and other ladies of easy ways who frequent the music-halls, culminating in the "Marche des Minuinettes" on a recent Saturday night—or, to be more exact, Sunday morning.

It was at the Moulin Rouge. After the usual evening performance had ended, the floor of the old Red Mill was converted into a race-track, and some threescore of the fair sex frantically strove for victory, in high-heeled shoes, on sawdust-covered floors, in the maddest of all mad contests.

There had been some talk of having the match take place in the open, the course to extend from the Arc de Triomphe, down the Champs-Élysées, along the boulevards, and up the Rue Blanche, to the Moulin Rouge. But as the weather in Paris has been of late so cold and uncertain, it was thought not wise—and, in fact, most ungallant—to expose the fair contestants to the cold and damp of the foggy night. So the affair finally came off indoors. Nearly three thousand men were present, all in top hats and evening clothes, but the costumes of the feminine racers were highly diverse—as varied, indeed, as the styles of their gait. The costumes ranged from short skirts to long, baggy trousers; from knickerbockers to long, flowing draperies; and, in some few cases, there was a surprising lack of encumbering material. Between the rows of laughing, vociferous spectators they raced to rag-time, suffering frequent tumbles due to the combination of sawdust and high-heels, while, with true feminine lack of the sporting instinct, some of the competitors made frantic grabs at the garments of the others in vain endeavors to hold them back. The winner was a slim young woman of about seventeen, from the Théâtre des Variétés. She wore a pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine costume, with an extra-short skirt and low neck—a great costume for a race—but she was fast all the same; and when she climbed the stage and was given the first prize everybody cheered, to which she responded with handfuls of kisses.

The jury, by the way, was feminine also, and its members were selected from among the notable beauties of the day. They were headed by Mlle. Liane de Pougy, as president, and Miss Marian Winchester, the English music-hall favorite, as vice-president. Mlle. Pougy wore an elaborate gown of velvet and lace, with a heavy necklace, and a large hat, draped with an immense lace veil, which fell back over her bare shoulders. The vice-president's costume was much lighter in effect, her corsage falling quite away from her shoulders. Her hat, coquettishly tilted on one side, was tied beneath the chin with an immense bow.

After the "Marche des Minuinettes," there were other contests, including a bicycle race on stationary machines, which failed to work properly (to the great disgust of the contestants), and a climbing contest. Then there was the "Concours de Jambes," which was not so shocking an actuality as its name might indicate. It was, in fact, funny without being indecent. The way it was arranged was this: on a curtain, which was let down to within three feet of the floor, were painted several well-known personages in sitting posture, but minus their lower extremities. Then the plump persons ambitious for beauty prizes sat down behind the curtain so that they completed the painted picture with actual limbs. The resultant incongruity was ludicrous. For instance, Mme. Humbert, her handkerchief to her eyes, sat apparently dangling a pair of youthful legs clad in red, red stockings. It was Red Stockings, by the way, who won the prize. After the "Concours de Jambes" there was dancing, and after that everybody went home about six o'clock, pretty sober, and in good humor. In short, the affair was piquant without being objectionable, a fact largely due to the good work of the staffs of the *Sourire* and the *Monde Sportif*.

Indeed so successful was this little extravaganza, that there is talk of another kind of walking-match, to be called "La Marche des Retroussées." The idea is that on some very muddy, sloppy day, actresses and other young ladies shall go forth in long skirts on a walk from some place to another, exhibiting the correct manner of holding up skirts when it rains. The main feature of the contest to be the absence of mud on their long walking dresses when the winning post is reached.

Besides the walking-matches—past and to come—there have been a number of other things happening in the world of amusement-seekers of interest to people in general. You have perhaps heard, for example, that an excellent translation of Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is having a good run at the

Odéon, the second of the state-subsidized theatres. The newspaper critics have been liberal in their praise of the construction of the play, and what they term its human interest; but they seem disposed to dilute their laudation with remarks to the effect that the great English playwright has studied well his French models. Pinero's play, "The Magistrate," produced here several years ago, made him known, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is making him popular; though I am not quite sure that a Parisian audience, with its characteristic ignorance of English ways of looking at things, comprehends some of the springs of action of Pinero's characters. Then, too, Paris is getting a bit tired of the eternal Scarlet Woman. We have had her in a dozen plays, and she is beginning to pall. I forgot to mention that Mme. Berte Bady is Paula, in Pinero's play, and M. Jean Kemm is a good Aubrey.

Mme. (or Mlle., if you so please) Yvette Guilbert has been rather the gainer than the loser by the suit brought against the French publisher of her book, "La Vidette," which describes the life of a music-hall *artiste*. Herr Langen, a German publisher, is the plaintiff. He had bought the rights of the book for Germany, and claimed that the rumor that Mme. Guilbert was not the racy volume's real author had ruined its sale, so far as he was concerned. The book was published some time ago, and as it was fairly well written, and contained some good stories, it had quite a run. But this little affair has given the sale in France a new start. In court, Mme. Guilbert was very frank and unaffected in her explanation of what she termed a purely business transaction. After writing the novel, said she, a certain M. Byl was paid seven hundred dollars for his "revision" of it. He, in turn, secured the assistance of a third and unnamed person, and to this threefold product the actress signed her name. In the course of the prosecution, this interesting and amusing extract was read from one of her letters to M. Byl: "For ten years past, I have arrived at the music-hall where I sing at nine forty-five; have dressed alone, sung, and left the place immediately. . . . I am just a 'turn,' which reappears at periodical intervals in a year!" The lady further declares that beyond the mere formalities of the stage, she knows little, sees less, and cares not at all for the vaudeville artist. Also, she says, the public is vulgar, and likes vulgar things. This from Yvette is amusing. But as we grow old we all grow more virtuous—or at least try to.

PARIS, February 15, 1904. ST. MARTIN.

The Japanese National Hymn.

The Russian national hymn is quite a modern production, while the Japanese is, on the contrary, the oldest existing, and it may be also the shortest. It is known as "Kimigayo." Translated into French it is as follows:

"Que du souverain  
Mille ans dure le règne,  
Puis encore huit mille ans,  
Tant que les pierres ne seront rocs,  
Ni très épaisses les mousses!"

Englished into prose, it runs:

"May the reign of our sovereign endure for a thousand years, and for eight thousand more beyond that, until stones are not rocks any more, nor moss any longer grows thickly."

The *Sun* humorously puts it into this form:

"A thousand years may our sovereign reign,  
And eight thousand more with never a pain,  
As long as the pebbles don't grow to be boulders,  
As long as the moss doesn't reach to our shoulders!"

Edmund Gosse's recent appointment to be librarian of the House of Lords recalls another literary candidacy—that of Matthew Arnold, in 1867, for the librarianship of the Commons. Though he had Disraeli's support, a "horrid domestic intrigue" turned the post over to a more obscure applicant. To Mr. Arnold the disappointment was considerable (says the *New York Evening Post*), for his duties as a school examiner were onerous. He refused to be comforted when a sympathetic M. P. said: "You wouldn't have liked fetching and carrying for the Philistines of the Parliamentary middle class." To this Arnold only replied: "Ob, you don't know me. If Bottles, M. P., had wanted a volume of 'Hansard' or 'Haydn's Dictionary of Dates,' I should have flown." Which shows that the best of us have hard work to maintain a principle in the face of a sinecure.

The court of appeals of New York has handed down a decision favorable to the plaintiff in the suit brought by R. H. Macy & Co. against the American Publishers' Association. The litigation grew out of the association's efforts to prevent the cutting of prices on books, and the suit was based on allegations that the association was a combination in restraint of trade. The defendants' demurrer was overruled in the appellate division, and the decision has been upheld by the court of appeals by a vote of five to two.

A movement has been started by the Jewish women of Memphis, Tenn., for the erection of a monument to commemorate the life and work of Emma Lazarus, the poetess.

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

Boston Courier:

What we like most about these pen-sketches of travel is the fact that they are intensely practical. One can read them—and enjoy them, with the feeling that here is a traveler, indeed, who has "been there," and knows whereof he speaks. He has not sped through, and then in a languorous, "literary" sort of way sat down afterwards and written of his "castles in Spain," but he made the most of his outing. The book mart is flooded with very tame stories and so-called books of travel, but Jerome Hart presents a book that will give any reader a very clear and satisfactory insight into present-day Spanish ways. Its clever pictures of Spanish people and Spanish cities and institutions are not like the wishy-washy sketches that we are so generally used to gazing upon.

This is the book we've been half hoping for—we say half hoping for, because it seemed impossible that any observer would ever be so painstaking, as we find this author is, for the sake of the practical, every-day person. At the same time, let it be understood, Mr. Hart's style is that of one who, with the art lover, appreciates the heights and depths of art, and who, with the romanticist, finds the real beauty that distinguishes the romance of Spain from that of any other. We feel that we are in good hands, therefore, as we go out upon a cruise into old, old Spain, with a man of new, strong, wholesome, cheerful ideas of the land he visits, and who hesitates not to recount them thus.

After leaving "old" France and crossing the boundary into Spain, he observes of the ancient Spanish towns that they "resemble fungoid growths out of the rocks and the crags on which they cling. This may sound exaggerated, but it is not. The calcareous rocks are gaunt and gray, and out of them grow houses which are gray and gaunt. They seem old, wasted, wan." That is certainly a word

picture par excellence. There is a deeply veiled bit of wit in his remarks about Spanish roads: "They are ruts, trails, quagmires—not roads. Yet, bad as they are, they seem indescribably familiar to me. I seem to have seen roads very like them before, and very often I wonder where." (In America, probably.) Then follows, in the most pleasing conversational way, the story of an instructive procedure from city to city (all the prominent ones) in Spain.

The author discourses animatedly about the famous old towns and the folks that occupy them, putting such life into his theme from page to page that there is no laying the book aside. One feels that he is living in touch with a wideawake, breathing people, as he reads about their amusements, their everyday manners and life, their newspapers, their hotels, their bull-fights.

A very interesting and instructive chapter, too, is that which is almost wholly devoted to Madrid newspapers. After a *résumé* of the publications and their general contents, he says of the *Heraldo*, that, while it possesses modern perfecting web-presses of the latest type, "in the composing room I observed that the compositors all work at cases. Machine composition seems not yet to have reached Madrid. A striking detail was that the compositors were all clad in long blouses. This is significant. The blouse in Europe is a garment which distinctly sets off the working-man, the peasant, the laborer, from those above him. It is no wonder that the humble dress and demeanor of the Madrid printers should deeply impress an American newspaper man."

And so, we catch memorable glimpses of the cities in Andalusia, of Granada, and of Seville—all delightfully limned and painted in their true colors, the modern mingling very happily and gracefully with the old. The illustrations are all new ones, and there is a map of Spain and Portugal on the inside front cover.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.

# Opening Days

## Suits, Wraps High Art Millinery

Tuesday,  
Wednesday,  
Thursday,  
March  
Fifteen,  
Sixteen,  
Seventeen

Best of the  
fashion world's  
ideas, represent-  
ing the leading  
examples of the  
Spring and Sum-  
mer styles, as de-  
signed by the  
Paris and New  
York modistes.



The Emporium



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Rudyard Kipling's Obsession.

Sylvester, the mathematician, occupied that great brain of his during his later years with writing Latin verses, and was very pleased to find that he could do them "almost as well" as when he was a boy at Eton. But his friends were not so pleased. And neither now are even the warmest admirers of Rudyard Kipling (among whom I count myself) to find him "ploughing the sands" of futile parody in the columns of a London newspaper.

It might do for the first English poet (barring Swinburne) to turn his facile pen to parody if the parodies were surpassingly good. But they are not. Dr. Johnson objected to parody as "common and vulgar" because, he said, "it is so easy." Rudyard Kipling seems to find it difficult. His parodies, so far, are jejune academic; they smell of the lamp and whisper of the late laboring pen. Perfect in form, they yet lack lamentably the sparkling wit, the sly humor, that are the only excuse for parody's existence. Indeed, they are not half so good as Kipling's parodies of Swinburne and Khayyâm in the "Chorus of Crystallized Facts" and "Rupaiyat"—verses among his earliest. The one epithet that fitly describes them is "neat." It is not a flattering word. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that the creator of Bedalil Herodsfoot would live to write (and be damned for writing) anything "nice and neat" to the point of insipidity?

"The Muse Among the Motors" is what the poet calls this series, now running in the *Daily Mail*, which is to consist, I believe, of fourteen parodies (thirteen would have been a more appropriate number) of as many poets, among whom are Chaucer, Ben Jonson, John Donne, Byron, Wordsworth, W. H. Praed, Matthew Prior, and Robert Herrick. Each parody is no more than a couplet or two, and twists some friendly passage into a hit at motoring. Very unfortunately, every verse bears in bold black type the thrifty legend: "Copyright, 1904, by R. Kipling. U. S. A. All rights reserved," so quoters must be cautious. But considering the infirmity of the wit, perhaps a little will suffice. In illustration, Kipling, writing on "Juan Before J. P.'s," tells dully how the amorous hero was accused of fast autoing, and closes with the couplet—supposedly the sting of the stanza:

"The Dogberry (and the Waterbury) made  
In forty mile—five pounds. Which Juan paid."

That is certainly no miracle of wit, nor this, in imitation of Herrick:

"Here shall no graver case be said  
Than, though y'are quick that ye are dead,"

a play on words unworthy of the author of "Tomlinson." Parody at its best is parastical, but these hemipterous hexapods of Kipling seem hardly to draw enough nourishment from the veins of Poesy to keep them for long alive.

The strange thing about Rudyard Kipling's early decline in poetic vigor and power of invention—which this trifling with poor parody should seem to portend, though I hope for a rejuvenescence—is that for long he has nourished a haggard fear that "so and no otherwise" would be his fate. Almost has it been to him an obsession that some day, somehow, the power "to see things clear and see them whole" would pass from him; that his work would stand pitifully incomplete, mocking an early impotence. He who runs may read. Look, for example, at the last line of "The Galley Slave"—in which, under the metaphor of a galley, Kipling writes of his life in India. It runs:

"God be thanked—what e'er comes after, I have  
lived and toiled with men?"

Similarly in "L'Envoi" to "Life's Handicap," the figure is that of a structure—"that dread temple of Thy worth"—which the poet builds, fearing that never may the capstone be set.

"One stone the more swings to her place"  
he exults, but prays despairingly unto the "Great Overseer":

"Take not the vision from my ken  
Oh, what's the day spoil or speed?"

Significantly, in "The Children of the Zodiac," Kipling makes Cancer to end the singing of Leo, the poet, when Leo has moved the hearts of the children of men. "When the other has taken the earth by the shoulders, I shall take that other by the throat," says the Crab.

In several other of his short tales, the idea of a man's losing his grip on things is either the dominant theme or an under-thought. "The Story of the Gadshys" is the story of a man who, from facing the day's work boldly, comes pitifully at the end to shirk his work in the world.

But it is only in Kipling's last book of poems that his fear is frankly and unashamedly expressed. I say "his fear," for out of the fullness of the heart the month speaketh. An idea, so long held, so often expressed, is not accidental, but characteristic. We read in "The Old Men":

"This is our lot if we live so long and labor  
unto the end

That we outlive the impatient years and the  
much too patient friends!

And because we know we have breath in our  
mouth and think we have thought in our  
head,  
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we  
are really dead. . . .

"We shall peck out and dissect and dissect, and  
evert and extrude to our mind,  
The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive  
to God and mankind—  
(Precisely like virtues over an ox that the  
army has left behind). . . .

"The Lamp of our Youth shall be utterly out:  
but we shall subsist on the smell of it,  
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands  
and suck our gums and think well of it.  
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our  
work, and that is the perfectest Hell of it!"

Bitter words, these. With no calm, level  
glance of courage does the poet look unto the  
end. Rather, he shrinks and cowers before  
it. And when it is considered how often he  
has compared his work to palace or temple,  
the poem, "The Palace," likewise seems  
strangely meaningful—

"They said—'The end is forbidden.' They said  
—'Thy use is fulfilled,'"

Is the poet's "use fulfilled?" Is the end  
"forbidden?" It would, perhaps, be interest-  
ing to compare the attitude toward life of those  
poets who, like Browning, have "endured to  
the end," giving us (as did he) almost their  
best work last, and that of those who, like  
Poe and many others, found themselves at the  
last scurvily imitating the master-works of  
their youth. H. A. L.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A book on the Indians of the Yosemite  
Valley, by Galen Clark, one of the pioneers  
of that region, and the discoverer of the  
Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, is announced  
for publication early in March. Mr. Clark  
has lived in or near the Yosemite for over  
half a century, and his thorough acquaintance  
with the Indian tribes qualifies him to write  
with some authority on their curious customs  
and picturesque traditions. The book will  
contain an introduction and sketch of the  
author by the late W. W. Foote, a chapter on  
basketry and bead work, and some practical  
hints to Yosemite tourists. It will be elabo-  
rately illustrated from photographs, and from  
sketches by Chris Jorgensen, the Yosemite  
artist, and will be handsomely printed and  
bound. It will be published by the author.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay's novel, "The Stone  
of Destiny," was ordered into its second  
edition two days after the publication of the  
first.

The Baroness von Hutten, whose novel  
"Violet" was published, the other day, is  
a native of Pennsylvania, and the wife of a  
Bavarian nobleman, a lineal descendant of  
Ulrich von Hutten, of Reformation fame.

Eden Philpotts, author of "The American  
Prisoner," was born in India, but educated  
in England, and his first indication of artistic  
temperament came in the shape of a longing  
for a stage career. Failing in that, he became  
a clerk in an insurance office. Then he  
stepped into literature, and found his voca-  
tion.

A curious and painstaking person is review-  
ing the magazines of the past year intent  
upon resolving the question whether men or  
women write most short stories. The count  
for one magazine—*Harper's* for 1903—reveals  
the rather close figures of fifty-four short  
stories by masculine authors against fifty-six  
by women.

Charles G. Harper, who has rambled all  
through that corner of Kent made famous by  
the "Ingoldsby Legends," is publishing a book  
entitled "The Ingoldsby Country." It is il-  
lustrated with pen-drawings and photographic  
reproductions.

Bram Stoker, author of "The Jewel of  
Seven Stars," which was one of the books  
most in demand at a local library last week,  
is a native of Ireland, and was educated at  
Trinity College, Dublin. After his college  
days, he entered the Irish civil service, and  
at the same time worked as a literary, art,  
and dramatic critic for newspapers. He also  
edited an evening paper. Since 1878, when  
Sir Henry Irving assumed the management  
of the Lyceum Theatre in London, Mr. Stoker  
has been associated with the famous actor.

A subject that is causing considerable talk  
in Paris is the paper by Dr. Michaut, in a late  
number of *Clinique Générale de Chirurgie*,  
concerning Nietzsche. He pointedly raises  
the question as to which of the philosopher's  
works were written after he had become mad.  
Dr. Michaut inclines to the view that the  
famous theory of the "Over-man" is but  
one of the many instances of the delirium  
of greatness common to a certain period of  
paresis. "Thus spoke Zarathustra," he says  
should read: "Thus spoke a general  
paralytic!"

George Meredith is reported to be making  
excellent recovery. He now walks much bet-  
ter than during last summer, and hopes to re-  
turn to his own cottage, at Boxhill, in the  
spring.

Frederick S. Field, the son of Eugene Field,  
has prepared an edition, limited to five hun-  
dred numbered copies, of his father's "Love

Songs of Childhood." This is an exact fac-  
simile of the poems, with autographs and  
signatures of the children to whom they were  
dedicated, as the author wrote them out before  
his death in a blank book.

The Brazilian aeronaut Santos-Dumont's  
story of his life and his experiments with air-  
ships, announced for publication in New York,  
will appear, simultaneously with its American  
publication, in Paris and London.

The late Sir Leslie Stephen had finished  
his monograph on Hobbes, which will soon be  
published in the English Men of Letter  
Series.

Myra Kelly, author of some wonder-  
fully good stories of child life in the public  
schools of New York beyond the Bowery,  
which have appeared in the magazines, is  
about to begin an extended trip through  
South-Western United States, Mexico, and  
California.

Sarah Bernhardt, through her Paris agent,  
has promised the first installment of her me-  
moirs in a few weeks. The memoirs will be  
included in one volume, the American rights  
of which have been secured by D. Appleton  
& Co. It will be published in the autumn.

## LENTEN LYRICS.

## Lent.

Milady, in sackcloth and ashes,  
A bargain endeavors to drive,  
So gives forty days to Repentance—  
Reduction from three-sixty-five. —Life.

## Lenten Piety.

The Lenten girl is much in vogue;  
Her modest dress is seemly black;  
But, just to add a charm, the rogue  
Has pinned on violets—alack!  
Her downcast eyes fair lids disclose,  
Her shapely head inclines in prayer;  
Sweet Lenten girl! how well she knows  
I, too, am bowed in worship there!  
For when I heave a sigh by chance,  
As if remembering my sins,  
She casts on me a tender glance  
My penitential spirit wins;  
The oval of her cheek asserts  
A deeper rose—her fond lips curl,  
As with the sinner there she flirts,  
My dainty, darling, Lenten girl!  
—Town Topics.

## She's "Keeping Lent."

She's "keeping Lent"; she shuns the gay  
And lively functions of the day;  
She does not go with shoulders bare,  
Each night to charm at some affair;  
Her costly robes are hung away.  
Her high-heeled boots, oh, where are they?  
Unused beneath the bed they lay—  
We should say "lie," but who will care?—  
She's "keeping Lent."

The lights may gleam, the music play,  
But not for her! Content to stay  
At home, uncorseted, to wear  
Her hair in braids, she cuts out prayer,  
Because it wearies her to pray—  
She's "keeping Lent."

—S. E. Kiser in Ex.

The Far Eastern difficulty and the Russo-  
Japanese war have produced in Germany a  
novel called "Mrs. Izuna." It is by Karl  
Tanera, formerly an officer in the Bavarian  
army. In his book he makes a young German  
girl marry a Japanese who is studying at the  
Berlin University, and who promises his  
*fiancée* to treat her always as a European  
lady. The young bride starts out with the  
intention of reforming the status of Japanese  
women, but she finds herself in the long run  
unable to protect even her own position and  
dignity. Her husband returns to Japanese  
ideas and customs, and out of this conflict  
arises a situation whose poignancy may be  
conceived. Finally the wife commits suicide.

We consider other things  
than profit in our business.  
This is one of the reasons  
why we are always busy.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two  
hundred and seventy pages and Index. Six-  
teen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations  
and facsimiles in the text; colored map of  
Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side  
in two colors and gold. Bound in boards  
with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.  
Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by  
mail, \$1.68. Address

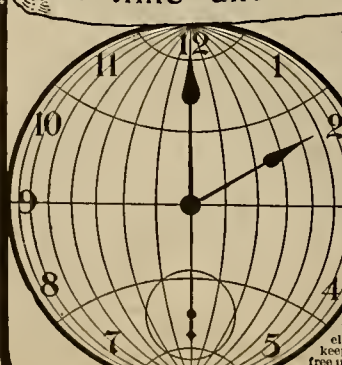
THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter St., S. F.

Listen to Reason and Get a  
**HARTSHORN**  
The only shade roller that is  
sure to last, to run even and to  
never spoil your shades. The  
genuine bears this signature,  
*Edward Hartshorn*

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York.  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.  
Publisher of "The Collector," a monthly magazine  
for autograph collectors. \$1 per year.

**HOT  
AND  
HANDY**  
**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.  
**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

Our whole terrestrial being is based  
on time and built of time. CARLYLE



**ELGIN**  
TIME  
is the world's  
time -  
**ELGIN watches**  
the world's  
timekeepers

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All Jew-  
elers have Elgin Watches and timekeepers and Time-  
keepers. An illustrated history of the watch, sent  
free upon request to  
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Curious Old Book.

Times have changed since Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his "elegant friend," Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, went on their "rambles and sprees" in London Town and set it all down in a book for the delectation of our great-grandfathers. Probably King Edward the Seventh would not be flattered, as was King George the Fourth, to have dedicated to him a book entitled "Life in London," describing with unpretentious freedom the pastimes of "fashionable young gentlemen" in the wee sma' hours. Yet the change between 1821 and 1904 is perhaps not so much in the direction of virtue as from bluntness to circumlocution. Ours, perchance, is only a verbal virtue; those were the good old days when a spade was called a spade—and no offense.

Pierce Egan, the author of "Life in London"—now reprinted with all of the two Cruikshanks' curious illustrations—was a famous sporting writer of the early years of the last century. This was his most famous work. It was tremendously popular. Plays were founded upon it, and pious folks, we may believe, strictly enjoined ingenuous youth to avoid its deliciously naughty pages—though, nowadays, he would indeed be an industrious young person who could be persuaded to labor through Egan's wordy humor—so called. For, as a matter of fact, the book is for the most part deadly dull, and its chief interest merely historical. No man knew his London better than Egan, and it is a veracious picture of manners and customs a hundred years ago that "Life in London" gives us.

One fact the book illustrates is that some slang words and phrases are singularly persistent. One would scarcely suspect "nutty" in the sense Stephen Crane used it—crazy, daft, cracked—was a veteran of a hundred years. Yet we read: "The girls are all nutty upon him," and turn the page to find "kids" used with the meaning "children" and to note that the "mug" of the watchman was all bloody after a fight. The sports of 1820 shouted "Damn the expense" in chorus with the sports of 1904, and "punisher" and "punishment," in the mouths of boxing-masters of the day, had the same significance as in the *Examiner's* accounts of prize-fights. We hear also of "lame ducks" of So-and-So's being "beat to a standstill," and—most surprising of all—of "Alexander's famous booze."

But despite these examples, most of the slang is unfamiliar. "Gammoning the draper" is a phrase that has rather passed out of use; in 1821, it meant going without a shirt, and buttoning your coat up close to the neck, with merely a handkerchief around it, to make an appearance of cleanliness—a custom that indigent gentlemen seem often to have practiced. "Sluicing the ivory" was the cant term for taking a drink; apartments were called "pannies"; a man with pockets full of money was "a well-breeched swell"; a stiff drink was "a flash of lightning"; drunk was "full of lush"; a knife was called "a chiv"; a glass of liquor was elegantly termed "a shove in the mouth"; being arrested was "lumbering"; while ladies of frail virtue were referred to as "persons of delicate constitution."

In one of the songs in the book, it is amusing to find catalogued among the "charming sights" of London Town "Fam'd gas lights"; but it is safe to say that a monkey-dog fight, listed further on, would—unlike the gaslights—be as much of a novelty now as then. Of this the reader is given full information, including the text of a poster, which runs:

An Italian Turn-Up. Surprising Novelty in the Sporting Circle. On Tuesday next, September 5, at Seven O'Clock in the Evening, a Special grand Combat will be decided at the Westminster Pit, for ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, Between that extraordinary and celebrated creature, the famed Italian Monkey, JACCO MACCACCIO, of Hoxton, third cousin to the renowned Theodore Magocco, of unrivaled fame, and a Dog of 20 lbs. weight, the property of a Nobleman, well known in the circle.

It is gratifying to learn that Jacco Maccaccio was the winner. "The dog," we read, "immediately got him down, and turned him up; but the monkey, in an instant, with his teeth, which met together like a saw, made a large wound in the throat of the dog, as if done with a knife." Whereat the dog naturally gave up the ghost. At this unique spectacle there was present quite as mixed a crowd as at a dog-fight of to-day. The author makes a list, which includes "flue-fakers, dustmen, lamp-lighters, stage coachmen, bakers, farmers, barristers, swells, butchers, dog-fanciers, grooms, donkey-boys, weavers, snobs, market-men, watermen, honorables, sprigs of nobility, M. P.'s, mail-guards, and swaddies"—indeed a motley crew.

A curious feature of "Life in London" are the "ads." Palpable puff of tailors, boxing-masters, actresses, coffee-houses, etc., next to "pure reading matter" are deftly introduced. "As a teacher of the Art of Self-Defence, Mr. Jackson has no competitor"—runs one of them. The merry masque, we find, was even then not so merry as reputed, despite the fact

that the refrain of the most popular song ran:

"Then all get drunk if you wish to be happy."

A "critic" is quoted as quaintly saying "that a Masquerade in England is one of the *dullest* species of amusement; and that though the room is full of *characters*, in point of fact, it really possesses no *character* at all for merit and talent; nay, is quite a *bore*."

It is not to be supposed that all of "Life in London" deals with low life. Some of the most interesting passages describe in detail Carlton Palace. Among the things found there, besides an "extremely grand" staircase and an equestrian portrait of King George the Second, which it was "impossible to pass without admiration," was a carpet all in one piece, more than an inch in thickness, weighing more than a ton. This excited the wonder of all the visitors.

The Cruikshanks' illustrations, while rather frank and somewhat gorged, are very interesting.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Edgerton Castle.
3. "Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.
4. "The People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
2. "American Prisoner," by Edey Phillips.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
4. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.
5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.
3. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Lord Wolseley.

## New Publications.

"Poets of the South," by F. V. N. Painter, A. M., D. D. American Book Company.

"In Old Alabama," by Annie Hobson. Numerous illustrations. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

"With the Birds of Maine," by Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10 net.

"Tennyson's Suppressed Poems," collected and edited by J. Thompson. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

"The Close of Day," by Frank H. Spearman. D. Appleton & Co.—a fairish novel dealing with Chicago life.

"Business Education and Accountancy," by Charles Waldo Haskins. Harper & Brothers; \$2.00—a good book by an expert.

"Parliamentary England: the Evolution of the Cabinet System," by Edward Jenks, M. A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Insurance: a Practical Exposition for the Student and Business Man," by T. W. Young, B. A., F. R. A. S. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

"The True History of the Civil War," by Guy Carleton Lee. Illustrations and maps. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.00 net.

"The Spirit of the Service," by Edith Elmer Wood. Illustrated by Rufus F. Zogbaum. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a bright story by one intimately acquainted with army and navy life.

"The Great Northwest and the Great Lake Region of North America," by Paul Fontaine. Longmans, Green & Co.—quite a sprightly narrative by an English sportsman and naturalist of journeyings in the United States.

"Backgrounds of Literature," by Hamilton Wright Mabie. The Outlook Company; \$2.00—delightful essays about Wordsworth, Emerson, Irving, Goethe, Blackmore, Whitman, and Scott, with special reference to their environment.

"The Modern Bank: a Description of its Functions and Methods, and a Brief Account of the Development and Present Systems of Banking," by Amos Kidder Fiske, A. M., associate editor of the *Journal of Commerce*. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"Memoirs of a Contemporary: Being Reminiscences by Ida Saint-Elme, Adventuress, of her Acquaintance with Certain Makers of French History, and of Her Opinions Concerning Them. From 1790 to

1815." Translated by Lionel Strachey. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.75 net—these memoirs are probably in large part spurious.

"Adventures of an Army Nurse in Two Wars. Edited from the Diary and Correspondence of Mary Phiney" (Baroness von Olnhäusen), by James Phiney Monroe. Frontispiece. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—the highly interesting record of an impulsive, vigorous noble woman's work in war time.

## Spencer's Autobiography.

Each of the two large volumes of the autobiography of Herbert Spencer, which are positively announced for publication April 1st, will contain six hundred and fifty pages. An American friend of the late philosopher, who has read the work in proof, says:

It is as broad and many-sided as human experience, and the marvel and charm of it is its simple, straightforward, and obvious truthfulness. It seems to me to exceed any of his former works in interest and practical value, and I have been a constant reader of his writings from their first publication in this country. Mr. Spencer's supreme loyalty to truth and his native frankness have made his account of his life very open and unreserved. Lest he might err in this direction he got the advice of confidential friends. After reading it and approving it entirely, Huxley remarked that it reminded him of the "Confessions" of Rousseau, without any of the objectionable features of that work. Mr. Spencer knew intimately some of the leading people of his time, and where the interest warranted it he has given his impressions of them. There are several pages of absorbing interest concerning George Eliot. . . . The chapters upon Huxley and Tyndall will be read with deep interest. His analysis of their qualities is a fine example of that kind of work. Mr. Spencer was never married, but he had various experiences connected with the subject of marriage. He relates some of these with the same delicious candor that pervades the entire history.

In a new and unpublished "Group of Hawthorne Letters," Hawthorne, then in England, sends to Ticknor, his and Longfellow's Boston publisher, this parody of "Hiawatha," which, however, as he was careful to explain, expressed not his own views, but the views of a correspondent:

"Hiawatha! Hiawatha! sweet, trochaic milk and water!  
Milk and water—Mississippi! flowing o'er a bed of sugar!

Through three hundred Ticknor pages, with a murmur and a ripple;  
Flowing, flowing, overflowing—dam the river!  
Damn the poet!"

Andrew Lang says: "I am beginning to believe that there is something in the theory of my multiplicity, or that, at least, I have several doubles. Writers in prose and verse hearing my baptismal name and surname are thick upon the ground. A lady signing herself 'Your loving little friend Louie'—has written to remind me of the dear old days when she and I wandered on summer eves in the sylvan shades of Hyde Park, while I recited my own poems. The passages quoted are certainly not from my humble pen, so it must be one of the other Andrews who plays the idyllic shepherd in Hyde Park."

A special thin paper edition of "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary" has just been issued. This handsome dictionary is the first attempt to use the expensive Bible paper in a book of reference. The result has been a surprising reduction in size to less than one-half the bulk of the regular edition, although all the matter of the regular book is retained. While containing 1,116 pages with 1,400 illustrations, the thickness has been reduced to less than an inch and a half, and the weight to two and a half pounds.

The author of "Rock of Ages"—Augustus Montagu Toplady—died in August, 1778, but not until a fortnight ago was a memorial placed in the parish church of Fareham, where he was born.

**POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**



The renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this century.

**THE TWO-SPEED GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE.**

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.  
"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Tribune" "Crawford"

Western Department, Chicago, Ill.  
"Crescent" "Rambler" "Monarch" "Imperial"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one. Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York  
For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

## GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

## ARTIFICIAL STONE

Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

## Educational.



Oregon. Portland.

## St. Helen's Hall

Home school for Girls. Ideal location. Expert teaching in all departments. Outdoor exercise. Illustrated book of information sent on application.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS  
Principal.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.



## BUSINESS COLLEGE,

24 Post St. S. F.

Send for Circular.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympathetic tone*, in the possession of which it stands alone.

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.





"The Silver Slipper" is no "Florodora" success, in spite of being fathered and god-fathered by the august originators of that most popular piece. There is such a variety of good things in "Florodora" and, in the first presentation of it in this city, such a number of attractive and distinctively clever people took part, that it holds its undisturbed niche in the memory, in spite of the myriads of singing comedies that since have tried to dislodge it. "The Silver Slipper" belongs to these myriads; it is all of a piece, with its patchwork of sentimental ditties, its lively dances, its silver-spangled girls, and brocaded chorus-men, and its two comedians, who are respectively funny in the comparative and superlative degree.

The music altogether fails to rise to the positive merit of that in "Florodora," but has its proportion of pleasing jingles, which, however, are so indifferently sung as to awaken very calmly expressed sentiments of appreciation from the audience, in spite of its having been a good-sized one.

"Tessie," as the song which has had the greatest vogue, was looked forward to with the keenest interest. Alfred Kappeler, to whose share the pleasant duty of singing it falls, is a nice young man with a nice pair of blue eyes and a nice little parlor tenor. On the stage, however, his voice seems to emerge with a sense of effort. The young man croons his little ditties about girls that he loves, and blue eyes and kindred subjects so quietly, almost drowsily, in fact, that his audience is prone to fall into a state of sentimental somnolence.

Nor is there a voice in the company big enough to make us dive alertly for our programmes and look up names.

Little Ann Tyrell has a voice as tiny as her feet. She is pretty, or almost pretty, with a figure that is daintily modeled, but she has not the physiognomy for the thistle-down lightness of a "Silver Slipper" rôle. Louise Moore as Venus, the celestial stray from the planet, has scarcely a quality sufficiently positive to hang an adjective on. She is one of the slim-waisted, white-throated, yellow-haired, ephemera that flutter through their little hour in the calcium glow that lights up a musical comedy landscape.

Alice Lessing, who plays the niece of the astronomer, is positive in beauty and negative in all other things, save that she has a gift for pretty speech.

There remains Laura Clement, apt in burlesque, and a great feature in the auction scene, and Maud Seddon, who, as the French modiste, is provocatively pretty in looks, and sufficiently deft in carrying off her little scene with Henschels, the "all-round faker."

Samuel Collins impersonates this gentleman of varied and vagrant talents, and carries on his active shoulders, or perhaps it would be truer to say legs, almost the whole burden of the comedianizing of the piece.

It is perhaps scarcely correct to say that legs carry other burdens than the body they support, but the microscopic Mr. Collins does not suggest carrying anything. It is apparently the simplest matter in the world for him to elevate himself into space and kick therefrom with ease and activity, entirely disregarding the laws of gravity. Such, at least, is the impression we gain from the rapidity with which Henry Bismark Henschels covers ground without walking. The agile Collins has a German comedy accent among his other assorted specialties, but it lacks the unctious and native flavor of the real article. This gives no sense of loss, however. The German comedian is getting to be as common as the cake-walk of blighting memory. He is amusing enough when not served up too frequently, but like every other popular speciality in this land of fads, they are running him to death. So Mr. Collins's lack of detail in this particular awakened no critical feeling in his audience, who found the monkeyish little man's facial acrobats quite as funny as his bodily ones, and who felt that his clowning was as spontaneous in mood as in action.

It seemed to be Donald Brines's special task to keep the comedian revolving like an irregularly constructed windmill, or tossing about like a rag doll in disgrace, and the tall, slim youth seemed to have quite a lot of muscle tucked away under the military splendors of his sashed and braided uniform. Donald, who, by the way, is a comely youth, looks like a "mother's boy." He seems scarcely grown up; perhaps on account of his small, neatly turned features. Neither has his youthful baritone learned as yet to make noise in the world.

Certainly they do not deal in personalities in the company, and the "Champagne Dance" is needed to cause some sensation in the rather languidly responded appreciation testified by the audience.

The Champagne Dance has for its chief performers six girls, who are extraordinarily good dancers and elastic kickers, and who, after having given in advance several lively specimens of their ability, take away the breath of the audience by the rapidity and dash of their manœuvres in the Champagne Dance. They are appareled rather strikingly in costumes of three-quarter length, black in color, but almost covered with iridescent trimmings. Thus arrayed, they whirl dizzily on the stage, and, carrying on the dance the while, they go through a swift pantomime of ordering champagne, during which half a dozen white-aproned waiters and as many small tables appear and serve as unresisting targets for the kicks and back flaps of the revolving six, and as centres for a series of dancing dervishes gone mad; and finally the waiters only this time—not the tables—are partners sandwiched in between a tempest of whirling petticoats, until the dashing display of rotating beauty has disappeared from the stage in a series of lightning pirouettes.

The final scene consists of a grand wind-up, in which all hands appear in ball-costume, the men as well as the girls looking models of correctness and style. They make a point, I notice, of securing gentlemanly looking young fellows for these light-opera choruses, and two or three attractive-looking youths distributed along a row of masculine mediocrity amount to a wonderful leavening of the mass. It really seems as if any number of fine young men look to enlarging their experience of life by taking up chorusing as a temporary occupation while they are in their early 'twenties. It would be interesting to know how many sober young bookkeepers and serious-minded salesmen have seen a little of the world as chorus-men before they settled down to the prose and matterfactness of business. As for the chorus-girls, they have plenty of legitimate opportunities to experience the sensation of being gowned as perfectly and almost, if not quite, as expensively as heiresses in these up-to-date productions, in which good style and costliness of modern apparel in the chorus is now recognized as being a powerful magnet for drawing female audiences.

May heaven forgive me for treason against my fellow-humans—but how the dumb brutes on the Orpheum circuit do outshine the men. There is Loki, Nirvana's trained horse, a clean-limbed, daintily built animal, with the delicately smooth outlines that in young blooded stock precedes the growth of strength and muscle. Loki is gentle, graceful, and beautiful. He wears neither false hair, a painted nose, grotesque habiliments, nor a stage smirk. He does not offend the ear with raucous vocalism, nor the taste with century-old jokes of questionable flavor. He has neither self-consciousness, nor tricks of self-advertisement. All he asks is to do his little stunt gently, humbly, modestly, perfectly. He scarcely wastes a glance upon the noisy audience, but seems to half-veil his eyes as if he did not wish his absorption in his task to be interfered with by extraneous influences. Loki, unlike the monkeys, dogs, and cats, and other trained beasts, gives no outward evidence of rebellion at his task, but assumes with apparent willingness the statuesque poses necessary in the tableaux of which he forms a chief and most graceful factor.

Nirvana, his mistress, has no especially striking qualities, but is merely a female figure representing Joan of Arc clad in armor, Mazeppa clad in nothing in particular, Empress Theresa clad in her equestrienne costume, and Felix Weichert's model clad in a costume which seems to have no especial significance. The most successful tableau is that of Joan of Arc, and, indeed, all of those which are modeled upon famous pictures are much more effectively posed than those labeled "own idea of fantasy." The one which represents Mazeppa's deathfall is confused in suggestion, and the composition decidedly faulty.

Any turn in vaudeville, however, which makes an æsthetic appeal, is as welcome as the flowers of May, and Nirvana and Loki, or rather Loki and Nirvana, have easily been

the most notable feature of the programme ever since they have formed a part of it. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Mansfield's New Play.

There is hardly a qualifying note in the praise given Richard Mansfield in his new play, "Ivan the Terrible," produced in New York on March 1st. Some of the critics pronounce it absolutely the best thing he has ever done, while other consider his Richard the Third better. Ivan, the tyrant, who ruled Russia from 1533 to 1584, was not a particularly likeable character. The play, which was written by Count Alexis Tolstoy, son of the philosopher, gives incidents of Ivan's career. In some measure the play creates sympathy for Ivan, and is described as a very powerful drama, although with some serious faults. The *Tribune*, in reviewing the play (speaking of Ivan's last moments), says: "He begins to sink. His enemy confronts him, calmly revealing, by facial expression, the clear design of triumphant hostility. The pangs of death are upon him. His rage is vain. Beneath the basilisk gaze of the traitor who has ruined and vanquished him, he totters and falls; and, in this dreadful moment, instead of priestly ministrants bringing the consolations of religion, a motley crew of ribald jesters dance round him, and he dies in infamy and horror. Mr. Mansfield's acting, throughout this ordeal of agony, was marked by such power and pathos as seldom have been revealed. It is a performance of extraordinary tragic value, and it is set in a framework of singular, almost barbaric splendor." Miss Ida Conquest, who has a leading part in the play, receives mixed notices, giving neither lavish praise nor blame.

The building on the east side of Montgomery Street, adjoining the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, will be torn down next month to make room for the Security Savings Bank's new building. It will be a handsome two-story structure, with a basement for its vaults. The exterior will be of white marble, and the interior of colored marble. Fifty thousand dollars is the estimated cost.

**LYRIC HALL** 119 Eddy Street, above Mason

### THE MINETTI STRING QUARTET

Eighth season in San Francisco,

—AND—  
**MISS FRANCES ROCK, Pianiste**

—WILL GIVE—  
**Three Chamber Music Concerts.**

First concert, **FRIDAY AFTERNOON, March 25th,**  
At 3 o'clock.

Second concert, Friday afternoon, April 8th, at 3 o'clock. Third concert, Friday afternoon, April 22d, at 3 o'clock.

Subscription for the three concerts, including a reserved seat, \$2.50; single ticket, \$1.00; admission, 50c.

## •LYRIC HALL•

Direction—Will Greenbaum.

**KATE JANISCH'S**  
Chats on New Zealand

Illustrated with Colored Views and Motion Pictures. One of the most beautiful countries in the world.

MONDAY Night, March 14th—The West Coast.  
WEDNESDAY Night, March 16th—The East Coast.  
And repeated Friday afternoon and night, March 18th. Reserved Seats, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

**Mrs. Raymond Brown**

The Eminent Pianiste and Lectures

**Four Talks on Richard Wagner's**  
**Musical Dramas**

(At the Piano)

TUESDAY Night, March 22d—"The Ring of the Niebelungen."  
THURSDAY Night, March 24th—"Tristan and Isolde."

FRIDAY Night, March 25th—"Die Meistersinger."  
SATURDAY Afternoon, March 26th—"Parsifal."  
Course Tickets, \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.50, at Lyric Hall, Monday morning. Single Tickets, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Saturday, March 19th. Third Kopta Pop next Sunday afternoon at 3.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
—AT—  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinée every Saturday. Beginning Monday, March 14th, last week and unqualified success of

**THE GYPSY BARON**  
A romantic opera in three acts, by Johann Strauss. First appearance in English of Sig. Domenico Russo.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

March 21st—Mr. Pickwick.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, **matinée** Saturday only, John C. Fischer's stupendous musical comedy production,

**THE SILVER SLIPPER**

By the authors of "Florodora." With Samuel Collins. The famous "Champagne Dance."

Monday, March 21st—Mary Mannering in **Harriet's Honeymoon.**

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. Commencing Monday, March 14th, first dramatic representation of Wagner's mythical music play, based upon legends of the Holy Grail,

**—PARSIFAL—**

The Wagner music, arranged by Manuel Klein, for enlarged orchestra. No one seated after 8 p. m.

"Parsifal" prices—Evenings, 25c to \$1.00. Matinees, 25c to 75c.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, March 14th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the greatest of Irish dramas,

**SHAMUS O'BRIEN**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Week of March 21st—**King of Detectives.**

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, March 13th. Enchanting vaudeville! Emmet Corrigan Company; the "Nichols Sisters"; Loney Haskell; Postinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintet; Ferguson and Mack; Gillo's Artiste; Lowe-Hughes Duo; Orpheum motion pictures; and the Barrows-Lancaster Company, including Miss Clara Thropp, in "A Chip of the Old Block."

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Fischer's THEATRE

A complete and emphatic success,

**THE ROUNDERS**

The great New York Casino musical comedy. Superior to all past productions. Gorgeously staged.

Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction—Will Greenbaum

### HAROLD BAUER'S FAREWELL CONCERTS

Next TUESDAY Night, March 15th—Bach's Italian Concerto, Schumann's "Fantasie," Chopin Numbers, Brahms's Rhapsodie, etc.

WEDNESDAY "Request" Matinée at 3:20—Schumann's Carnival, Chopin's B-flat Minor Sonata, Bach's Toccata in D, "The Ride of the Valkyries."

Popular Prices—Evening, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Matinée, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Box Office, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Richard Strauss Piano Quartet at Kopta Pop, Sunday afternoon.

## RACING

New California Jockey Club  
**OAKLAND TRACK**

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**  
Races start at 2:15 p. m., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately alter the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

## SHREVE & COMPANY

STATIONERY. The advantages of a complete equipment in the work-rooms of Shreve & Co.'s Stationery Department are available for the prompt and intelligent execution of orders for Wedding Stationery, Visiting and Reception Cards, and the Stamping of Correspondence Papers.  
**POST AND MARKET STREETS**



STAGE GOSSIP.

"Parsifal" at the Alcazar.

The production of Fitzgerald Murphy's dramatization of Wagner's "Parsifal" at the Alcazar, beginning Monday night, is to be an important theatrical event. Wagner's music has been condensed for an orchestra of twenty, and choruses of women's and boys' voices will be introduced. S. Homer Henley will have charge of the vocal music, and E. B. Lada will lead the orchestra. The three most impressive incidents in the play are the ceremonial of the supper in the temple, the temptation of Parsifal in the garden of roses, transformed by magic to a blasted waste, and the Good Friday scene, where the repentant Kundry bathes the feet of Parsifal, and both are baptized. To preserve the atmosphere of this solemn festival play, no one will be seated, after the fanfare of trumpets in the foyer at 8 p. m., until the close of the overture—played in utter darkness—and the first act.

Mary Mannering Coming.

The last performance of "The Silver Slipper" will be given at the Columbia on Sunday night, March 20th. This comedy has pleased the public, especially the "Champagne Dance." The girls who do this giddy whirl were brought from England especially for "The Silver Slipper." The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be charming Mary Mannering and a star cast in the production of "Harriet's Honeymoon," a comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Miss Mannering's engagement begins on Monday, March 21st. Arthur Byron, Thomas A. Wise, David Proctor, Henry Kolker, Louis Massen, and Kate Lester are among the star's supporting company. Seats for Miss Mannering's engagement will be ready Thursday.

For Another Week.

"The Gypsy Baron," at the Tivoli Opera House, continues for another week. The choruses and ensembles are excellent, the costumes beautiful, the scenic arrangements are adequate, and the cast is good from beginning to end. In the meantime, careful rehearsals are going on for "Mr. Pickwick," which goes on March 21st. In this musical comedy Dora de Fillippe, a soprano from Paris, will make her first appearance in this city, as will also George Chapman, an eminent young baritone, who created Mr. Winkle in the original production. The clever young comedian, Forrest Seabury, has been especially engaged to play Joe, the fat boy.

Beautiful Stage Pictures.

"The Rounders," the new musical comedy at Fischer's Theatre, is distinguished by some excellent stage effects, especial attention having been paid not only to costuming the chorus, but to perfecting them in their various marches and drills. The whole piece, which is bright, witty, and tuneful, is elaborately mounted. The new comedians, Carroll and Kennedy, have met with public approval. Miss Russell receives many encores for her rendition of the grand aria from "Mignon."

German Performance.

It is announced that the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble is to make its appearance at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, April 3d, in an entirely new comedy, entitled "Das Opferlamm" ("The Scapegoat"). The piece is quite farcical, and is from the pen of Oscar Walther and Leo Stein. The cast will include all the players who appeared here in the successful productions of "Im Weissen Roessl" and "Als ich Wiederkam." The cast of the coming production will be an especially well fitted one.

Irish Drama.

At the Central Theatre "Rip Van Winkle" will be followed on Monday night by "Shamus O'Brien," peculiarly appropriate for St. Patrick's week. The public is familiar with this favorite Irish drama, which depicts the escape from hanging of Shamus O'Brien, who jumped from the gallows at the last moment, and, eluding the soldiers, came to America. There are some beautiful representations of Irish scenery in the play, and many powerful climaxes.

Homer Davenport's Last Appearance.

Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist, will deliver his last "talk," with accompaniment of rapid sketching, on the "Power of a Cartoon" at Lyric Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. Davenport is a clever and humorous speaker. This class of entertainment is very rare.

Monologue, Comedy, Mystery.

Emmett Corrigan, the actor who starred in this city last season, will appear, with competent support, at the Orpheum this coming week. The medium for his introduction to vaudeville is a one-act playlet, entitled "Jockey Jones; or, the Day of the Handicap." The Nichols Sisters, two good-looking young women, who depict the mannerisms

and dialect of the negro girl of the plantations, will offer a distinct novelty. Loney Haskell, known as "that rascal," will present his character monologue. The Barrows-Lancaster company, including Miss Clara Thropp, will present a new sketch by Edmund Day, entitled "A Chip of the Old Block." Poettinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintet will change their selections, and Gillo's Artesto will continue. Ferguson and Mack, the famous eccentric comedians, the Lowe-Hughes duo of singers and instrumentalists, and the Orpheum motion pictures, will complete a capital programme.

A soldier of the Thirteenth Regiment, U. S. A., was found floating, drunk and asleep, in the waters of the bay off Fisherman's Wharf Tuesday night. It is thought that he dropped from the wharf while asleep, and that the plunge was not sufficient to awaken him. The boatman who found him supposed he had found a corpse until he saw one of the soldier's arms move. After being rescued he slept on a sheltered part of the wharf for an hour, then walked away.

An endless chain for the securing of millions of names that will form a petition asking Congress for legislation forbidding the sale of cigarettes to minors was started, some time ago, by Westchester County, Penn., women. The chain is being formed of postal-cards. Each writer who receives one is asked to send four similar ones to friends, all being finally forwarded to the A. L. Moral Society of Philadelphia. Many San Francisco women have been asked to join the movement.

Robert Taber, the actor, divorced husband of Julia Marlowe, died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Tuesday. Taber and Miss Marlowe, who were married in 1894, started together for two seasons. He played Macduff with great success in Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Campbell's elaborate revival of "Macbeth," and made a great hit under Sir Henry Irving in "Peter the Great." Taber secured a divorce from Miss Marlowe in 1899, and afterward managed a London theatre.

Richard F. Outcault, the cartoonist, has been fined one hundred dollars for imitating United States currency in a *Herald* cartoon. The same cartoon was printed in twenty different publications, and the secret-service men say they will collect a one-hundred-dollar fine in each case. Outcault thinks he should have a share of it.

The Munich Authors' and Journalists' Society, after discussing the New York production of "Parsifal," declared that the American treatment of German literary works was unworthy of a civilized nation, and adopted resolutions calling on the German Government for protection.

The Bell stakes, the fourth race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) promises to be a good event. With \$60 to start, \$10 forfeit, and \$2,000 added, the purse will be worth while. The race is for two-year-olds (now yearlings). There are to be several other good contests.

On account of a press dispatch giving Minnie Maddern Fiske's age as fifty, Mrs. Fiske says that she wishes it distinctly understood that she is thirty-eight years old—and that that is hard enough to bear.

Mr. Henry Heyman, who has been seriously ill from blood poisoning, is now entirely out of danger.

1,500 Rolls of Carpets Arrived in San Francisco.

Last week 1,500 rolls of latest patterns of carpets arrived at Pattosien's, corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets. The carpet order could not be canceled, so the goods will therefore be sold out at a saving of from 10 cents to 40 cents per yard.

Illustrated Lectures on New Zealand.

On Monday evening, March 14th, the first of the lectures on New Zealand by Kate Janisch will be given at Lyric Hall. Lantern views and moving pictures of the Geysers and Falls of the Thermal Region will be shown. The lecture on Monday evening will be devoted to the East Coast and Thermal Region. On Wednesday evening the West Coast will be the subject, and the Thermal Region will be repeated. On Friday afternoon and evening the lectures will be repeated. Box-office now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and reserved seats may be secured for \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents.

Thomas J. Maguire, the New York theatrical manager, has had his tongue cut out on account of a cancer caused by excessive smoking. He consumed from twenty-five to thirty strong cigars a day. Maguire is a Californian, a son of James Maguire, and nephew of Thomas Maguire, famous here in early days as a theatrical manager.

A Redding dispatch of March 9th says: "Investigation to-day developed the fact that the badly mangled remains found this morning on the railway near Lamoine were those of S. Plunkett, piano player by trade."

Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

OWNER WILL BUILD TO SUIT TENANT.

ADDRESS  
MADISON & BURKE  
30 Montgomery Street

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid-In Capital.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN

Secretary and General Manager.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
Safe Deposit Building. SAN FRANCISCO.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS — President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,123.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
W. R. WATSON.....Cashier  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Boqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffmann, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, O.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

4 1/2 per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4 1/2 per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President. W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President. Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager. Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.



## VANITY FAIR.

The "combinations" of the great state dinners at the White House, of which the recent diplomatic dinner was the most distinguished, are worked in this wise: Each male guest, upon his arrival at the eastern entrance, in the bowels of the earth, is presented by Colonel Symons, the master of ceremonies, with an infinitesimal envelope, containing, on an infinitesimal card, the name of the female victim he is to conduct in to dinner. Colonel Symons performs all the necessary introductions in the East Room where the guests assemble, before the appearance of the President and his wife. He also presents each person with a diagram of the dining table, with his or her allotted place accurately indicated. This obviates all scrambling and confusion in the search for one's own name at the table. "Hail to the Chief" from the Marine Band in the lobby means that the wrought-iron gates across the marble stairway are flung wide open, and that the President and his wife, followed by others of the executive household, are tripping it lightly down the steps to the red corridor below. After greetings in the East Room and a word or two of chat, the ceremonious procession in to dinner begins. The President leads the way. On his arm, very likely, is the saucy little Marguerite Cassini, aged twenty-four, the niece of the dean of the diplomatic corps. That this frivolous little slip of a creature should be the ranking lady of the foreign coterie is said to be a bitter pill to the older and more imposing women of the corps. Following is Mrs. Roosevelt, with the ranking ambassador. In former administrations the wife of the President brought up the rear of the line. At state dinners there are seldom enough women to go around, and many of the men dine ladyless, pairing off with each other, as per schedule. The service of these affairs is wonderfully well oiled and efficient. It is interesting to remark that each guest's plate is removed as soon as he has finished, irrespective of the others, though the courses are served simultaneously. At the close the President's rising is a signal for the return to the East Room, where the gentlemen punctiliously excuse themselves to the ladies and adjourn to cigars and masculine coziness in the crimson smoking-room. The deserted women are consoled with coffee and crème de menthe.

A recent London dispatch conveys the information that "Queen Alexandra has knocked the bottom clean out of bridge playing among distinguished social gatherings." "There have been so many card scandals in even the most exclusive set of late," the dispatch continues, "that her majesty now refuses to countenance gambling among women at any place she is visiting, and she especially stipulates that bridge must not be included in the programme, even for men, if high stakes are likely to follow the excitement of the game. Many great ladies are supporting her majesty in her campaign, notably the Duchess of Marlborough, who, next to the Duchess of Devonshire, is about the smartest player in the high society set. The success of the gathering which is assembled at the Duke of Devonshire's seat at Chatsworth this week is due to the absence of bridge playing from the programme. The queen said she would not go there, neither would many of the ladies who sympathize with her views, if bridge were to be indiscriminately played. The turn that things have taken is most disappointing to the Duchess of Devonshire, who is a devotee of bridge. Even among the queen's friends in the Jewish community—the Rothschilds and Sassoons—in which the gambling spirit is so strong, she will not tolerate any sort of card playing for high stakes, and it is an open secret in society circles that her popularity among certain sections is suffering in consequence of her determined hostility to all forms of indiscriminate gambling. Princess Victoria is, like her mother, a determined opponent of gambling. Both are, however, expert whist players, but only for the purposes of pastime."

The reason why "men do not marry" is singularly attributed by Professor Jaeger to the excessive use of perfume, which, he declares, most men dislike. Perfumes not only greatly affect the olfactory organs, but the entire nervous system as well, to which they act in some cases as a strong stimulant. In the extra sensitive, however, they are often prejudicial, and a bad headache is frequently a result. Dr. Jaeger informs us that as long ago as the eighteenth century it was discovered that the scent of musk had been known to have dire effects, being particularly disliked by men, and that, coming from one beloved, it had even been proved to change affection into aversion. He quotes a case in which two passionate lovers had actually been eternally separated as a consequence of a little musk on the lady's handkerchief. Another case cited is that of a young German couple, who loved one another in that rapturous style which makes "the honeymoon" and how not to conduct it "an object-lesson for all Europe. Suddenly the absorbing devotion of Carl for his Dorothea cooled (and before even pessimists would allow the

possibility) changed to indifference and ended in evident repulsion. Neither could understand the cause. Carl would gaze at Dorothea, and wonder why her flaxen hair no longer looked to him gold, why her pale blue eyes no longer seemed to resemble violets, while Dorothea wept her pretty eyes out, and tried with various feminine arts to win back the errant fancy of her lord and master. At last accident revealed the trouble. Going, one day, to a wardrobe in which his wife kept musk, the sensitive bridegroom fainted away. A doctor was called, and it was then found that Dorothea had been using perfume in which musk predominated, and that this was also largely used in the face-powder. Toilet accessories were given up, and Carl and Dorothea were once more the loving couple of old, according to Dr. Jaeger. The reason given by him for the peculiar dislike most men have to musk is that only vegetable scents, such as rose, violet, lily, etc., are agreeable to the masculine mind; while others, such as ambergris, civet, castor, known as animal perfumes, are particularly repugnant.

Mrs. Roosevelt has started a collection of china, intended to include at least one piece from every china-set used by every President of the United States from Washington down. Two cabinets have been filled and appropriately labeled, with specimens of the china of each administration from Lincoln down. It is believed that some of the owners of White House china used before the Civil War will give a few pieces to the collection being made by Mrs. Roosevelt, which is in the nature of a national collection, although not so called.

Bones are fashionable in Paris. The smart figure is as near a skeleton as it is possible to make it, and to be modish the gown must simply hang over it in hag-like fashion. Nice broad shoulders are regarded with favor, but flesh is considered undesirable. The consequence is that most women are banting. The woman inclined to *embonpoint* has always been apt to pride herself on her appearance when *décolleté*, but under the present fashions plump shoulders are not a necessity. Except for formal occasions, the high, unlined guimpe, so generally becoming, is worn. The fashion of wearing a hat with low-cut gown at theatres or restaurant dinners makes the low bodice much less trying. Then so many pretty scarfs are worn that the shoulders may be becomingly draped, even when the dress is conventionally low. The gaunt look that women's faces wear just now is not alone due to persistent banting; the present irregular coiffure is in a measure responsible for their appearance. This coiffure shows the hair drawn up close and high behind, in what used to be called a French twist. Combs put in horizontally seem to have disappeared, and a single broad, curved comb is worn stuck in one side of the twist. If necessary, a small jeweled pin may hold the short hairs of the nape of the neck. The hair begins to puff a little in front of the ears and comes out over the forehead in an exaggerated puff. This puff may be broken or drawn up on one side to suit the face. Indeed, the day of the regular coiffure has passed. What is understood now as a low coiffure shows the same idea over the face, but in place of the twist is a descent of braids or irregular puffs.

Nearly five and a half million females of ten years of age and over were in gainful occupations in the United States in 1900, and of the total, 3,373 were ministers of religion, 11,021 artists and teachers of art, 1,010 lawyers, 2,193 journalists, 7,387 physicians and surgeons, 74,153 bookkeepers and accountants, 34,345 merchants and dealers, 1,271 officials of banks and companies, 86,118 stenographers and typewriters, and 22,556 telegraphers and telephone operators. Out of the long list of "gainful occupations" in the census, there were not half a dozen in which women were not engaged.

"The custom of taking wedding tours is a remnant of the ancient times, when men got their wives by capture," said Professor A. H. Wilde, of Northwestern University, to a class in Roman history recently. "As soon as a man captured the woman he wanted to marry," continued the professor, "the young couple ran away to avoid the wrath of the bride's relatives. Men don't get their wives by capture now, but the custom of taking wedding tours still survives, a reminder of the ancient times." The professor was led to make these remarks while discussing the legend of the capture of the Sabine women.

The New York Medical Journal declares that "there is nothing that so develops the beauty of women as horseback riding. It not only develops beauty of form and complexion, but maintains it. Aside from the beauty of face and form which attracts, equestrianism develops a beauty of character which makes friends and an ability to hold them. It is universally admitted that American women are the most beautiful. And the most beautiful American women are the equestrians. Who has not seen or heard of the sweet Kentucky belle, with her Venus-like figure, bright, laughing eyes, a beautiful

complexion that would put the damask rose to shame—a pose, a grace, artistic lines, that are beyond the poet to describe or the artist to reproduce? This beauty of face, form, and character is the inherited and acquired result of equestrianism."

## New Spring Styles in Men's Dress.

The tempting displays of the new effects in light-colored tweeds, vicunas, and homespun in the windows of the fashionable tailors again proclaim the arrival of spring. According to *Vogue*, however, solid colors and some of the staples, like blue serge, also bid fair to be as much in demand as in the past two years. For, as "How" points out, "it is well to make a point of always having at least one sack suit of plain black or dark blue cloth, for there are many occasions when one needs no more formal attire than a lounge suit." The new spring sack coat is distinguished by its straight front, and is cut after a smart English model. The shoulders are full and broad, and the bottom sets close in order to give a narrow effect around the hips, there being some little spring at the waist but no flare below. Collar and lapels are broad and heavy; side pockets are covered by flaps cut square to follow the lines of the front; outside breast pocket; four buttons in front and four on the sleeves; either a single vent in the middle back or vents in the wide seams. Waistcoats will be made with lapels and with a bottom edge cut to form a single point or V when buttoned; the opening at the neck will be fairly low. In trousers there is little or no change. Fashion requires a good deal of fullness of material over the hips and that the lines from top to bottom be straight. The most typical of the new effects is the display of Jacobi Brothers, 413 Montgomery Street, one of our fashionable tailoring firms. They show special makes that come from Oban's and Blarney's, the most alluring being some worsted chevrons and Shetland homespun in dainty shades of plain gray, tan, and brown, and some relieved by just the faintest suggestion of green, red, and purple plaids. In the hands of a stylish tailor, they ought to work up into tasteful spring suits. Natty English walking coats, a cutaway with flaps; the new designs of Norfolk jackets and riding togs, in frock or sack coat, with breeches to match and fancy waistcoat, are among the correct clothes for the summer.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 9, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed	
				Bid.	Asked
Cal. Central G. E.					
M.....	5,000	@ 93	.....	90	
Los An. Ry 6%.....	5,000	@ 113	112 3/4	113 1/4	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	11,000	@ 115	115		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 105 1/2	105 1/2		
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 99 3/4	.....	100	
Sierra Ry. of Cal., 6%.....	3,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/2		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906.....	2,000	@ 107	106 1/2	107	
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	2,000	@ 134	134		
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/2	104	104 1/2	
STOCKS.					
Water, Spring Val. W. Co.	230	@ 39- 40	39	40	
Banks.					
Cal. S. D. T.....	10	@ 147 1/2	.....	150	
Flourishers.					
Grant Con.....	125	@ 61 1/2	.....	61 1/2	
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. S.....	405	@ 44 1/2- 46 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	990	@ 12- 13	12	13 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	560	@ 8 1/2- 9 1/2	9	9 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	10	@ 21 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	
Pauahau S. Co.....	1,215	@ 13 1/2- 14 1/2			
Gas and Electric.					
S. F. Gas & Eltric.	1,215	@ 56 1/2- 59 1/2	59 1/2	59 1/2	
United Gas Eltric	100	@ 30	.....	32	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	95	@ 138- 139 1/2	139	140	
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.	10	@ 96 1/2	96 1/2	97 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	30	@ 92 1/2	.....	95	

The sugar stocks have been in better demand, about 3,180 shares of all kinds changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up two and one-quarter points to 46 1/2; Honokaa Sugar Company, two points to 13; Hutchinson, one point to 9 1/2; Makaweli Sugar Company, one and one-half points to 21 1/2; Pauahua Sugar Company, three points to 14 1/2, but closed off slightly easier, showing gains over last week's closing prices. Alaska Packers advanced four and one-half points to 139 1/2, closing at 139 bid, 140 asked. The water stocks have kept steady, with no change worth mentioning. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and on sales of 1,215 shares sold up three points to 59 1/2, and at the close sold off to 59 1/2 on small sales.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

RUBBER

LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S.F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



FOR BREAKFAST.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. 202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom. ORDINARY MENDING, etc. Free of Charge. Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.

400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE,

President.

T. T. DARGIE,

Secretary.



STORYTTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A New England school-teacher recited to her pupils "The Landing of the Pilgrims," then asked each of them to draw from their imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. They all started to work except one little fellow, who hesitated, then at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

The Bookman has found an amusing thing in a French translation of one of President Roosevelt's hooks. Mr. Roosevelt had quoted the famous remark of Senator Ingalls to the effect that "in politics the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an iridescent dream." To this quotation the French translator felt it necessary to append an explanatory foot-note, which reads as follows: "The Golden Rule: One of the aphorisms ascribed to Pythagoras."

Here is a story from the veldt. When Joseph Chamberlain traveled to De La Rey's country he found that the only hall available was very small for the audience he wished to address, and accepted De La Rey's offer of "his parlor." When he reached the ruins of De La Rey's house, however, he found a platform built out on to the open veldt. "But where is the parlor?" asked the statesman. "That is the only parlor you have left me," replied the soldier.

"Why don't you write another good play, Mr. Gillette," an enthusiastic friend inquired of the actor; "a good, live, realistic, up to date?" Mr. Gillette scribbled something on the back of a card. "How would this do?" he inquired: "Scene—A drawing-room. Married lady seated, young man in dress-suit at her feet. Folding doors at back open. Discovers husband with a double-barreled revolver. He fires and kills married lady and young man. Husband then advances and contemplates victims. After a pause, he exclaims: 'A thousand pardons. I'm in the wrong flat.' Slow curtain."

When Lady Constance Mackenzie, the English beauty, was in Texas, she accepted the invitation of a wealthy ranchman to visit him. He determined that her reception should be worthy of her fame and qualities, so he telegraphed his manager: "Lady Mackenzie coming to-morrow; make every preparation to treat her royally." The manager had never heard of Lady Mackenzie, but, as the business of the ranch was raising blooded horses, as well as cattle, he decided this must be some fancy racehorse. The famous guest arrived the next day with her party, and found all ready. A clean box stall, with abundance of fresh hay, awaited her.

At a recent gathering of the diplomatic corps in Washington, when the Russian and French ambassadors and the Chinese and Japanese ministers were present, some exceedingly discreet allusions were made to the Russo-Japanese unpleasantness. Count Cassini may have thought he had heard a compliment to Japanese alacrity, for he remarked pointedly to M. Jusserand—and in the hearing of the representatives of Japan and China—"Yes, but the good book says 'The race is not to the swift.'" Quick as a flash Sir Chentung finished the scripture of Ecclesiastes in the ear of his Japanese colleague: "'Nor the battle to the strong.'"

General Longstreet was telling once how strict his orders were during the Civil War regarding the good treatment by his men of Union soldiers, and added that he was proud of the record of his men. A Union veteran who was among his listeners, remarked that the general's orders may have been strict, but that they were not always obeyed. He was among those captured once by Longstreet's men. "One day," said he, "a good-natured fellow in gray, with no shoes to speak of, walked along our line looking intently at the shoes of the captured Unionists. He put his foot by the side of mine, and, remarking that I was just his size, added, 'Old Pete [Longstreet] says he will have every man shot who steals anything from a prisoner. To save my life won't you trade shoes with me, for I must have them shoes?' Of course, I traded, as did other prisoners."

Senator Hoar lately told an incident of his legal practice in connection with his remarks about the dangerous condition of the old government printing-office. "I am reminded," said he, "of something that happened in the supreme court of our State some years ago. They held court at Northampton, and went over to Mt. Holyoke, where there is an elevator which takes travelers up the side of a steep rock a hundred or two hundred feet to avoid the difficulty of climbing. The judges, as judges are apt to be, were, nearly all of them, rather corpulent men. Six or seven got into the elevator at once. They saw that the rope that held the car in which they went was very much frayed, and they asked

the manager if he did not think it was a little unsafe. 'Yes,' the manager said, 'it is wholly unsafe and likely to break every minute, but we are going to have a new one next Monday.'"

Secretary Shaw's decision that frogs are poultry, and subject to duty, recalls the story of the passenger and a guard on an English railway car, who were having a heated discussion over whether the traveler should pay fare on a dog that accompanied him, the guard insisting that the rules of the road demanded that the animal have a ticket. Another passenger produced a turtle from his pocket, and sarcastically asked the guard if he would not require a fare to be paid for that animal as well. The guard answered that he would inquire and report later. Soon after he came back to the carriage and delivered himself of the following: "Cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but 'tortoyes' is frogs, and frogs is hinctses, and they rides free."

Inexpensive War News.

TEE HEE, February 17th.—A Russian transport was sunk near the mouth of Arragowan River last night, says a dispatch from Yockama. It can not be confirmed officially in less than three weeks.

HOTTA MALE, February 17th.—A special from St. Petersburg says: "The Czar, fearing the newspapers were not printing all the news, telephoned to the editor of the *Daily Zerkoff* last night, and said: 'I beg of you, give me the news. Let me hear the worst.' " "Sire," replied the editor, 'there is no other kind.'"

PACKOLY, February 17th.—Dispatches say firing has been heard in the harbor of Chop Suey, and heavy firing off the coast of Gong-Gong.

(By Shang Hy Lire.)

TINKAN, CHINA, February 17th.—That Russia is desperate is shown in the action of General Pfung in ordering the execution of two war-correspondents whose papers referred to him as General Plug.

Admiral Hoheau, of the Japanese navy, seized forty valuable paintings belonging to Russia, and ordered them sent to the Kelley Art Gallery in Cleveland.

The fire wardens at Port Arthur have ordered Admiral Alexieff to place additional fire escapes on cruisers and battle-ships. They recommend that more exits be provided.

The Czar has forbidden all army and navy officers from writing war articles for American magazines.

"Russia desires to retain Captain Mahan's friendship, and we'll leave all that work to him," said the Czar.—*Cleveland Press*.

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning." A few minutes later Willie returned, and reported: "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."—*Chicago News*.

He—"Did you make this bread, dearie?" She—"Yes, love." He—"Well, I'd rather you wouldn't do any more work like this, dearest." She—"Why not, sweetheart?" He—"It's too heavy, angel."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Cereal Foods

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A. D. 2000.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,  
And the sodium alkali,  
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma.  
I'm going to make a pie;  
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,  
And his tissues will decompose,  
So give me a gramme of phosphate,  
And the carbon and cellulose.  
Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,  
To shorten the thermic fat,  
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,  
And look at the thermostat;  
And if the electric oven is cold,  
Just turn it on half an ohm,  
For I want to have the supper ready  
As soon as John comes home.—*Anon.*

The Retort Courteous.

Two stately dames (so runs report)  
From rival cities chanced to meet;  
Fifth Avenue the home of one,  
The other came from Beacon Street.

The latter lady looked upon  
The former as a *parvenue*,  
Nor took the slightest pains to mask  
Her supercilious point of view.

She condescendingly let fall,  
Thinking an upstart thus to shame,  
That sundry of her ancestors  
To Plymouth in the *Mayflower* came.

"Indeed!" the other said; "I thought—  
I may be wrong—I won't insist—  
But, somehow, my impression was  
The *Mayflower* had no steerage list."  
—*Percy F. Bicknell in Chicago Record-Herald.*

Ballade of Sour Grapes.

Oh! do I strive with god-like toil  
On clear, Parmassian heights to dwell,  
While Smith, the Author, keen for spoil,  
Carpenters novels just to sell,  
His work is drivel, wot I well,  
But still his mill grinds golden grist  
The while his sales to millions swell—  
The poor, Successful Novelist!

With fiendish cunning, smooth as oil,  
He's robbed the master minds pell mell—  
Excerpts from Hardy, Howells, and Ooyle  
Are peddled by the ell.  
His heroine's a damosel  
Just like a thousand more I wist—  
How you succeed I can not tell,  
O poor, Successful Novelist!

It fills my breast with wild turmoil  
That such fat wit success should spell  
While at Fame's doorstep I must broil  
With no one there to mind the hell.  
In vain my classic goods I yell;  
For when I stop I'm never missed,  
Though friends acknowledge I excel  
The poor, Successful Novelist!

ENVOY.

Public, I would such luck befall  
That my fair genius I might twist  
Like him who claims your I X L,  
The poor, Successful Novelist!  
—*Wallace Irwin in the February Bookman.*

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.				
	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
March 3d.....	60	52	.00	Cloudy
" 4th.....	62	48	.00	Cloudy
" 5th.....	56	50	.02	Cloudy
" 6th.....	62	50	.08	Pt. Cloudy
" 7th.....	64	52	.30	Cloudy
" 8th.....	54	54	.15	Clear
" 9th.....	56	48	.03	Rain

PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.

SOZODONT

A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE FOR THE  
TEETH AND BREATH.

USE WITH

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Paul.....Mar. 19 | St. Louis.....April 2  
Zeland.....Mar. 26, 10.30 am | New York.....April 9

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Haverford.....Mar. 19, 10 am | Noordland.....April 9, 10 am  
Friesland.....Mar. 26, 10 am | Meriton.....April 16, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....Mar. 19, 7 am  
Mesaba.....Mar. 26, 9 am  
Minnetonka.....April 2, 7 am  
Marquette.....April 9, 9 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Vancouver.....Mar. 22 | Cambraman.....April 9  
Dominion.....April 2 | Canada.....April 16

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Noordam.....Mar. 22 | Potsdam.....April 5  
Statendam.....Mar. 29 | Rotterdam.....April 12

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Kroonland.....Mar. 19 | Finland.....April 2  
Zeeland.....Mar. 26 | Vaderland.....April 9

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Cedric.....Mar. 23, 9 am | Teutonic.....April 13, 10 am  
Majestic.....Mar. 30, 10 am | Celtic.....April 15, 5 pm  
Oceanic.....April 6, 10 am | Cedric.....April 20, 5 pm

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cretic.....Mar. 31, April 28  
Cymric.....April 21, May 12

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Republic (new).....Mar. 26  
Romanic.....April 9, May 14, June 18  
Canopic.....April 23, May 25  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows:  
Coptic (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, April 2  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 22  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. O. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, March 12, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 18, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, March 24, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.  
The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN O. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre  
PARIS, FRANCE.



## SOCIETY.

## Doctors' Daughters' Horse Show.

The Doctors' Daughters will give a horse show on the evening of March 25th and the afternoon of March 26th at the riding club building at Seventh Avenue and C Street. Boxes have been taken by Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Antoine Borel, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Joseph Tolin, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. William Irwin, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Kathryn Dillon, Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Mr. James Phelan, and Dr. Eugene Zeile. The proceeds all go to charity.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Ashe Sperry, daughter of Mrs. James Sperry, of Sausalito, to Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Catherine Bolton, of Chicago, to Mr. Arthur S. Allen, of Manila. The wedding will take place in Manila in the latter part of March, and will be followed by a wedding journey around the world.

The wedding of Miss Elsie Ducat, daughter of Major Arthur E. Ducat, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ducat, to Lieutenant John Symington, U. S. A., took place at St. Stephen's Church, Manila, on February 12th.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Center, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center, to Mr. Ture L. Steen, took place in London recently. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A farewell dinner to Mr. Donald de V. Graham was given at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butters, of Claremont, Oakland, recently entertained a number of friends on the twentieth anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten will be "at home" on the second and third Fridays in April.

Mrs. Charles Adams gave a domino luncheon on Tuesday at her country place in honor of Baroness von Horst, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, and Miss Geraldine Scupham. Others at table were Mrs. E. Huntington, Baron von Horst, Commander Reginald Fairfax Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Fred Stolp, Miss Marie Wells, Major William Stephenson, Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Fuchs, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. George Lackey, Mr. Ross, and Mr. Hanna.

Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop gave a luncheon recently at her residence, 1124 Hyde Street. Others at table were Mrs. Earle Brownell, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillian Spreckels, and Miss Genevieve King.

Mrs. A. B. Costigan gave a luncheon at her residence in Sausalito last Saturday. Others at table were Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Edith Simpson, and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood.

Miss Louise Hamlet gave a luncheon on Sunday aboard the United States steamer McCulloch.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a reception last Saturday evening at their residence, 1919 California Street, in honor of Mr. Donald de V. Graham.

Miss Mabel Toy will give a card-party on

Thursday evening in honor of Miss Frances Harris.

Mr. Clarence Follis gave a theatre-party at the Columbia on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Ethel Dean, and Mr. George Lewis.

Miss Helen Bowie gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Frances Harris.

Mrs. John E. Medau gave a tea on Thursday at her residence, 2853 Broderick Street, in honor of Miss Henrietta Moffatt. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Charles Francis Jackson, Mrs. William R. Cluness, Jr., Mrs. Herman Hadenfeldt, Mrs. Alfred Rulofson, Miss Emma Moffatt, Miss Rella Murdock, and Miss Marie Bull.

Under the joint direction of the school of mines of Columbia University, the mining department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Lawrence and Sheffield Scientific Schools of Harvard and Yale Universities, respectively, a novel experiment in mining education is to be tried this summer. Senior mining students of these four institutions, and possibly those of the Colorado State School of Mines also, will go into camp in Colorado at a mine that is to be leased for their use, and will be given practical lessons in mining work of every kind. The conduct of the summer school is to be in the hands of an executive committee, consisting of John Hays Hammond, of Yale, Professor Robert H. Richards, of the Massachusetts "Tech," Professor Henry L. Smyth, of Harvard, and Professor Henry S. Munroe, of Columbia. Professor Munroe has been appointed director for the first year. George Crocker, through John Hays Hammond, has offered to pay the cost of the school this summer, and has given twelve thousand dollars for this purpose.

Some English paper has made the startling announcement that cowboys are now using automobiles in round-ups. That may come in time, for the cowboy of old is disappearing, making anything that shows him as he was of particular interest. H. W. Hansen, the artist, spent much of his life on the plains, and made a thorough study of the cattlemen. In both oil and water-color he has depicted them in strikingly good fashion. His pictures, now on exhibition at Schussler Bros., 121 Geary Street, are remarkable, not only for their fidelity, but for the vigor and action in both men and horses. His Indian studies, too, are very attractive.

During his trip East, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, took steps toward the complete reorganization and strengthening of the commercial department and the department of Romanic languages at the university. The Flood endowment gives one hundred and fifty thousand dollars with which to carry on the changes. Banking, insurance, and general business methods will be included in the commercial department, of which Professor Adolph Miller will have charge.

The Pioneer Kindergarten Society will hold a children's bazaar on Thursday afternoon, March 24th, at the residence of the society's president, Mrs. George A. Moore, 2404 Broadway. Admission, ten cents. Mrs. Helen Hecht, 1908 Jackson Street, is corresponding secretary.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Harold Bauer's Concerts.

Harold Bauer will give his farewell concerts at Lyric Hall on Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon next, March 15th and 16th. The afternoon concert will begin at three-twenty, so that pupils and teachers of the schools may attend. The programmes will be entirely new, with the exception of one number, "The Ride of the Valkyries," and will include Bach's Italian Concerto, Schumann's Fantasie in C, Brahms's Rhapsodie in G-minor, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Schumann's "Carnaval," Chopin's B-flat minor sonata, "Air de Ballet," of Gluck, transcribed by Saint-Saëns, and the "Wakurenritt." The prices for these last concerts will be popular; those for the evening ranging from 75 cents to \$1.50, while for the matinee there will be some seats as low as 50 cents. The box-office is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes, with annotations, can be secured.

## Wagnerian Lecture Recitals.

Mrs. Raymond Brown (Gertrude Foster), the lecturer and pianist, will give a series of four "talks" on the music dramas of Richard Wagner, with illustrations at the piano from the original scores, at Lyric Hall during the week of March 21st. Her subjects will be as follows: Tuesday evening, March 22d, "The Ring of the Niebelungen"; Thursday evening, March 24th, "Tristan and Isolde"; Friday evening, March 25th, "Die Meistersinger"; and Saturday matinee, "Parsifal." Course tickets for the four lectures will be \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$3.00, and the sale opens Monday morning at the box-office at Lyric Hall. The seats for single lectures will go on sale Saturday, March 19th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## Chamber Music Recitals.

Giulio Minetti has decided to give a series of three chamber music recitals at Lyric Hall this year, commencing Friday afternoon, March 25th. This is the eighth year in which the Minetti Chamber Music Quartet has appeared before our musical public. These events have been among the first musical events of this city, and, judging from the programmes compiled for this series, there is every cause to expect as excellent a season as in previous years. Attention has been paid to the novelty as well as artistic quality of the programmes.

Three recitals are to be given at Lyric Hall by Mme. Schumann-Heink. The prices will be \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00 for reserved seats. Box seats will be \$2.50. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, Lyric Hall, 119 Eddy Street. The box-office will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Thursday, March 31st.

## Death of Dr. Behr.

Dr. Hans Herman Behr, physician, scientist, author, poet, humorist, and savant, died Sunday at his residence, 1215 Bush Street. Dr. Behr was born August 18, 1818, in Koethen, the capital and residence of the Duke of Anhalt-Koethen. He was graduated as a doctor of medicine from the Berlin University on March 23, 1843. He displayed a passion for entomology, and in its study visited Australia, Java, and Brazil, and lived two years in the Philippines. He returned to Berlin, and practiced medicine, but the fever of research was strong in him, so he went to the East Indies, penetrating the most remote parts, still collecting. In 1851, he settled in San Francisco. Here he wrote numerous scientific works, several volumes of prose and verse, and a story of adventure in the Philippines that had a large sale in Germany. Upon his eightieth birthday, his Alma Mater, the Frederick William University of Berlin, conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor "Honoris Causa." He was made vice-president of the Academy of Sciences in 1864, and was curator of that institution. He was not a typical "dry as dust" philosopher, but was a valued member of the Bohemian Club, where he was esteemed as a wit and raconteur.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is a most hospitable place, cozy and comfortable, situated on top of Mt. Tamalpais, which affords the greatest view in California. The ride up the mountain is over the crookedest railroad in the world.

The supervisors of Monterey County have agreed on an automobile ordinance which prohibits automobiles on mountain roads.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

Just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps, as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

Established over 100 years.



A SURPRISE PARTY.  
Owned by Mrs. Phebe Hearst.

## FIRST REGULAR EXHIBITION

PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLORS  
OF FRONTIER LIFE

## H. W. HANSEN

From March 7th to 19th

Schussler Bros. Art Gallery  
119 GEARY STREET

## 40 Acres

— IN —

## Alameda County.

Ideal suburban residence in the Berkeley foothills, within 50 minutes of San Francisco and yet a complete change of climate. Surrounded by large and fine homes.

## Thomas Magee &amp; Sons

Real Estate Agents

5 MONTGOMERY ST.

San Francisco.

## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

## TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT

BARAINS  
We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

There is no Substitute for

ROYAL



BAKING  
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, who have been spending some time at winter resorts around the Mediterranean, have gone north. Mr. Redding, who was in London at last advices, intends coming to California in May with Mrs. Redding and their daughter, Josephine. It is not improbable that they may reside permanently in California.

Mr. Raphael Weill left Paris some time ago for a stay on the French Riviera.

Mr. Downey Harvey has left for Europe. He will return early in May, accompanied by Mrs. Harvey and the Misses Harvey.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham left last Monday for London, his future home.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson (*née* Rixford) leave for the East this week, en route to Europe. They expect to remain abroad a year.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson (*née* Cluff) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at St. Dunstan's.

Dr. Arnold Genthe, who has departed on a trip to Northern Mexico, will return about March 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor will spend the spring and summer at Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon were at Monte Carlo recently.

Mrs. William G. Irwin has returned from Bakersfield.

Miss Anna Ashe Sperry has returned from Fort Russell, Cheyenne.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned from Europe to New York, and will soon come to San Francisco.

Mrs. F. H. Holmes and Miss Holmes are at The Colonial.

Mr. Southard Hoffman has returned from Honolulu, and will remain here permanently.

Miss Marie Voorhies will return soon from the Orient. While in Manila she was the guest of Governor Luke Wright and Mrs. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee will soon take up their permanent residence on their ranch in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney are down from their Rocklin ranch for a few days.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer will leave within a few days for Europe, where she will remain for a year or more.

Mrs. John F. Swift has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. Ernest E. Stent has returned from New York.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Isabelle O'Connor, Dr. E. R. Hopkins, and Mr. Charles Felton have been touring through Mexico from Coronado.

Miss Genevieve King will leave to-day (Saturday) for Boston, where she will join her late guest, Miss Herrick, in accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Herrick to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, returning from their wedding tour to Honolulu; Mrs. Paul Neumann, of Honolulu; and Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry, returning from the Orient, were passengers on the *Siberia* expected to arrive March 11th. Mrs. Scott and Miss McKinstry were delayed by the war.

Mrs. Herbert Munn and her mother, Mrs. Plain, who are at Coronado, will return about April 1st, and take apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Miss Pearl Landers has returned from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough have recently been in Nice.

Mrs. Louis Haggin has been spending the past winter in Rome.

Mrs. John Murtagh and her sister, Miss Ethel Shorhe, sailed from Manila for home on the transport leaving there March 1st.

Mrs. Pacheco and her niece, Miss Mary Wilson, are at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson expect to leave early in April for a six months' trip to Europe.

Mrs. John Casserly has been visiting relatives in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray will spend the early spring months in Denver.

Dr. Adelaide Brown has returned from abroad on account of the illness of her mother, Dr. Charlotte Brown.

Mrs. Charles Bancroft will spend the month of March and a part of April at Santa Barbara.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. C. F. Meyers, of Seattle, Mr. G. S. Gay, of Redlands, Mr. Harold S. Gay, of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. Mendell Welcker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dunham, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sasso, Mrs. Charles Culver, Mrs. Grace Taggart, Miss Dunham, Mr. C. F. Grow, Mr. Emil Held, and Mr. H. A. Hunsaker.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Baker, of New York, Mrs. R. E. Jenkins, of Chicago, Mrs. A. B. Paterson, of Princeton, Mrs. William Paterson, of Fort Miley, Miss Ruby Kel-

logg, of Portland, Mr. A. H. Wingfield Digby, of England, Miss Mildred Breuner, of Sacramento, Dr. and Mrs. Vandever, Miss Alice Crichton, Mr. John Breuner, Sr., Mr. John Breuner, Jr., Mr. Edward C. Sessions, Mr. A. W. Gunnison, and Mrs. Kate S. Hart.

## Army and Navy News.

Captain Uriel Sebree, U. S. N. and Mrs. Sebree are expected to arrive from Japan on the transport *Thomas*, due next week.

Lieutenant-Commander Augustus F. Fechteler, U. S. N., has been assigned to an important position in the office of the Secretary of the Navy for his next two years of duty, and left last Saturday for Washington. Mrs. Fechteler (a daughter of Judge W. W. Morrow, of this city) and their four children accompanied him. They will reside at Chevy Chase.

Captain J. Guest, U. S. A., has arrived on the *Peru*, en route from Panama, and is at the Occidental.

Major William P. Kendall, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has assumed charge of the hospital at Ordnance Barracks, Monterey.

Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus H. Bainbridge, U. S. A., retired, left for the Philippines on the transport *Buford*.

Lieutenant-Commander James H. Glennon, U. S. N., has been ordered to assume charge of the naval observatory at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Paymaster Ray Spear, U. S. A., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Peyton C. March, General Staff, U. S. A., has gone to the Orient to take notes of the war between Japan and Russia.

Major William E. Birkhimer, U. S. A., assistant to the chief of staff of the Department of the Pacific, arrived from the East Monday.

General A. A. Harbach, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harbach have returned from a tour of Southern California, and are registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander William Truxtun, U. S. N., has been given six months sick leave.

Lieutenant-Commander Frank W. Bartlett, U. S. N., has been detailed inspector of the Union Iron Works.

Paymaster Gustavus R. Madden, U. S. N., has been transferred from the *Rainbow* at Cavite to the *Annapolis* at Shanghai.

Major Charles W. Abbot, Jr., U. S. A., has been given six months sick leave.

Lieutenant Benjamin J. Edgar, Jr., assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Presidio.

The trustees of the Mercantile Library, at a meeting held on Tuesday evening, dismissed the present library, Mr. W. R. Williams, appointing the former assistant librarian, F. J. Smith, to act temporarily in his place. President Thomas C. Van Ness, of the library association, is quoted by the *Chronicle* as saying that the removal of Mr. Williams was "considered by the trustees to be for the best interests of the library." In a statement printed in the same paper, Mr. Williams says: "I have been dismissed after charges were brought, none of which can be substantiated with the exception of 'doing politics' and making adverse comment on some members of the board of trustees. I expect to be reinstated, as I count the majority of the library membership my friends."

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, gives an amusing account of how he became a lecturer. He was induced by E. A. Pond, son of Major Pond, to take the platform, and was tried out in Mr. Pond's house, where many a famous lecturer made his debut. There were about three hundred people present. "I never went to a lecture in my life," says Mr. Davenport, "and I had a very hazy idea of what a lecture or a lecturer should be like. I rammed my hands into my pockets, and went at it the best way I could. When it was over, Mark Twain, who had sat in the front row with his daughter, came to me, and said: 'Davenport, keep your hands in your breeches pockets; get the pockets made deeper, and never go to hear a lecture or to see a lecturer, and you'll make a hit.'"

The report was circulated in London Wednesday that Joseph Chamberlain was suffering from an incurable mental malady. No information confirming or denying the rumor could be obtained. It is suggested that Mr. Chamberlain may be still suffering from the cab accident that he met with a year ago.

At public auction in New York Wednesday, \$188,000 par value of United States Shipbuilding first mortgage bonds were sold at \$260 for each \$1,000 bond, to W. S. Fanshew. Five hundred shares of preferred stock sold for ten cents a share.

Miss Sara M. Spooner has donated to the Midwinter Memorial Museum of Golden Gate Park her collection of curios, including one thousand articles of furniture, tapestries, ceramics, and the like, worth, all told, about fifty thousand dollars.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## The Wilmerding School.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It was with great pleasure that I read your timely editorial relating to the Wilmerding School, in your issue dated March 7, 1904. It seems as though it were an evidence of the correctness of the opinion I expressed while presiding at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Wilmerding School Building, as chairman of the regents' committee. I there stated that we were only beginning to realize the importance of the Wilmerding School as a factor working for the benefit of the entire community. I take the liberty of suggesting to you the further development of the idea underlying the editorial referred to. I would ask you to compare the standing of the mechanic of today, almost all of whom have been pupils in our public schools, with the mechanic of a hundred years ago. Then consider to what an extent the Wilmerding School works for the general good when it graduates apprentices in the various building trades, who, besides their trade, have also acquired the essentials of a high-school education. The main reason for my active interest in the school has been and continues to be the belief that every graduate of the Wilmerding School raises the standard of his trade. Is it not possible that our graduates entering the various unions, where they belong, will be a great aid, on account of their training, in the settlement of the relations between capital and labor? No doubt a consideration of this by your able pen will be of great service.

Yours truly, RUDOLPH J. TAUSSIG.

## Appreciative Readers.

BOISE, ID., March 3, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I take pleasure in handing you herewith draft for renewal of my subscription to your valuable paper for one year. I want to say in this connection that I have been a continual reader of your paper for the past twenty-two years, and feel lost if I do not receive it regularly. I think it the best paper published to-day on the Pacific Coast. Very respectfully yours,

MAX MAYFIELD.

YREKA, CAL., March 3, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having been a reader of the *Argonaut* for the last fourteen years and more, I find it as necessary to my happiness and contentment as my physical nourishment, and for this reason I hand you herein money-order to cover the renewal of my subscription from March 15, 1904, to March 15, 1905. Very sincerely yours,

JAS. R. TAPSCOTT

OREGON CITY, OR., February 12, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I wish to renew my subscription to the *Argonaut* for another year. Although not always a regular subscriber, I have for many years been a reader of the *Argonaut*, and should greatly miss it from my files. Very truly yours,

FRANKLIN T. GRIFFITH.

## The Calaveras Skull.

SAN DIEGO, March 2, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Either my son, his informant, or the printer, has postdated the perpetration of the skull joke twelve years. The true date was 1834. JAMES PALACHE.

Yours respectfully,

[It was not the printer.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

There is in San Francisco a two-story building that is but six feet eight inches wide, and twenty-one feet high, standing on a lot fifty feet deep. It has been standing for fifty years on Sacramento Street, near Montgomery, and is used as a barber-shop. It is owned by eleven persons. Eight of the holders own a one-thirty-sixth interest each, giving each a title in fee simple to just two and two-ninths inches front footage, with a depth of fifty feet. The Treadwell estate owns fifty-three and one-third inches of it. Ira J. Hall owns fifteen inches; Robert Hammond, Elizabeth Markward, Richard H. Hammond, Emma H. Smith, and James Blue Hammond each own two and two-ninths inches.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAISTS designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

HOTEL RICHELIEU  
1012 VAN NESS AVENUEHOTEL GRANADA  
1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

**OCCIDENTAL HOTEL**  
SAN FRANCISCO  
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

## CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

Schæffer  
PianosA WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.REMINGTON  
Standard Typewriter  
211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## No End to the Big Crowds.

The big Furniture and Carpet Sale seems to have a strong hold on the public. It is astonishing to see the great crowds gathering daily at PATTOSIEN'S, cor. 16th and Mission Streets.

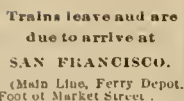
Five hundred rolls of carpet have arrived, which could not be canceled, and so will be sold at 40 per cent. less than regular prices.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

**PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.





**COAST LINE** (Narrow  
(Foot of Market Street.)

**COAST LINE** (Broad Gauge).  
(Third and Townsend Streets)

San Jose..... 18.45r

**THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY**  
Call for and check baggage from hotels and rest  
Telephone, Kachuga 33. Inquire of Tickets  
for Time Cards and other information.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S  
Soothing Syrup" for your children while breathing.

[illegible]

artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1410.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 21, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editorial Argonaut, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beccles Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Wordy Rage of Congressmen—Sensational Report Charging Congressmen With Fraud—Post-Office Department Scored in Reply—No Basis for "Charges" Apparent—House Committee to Investigate Records of Members—Now Is the Time for a Complete Overhauling of the Department—The War-Correspondent—An Important Personage Just Now—Born, Not Made—Hustle More Necessary Than Literary Ability—San Francisco Deposes London as a News Centre—All War News Sent Through Here—Cost of War News—"The City of a Hundred Hills"—Hill Property Raising in Value—The Charm of Living on an Elevation—Skyscrapers in a Fire—"Fire Retardant" Instead of "Fire-Proof"—Examples in the Baltimore Fire—When Roosevelt Was Assistant-Secretary—The Story of a Great Fight—Supreme Court Upholds the Administration—Anomalous Conditions in the Far East—Roosevelt's Pledged Delegates	177-179
THE WHITE GRAVE: A Story of Chilkoot Pass. By A. C. ...	180
'LEST WE FORGET': Russia's Course During the Civil War—She Declined to Enter a Combination Against Us—Sent Ships to New York and San Francisco	181
(INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World	181
THE EXCELLENT WIT OF DR. BEHR: "The Hoot of the Owl" a Book of Rare Nonsense—"Virtue"—This an Age of "Flannel and Underwear"—The Medicos—Anecdotes of Bohemian Clubmen	182
THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS: The New Hostelry to Open Monday—The Most Magnificent on the Coast—Princely in its Appearances	183
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	184-185
DRAMA: "Parsifal" at the Alcazar—Homer Davenport's Lectures. By Josephine Hart Phelps	186
STAGE GOSSIP	187
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—"Sardine" Drama—Senator Foster and the Beggar—Professor Dexter's Sword—An Apt Retort—Mistaken For a Seal—Uriu at Annapolis—Mark Twain on Poker—"Disseased of Death"—Undisturbed by His Bath—Mansfield Went On—No Pint Flasks in Kentucky	189
CANITY FAIR: The White House China—Mrs. Roosevelt Making a Historic Collection—Art in Dress—Colors that Harmonize—Interesting Divorce Statistics—Fencing in London Society—Unhappy Marriages of Geniuses	188
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "A Pessimist's Vision," by Wex Jones; "Mary"; "Opinions"; "Blithering"; "Wanted Something New," by Lurana W. Sheldon	189
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News	190-191
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	192

Not in years has the House of Representatives been so stirred as at the report of the Post-Office Department, showing at what times, and under what circumstances, during the past five years, members of Congress have used their "influence" to secure increases in salaries of postmasters, additional clerks, or in regard to leases of buildings for post-office purposes. The report was an answer to a resolution asking for "information," but nobody expected in response to the resolution, two hundred and eighteen pages of closely printed matter, amounting one hundred and sixty-one representatives and senators, headed "Charges Against Members of Congress." It was a bombshell. The news that the report contained something dread-

ful preceded it. When it appeared there was, according to the reports, a frantic rush for copies. Members called out to each other as they read: "You're in it." The Speaker rapped in vain for order. Dismay was written on every face. Then pandemonium broke loose. In a speech, Hill, of Connecticut, branded the author of the document as "a liar and a scoundrel." Grosvenor, of Ohio, said it was "conceived in iniquity, born in sin." Kitchin, of North Carolina, charged the Department with "deliberate suppression of important and material facts." Thompson, of Alabama, characterized the report as "infamous." His colleague, Clayton, spoke of Postmaster-General Payne as "that distinguished imbecile." Williams, of Mississippi, said that the Post-Office Department had included the names of many congressmen guilty of no apparent wrong, guilty of no violation of any law, guilty of no moral obliquity, guilty of nothing that bears even the tinge of criminality. "What was the motive of it?" he inquired. "Wasn't it to give Congress notice that the Department held something over Congress, and that Congress had better let the Department alone?"

Through all these heated speeches runs the idea that in making this report the Post-Office Department was maliciously unfair. This seems to be not entirely incorrect. The document was headed "Charges," yet in three cases only a violation of statutes is charged by Mr. Bristow, and there appears on close scrutiny of the document no evidence of fraudulent intent. It has from time immemorial been expected of a Congressman that he should "do something" for his "destrict." Every postmaster wants more pay—to be raised a grade. Every postmaster has a dozen friends who want to be clerks. Every congressman wants votes. What more natural than that he should write letters to the Department asking: "Can't you raise my town's post-office a grade?"—"Can't you allow Jaytown two more clerks?"—"Am making a stiff fight for reelection. My opponent lives in Podunk. Podunk owns the post-office building, and thinks it should have a hundred dollars per month more rent. Can't you grant its request?" It is of this sort of thing that the two-hundred-and-eighteen-page report is full. These begging letters display, of course, a lack of moral sensitiveness. It is the business of a congressman, as the New York *Evening Post* remarks, "to conduct the government economically and get as little as possible for your own and other members' constituents." But this is a hard saying. The man who doesn't do something for his constituents is liable soon not to have any constituents to do anything for. However, now that the office-broking department of congressional business has been exposed to such a fierce white light, it may result in the breaking up of the pernicious practice of begging favors for faithful henchmen from the Post-Office Department.

So far as practical results are concerned, we are now sure of a thorough investigation of postal affairs, to the extent they concern representatives mentioned in this report. On Saturday, Speaker Cannon named a committee of seven, consisting of McCall, of Massachusetts, Hitt, of Illinois, Burton, of Ohio, Metcalf, of California, McDermott, of New Jersey, Bartlett, of Georgia, and Richardson, of Alabama. This committee will scrutinize every charge, however vague, against members of Congress. It is believed that its report will clear the vast majority of having violated anything more than the proprieties. That the House was eager thus to get all the facts before the country, is shown by the vote by which the investigation was ordered—256 to 2. When this committee presents its report we shall know whether, as charged, the present document was the work of aggrieved subordinates in the Department, intent on getting even with

congressmen; whether, as charged, General Bristow, being ill, never saw it in print; and whether it was submitted to the President and approved by him before presentation to Congress. If this last supposition is found to be true, it will not increase his popularity in Congress.

Up to this time Republicans in the House have steadily opposed a general congressional investigation of all the departments of the Post-Office. In view of the present sensational development, the *Argonaut* believes that they should do so no longer. Here we have Democrats like Williams and Burleson and Clayton talking about "rottenness and corruption" still rampant in the Department, despite the exhaustive labors of Bristow, *et. al.*, which have resulted in sentence to the penitentiary of the Groffs and Machen. Such talk will not diminish in volume or lessen in force between now and November 8th. Rather it will grow. Unseen dangers are the most fearful. Nothing that may be discovered by an investigation can be so bad as what the Democrats will say is hidden there if no investigation is made. To oppose—as did the Republicans last week by a strict party vote of 125 to 144—what the Democrats demand, is to put an effective campaign weapon in their hands. The only way to silence the opposition is to yield it what it cries for. Let us have more light in the dark places.

The lesson of the Baltimore fire is said by expert architects and engineers to be that there is no such thing as "fire-proof construction." They assert that the proper term is "fire retardant." Taking this as the best that can be done, a careful examination has been made of the resisting qualities of different materials and of different constructions. The conclusions reached are most interesting. It is practically agreed that the skyscraper has great resisting powers so far as itself is concerned, but that it is a menace to adjoining buildings since it soon becomes a huge chimney. Brick is the most stable material under intense heat, and concrete and terra cotta are next. Granite is worthless, crumbling at comparatively low temperatures; prepared woods go like tinder; ordinary glass or wireglass not properly sashed is quickly demolished. The steel frames stand the strain well, as does cast iron. The greatest faults of construction are the piercing of walls and floors by big doors and stairways.

These matters of agreement are more important than the details upon which the experts differ. Some contend that the hollow tiling used to protect the steel beams of the frames is not all that can be desired. Yet it is admitted, on the other hand, that where the steel construction was properly covered by tiles of this kind, the steel suffered very little. But these tiles must be thick enough to stand heavy strains, otherwise they will give way at certain points, and the fire be allowed to get at the metal beneath with disaster to all. In the most modern buildings in Baltimore, the damage was not over fifty per cent., and was confined almost wholly to the wooden floors, the furnishings, and those parts exposed to the terrific draught up the elevator shafts and stairways.

When considered in relation to the safety of adjacent structures, the engineers state that there is nothing equal to a solid brick wall as a fire screen. It is impervious, and if unbroken by windows or doors, will adequately confine the fire. But the skyscraper, however well built and however enduring itself, is a menace to all neighboring structures. In the Baltimore fire it was observed that the sixteen and seventeen-story buildings were like huge chimneys, throwing out by their tremendous draught pieces of burning floor and furniture for blocks around. So Baltimore is seriously con-



sidering limiting the height of future buildings to not more than eight stories. This height, with solid brick walls unpierced, with floors uncut by huge stairways and properly built of thick tile, is asserted by the architects, who have studied the results of the greatest fire of two decades, to approach as near as may be the ideal of the fire-proof structure.

No United States Supreme Court decision in recent years is of greater importance or farther reaching in its effects than that by which the Northern Securities Company is declared illegal. The case equals in importance the insular cases and the income-tax case. Its general tendency is to increase the power of the Federal government and to lessen the control of the States individually over corporations. This centralizing tendency is one that has been in operation from the foundation of our government, and will continue. But this decision is a very great step forward in that direction. The political significance of the decision is also great. President Roosevelt is fully justified in his course, for which he was so bitterly denounced by Wall Street organs when he entered upon it. It is worthy of special remark that Justice Holmes dissented from the majority opinion. When he was named a year ago by the President, the President was accused by the *Sun* and other journals of "packing the court" by appointing a man likely to uphold his course. The other three judges who dissented with Holmes were Chief Justice Fuller and Justices White and Peckham. The majority of five were Justices Harlan, Brewer, Brown, McKenna, and Day. Even of these Justice Brewer, though concurring, presented an independent opinion, in which he held that previous anti-trust decisions had been more sweeping than was justified. It does not conduce to a high respect for the law in the lay mind when, on so vastly important a decision, five members of the greatest civil court in the world are to be found on one side and four upon the other. Justice Holmes dissented with particular vehemence from the majority. He said: "It is vain to insist that this is not a criminal proceeding. The words can not be read one way in a suit which is to end in fine and imprisonment, and another way in one which seeks an injunction." He held that logically construed the decision should be followed by criminal prosecution. Justice White was also severe, saying that the principles laid down in the majority opinion are "destructive of government, destructive of human liberty, and destructive of every principle on which organized society depends." When doctors so disagree who shall decide?

It has suddenly occurred to the San Francisco dealers in real estate that there is peculiar value in any property on a hill. It is now a stock form of advertisement that "this desirable block is situated on the hill and enjoys, etc.," and the prospective purchaser is adjured to consider the indubitable advantages of hill-life. Every householder is invited to shut the book of the simple annals of the poor, who inhabit places of natural depression, and open the charming volume of magnificent tales from the hills.

The man who has never viewed the world from a hill holds but a paltry and sluggish spirit within his bosom. He is myopic, limited, hemmed in of soul, a gazer upon walls. Therefore it is a sign of growth when the plains-dweller, the denizen of the valley, seeks him a high place. It betokens an elevation of the heart and a sense of supremacy. Here in San Francisco the people live on hills, hills so far superior to the ordinary emanations of this earthy crust that to breathe their air is no common glory.

In what other city does the workman on his way to the day's labor witness the changing moods of sky, bay, and ocean? Where else does the street-sweeper rest on his broom and view the blue heights of sunny hills rising into wind-swept azure? And to each of our hills its own glory. Rincon Hill still looks over the bay in sedate respectability, even though its more boisterous glories have fled. California Street hill raises heavenward the mansions of the wealthy, gazing in ponderous magnificence over the busy city. Beyond rises Pacific Heights, the citadel of San Francisco, from whose aerial battlements may be described the ocean and all the vales that echo its surges. Even the poor have their eminence, and cabins and hovels cluster on the sides of Telegraph Hill, while beyond it rises Russian Hill, the fairest of them all, standing out over the bay in pontifical majesty as if untouched by the grime and soil of the foreign life that seethes at its base.

So to each his hill, his particular sky-vantage, whence to watch the queer gyrations of the world. Let others boast of their meadows and streams, but the San Franciscan loves his hill, and from its beneficent pinnacles is content to watch the rest of the world simmer in

the valley or parch on the plain. For him the near sky, the booming trade wind, and the evening sun, far above the roar and clatter of traffic, without confinement, unrestricted, boundless.

Last week we printed a letter from a correspondent in commendation of an editorial headed "Let Us Have More Trade Schools." We also note that the *Herald*, of Oakland, remarks: "All that the *Argonaut* has to say to that effect is as true as gospel preaching, and about as essential to the salvation of American manhood." Further, "The need for more schools like the Lick and the Wilmerding is urgent. If there were a thousand such in the United States to-day there would be none too many." But now comes a correspondent who differs:

STANFORD, CAL., March 11, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In an editorial in your issue of March 7th, you find in the statistics of college and university attendance for the present academic year, food for thought of an apparently unpalatable sort. In the large body of college students (fifty-seven thousand three hundred and ninety-two students attending twenty leading universities) and the small attendance at Wilmerding and other industrial schools, you find a regrettable "hegira of intelligence from the trades to the professions," which is to result in a "scarcity of good workmen" and a surplusage of "super-educated, hyper-aesthetic, soft-handed college graduates."

As the *Argonaut's* reputation for veracity and decent regard of literary honesty permits one to harbor no suspicion of manipulation or concealment of the statistics on which the ominous outlook for a proletariat of super-educated American youth is based, it is to be concluded that the *Argonaut's* editor did not have before him the original article (Science, N. S., Vol. XVIII, Dec., 1903, pp. 737-741) of Dr. Tombo, registrar of Columbia University, in which these statistics were first published. For if he had, he would have noted that this large college and university attendance includes not only students in the strictly academic departments (courses in literature, mathematics, pure science, philosophy, history, economics, etc.), but students in scientific schools ("includes schools of engineering, chemistry, architecture, mining, and mechanic arts"), and in schools of agriculture, dentistry, forestry, pharmacy, veterinary practice, etc. As a matter of fact, in only a few of the twenty universities listed do the strictly academic students—those on the horrible path toward hyper-aestheticism—equal in number the students receiving training, probably not over-aesthetic, in applied mechanics, dairying, forge work, tree-planting, tooth-pulling, and other arts and trades conducive to raising a certain amount of that hand-callousing desired of the *Argonaut*.

The fact is that no "grand total" figures of American college attendance tells much more about what the rising generation of America is being taught than simply that a definite number of this youth is being taught something in those famous institutions of most interesting variety and mystery, the American universities. This something may be anything from the extraction of a deeply buried Greek root to the extraction of a long-neglected pre-molar root, or from dallying with the action-stifling philosophies of the German idealists to compounding an effective prescription for horse hots! The *Argonaut* editor can surely find something practical, callousing, and distinctly antidotal for hyper-aesthesia if he will note more closely the range of instruction offered in the catalogues of the twenty leading American universities.

Very respectfully yours, V. L. K.

It is perfectly immaterial to us where young men learn trades. The main thing is that they learn trades. What we deplored was the "hegira of intelligence from the trades to the professions." "V. L. K." endeavors to prove that the universities should not be thus attacked by showing that the university attendance "includes not only students strictly in the academic departments (courses in literature, mathematics, pure sciences, philosophy, history, economics, etc.), but students in scientific schools—civil engineering, chemistry [both trades we presume?] architecture [another trade?], mining, mechanic arts, agriculture, dentistry [still another?], forestry, pharmacy [one more?], veterinary practice"—another occupation universally recognized as "a trade." Did not the professor misread our editorial? We were arguing that young men were abandoning the trades for the professions till the latter were overcrowded and underpaid. Chemists, architects, dentists, pharmacists, veterinarians, civil engineers—these are professional men. What else? What purpose does it serve in controverting an article entitled "Let Us Have More Trade Schools" to show that our colleges train men to the professions of veterinary surgery and dentistry?

The statement and argument presented in our original editorial were simple and uncomplex. The statement was that in the trades skilled men are scarce and wages high; in the genteel professions in general a hundred thousand young men kick their heels against their office chairs, anxiously waiting for patients or clients—who, alas! come not. Our argument was that we should have more trade schools to direct intelligence into the highly remunerative, but homely, trades, and away from the meagrely paid, though "socially desirable," professions. The facts are incontrovertible. The remedy follows inevitably.

Of course, for exceptional men success is certain in almost any line. But for the mediocre—those who at thirty-five would find themselves in the overcrowded professions barely making a living—it is, in our opinion, infinitely better that their energies should be directed, their ambitions pointed, in the direction

where success lies, albeit it be humble. In brief, it is better to be a good plumber than a poor doctor. It is better to win a loaf of bread than a crumb of cake.

The decline in efficiency among men who work at trades concerns not alone themselves. It concerns the entire public. Forty years ago—yes, twenty years ago—the men willing and able to do intelligently faithful work in all the humble trades were many. To-day they are few. Every business man knows that to get a wall well laid, a house well built, is most difficult. Botch jobs are common—nay, the rule. The English workman who visited this country last fall discovered a bad job of plastering even in the White House. The spirit of suspicion and hate toward the employer is not conclusive to faithful and painstaking labor in any line. It is no trivial question. It is essential to the welfare of the citizen of city or country that his house shall not be wrecked in a high wind (as was a seven-story structure in this city last week), that another man's house shall not fall on his house and kill him (as did a ten-story structure in New York last week), that his drains shall drain, that his gaspipes shall not leak, that no crossed wires shall start a blaze in his attic—quite as essential as that there shall be trained foresters or even zoologists.

It is not a question of opposition to universities. We love not them the less, but trade schools more. The trouble lies in the fact that boys of American birth have had dangled before their eyes the idea that they "have a chance to be President"—or at least to be governor—or if not that, anyhow a congressman or a lawyer or a doctor. Young men, about toothpick size, firmly clutch the idea that they are the sort of tree trunks of which pillars of the state are made. Young men who should have been cutting off sirloins aspire to cut out appendices. Youths who would have made first-rate respectable carpenters vainly struggle with the depths of Blackstone, and wind up as police-court slysters. We rot at the bottom. How preposterous it is that the average income of plasterers and lathers should be greater than the average income of lawyers. Where is our boasted American respect for honest labor, our contempt for the seedy gentlemen who won't soil his hands?

More trade schools are what we need. Where is the man in this city who extensively employs so-called skilled labor who will stand up and be counted in favor of fewer trade schools and more universities?

Easily the most spectacular, if not the most important, battle of the war took place at Port Arthur on Thursday, the tenth. All the week bits of news about the great fight

have been coming in from various sources, till now a fairly good idea can be gained of what really happened. Piecing all the fragments together, the story of the fight runs something like this: In the early hours of the night of March 9th, six Russian torpedo-boats, four being under the command of Captain Mattaussevitich, emerged from the narrow, bottle-like entrance of Port Arthur Harbor, and advanced along the coast, in search for the Japanese fleet. A few hours later, shortly after midnight, the Japanese fleet advanced from its distant rendezvous, two torpedo-boat flotillas being far in the lead. None of the Japanese ships was seen by the Russians nor the Russian torpedo-boats by the Japanese. All was peaceful. The first of the Japanese torpedo-boat flotillas, under cover of darkness, advanced to the narrow mouth of the harbor entrance and proceeded to sink there special mines. The other Japanese torpedo-boat division, consisting of the *Asashio*, *Kasumi*, and *Akatsuki*, cruised off along the coast in the Laothieshan Channel, south of Port Arthur, and at four-thirty in the morning met the six Russian torpedo-boats coming back. The fleets at once engaged. For thirty minutes the fire at close range was hot and heavy. The Russian and Japanese boats were both badly damaged. One Russian vessel was shot through the boiler. One Japanese vessel, the *Akatsuki*, had a steam pipe shot in two, by which four stokers were killed. The chief engineer of the *Kasumi* was mortally wounded. So close together were the struggling ships that the cries of the Russian wounded could be heard by the Japanese. At the end of thirty minutes—the Japanese cruisers having meanwhile come up almost within striking distance—the six Russian vessels turned and ran for the harbor, and were not pursued by the three Japanese torpedo-boats with which they had been engaged. This was at five o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, the other Japanese torpedo-boat flotilla, which had been engaged in sinking mines at the harbor mouth, had been discovered and fired upon by the forts, whereat it put out to sea. On the way thither, shortly after five o'clock, it encountered two members of the Russian torpedo-boat flotilla, which were fleeing to safety. It at once engaged them. The remaining four Russian boats appear to have eluded the Japanese flotilla, and got safely past



into the harbor. But the two intercepted boats were hopelessly overmatched. The Japanese flotilla surrounded them, and subjected both to a terrific fire. At last one escaped, but the other, the *Stereguschchi*, was totally disabled. The Russians fought desperately. At last, when the Japanese boats closed in on the solitary vessel, many of the Russian crew leaped overboard. A Japanese sailor, at an opportune moment, boarded the *Stereguschchi*, meeting her commander at the cabin door. The Jap was the quicker of the two, and struck the officer with a cutlass. He fell to the deck, and, as he endeavored to rise, the sailor kicked him into the sea. He was drowned. Others of the Russian crew were picked up and taken prisoners by the Japanese, and the *Stereguschchi*, in sinking condition, was taken in tow by the *Sasanami*. But as a heavy sea was running, the tow-line parted, and the vessel foundered about ten-thirty—not, however, before the two Russian cruisers *Novik* and *Boyarin*, the former under command of Admiral Makroff, had put to sea in a vain attempt to save her. The entire Japanese squadron had then come so near as to make such an attempt highly hazardous, and the two cruisers put back into the harbor.

This was about ten o'clock. The Japanese torpedo-boats retired, and from that time until one in the afternoon the Japanese battle-ships and cruisers bombarded at long range the forts, town, and anchored vessels at Port Arthur. The Japanese fired about one hundred and fifty shells; the Russians only one-tenth as many. The accounts of the damage done are conflicting and unreliable. But it seems likely that both the Russian ships and the forts were badly battered.

Other news from the seat of war is vague and scanty. The whereabouts of the Vladivostok squadron are unknown. The Russ in daily increasing numbers glowers at the rapidly augmenting Japanese forces across the Yalu River. International relations have grown pleasant—Russia is pleased at Roosevelt's order of neutrality. Japanese bonds have fallen seven or eight points in London. English journals talk about early Japanese victory; but Englishmen appear unwilling to back their optimistic utterances with their money.

The New York *Tribune* is the only newspaper keeping record of the various Republican district conventions being held all over the United States. At intervals it publishes results. On March 7th, district conventions had been held in eighteen States and Territories; a total of one hundred and sixteen delegates had been chosen. Those instructed for Roosevelt were: Alaska, 6; Alabama, 4; Florida, 10; Georgia, 8; Illinois, 2; Indiana, 6; Kansas, 10; Louisiana, 2; Mississippi, 2; Missouri, 6; Ohio, 2; Pennsylvania, 4; South Carolina, 14; Texas, 6; Virginia, 12; Wisconsin, 2. The uninstructed delegates elected were as follows: Georgia, 2; Illinois, 2; Kansas, 2; New York, 2; Ohio, 2; Virginia, 8; West Virginia, 2. This makes a total of twenty. Thus out of the one hundred and sixteen delegates elected up to March 7th, ninety-six were bound hard and fast to Roosevelt. The remaining twenty uninstructed are doubtless in most cases favorable to his candidacy. A notable fact shown by the figures is that the President has received indorsement in all sections of the Union. Pennsylvania districts instruct for him, and so do Texas districts. Alaska's six districts are enthusiastic, as also Florida's ten. The convention will contain nine hundred and eighty-eight delegates. At least eighty-three per cent. of those now chosen are for Theodore Roosevelt. "His unanimous nomination at Chicago," says the *Tribune*, "is assured as absolutely as any risk in the world of politics can be assured." It looks that way.

The most important personage on any newspaper at this day is the war-correspondent. He is the man who draws the salary, whose name appears—or would if the Japanese censorship were not so strict—at the head of the first column of the first page. He is the godfather of history, and the highest ideal of the journalist in the minds of millions.

Since he is all this, and possibly a little more, who is he? How does he appear to the human eye? How does he live between battles, and whence does he hail? These are the questions that cry for answer, and the answer is to be found scattered in many histories, written in many years, and telling of many wars in different lands and between nations sometimes separated by a hemisphere.

In the first place, a war-correspondent is born, not made. He is the discovery of a moment, and he may be found at that moment doing the veriest drudgery of a daily newspaper office, or writing fiction for a well-known magazine. He may be an Archibald Forbes, or a Richard Harding Davis, or a Jack London, or a yet

unknown. Defined by his qualities he is a man of energy, quickness, keen perceptions, and indomitable resolution and patience. He can milk a cow or beard an emperor! He can lallygag with a waiting-maid till she brings him a breakfast, or persuade a general to forget press regulations. He can do all this, and must do a deal more. Whatever happens he must get the news and send it to his paper before it is cold.

The first of all war-correspondents was Dr. W. H. Russell, sent by the London *Times* as special correspondent in the Crimea in 1854. He was the sole representative of the English press during the war in which England was most vitally concerned. Fifty years later, out of an American port, bound for the scene of a war in which Great Britain has no hand, something like a score of English war-correspondents sailed in the interest of British journals. And from every city in the civilized world special writers are hurrying to the Orient to see and tell what is happening. All these men are connected in a close way with the navy and army of the side which they follow. They are recognized non-combatants, and Russian and Japanese know who the correspondents are, and respect their privileges. They are the ear of the world, and as such are treated with consideration and sometimes with fear.

As an ear is useless unless its news is transmitted to the brain, the war-correspondent is now chosen not so much for his ability to write as for the certainty of his getting what he has written to his paper. A "stickful" of Jones is better than a page of Kipling, if Jones gets in first. And from this necessity for speed of transmission of the correspondent's message has come about, since the Russian and Japanese war began, a revolution in news gathering and ways of transmission. The war-correspondent has, within the last six weeks, made San Francisco the news centre of the world, and deposed London from her long-held position. When the London *Times*, in 1854, sent Dr. Russell to the Crimea, it was preparing the way for the raising of a then unbuilt city to an eminence to which even the *Times* would look for news.

The reason of this change lies in the fact that a message from Shanghai to Chicago, by way of the Azores, must traverse sixteen cables and land lines, with a total mileage of fifteen thousand nine hundred and nine, while the same message from Shanghai, if sent by the Pacific cables, will traverse but eight lines altogether and a distance of twelve thousand six hundred and eight miles. This difference in distance and relays makes a tremendous difference in the cost of a column of newspaper dispatches, and as the Chicago papers have to pay at the very cheapest rate some five hundred and five dollars per thousand words from Japan, it will be seen that cheapness must be taken into consideration, however loud the paper's cry that it spares no expense. There is no journal existing that could afford to pay the highest cable tolls, the salary and expenses of a costly correspondent at the front, and of a costly and efficient "war" editor in the office, without some strict limit on all the expenditure. When it is taken into the reckoning that every paper of size in the United States is averaging from six thousand to seven thousand words of news from the scene of war or the capitals each day, and when it is considered that each thousand words cost in the beginning something like seven hundred dollars, an idea is gained of what money is poured out that the householder may, for less than a dollar a month, know all that is going on. Therefore the syndicate, and the greatest of all news syndicates, the Associated Press, distributes the news gathered by its hundred correspondents, and divides the cost among all the papers that it serves.

But no syndicate can take the place in the minds of the reading public of the individual correspondent with his knapsack and his vivid fashion of writing, and the mere fact that our morning's news, maybe the smallest part of it, was written by a roughly clad, unshaven fellow, sitting on a heap of dirt within the lines of a fortification whose name we never heard before—this is worth more to us than pages of facts, and that is why the big dailies spend more on their private and human correspondent, with all the risks incident to his disability and sickness and incompetency, than they do on the double-distilled accuracy of the Associated Press. Men who will scout the notion of listening in public to a pretty woman speaking on a topic of the day, will melt at this same woman's merest whisper in a corner. There is more joy in a newspaper office over one good "freak" by an erratic reporter at the front than over ninety and nine just statements by the syndicate.

An extra large pair of legs and a stout pair of bellows seem to be the necessary equipment of every efficient member of Parliament. When Premier Balfour's government met temporary defeat at the hands of the opposition, on Tuesday, the dispatches tell us of elderly and obese

gentlemen running half a mile and arriving at the House red-faced and painfully out of breath, in order to save the Ministry from having to resign. Sir Thomas Henry Carson, say the voracious dispatches, had not even waited to put on a necktie! The opposition coup, which stirred the M. P.'s to such unwonted activity, was, like all coups, simplicity itself. On a dull afternoon, when all the Unionist commoners expected a prolonged dull discussion on a minor question, and were therefore mostly absent, the Irishmen simply declined to debate it, when a vote was inevitable. The government—in the minority by eleven votes—was helpless. Balfour sat smiling grimly. He was fairly outwitted. But the exuberance of the Irish members lost them the fruits of their victory. They kept up the cheering until enough Unionist members arrived on the dead run to give the government a majority on a motion to report progress. If this division had occurred a few minutes earlier, the government would have been compelled to resign. Thanks to the sprinting powers of his supporters, Arthur Balfour is still Premier of England, though his prestige has suffered a sad blow. On such small things do the fates of Ministries depend. Politics is indeed curious.

The political gossips—wise and otherwise—are finding quite a little to talk about these days. They see, for example, in the *Chronicle's* fight against the mayor on half a dozen lines the beginning of a contest between Ruef and De Young over the control of the local and State delegation to the Republican convention at Chicago. De Young, it is said, wants to be a delegate. His opponents have other plans. They have decided, it is rumored, upon John D. Spreckels, George A. Knight, Judge McKinley, and Governor Pardee as delegates-at-large. Whereat De Young is very wroth, and a contest is now on. Another matter of political interest is the senatorship fight. Bard is said to have let it be quietly known that he will be a candidate for renomination, if pressed. But Oxnard—though *persona non grata* at the White House—still entertains ambitions to be a United States senator. He is decidedly *persona grata* to the Southern Pacific. He has money; also ability. We hear from the Southland that he is certain to be bitterly opposed by General Otis of the *Times* and Rowell of the *Fresno Republican*. He may, however, have the support of the *Call*, and both the *Los Angeles Express* and *Herald*. Of course, his ambitions seriously interfere with those of General M. H. de Young, and nothing can be expected from the *Chronicle* but determined opposition.

#### COMMUNICATIONS

##### The Genesis of the Japanese Navy.

BERKELEY, CAL., March 14, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In an article in the *Argonaut* recently published, taken from an English paper, it was stated that in 1865 the Japanese navy consisted of one inefficient gunboat armed with old-fashioned 32-pounders.  
In 1860, I was in command of Alcatraz Island. In March or April of that year a Japanese corvette visited San Francisco—the first national vessel to visit a foreign port. She was called by the papers the *Candinmarrow*. No doubt the proper name was the *Kandimaru*.  
After exchanging salutes with her, I paid an official visit to the ship. I was piped over the gangway and received by a marine guard, presenting arms. The officer of the deck took me to the admiral's cabin, and I found an intelligent, fine-looking old gentleman. We were not on speaking terms, but, with the assistance of an interpreter, we got along very well. During my visit, the orderly came to the door and spoke to the admiral, who nodded, and another official, as venerable-looking and as intelligent-looking as the admiral, came in and, prostrating himself and touching his forehead to the floor, he rose and handed to the admiral a paper, and then retired with as much ceremony as he had entered. This was the Astronomer Royal of Japan. He had obtained permission to come aboard the vessel, and was rated, I believe, as the instructor of mathematics—as it used to be in our navy before Fort Severn was turned over to the Navy Department for a naval academy. In the school-room were ten or fifteen little brown boys, scratching their heads and their slates, like any other boys. To a landsman this ship seemed as well served and in as good order as any naval vessel.  
J. STEWART.

##### Roosevelt in California.

LOS GATOS, CAL., March 10, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Won't the *Argonaut* come to the defense of the Republicans of California as against one John Aubrey Jones? In *Harper's Weekly* of March 12th, and in a previous number, I think February 13th, are published two letters from him as to the unpopularity of President Roosevelt among Republicans in California. So far as my experience goes, this is absolutely untrue. In the *Chronicle* of February 23d there is a report of a meeting of the Iroquois Club, in which John Aubrey Jones appears as a committeeman, etc. In *Harper's Weekly* he says he is a "Republican"! Could you not set *Harper's Weekly* right as to the kind of a Republican he has been in 1896 and 1900, and now in 1904? Roosevelt is "good enough" for most of us, and it is almost certain he will be our candidate; so why not begin to stand by him now?  
Yours truly, A TRUE BLUE.

##### An Appreciative Reader.

CONDOBOLIN, AUSTRALIA, February 19, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I enclose herewith post-office order in payment of a year's subscription. I have been a fairly regular reader of the *Argonaut* for a number of years past, but the pleasure I derive from a perusal of its pages has much increased since I have been receiving it regularly. Wishing you all success during the present year.  
Yours faithfully, G. C. DUFFIELD.



## THE WHITE GRAVE.

A Story of Chilkoot Pass.

Harrison and his wife were evidently tenderfeet. Worse than that, they had never been outside the City of New York before; and why an inexperienced, city-bred young man like Harrison should have attempted to move a year's outfit, which weighs a ton, over the Chilkoot Pass, and tempt Fate in the bleakness of the Yukon country, no one knew.

The reason really was Harrison's wife. Tired of a living salary in the city, she was ready, when news of the Klondike gold-fields reached the world in 1897, to catch the gold fever; caught it, and argued Harrison into resigning his clerkship in an insurance company, and into taking her with him to Alaska. They were very much in love, and could not be separated. So they invested their savings in sacks of flour, and blankets, and tins of coffee, and in tickets to Dyea.

They landed there in December. This, of course, was an idiotic time to arrive, but they didn't know, and there were lots of other idiots just then. When Harrison grasped the fact that he must, himself, pull all his pile of provisions over the desolate mountain range that ran upward in front of him, his heart failed him; as the Yukoners say, he got cold feet. But his wife cheered him. Mrs. Harrison was young, and, therefore, hopeful. Moreover, she was a pretty little woman, with a great mass of flaxen hair, and on her account many a rough packer on the trail gave Harrison a lift with his load in the steeper places.

They struggled on together through storms and snowdrifts. Little by little the outfit neared the summit that had lain eighteen miles from them when first they landed. Every morning Harrison would load some two hundred and fifty pounds on the sled, pull it up the trail seven miles or so, and come back in the afternoon. And the girl, for she was nothing more, would cook their little meals on the sheet-iron stove, and dry Harrison's moccasins and coddle him, and tell him how like it all was to a picnic, and how she enjoyed the life. Which was not true.

And so they passed through Canyon City, beyond which there is no God, the packers say, and up to Sheep Camp, which is far up in the mountains on the timber line, and beyond which there lies a frozen desolation that supports no living thing—not even the scrubby spruce that can exist on the bare rock in lower altitudes. Here they disappeared from view, because the horses do not go past Sheep Camp, the trail being too rough; and the packers not seeing them, could bring no word.

Now, there were hotels of a fashion in Dyea at this time, but the entire downstairs part was usually made into one room, and used as a bar, dance-hall, and gambling house. So when Harrison came back down the trail two weeks later at three o'clock in the morning, he had to elbow his way up to the bar in the Comique to ask for a room. The first bartender looked at him inquiringly, for he had seen the Harrisons on the trail, and the teamsters had said they must be over the summit by now. His curiosity got the better of him.

"Are you the party that went up with a little blonde lady three weeks ago?" he asked, in his most polished phraseology.

"I may be," said Harrison.

"She seemed kind of light for this country," pursued the bartender. "Hope she's standing it all right. Did she come down with you?"

"I brought her with me," said Harrison.

"Isn't she coming in? She doesn't have to pass through the saloon here if she don't like. She can—"

Harrison's hand went to his forehead. "She's dead," he said.

A teamster came in the side door and spoke to him, and he followed the man out. So did two of the dance-hall girls and the first bartender. Outside in one of the big freighting sleds lay Mrs. Harrison. Her flaxen hair waved as in life over the girl's face, hard now as marble and colder. The moon shone full upon her, and a snow crystal hung here and there on the little fur parakee that she wore. She might have been a marble Madonna there in the moonlight. Through the open door came the noise of the next waltz. One of the girls slipped in, and the orchestra stopped. Quickly a little group began to gather, but Harrison did not move. He seemed as in a trance, staring open-eyed, mistily, at the frozen woman in the sled.

Presently, Blanche, the girl who had stopped the music, touched him on the arm.

"I know there is nothing much I can do for you," she said. "I know how it feels; but I thought perhaps you'd like to bring her inside, and you can have my room till you—till the funeral."

And Harrison thanked her. But next day he moved the body to an empty cabin that stood on the river bank in the pine grove back of the Comique. He could not bury her, he could not give her up, he said. True, she could not speak to him, nor move, but even to have her body with him was something, a kind of comfort. The bitter cold of the Northland, the icy winds that roared in untrammelled fury down the cañon—these had killed her; now they would preserve the beauty they had stilled; keep her forever young, as he had known and loved her. Why should he bury her? And when they spoke to him of burial, he bade them leave him alone.

Only in the afternoons, when there was no dancing in the Comique, Blanche used still to go daily to the

cabin in the pines, and brought him a padlock for the door, and a lantern, and other things.

It all might have drifted on in such wise indefinitely, had it not been that in a month Harrison had no money to buy his meals with, and that Blanche asked him point blank about it.

"Why don't you come over and ask Coughlin for something to do?" she said, when Harrison admitted that he had eaten no dinner that day. Coughlin was the man who ran the Comique.

"What could I do?" inquired Harrison. "I'm only a bookkeeper."

But that night he asked Coughlin about it. Now twice a day Coughlin put all the gold and bank-notes that were in the cash drawer into his pocket, leaving the silver for change; and he kept his accounts, which were few, in his head; and he didn't need a bookkeeper. But he was sorry for Harrison, and besides Blanche had spoken to him of it, and he wanted to oblige her. For Blanche was popular among the men, and was asked to drink oftener than any girl in the house, and was valuable on that account in a country where one gets a dollar for two drinks. So he told Harrison he could go to work.

"In the morning?" said Harrison.

"Any time," said Coughlin.

Harrison looked around a moment. "If you'll show me the books, I think I might look them over now."

"Books?" said Coughlin, hesitatingly. "There aint any, but I guess you can figure all right in this, perhaps." He produced a small paper-covered blank book from under the bottle rack. "You'll find a lead pencil in the drawer any time," and he bustled over to the faro-bank, satisfied that he had demonstrated his familiarity with all the implements of the bookkeeping craft. Later he came back to ask Harrison what wages he was going to work for.

"Anything," said Harrison. "In New York I got seventy-five dollars a month."

"That aint much," said Coughlin. "I never asked any man to take less than three dollars a day and board. You can eat in the restaurant there." Then he introduced Harrison to Big Joe, the day bartender, telling Joe this was the bookkeeper.

An hour later Joe called Harrison to announce that Red Sheehan had got a drink without paying therefor.

"He never will pay for it either," continued the experienced Joe, "but I suppose you'll put it down in the bookkeeping."

Harrison seemed a little undecided as to the value of this entry, and his uncertainty settled it, for thereafter Joe never mentioned such items, and as for Coughlin, he continued to dump the uncounted contents of the cash drawer at various times into his pocket, and to pay his debts out of the same receptacle with a total disregard of cash balances, daily receipts, or outstanding accounts, which made Harrison's methodical hair stand on end.

Occasionally, however, he would ask Harrison how he was getting along, and Harrison, who had debited Red Sheehan's account with one drink, and who had never had occasion to make a second entry of any kind, generally replied that the work was pretty light. "That's all right," Coughlin would say. "Bookkeepers are mighty handy to have around in case you want to figure sometime."

And so Harrison drew his three dollars a day, and ate in the restaurant, where Blanche usually managed to sit opposite. Then in the evening he sat idle in the Comique, and watched the roulette wheels spin and the cards drop monotonously from the faro-box, heard the metallic call of the dealers and the buzz of the ball in the runway of the wheel, saw the dancing-girls, in all the glories of scarlet satin, promiscuous affection, and peroxide hair, waltz past, listened to the wandering musicians of the orchestra play some good music and much bad; sat in a chair near the end of the bar, and watched the carnival of sin and revelry around him, and then, about midnight, when he felt entitled to leave, he went back to the lonely cabin, where his wife lay in her changeless sleep, to sit and keep his vigil with her he had loved in life and still adored in death.

In the restaurant he had many conversations with Blanche. "How long will you stay here?" she asked him once.

"Always, I suppose," he said.

"But this is only a boom town," she answered.

"Next year there will be no one here but the Siwash, and they will be quarreling among themselves for these buildings."

"I'll stay," persisted Harrison.

"But how can you live? Coughlin is going down the river this summer, and a man must eat. Why don't you come along with the rest of us? He'll take everybody that is working here, for he means to open up again in the Yukon country." Harrison shook his head, and the conversation ended.

To Blanche he was interesting. Even in the depths to which she had fallen, or rather deliberately descended, there exists an unconfessed desire for the better things of the past, for the moral levels which have been derided and deserted, for the things which are bitter with the sourness of the grapes the fox could not attain to; and to talk with Harrison was a breath from the old world, monotonous, perhaps, but lovable, where she, too . . . but she never thought of those things. What was the use? It made her sad, and she would undoubtedly drink more than usual, and get reckless, and buy wine with her salary and percentage money, and be in debt to the house for a month after-

ward. So she didn't think much. It didn't ever occur to her that her interest in Harrison was passing the danger line. It wouldn't have made any difference anyway.

A month later, Coughlin announced that the Comique would have a grand closing one week from that night. "The money is about through in this town," he said, in explanation. "We'll move on to the gold mines."

Blanche discussed it that evening with Harrison in the restaurant. The news disturbed him.

"You'll come, too?" she said. He didn't know. "There'll be nothing here," she went on, "and it will be so lonely."

"I don't mind the loneliness," said Harrison.

"But I'll be lonely."

"Perhaps Coughlin wouldn't want me, anyway. I haven't done a stroke of work while I've been here."

"But he'll want you if I say so. I'm the best girl he's got," said Blanche, modestly, "and if I say so it goes. And I do say so."

Harrison was silent. He had often thought of this. He had known, of course, that he could not live forever at the Comique. Many times he had decided that death were easier than a final parting from the dead. He had thought that he could never leave her, but now—Well, the lust of life is strong. We do not know how far the fall is until we stand at the brink and look over. Besides there is no coming back. If we could only try it for a while and return again!

"Harrison," said Blanche, suddenly, "listen. I think I know what you are thinking, and I know I can not argue such a thing with you. No one could. You know best, and no one else can know anything about it. But I want to tell you one fact that perhaps you haven't thought of. You want to stay here with her—always. But you can't. I know it is horrible to talk of, but it is not always winter even in Alaska, and the summer is almost here." The man winced. "Go to bed, Harrison," she said; "I can not talk of such things. You know best."

He went away to the cabin. He knew that Blanche was right. It must be—but the anguish of it. How should he say the last farewell?

At the foot of the mountains that stretch upward from the Dyea sands, he dug a grave, four feet. And that night he would bury her. But his resolution failed him. All night he sat beside the unreplying dead and stroked her icy hands. "To-morrow I will do it," he said. But the next day he dug again in the grave. It should be six feet. And neither could he say farewell that night.

Then Blanche came over to him. "We leave on Saturday. You know to-day is Wednesday," she said, and went away quickly, for she saw the sheeted form, and understood something of his pain. On Thursday she came again. Harrison had not been at the restaurant all day, and she carried a tray with her. The cabin was empty, but a note on the table said: "I can not give her up. I could not hide her in a grave of earth. I will lay her on the mountain top above the glacier. Thank you. Good-by."

Now the glacier lies in a greater crater of the mountains there, above the snow line, five thousand feet above Dyea; and behind it there towers a solitary peak that juts needle-like, head and shoulders over the lesser crags of the crater. Up above the world, far from the sound of man, into the great silence it reaches, where only the northern lights keep the long vigils with its wind-tormented top.

That night when Blanche asked Billy Matthews, who ought to know, being a squaw-man and an old-timer there, how long it would take to go to the glacier, he said the Siwash called it two days. "And how long would it take to go to the top of the big peak?" Matthews smiled. "Why, no one's ever gone, sis, and I don't scarcely think they will."

But the next day Blanche borrowed the glasses from the trading-post, and watched the snow line. About four o'clock a black speck gradually emerged at the timber limit, and showed sharply against the snow-fields that lay beyond. The glasses showed a man with a long bundle upon his back. Blanche closed them, and watched the speck with her naked eye. Slowly it crept to the foot of the great ice rampart, and as it mounted the green precipices, a gathering bank of cloud engulfed it.

Early next morning Blanche searched the mountain with the glasses. The speck had crossed the miles of glacier in the night, and was half way up the mighty pinnacle that lay behind. There it clung to a precarious hold on the storm-swept crag, its ghastly burden still upon its shoulders. Five hundred feet below it lay a great snow-field, hundreds of feet deep. Five hundred feet above it hung the mountain crest. Blanche could see the wind sweep great banks of snow around the speck. The footing must have been slippery, for the speck climbed less than a hundred feet in an hour, and then, as a wind-gust swept a swirling eddy of sleet across the precipice, it fell—fell straight to the eternal snows five hundred feet beneath it, and disappeared. Even with the glasses Blanche could see no hole in the drift, and besides the wind would fill it full again almost at once.

Gray-lipped, she sought out Matthews. "Billy," she asked him, "how far would a man sink in that snow up there if he fell off the top of the peak?"

"My God, what questions," said Billy. "How do I know? He'd stay a thousand years, anyway."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1904.

A. C.



## "LEST WE FORGET."

Russia's Course During the Civil War—She Declined to Enter a Combination Against Us—Sent Ships to New York and San Francisco.

Republics are proverbially ungrateful, but the United States would be more than ungrateful—it would be guilty of base violation of the elementary rules of decency—did it forget the part Russia played during the dark days of the Civil War, when both France and England were faint-hearted friends.

It has often been denied that even Russia was then our sincere friend; but the Russo-Japanese war has served to bring into the light all the evidences, *pro* and *con*, regarding the nature of her relations to the United States, and the conclusion seems inevitable that Russia was then "a present help in time of need."

There is no better authority than ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster. In his book, "A Century of American Diplomacy," he says:

Of all these nations the only staunch friend of the Union cause was Russia, all others being openly unfriendly or indifferent to the result. It was Russia that gave us the first notice, early in 1861, of the efforts of the French emperor to effect a coalition against us of the three great powers; she not only declined the coalition, but again, in 1862, when the formal proposition for European intervention was proposed, it was also declined. In the darkest days of the struggle her fleet appeared in American ports as an earnest of her friendship.

This evidence of friendly intention was exhibited at an early date. It is the fact that Russia, unlike England and France, did not recognize even the belligerency of the Southern States. In further proof of Russia's friendliness is quoted this passage from instructions to the Russian minister at Washington from his government, dated July 10, 1861:

This Union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal political equilibrium. It constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other.

In 1862, says John Bigelow (who, during the Civil War, was at first *chargé d'affaires* of the American legation at Paris, and later envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France) there were disturbing rumors current in the French capital of coalitions and combinations on the part of European Powers against the United States. These disturbing reports were communicated by Mr. Bigelow to Secretary of State Seward, who wrote him a letter in reply, which closed as follows:

Propositions and debates about mediation and recognition do not make our people amiable. If the debates are kept up abroad we shall have a navy that will be worthy of a great maritime power. It might perhaps be well if it were known in Europe that we are no longer alarmed by demonstrations of interference. *Between you and myself alone, I have a belief that the European state, whichever one it may be, that commits itself to intervention anywhere in North America will sooner or later fetch up in the arms of a native of an Oriental country not especially distinguished for amiability of manners or temper.*

These lines, in the opinion of Mr. Bigelow, are a "sufficient warrant for the inference that Mr. Seward had an understanding with the Russian Government." In a recent interview, he also advances the idea that the purchase of Alaska from Russia was made as a "gracious recognition" on the part of the United States of the Czar's attitude toward us in 1862. Mr. Bigelow also quotes from a letter written by Charles Francis Adams, the American ambassador to London, to Mr. Seward as early as November, 1861, and immediately after a conference with Earl Russell. Mr. Adams wrote:

"I ought to add that in going into the ante-room, previous to the conference, I met there Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador, who seized the occasion to express his great regret at the misunderstanding which is taking place, and his earnest offer of any services on the part of himself or his government that might have the effect to restore friendly relations between the two countries."

"Those words from an ambassador under any circumstances," says Mr. Bigelow, "could hardly be regarded as a commonplace assurance, but illumined by the light of what followed leaves no doubt in my mind that they were the shadows of coming events."

It should be borne in mind that this period—the summer and fall of 1862—was one of the darkest periods of the Civil War. On September 17, 1862, Lord Russell wrote to Lord Palmerston that the time had come "for offering mediation to the United States Government, with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Confederates." On October 7th, Mr. Gladstone made his speech at Newcastle, in which he said that "Jeff" Davis and his associates had "made a nation." "In November"—we quote from Morley's "Gladstone"—"The French emperor renewed proposals of joint mediation. . . . He cast restlessly about for any combination that promised aid to the Southern Confederates, who, whether they should emerge strong or weak from the struggle, would be a useful instrument for his future purposes. So now he pressed England and Russia to join him in a project of mediation. Russia declined; the English Cabinet was divided."

"Russia declined!" What a significant expression, and how great was, perhaps, the influence of that refusal upon the course of history!

But it was in 1863 that there occurred the most significant event of the war period, showing Russia's attitude. In the spring of 1863, the United States had

suffered the severe defeats of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On June 30th, a motion was made in the House of Commons favoring the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy. It was at such a moment that the Russian fleet appeared in New York Harbor. Rhodes, the historian, says:

The friendly welcome of a Russian fleet of war vessels, which arrived in New York City in September; the enthusiastic reception by the people of the admiral and officers when offered the hospitality of the city; the banquet given at the Astor House by the merchants and business men in their honor; the marked attention shown them by the Secretary of State on their visit to Washington "to reflect the cordiality and friendship which the nation cherishes toward Russia"; all these manifestations of gratitude to the one great power of Europe which had openly and persistently been our friend, added another element to the cheerfulness which prevailed in the closing months of 1863.

Not only in New York Harbor did the Russian fleet appear, but in the port of San Francisco. The first vessel sent—the *Novik*—was unfortunately wrecked off Point Reyes. This was on September 26, 1863. That the purpose for which these ships were sent was then fairly well understood, not only by the journals of the East, but by the newspapers of San Francisco, may be judged by comment in the *Alta California* about this time. "What a strange coincidence," it remarks, "it is that the sympathy which we are free to acknowledge we entertained for that great empire of Russia during the Crimean campaign should be so singularly reciprocated every day more and more by that power. . . . We hear that communications have been received from an English source, according to which we must prepare ourselves for the approaching ratification of an offensive and defensive alliance between St. Petersburg and Washington. . . . This may be a canard, but then, there is a coincidence which occurs almost simultaneous with the above announcement." The *Alta* then goes on to quote the following dispatch from New York:

The officers of the Russian fleet of four war vessels which arrived here a few days since, had a most enthusiastic reception to-day. Fifteen regiments formed, and the number of spectators which thronged along the route of the procession is said to have reached one hundred thousand. At the City Hall an official welcome was tendered, and there the guests reviewed the military.

"About the same time," continues the *Alta*, "the *Novik* was on her way to our harbor, but unfortunately was wrecked. . . . It may appear only a coincidence, but then we have the fact staring us in the face, a more than friendly or sympathetic feeling has existed between the people of the United States and Russia."

A few days later—to be exact, October 11, 1863—the Russian corvette *Bogatyr*, forty-eight guns, three hundred and twelve men, twenty-two hundred tons, arrived in San Francisco Harbor. Two weeks later, on October 28th, the Russian corvette *Abreck*, six guns, one hundred and forty men, arrived. Following her, on November 7th, came the war vessel *Rynda*, eight hundred tons, eleven guns, one hundred and sixty men. There must have been others, as the newspapers, in chronicling her arrival, remarked that she was "the fifth Russian man-of-war to arrive here in the last few weeks." Study of the files shows that these vessels lingered until far into the next year; that their mission was well understood, though not openly acknowledged. Here is a typical expression of opinion from the *Alta-California* of October 26, 1863:

There are in this port at this time three vessels of war of his imperial majesty, Alexander the Second of Russia. More, we believe, are expected. There is also in the harbor of New York a Russian fleet. There are rumors that an alliance has been entered into between our country and Russia. If there has been, it is nothing but a formal recognition of a fact which already exists. . . . Throughout the whole of our troubles, Russia alone, of all the nations of the world, has acted toward us with respect, consideration, and friendship. . . . When to these considerations is added the fact of the unvarying esteem, regard, and friendship which the Russians have always exhibited toward us from the War of the Independence down to the present day, there is not room for two opinions in relation to the course which it is incumbent upon us to pursue toward the distinguished admiral and officers who have honored our port with a visit.

All circumstances point to the conclusion that these fleets were in our two ports under sealed orders, to the effect that, in event of interference by France or England, the weight of Russia's influence—and her guns, if need be—should be used on the side of the Union. This is the opinion of John Bigelow, who says: "I think they may have been intended to give notice to the world, and especially to France and England, that the Czar was not an indifferent spectator of this attempt to break up our Union." Charles J. Murphy, writing to the *New York Times*, says that he has in his possession a letter from the late General Cassius M. Clay, at that time our United States minister to Russia, in which he states that this fleet was sent over with orders to interfere actively in favor of the United States the moment that France or England opposed us in favor of the South. On the twenty-ninth of October, 1863, Bayard Taylor addressed from St. Petersburg to Secretary Seward the following message from Prince Gortchakoff: "Russia alone has put herself on your side since the beginning, and we will stand by you until the end, because we desire above all things to maintain the American Union."

Russia's action was a real service to us in a dark hour of our history. We ought not now to forget it.

It is believed that the Rothschild family, as a whole, is worth about \$1,500,000,000—the French section being represented by about \$350,000,000, and the English branch by considerable more.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edwin A. Abbey is hard at work on his painting of the coronation. The king is said to be giving him several sittings a week.

President William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, who has been suffering from an attack of appendicitis, was operated on last week. The operation was a success.

In Archibald Forbes's sketch of Skobelev there is a casual reference to Kouroupatkin, Russia's minister of war, now on his way to Manchuria to assume command of the Czar's troops. Here it is: "His [Skobelev's] chief of staff, Kouroupatkin, is a silent, dogged, blood-thirsty fellow, with bulldog instincts of savagery and tenacity."

Three New York men and one Chicago man have subscribed a fund amounting to thirty thousand dollars, and placed the money at the disposal of Dr. Richard T. Ely, director of the school of economics and political science of the Wisconsin University, to investigate the history of the labor movement and allied social movements in the United States. It will take five years.

The Boston papers say that one of the infirmities of age from which Edward Atkinson, the anti-imperialist and economist, inventor of the Aladdin oven, suffers, is such unsteadiness that he no longer uses a pen, but employs a rubber stamp in signing his name. This is done even on checks of small or large amount. As such a signature is not legal, Mr. Atkinson renders it so by attesting it according to the Bertillon system. He inks the ball of his thumb on a pad and leaves the imprint on the check, as much as to say "Edward Atkinson, his thumb." Bank cashiers in Boston and elsewhere have become familiar with the hair lines of the Atkinsonian thumb, and a piece of paper bearing it is as good as legal tender.

Barbara MacGahan, widow of the war-correspondent, Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, and herself a well-known author and newspaper writer, died in New York last week. She was born in 1851, in Russia. In 1870, traveling with her sister in the Crimea, she met MacGahan, then correspondent of the *London Times*. They were married in Paris, in 1872, and, until his death in 1879, Mrs. MacGahan accompanied her husband on most of his expeditions. In 1880, Mrs. MacGahan was sent to this country by the *Galos* of St. Petersburg to report the Garfield campaign. She wrote for the *Viedomosti*, of St. Petersburg, and contributed articles on Russia to the *Sun* and other American papers. She also wrote "Xenia Refina" in English and other novels in Russian, and translated into Russian many of the stories of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Poe.

Twice a year the Empress Eugénie, who once reigned by right of beauty, the most flattered of sovereigns, passes a few weeks at Paris on her way to or from the south. "This year," writes Count Fleury, "the illness, then the death, of her cousin, the Princess Mathilde, kept Empress Eugénie in Paris longer than usual. She returns merely as a traveler, and she holds to the strictest incognito. From the windows of the Continental Hotel her sad eyes, now slightly dimmed, gaze at the garden of the Tuileries, from which she was torn by a whirlwind of revolutionary fury, at the palace where she triumphed, the temple of her resplendent beauty. Sometimes in the Continental's arcades passersby are attracted by this white-haired woman as she walks leaning on a cane, dressed in the deepest mourning, to which she has clung since the death of the unfortunate Prince Imperial. Instantly they recognize the empress, whom age has not bent, whose charm has not forsaken her, and whose features, under the crown of misfortune nobly borne, recall the memories of former tributes and command respect."

The criminal branch of the court of cassation in Paris has granted the appeal of Alfred Dreyfus for a revision of his trial at Rennes. This decision from the highest tribunal in France goes a long way toward the complete rehabilitation of Dreyfus, the subsequent steps being generally regarded as formalities for carrying out this favorable attitude of the court. Albert Dreyfus, an Alsatian Jew and a captain in the Fourteenth Artillery of the French army, detailed for service at the information bureau of the French ministry of war, was arrested on October 15, 1894. The charge against him was of having sold military secrets to a foreign power. He was tried in secret, and condemned to military degradation and to solitary confinement on the Ile du Diable. His stripes were torn from him, and his sword broken in public in Paris in January, 1895. In 1896, doubt began to be thrown on the justice of the verdict. The agitation increased in importance until 1898, when Colonel Henry admitted forging one of the documents, and committed suicide. This led to a reorganization of the general staff, and Major Esterhazy and Colonel Paty du Clam, who had been most active against Dreyfus, were retired. The court of cassation ordered a new trial by court-martial in June, 1899, and the result of this was a verdict that Dreyfus was guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The members of the court then united in a recommendation to mercy, and President Loubet pardoned the prisoner on September 19, 1899. Since that time the agitation has been continued.



## THE EXCELLENT WIT OF DR. BEHR.

"The Hoot of the Owl" a Book of Rare Nonsense—"Virtue"—This an Age of "Flannel and Underwear"—The Medicos—Anecdotes of Bohemian Clubmen.

To print in cold black type, to bind in sober boards, to submit to the dull, critical eye in the garish light of day, that which was intended to be uttered post-prandially to kindred spirits in the receptive mood that stomatic dilation brings, is to brush the dust from the butterfly's wings. Yet the butterfly, though bruised, remains a butterfly—Dr. Behr's addresses, in print, remain witty, though never will the jests seem so excellent, the humor so genuine, the wit so keen, as when there was—to drop into paraphrase—ever the time and the place, and the comrades all together.

"The Hoot of the Owl" (Robertson: \$1.50) is what the friends of the late scientist, who are responsible for the collection and publication of these "Jinks Papers" have called the book. The addresses are on all sorts of subjects—from "Music" to "The Mosquito"; from "Some Remarks on the Secret Relations Between Chemistry and Political Economy" to "Love"; from "The Skeleton in Armor" to "Germs." Perhaps the doctor was happiest on the subject of "Virtue," which, he said, "he understood thoroughly." In his particular case, the admonition to be virtuous and happy came from an aunt, whom he thus described:

My aunt was an elderly lady, not exactly prepossessing in her exterior, but shockingly virtuous and as unmarried as possible. Her favorite beverage was tea of valerian with a stick in it of sulphuric ether. She wore green spectacles, always felt miserable and respectable, and between asafetida and valerian led a most unhappy life. Her only occupation was virtue. In her leisure hours she made a most interesting collection of medicine-bottles and pill-boxes, of all shapes and sizes. So she used to sit near the peaceful slope of her favorite pill-box, looking through her green spectacles at humanity as it passed her window, and talked virtue and gossip. It took considerable time before I could separate the idea of virtue from that of green glasses, or distinguish the odor of sanctity and the smell of a drug-store; but when I finally succeeded in doing so, I made up my mind to give virtue a fair shake.

But the doctor finally concluded that "virtue is a swindle." In fact, he held that the human race is fast degenerating through its practice of mild virtues of peace:

Look at the descendant of a northern sea-king selling liquor as an Angular Saxon at a corner grocery. Look at the descendants of Milesian kings drinking it on credit. The *cultus* of the ancient Aztec, with its impressive ceremonies of human sacrifices, has degenerated into the early piety of the Young Men's Christian Association. Compare the High Priest Huichitipochtli, wielding in his right hand the sacred flint and in his left a bleeding, palpitating heart, to the Young Men Christian Deacon, with bald head, blue eye-glasses, a set of false teeth, and an umbrella instead of the sacrificial flint knife.

Here, again, he mourns the good old days, when the noble guest approaching reins his courser at the port-eulais. In fancy, he hears the blast of the warden's horn:

Hark the sound! It comes like a distant earthquake in search of a situation. It comes nearer. It mounts the staircase like a walking blacksmith-shop. The doors fling open, and in steps the valiant knight, Sir Godfrey de Newcomb from Sacramento. He takes off his iron overcoat and hangs it on the hat-stand in the hall; he puts his iron umbrella in a corner; he blows his nose with an iron handkerchief. With sounding step and clanking armor he strides into the banquet-hall, gazes around him, and his proud eye meets the eye of Sir Walter de Mestayer. Sir Godfrey de Newcomb deliberately pulls off one of his iron gauntlets and flings it on Sir Walter's pet corn. A wild combat ensues. Sir Godfrey fells Sir Walter to the ground, he puts his knee to Sir Walter's chest, his poniard to his throat, and bids him to acknowledge that Sir Godfrey de Newcomb's lady love is the greatest beauty of all ages and countries. Sir Walter pleads that he has not the advantage of a personal acquaintance, never having been introduced; but Sir Godfrey tickles his throat with the poniard, and Sir Walter signs the certificate. Alas! these happy days are gone forever. The age of iron has passed. It is true we have in this country considerable brass and steel—sometimes more than is agreeable to taxpayers; but essentially this is an age of flannel and underwear.

Though a distinguished entomologist and physician, Dr. Behr took great delight in making science ridiculous and grilling the medicos. Here is a sample passage in medicine:

The science of medicine is the science which enables the student to pass his medical examination; if this end has been obtained we call it the triumph of science. Medicine branches off into two disciplines, which are called the old system and modern science. The followers of the latter call the followers of the first "old fogies", the followers of the former call the adherers of modern science "young men." The oldest system was that of the Haruspices in ancient Rome. They examined the bowels of oxen with the naked eye, and predicted out of them what would happen. Modern science examines the bowels of fools with the microscope, and predicts what has happened. Both disciplines agree on one point: they collect feces, or at least try to collect them. This is a very essential part of our science, and the discipline that treats about collecting feces is called physiology.

On the origin of the human species—in fact, all animal life—the author has this to say:

The disciples of the fermentation theory quote an experiment by which they produce fleas by moistening sawdust. I have tried the experiment, but could not raise anything, not even a self-made man, and only after many complicated processes I succeeded in raising a life-insurance agent—and that only after having added to the sawdust an added egg.

Still another intimate study in entomological science:

The insect world has shown through all the later years a perceptible progress and enjoyable tendency to copulate and multiply. We have had grasshoppers, codling moths, scale-bugs, and our most gracinus Sire has treated successfully, by mere ritual ointment several cases of phylloxera in persons that had come in too close a contact with the vineyard of a friend. We are uncertain whom we have to thank for this revival of the insect world—our brother, Harry Edwards, for his absence, or our State entomologists, for their presence.

Not less at home was Dr. Behr in the green fields of history and adventure than in science and medicine—as witness this account of early experience in California:

I was hut a few days in San Francisco when a rough-looking individual—a Texas Ranger, as I afterwards heard—laid his hand on my shoulder, with the words, "Old horse, take a drink?" I had presence of mind enough to take the drink, and had afterwards several opportunities to get even with the gentleman in taking drinks as well as in calling him "old horse."

The second experience was on the day when the Territory of California was admitted as a State. A procession was formed, in which I participated at the side of a gentleman to whom I was not introduced. Silently we walked on, influenced and absorbed by the significance of the historical moment, when my companion abruptly remarked: "It's a long time that I have not seen you." I was astonished, and answered: "I never saw you all my lifetime." "And is not that long enough?" retorted my companion, in the most mellifluous accents of green Erin. That day we got very much acquainted.

The third experience was in the rooms of the Vigilance Committee, where we discussed the case of Mr. Stuart. The meeting was addressed by Jim Dows, and I recollect distinctly the words: "Gentlemen, to hang a man is a temporary and transitory matter, but the principles which we represent here are eternal."

Here is a charming incident told of a fellow-member of the Bohemian Club:

In the old rooms of the club, one evening, Tommy Newcomb was suffering from toothache—complaining and expressing his firm intention to get drunk. Now, if Tommy had taken that vow, I do not know a single instance of his not being true to his word; so he succeeded very well that night, and when I met him the following day at luncheon, with a swollen face, I was afraid that the cure had not taken effect; but he assured me the remedy was infallible, and added: "The whole night I had the most excruciating toothache, but didn't feel it because I was drunk."

Another good story:

This reminds me of a thrilling adventure in the bold career of the naval hero, Captain Schenck. During one of his perilous voyages on the Pacific Ocean, he visited his friend, Liti-Li-Ho-Ho, the powerful king of the Cannibal Islands. The king received his guest with all the pomp and honor usual in his cannibal empire. At the feast given in the captain's honor, the neighboring trees were decorated with girls bound fast and awaiting the moment when they should be served at the royal table. One of the most toothsome was destined for the dinner of the distinguished guest; and when the captain was asked in what style he would have his girl served up, he astonished his cannibal friends with the words: "Your majesty, I'll take mine raw."

And finally, we are constrained to quote at length from the inimitable address on "Temperance":

There are some heinighed people who mistake total abstinence for temperance. Temperance is moderation in all things; total abstinence is an extreme, and as such intemperance is in its worst form, because it is unnatural. Temperance is the territory that separates two extremes. Between arctic ice and the scorching heat of the tropics stretches the temperate zone. This zone is inhabited by the most temperate nations—the Americans, the Irish, the Dutch; and this is not the only circumstance from which it received its name; like the temperate zone, temperance is the intermediate state between total abstinence and total intoxication.

What says Horace, that great authority of our Bohemian church? "Medium tenuere heati," which, literally translated, means:

Blessed be they that walk  
On a line of chalk  
Through a given room diagonally.

There is another even more serious mistake interfering in the sacred cause of temperance. There exists in the mind of many people an erroneous impression that water is the most temperate beverage, and I am sorry to say, there are fanatics who really use it as such. My dear brethren, water is really a very useful fluid. It was created for washing, for hating at the Midsummer High Jinks, for the sale of nautical instruments, for painting in water-color, or the construction of bridges, and last, but not least, for the cleaning of bottles.

We have here in this town a microscopical society whose members are visible to the naked eye and derive their name from the circumstance that they look into glasses of the microscope. Each member of this society will state that each drop of water swarms with myriads of living beings, each provided with individuality, and actively engaged in the pursuit of happiness. We also have here a society to promote cruelty of insects to man—no, to prevent cruelty to animals. This society recognizes two reasons which justify taking of animal life; but under no circumstances are we permitted to inflict tortures on living beings; and would it not be a torture for these myriads, engaged in the pursuit of happiness, to be exposed to the horrors of our intestinal tube? Before swallowing these poor aquatics we have to kill them, in as mild and pleasant a way as is compatible with the process. This object we obtain by diluting the water with alcohol, a method agreeable to both parties, and at the same time administering spiritual comfort. Dr. Swan, who frequently assisted me in the diluting process and aided in my experiments, has seen through a microscope of two thousand six hundred and seventy-five horse power the microbes, during the diluting process, joyfully clapping their hands, and singing out: "Death, where is thy sting? Hell, where is thy victory?"

Certainly, Dr. Behr was a humorous philosopher of no mean rank. "None but a man of extraordinary talent," said De Quincey, "can write first-rate nonsense." He was right. Lewis Carroll was a man of intellect and education, and his funniest sayings, as has been remarked, were often based on profound knowledge or deep thought. The great Dr. Johnson wrote nonsense upon occasion, and William Pitt is said once to have exclaimed: "Don't tell me of a man's being able to talk sense; every one can talk sense. Can he talk nonsense?" It is a true test of a great mind.

A melancholy thing about Dr. Behr is that he died "a man without a country." Koethen, his birthplace, is now a small town of the German Empire, but in the old doctor's boyhood it was the capital city of the principality of Saxony-Anhalt, where the last of his line, a benignant prince, held his court and ruled over his people like a father. A few further biographical details may be interesting. Dr. Behr was born August 18, 1818, and was one of several children. His father and grandfather held the office of councilor of the prince, and had jurisdiction over eleven villages, with power to pronounce all sentences except death. At the academy at Zerbst, Dr. Behr studied Greek, Latin,

Hebrew, and mathematics. His taste for the natural sciences was aroused, and he became an ardent collector of birds' eggs, even stealing the nest of one of the royal swans to get a specimen for his collection. In 1837, he entered the University of Halle, belonging to the student club known as "Marcia." From here he went to Wurtzburg to study medicine, and became deeply interested in botany, and what he learned at this time was the basis of the wonderful knowledge of the flora of the world which distinguished him above his contemporaries. He belonged to the student club known as "Moenania," and in its behalf he fought most of his twenty-seven or more duels. At the University of Berlin, in 1843, he took his degree as doctor of medicine. He formed a life-long friendship with the renowned Virchow, who was one of his classmates. When he left Berlin he carried a letter of recommendation with him from Alexander von Humboldt.

He returned to Koethen, where he practiced medicine a short time, but his young blood was full of unrest. He entertained various projects, but finally he went to South Australia as physician on an emigrant ship. He spent two years in Australia, and made a collection of several hundred plants and insects. On the voyage home, attempting to go through the Straits of Lombeck, the vessel was obliged to put back by the Straits of Bali on account of pirates. On his return to Koethen he again took up the practice of medicine, and became one of the ardent supporters of the socialistic movement in 1848. To keep him out of trouble with the government, his father arranged a second trip to Australia. The young man had become greatly interested in Sanscrit, so on this second trip to Australia he took his books and studied Sanscrit during the months required for the voyage. This was near the end of 1848. It was at this time that he formed a life-long friendship with the renowned Australian botanist, Ferdinand von Mueller, and also Dr. William Hillebrand. He remained in Australia about a year, and left in company with Dr. Hillebrand for Manila. After practicing medicine in Manila a short time, and also spending some time traveling through the Island of Luzon collecting butterflies and plants, he came to San Francisco in 1851, and in this city he spent the rest of his life, interrupted by a short visit to Germany to bring back his bride, a few years after his arrival. He became an active member of the community, even forming one of the famous Vigilance Committee.

Dr. Behr's genius was many-sided, but perhaps his most remarkable gift was a facility for learning languages. His knowledge was not that of the mere linguist, though there was scarcely a European language with which he was not familiar, but rather that of the philologist. He would talk for hours over the primitive roots, showing the relationships of the languages, and always believed that the only way to study psychology was through language. What poems he wrote were in German, and were of a high order. He wrote two stories—one a novel describing life in California, which was published in some German periodical, the other a story of life in the Philippine Islands, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* many years ago.

The tunnel under the Hudson River, connecting Fourteenth Street, Jersey City, with Morton Street, New York, has been completed. Several companies have been wrecked in carrying out this enterprise, which was begun in 1874, being planned and started by a Californian, De Witt Clinton Haskins. The work altogether ceased many times. Many lives were lost, all the men at work being drowned twenty-three years ago by a sudden rush of water into the tunnel. In 1902, a reorganized company took hold of the project, and carried it to completion. The tunnel, which is nine thousand two hundred feet long, runs for five thousand six hundred feet directly under the bed of the Hudson. It consists of a double water-tight tube, in each of which a trolley railway will be operated. The tunnel trains expect to handle ninety thousand passengers daily. The trains will be absolutely fire-proof.

I. W. Lyon, of Englewood, N. J., writes to the New York *Evening Post* of a voyage he made to San Francisco in 1851 on the famous clipper ship, *Flying Cloud*. The ship was commanded by Captain J. Perkins Creesy, of Marblehead, Mass., and the voyage was made in eighty-nine days and twenty-three hours. Afterward the same captain made the trip in eighty-nine days and thirteen hours, which time has never been beaten. Captain Creesy worked his crew for all they were worth. One squally day he set and took in studding sails fourteen times. They saw land but once on the first voyage, and that was Cape Horn, which they passed at a distance of three miles.

When the New York subway was building, heavy shoring timbers were put up in front of many mansions along the route to keep them from tumbling if the subway should cave in. The subway is finished, but nobody will take the timbers down. The contractors disclaim any responsibility, the owners of the houses say it is not their business, and the city authorities are afraid of being compromised if they touch them.

One Sunday night the pastor of a Des Moines church prayed for Japanese success. The next day a representative of Japan placed an order for two thousand barrels of pork with a Des Moines packing-house.



## THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS.

The New Hostelry to Open Monday—The Most Magnificent on the Coast—Princely in Its Appointments.

San Francisco, away out here on the western edge of the United States, has always been blessed by good hotels and eating-places; and now, in this year 1904, it has had an addition to its places of rest and entertainment completed that puts it in the front rank so far as hotels are concerned. The new St. Francis, which opens Monday, is beyond adverse criticism of any kind. It has been built and equipped with a disregard of expense that amounts almost to recklessness, but which will be fully justified by results. The city is exceedingly prosperous, and so are its visitors. Rich travelers have found that San Francisco is an attractive city—and when they are brought face to face with the luxury, the magnificence, the comfort, and the sightliness of the St. Francis, their good opinion of the city will be increased to the extent that they will carry with them, wherever they go, the good word that San Francisco has a perfect hotel.

The site of the St. Francis is undoubtedly the best in town. There are two centres of business and pleasure in San Francisco: the corner of Kearny and Market and the corner of Powell and Market. The new hotel is just three short blocks from each of these. It faces the most beautiful square in the city. Time was when Union Square was not so attractive, but lately it has been transformed into a miniature park, with the towering, graceful Dewey Monument in the centre. To get a full idea of the charm of this square, let one, from an upper story of the St. Francis, look down upon its velvety green lawns, its gay flower-beds, its palms, and its shrubbery. It is certainly a pleasant front yard, such as no other city hotel in the United States can boast.

The St. Francis is twelve stories in height, and the slight elevation on which it stands gives an extensive and varied view. From the front can be seen the bay, sweeping east, north, and south, flanked by cities and villages, with green hills back of them, and with Mt. Diablo in the distance. From the north side of the hotel, Nob Hill, with its mansions and its terraced gardens, meets the eye; and from the south can be seen a vast sweep of city, bounded by part of the bay, and by the hills of San Mateo. Even the rear affords an unusual view, embracing the northern, southern, and western portions of the town, Twin Peaks, Lone Mountain, and a glimpse of the Golden Gate Park. And all this without hill-climbing or exertion.

Wide reaching prospects, though, are not all that the St. Francis has to offer its patrons. People must eat and sleep—and that they may do so with the utmost comfort, the proprietors of the new hotel have neglected absolutely nothing that will make their place attractive. Allan Pollok, the manager, toured this country and Europe in search of new features in furnishing, conveniences, and equipments, adopting the best, and improving on many of them. The result is something a little more than modern. Even the hotel bus will be an unknown thing to the patrons, swift automobiles taking them to and from trains and boats.

The main entrance of the St. Francis is on Powell Street. Polished granite pillars flank the doorways, which lead into a marble-floored lobby fitted as a lounging-room, which is studded with dark-colored, variegated marble pillars, gold capped. The walls have gold-bordered panels of soft dark red, and have, as an additional feature, a huge California landscape by William Keith. It is of Mt. Tamalpais, and cost five thousand dollars. It is a perfect piece of art, one of the best things Mr. Keith has done.

To the right of the lobby is the office, and beyond that the library, containing four thousand volumes, arranged in low cases that make them easy of access. This room is finished in old San Domingo mahogany, furnished with easy-chairs, and is altogether an ideal reading-room, restful both to the eye and the body. The four walls are hung with leather, the sections being laced together. Beyond the library is the ladies' parlor, reached directly from the ladies' entrance.

A novel feature of the hotel is the information bureau, presided over by William McMurray, whose long experience as an employee of the Southern Pacific makes him peculiarly fitted to be questioned by the public on every subject relating to California. It is intended that this information bureau shall carry a stock of first-class literature appertaining to the Pacific Coast, and will make a specialty of arranging the itineraries of tourists who are not familiar with the State. They will be thoroughly informed as to the most interesting points to visit, the easiest routes, and the best hotels.

Directly at the rear of the main entrance is the restaurant, done in white and gold, and furnished most handsomely. It extends clear across the hotel, and the formation of the building gives it ample daylight from above and at either end. It is hung with artistic electroliers, and the floor is covered by an imperial Axminster crimson carpet, which,

harmonizing with the dark-colored tables and chairs, and wall and ceiling decorations, makes a thoroughly artistic color scheme. Above this restaurant is the music balcony, so situated that the lounging-room, the café, and the office also receive the benefit of the strains.

To the left of the lobby is the café. Fluted pillars, graceful in design, splashed and crowned with gold, support a ceiling done in red and gold. The huge plate-glass windows face Geary and Powell Streets, giving a view of Union Square.

In the basement is something new in the way of dining-rooms—the grill, which is furnished in Dutch fashion. The walls and ceiling are of dark oak, with shelves lined with steins, and with a fireplace of enormous proportions. The electroliers and sconces are of elk and deer horns, with the lights on the tips of the prongs—something at once artistic and novel. There is a bar at one end of the room, solely for the serving of those who occupy the tables. The tables, by the way, are covered with Spanish leather, as are the chairs. This room is intended for after-theatre parties, and is destined to become the most popular place in town.

Over the lobby, the restaurant, and café, are the galleries of the mezzanine floor, which afford a most excellent lounging place from which to view all that is going on in the lower part of the hotel. The decorations, lighting, and furnishings of this mezzanine floor will make it one of the favorite spots in the huge caravansary. On the same floor are the banquet rooms, which can accommodate parties of from half a dozen to several hundred.

On the basement floor of the building is the kitchen—really the most important part of the hotel—for there must be something to eat. More elaborate and thorough means for providing it could not be imagined than is furnished by the St. Francis kitchen. The room is vast in dimensions, all tiled in spotless white, and is flanked by a long row of ranges, with special broilers and ovens for special dainties. There is even an automatic egg boiler, which dumps out the eggs in two, three, or four minutes—according to the compartment into which they were put. There are glittering copper cooking things by the score, and an army of men to use them. Adjoining, on the same floor, is a finely stocked grocery store; and there is a wine cellar, which holds the choicest vintages of the world.

M. Victor Hertler, direct from Strasburg, and formerly of the Hotel Steffany and the Hotel de l'Europe of Baden Baden, and the Royal of Nice, is the chef—a most thorough culinary artist, famous among his fellows for his skill and executive ability. Noted, too, is Gaston Renon, who for fifteen years was with Ritz, of Paris, and lately with Martin, of New York, from whom he was taken to assume charge of the pastry department of the local hotel; and a third important functionary is the maitre d'hotel, Prosper Reiter, for three years head waiter of the Holland House of New York.

Even the magnificence of the lower floor of the St. Francis does not prepare one for the lavishness of the decorations and furnishings used throughout the upper stories. Swift, smooth, noiseless elevators whisk visitors to suites that are princely in their appointments. The furniture alone for the four hundred and fifty suites cost four hundred thousand dollars—a fact readily understood when it is stated that bureaus, chairs, and chiffoniers are of solid mahogany, upholstered in the richest velvets, plush, or brocades, no two suites being furnished exactly alike. The bedsteads are mostly of mahogany, some being of massive brass. In these suites, which all open to the outside, there is every convenience that could be asked. The lighting has received particular attention, the dressers being especially looked after. The closets are of the size of many a hall-bedroom, and the bath-rooms are spotlessly white and most inviting. Every bedroom has its bath, large, well-lighted, and fitted with all the latest improvements in sanitary plumbing. The arrangement is such that the suites can be made to contain two rooms, or, if desired, an entire floor can be thrown into one suite. Telephones, connecting with the office, and with the local or long distance, are in every room.

There is no hotel in the country so luxuriously carpeted as the St. Francis. The floor-coverings are in rich, solid colors, and the walls are hung with expensive silk tapestries. In these hangings, as in the furniture, carpets, light appliances, curtains—even the door-knobs—an effect of quiet, refined, rich elegance has been obtained. Money has been spent lavishly without any suspicion of vulgar ostentation.

A commendable feature of the St. Francis will be its system of ventilation, by which the air in the entire building can be changed in eight minutes. Cleaning throughout is done by the compressed-air process. Heat is supplied to every room, all the water is filtered, and the ice used is made in the basement, which contains a bewildering outfit of machinery for the furnishing of heat, power, and electricity.

There is a news-stand, a florist's store, and a barber-shop. This latter is the most complete on the Coast. It is all finished in white marble, and has every sanitary appliance that is known, and with electrical shampooing and

massaging contrivances. There is in connection with the barber-shop a force of manicurists and ladies' hairdressers.

It is the intention of the management of the St. Francis to make a particular feature of its cuisine. The hotel is to be made the haunt of epicures—people who appreciate and demand the very best in cooking and service. Delicacies will never be out of season. The larder will be stocked with the choicest provisions, and they will be converted to order into the most delicious and tempting viands. All of the table linen is of the finest weave, and, like the silverware, china, crockery, and glassware, was made to order. The house will be conducted on the European plan, and the charges, considering that the accommodations and service are beyond improvement in any respect, will be reasonable.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

Louisville Courier-Journal:

A beautiful book of travels first published as letters in the San Francisco Argonaut. If occasional paragraphs may seem familiar to readers, it is because the letters in their newspaper form were not copyrighted, and detached paragraphs were printed in numerous newspapers throughout the United States. The book gives a bright and pleasant side of travel, and relates experiences not according to previously known history, but exactly as they occurred to the travelers. The author calls them pen-sketches taken on the wing, and not unlike the snap-shot photos which accompany them. These photos, by the way, are unusually interesting.

Salt Lake Tribune:

These letters of travel in Spain were first published in the Argonaut of San Francisco. They give a brilliant, panoramic glance at Spain. The Argonauts flit from place to place, and their story is told in a lively manner. The book is illustrated with sixteen pictures, one of them a rubricated Moorish arch.

The writer very wisely says: "If what is written here is mainly light, it is because we saw mainly the lighter side of life; if what is written here is pleasantly, it is because our experiences were pleasant."

The author writes brightly of "Crossing the Pyrenees," "The Gateway of the Sun," "Into Andalusia," "Granada and the Alhambra," and "The City of Seville." Each title is subdivided into a number of letters, and each letter takes up some theme, and treats it in a lively manner. The letters touch upon a surprising number of things, and every time in such a way as to be very entertaining and of the utmost interest. The book is excellent reading, and the letters are a decided success. The publishers have brought out the volume in admirable style.

L'Italia:

Going from consideration of Mr. Hart's letters on Spain, the journal L'Italia gives a high rank to his letters on Italy. Discussing the controversy over Italy between Gertrude Atherton and Marion Crawford, L'Italia says:

Marion Crawford aveva già risposto con quell'autorità che glieli deve concedere in "materia Italiana," alla materia di cui Gertrude Atherton è assolutamente ignorante. L'affare sarebbe finito con gli argomenti del Crawford se Jerome Hart, l'editore del l'Argonaut, invece di lasciare la posta aperta a nuovi argomenti, l'avesse deciso di sua propria autorità.

Ricordiamo aver letto con attenzione i racconti dei viaggi, esperienze e le savie, alquanto umoristiche critiche del Jerome Hart sulla visitata e rivisitata Italia. Dai pellegrinaggi in Europa, stampati nell'Argonaut e quindi in libro, molte informazioni e divertimento ne ricavò il lettore, non solo in America, ma in altri paesi dal mondo. Jerome Hart viaggiati alla Dickens ed alla Sterne con "humor" e sentimentalità. Dal soggiorno di Mark Twain gl'italiani istessi stanno aspettando allegria dai frizzi a loro spese.

Riverside Daily Press:

A book of travel that is not prosy and has no savor of guide-books is rare enough to merit particular mention. Such a book is "Two Argonauts in Spain," a delightful tale of travel in a land which has never been fully and adequately described. The author is Jerome Hart, editor of the Argonaut, and he records his impressions of Spain and its peoples and institutions in the same virile, forceful, unconventional way that has made the Argonaut worth reading in these latter days.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.

## POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



The renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry.

## THE TWO-SPEED GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.  
"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Tribune" "Crawford"

Western Department, Chicago, Ill.  
"Crescent" "Rambler" "Monarch" "Imperial"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.



## FOR BREAKFAST.

GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

## ARTIFICIAL STONE Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

## HOT AND HANDY

TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.



Remington Typewriters

look durable  
and are as  
durable as  
they look.

Remington Typewriter Co.  
327 Broadway,  
New York.

328-Bush Street, San Francisco.

## RUBBER LA ZACUALPA

Rubber Plantation Company  
713 Market St., S.F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Passing of the Dictionary.

Many people who speak the English language hold with touching confidence the theory that the Dictionary descended straight from heaven. To question it would, they think, be impious. To deny its authority would be to invite the wrath of God. These people will tell you that such and such is the only proper pronunciation of a word. To pronounce it otherwise is the mark of social inferiority. It is the sign of imperfect education, of innate vulgarity. In fact, you are orthoepically a pariah. They point at you the "finger of scorn"; they uplift at you the "nose of derision"; they curl at you "the lip of contempt." Into the minds of these orthoëpic Pharisees the idea of Relativity has never penetrated. This pronunciation is absolutely right; that absolutely wrong. They take their stand as on a rock on the pronunciation of their favorite dictionary; there they stand immovable.

But there are signs that a new day is breaking—the day of orthoëpic *laissez-faire*. The doom of dogmatism is sealed. It is being more and more realized that language is fluid; that it is like a great stream whose currents are constantly changing; that it has no more fixity than a "budding willow on a hot May morning"; that what dictionaries recognize as right to-day may to-morrow be the pronunciation of only a few pedants; that entire uniformity of pronunciation is a thing unattainable, perhaps not desirable. We ought not to ask: "What is the proper pronunciation of such-and-such a word?" but "How do you pronounce it?" Here the opinion of one thoroughly well-educated man is as good as another; what dictionaries say should be recognized as an opinion, but not as anything mandatory.

The prophet of this more or less new order of things is Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale, author of "The Standard of Pronunciation in English." Therein he shows very clearly how, during the past hundred years, the pronunciation of many words has changed profoundly, often in defiance of the dictionaries, following some hidden, irresistible impulse. For example, the reviewers of Kendrick's dictionary (1775) severely arraigned him for accenting "July" on the last syllable. Any other pronunciation would now excite wonder. When in 1782 the *European Magazine* was started, an irate correspondent wrote to protest against the pronunciation *European*. He said it ought to be accented on the *o*. At the beginning of the nineteenth century "China" was almost invariably pronounced "Chayny." Perry's dictionary (1775) said that the polite pronunciation of "girl" was "garl" or "gal"! Sheridan, in his dictionary, arguing from the analogy of "sugar" and "sure," pronounced "suicide" and "superstition" as if they were spelled "shooicide" and "shoopstition." Milton, confirming to the usages of polite society of his time, accents "blasphemous" on the second syllable. Now it is so pronounced only by the unlettered. "Clerk" has hitherto been almost invariably pronounced "clark" in England, but the "American" pronunciation has of late "become somewhat frequent in and about London."

"Bile" for "boil," "jine" for "join," "ile" for "oil," "pison" for "poison," are pronunciations now to be heard only in the speech of the unlettered, but they were once the usage of the educated. In Pope's poems, says Lounsbury, the word "join" occurs fourteen times, and is made to rhyme with "design," "dine," "divine," "line," etc. Yet Pope was one of the greatest of the then living men of letters. Professor Lounsbury lays it down as a rule that men of independence, when they find a word difficult to pronounce, will take it upon them to pronounce it to suit themselves. He cites "inexplicable," which many persons accent on the third syllable, despite the fact that there is no dictionary authority for such a course. After awhile the dictionaries will move along. Rogers, the poet, once wrote: "The now fashionable pronunciation of several words is to me at least offensive. 'Contemplate' is bad enough, but 'balcony' makes me sick." "At the present time," remarks Lounsbury, "it would produce a similar nauseating effect upon many to hear the accent fall upon the second syllable of the last word, as was once the usual practice."

The little word "yes" is one which has had a curious history. Nearly all the eighteenth-century orthoëpists pronounced "yes" as if it were spelled "yis." Indeed, Walker took the pains to assure his readers that while it was a mark of incorrectness and vulgarity to give to "yet" the sound of "yit," the best and most established usage gave to "yes" the sound of "yis." London is another word with a curious orthoëpic history. "In my youth," wrote Rogers, who was born in 1763, "everybody said 'Lonnou' and not 'London.' Fox said 'Lonnou' to the last." But Rogers lived to see the early pronunciation disappear before the influence of written speech. Such is the general trend. Words tend to become pronounced as they are spelled. Take, for example, "golf." The author says:

In the Scotch pronunciation of it the *l* sounded; in old days it often did not

appear in it when written. So long as the knowledge of the game was confined to the country of its origin, variation would naturally not arise. But as soon as it passed, and, furthermore, passed suddenly, the narrow limits of nationality, the name was certain to lose its provincial pronunciation. The large majority of men came to know the word designating it only by seeing it in print. So making its acquaintance, they were reasonably sure to pronounce it as spelled. This involved the resumption in speech of the letter hitherto confined to the written language. But Scotland insists that there is but one proper way of pronouncing the word; and because men everywhere will not adopt that she is in mourning and refuses to be comforted.

By the citation of innumerable such instances, Professor Lounsbury shows how impotent the dictionaries have been to stay or effect change in the pronunciation of words. These things, too, are on the knees of the gods. And if this be true, why treat what any dictionary says as if it were a final and immutable pronouncement? Rather, he thinks, we should regard the variations which occur in the speech of an educated man with a friendly tolerance as we do variations in the cut of his clothes or the style of his hat, being assured that if he is in the minority and unsupported by dictionaries to-day he is likely to be in the majority and to be well-backed with "authorities" to-morrow.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

## "Cheerful Longevity."

"There does exist," writes Kate Sanborn, "an Indian summer of the soul and mind and heart, ay, and the body, too, if rightly cared for. May you all find it." This is a pleasant wish with which to begin a book composed of inspiringly optimistic verses and bits of prose *de senectute*. Here we read Roger's rule for a long life: "Temperance, the bath, and flesh-brush, and don't fret"; there a quotation from Howells: "I remember that I met Bayard Taylor once in a Cambridge street, with a book in his hand, which he let me take in mine. It was a Greek author, and he said he was just beginning to read the language, at fifty." "I think with pride and delight," writes Miss Sanborn, "of Patti warbling mellifluously at ???ty; Joe Jefferson and Mrs. Gilbert charming the grandchildren of those who first applauded their genius; Goldwin Smith, over eighty, never more vigorous and alert in mind than he is to-day, still writing, still keenly interested in topics of public interest."

The volume is a handsome one, bound in white, with a decoration of autumn leaves to correspond with the title, "Indian Summer Calendar." The book is dedicated to Julia Ward Howe, and a letter from her in facsimile begins it.

Published by the Hartford Press.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Even the fiction sales of Japan are Occidental in their energy and modernity. One Japanese novel called "Nami-ko," from the name of its heroine, has reached a sale in six figures within the three years since its publication, and is now to be published in this country.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay is said to be not over fond of social responsibilities and exactions. About half a mile from Harbor Hill, her beautiful home at Roslyn, L. I., she has built a picturesque little log cabin, and has furnished it with mission furniture. This is her place of retreat, and here she wrote her novel.

The letters of Queen Victoria probably contain nothing very startling, yet the publication of a "Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence Between the Years 1837-1861" will be something of a literary event. It is suggested that the letters "will be carefully, too carefully, edited."

"Typee," "Omoo," and "Moby Dick," books of the sea by Herman Melville, whom Stevenson was enchanted to meet in California, are to be reprinted (at least the first two) with fitting introductions by Clark Russell.

In April the Macmillan Company will have ready "The Faith of Men, and Other Stories," by Jack London.

Matthew Arnold, in the last year of life, said to G. W. E. Russell—as recorded by him in his new biography of Arnold—"People think I can teach them style. What stuff it all is. Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

A Boston publication has in its spring list a book for children written by a girl of ten years, Miss Leona Mildred Bicknell, the daughter of a missionary to the Zulus. *Cacothos scribendi* seems to be pervading all classes and ages with remarkable rapidity.

"I" is the attenuated title of a new novel. It is, however, lengthily sub-titled: "Wherein a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself." The author is said to be a well-known woman writer.

In a book on "Russian Orthodox Missions," recently published, it is related that the early missionaries to Northern Siberia

had great difficulty in making certain Bible texts understood. They had recourse to paraphrase. Thus, for instance, "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves" was, perforce, translated in one case: "Be ye wise as ermines and simple as seal cubs."

There is said never to have been a more searching arraignment of the "new woman," who substitutes clubs for the home duties which once bounded the whole feminine horizon, than "The Issues of Life," Mrs. John Van Vorst's book soon to appear. The author's work in "The Woman Who Toils" brought from Mr. Roosevelt that vigorous "race-suicide" letter which added a new phrase to our contemporary language. Her new book deals with the same question among the more intelligent and cultivated classes.

Brentano's announce for publication this spring an edition of the "Complete Works" of Oscar Wilde, in twelve volumes, limited to one thousand sets. A small *de luxe* edition on Japan paper is also promised, each set to be adorned with an autograph letter of the author.

## Lost Opportunities.

*Punch* mourns the lack of enterprise of seventeenth-century publishers. "How much better for all concerned," it remarks, "had some of the really excellent literature of the time been rightly brought beneath public notice!" As thus:

It's no use talking. The only way to be up to date is to read the books of the season.

Cut out the following list and send it to your bookseller or librarian:

HOLY LIVING. By JEREMY TAYLOR.

SIGHS FROM HELL. By JOHN BUNYAN.

Do not neglect this opportunity of enriching your posterity.

Buy a First Folio  
SHAKESPEARE

while they are cheap.  
The price is sure to rise.

THE SORROWS OF SATAN INDEED!  
Read

PARADISE LOST.

By JOHN MILTON.

A distinguished gentleman who has seen this manuscript, writes as follows:

"A novel in blank verse may daunt frivolous minds, but this richly variegated Epic will appeal to intelligences of every calibre. In evidence of the thoroughly up-to-date character of the poem, it may be noted that the tactics of aerial warfare are discussed in full detail. A touching feature in connection with the work is the fact that the author is afflicted with blindness, and, being unable owing to straitened circumstances to afford the luxury of a typewriter, dictated a great portion of his poem to the two Mrs. MILTONS."

READ THE EPIC BY A BLIND MAN.

The Book that beguiled a Great Statesman.

Before leaving for the French Court yesterday the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was observed to alight at his favorite bookshop, and, after a rapid examination of the shelves, to take up

HYDRIOTAPHIA; OR, URN BURIAL.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

On the news becoming known twenty copies were at once sold to gentlemen of the Court.

Was he Mad?

Read the new problem play,  
HAMLET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The publishers earnestly hope that no intending reader will be put off by the homely title of this superb and engrossing drama. No one who wishes to be in the movement, to know how smart society occupies itself, and what intellectual people are thinking, can afford to be without it. Toxicology, parricide, duelling, private theatricals, the reform of the lunacy laws, phantasms of the dead, marriage with a deceased husband's brother, rat killing as a fine art—these are only a few of the topics treated in this record-breaking congeries of scalp-raising incidents and searching analysis.

If your oculist orders glasses,  
bring the prescription to us.

We'll make a pair that  
he'll approve of.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

GET THE BEST

WEBSTER'S  
INTERNATIONAL  
DICTIONARY

English Biography      Geography Fiction, Etc.

25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.  
New Gazetteer of the World  
With over 25,000 entries based on the latest census.

New Biographical Dictionary  
With over 10,000 names of noted persons, birth, death, etc.  
Edited by W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
United States Commissioner of Education.

New Plates.      2380 Quarto Pages.  
Rich Bindings.      5000 Illustrations.

Should be in Every  
Home, School and Office

Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with  
1100 pages, 1400 Illustrations. Size: 7x10x2 1/2 in.

A Special Thin Paper Edition  
just issued, printed from same plates as regular edition.  
It has limp covers and round corners. Size: 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 in.

FREE, "A Test in Pronunciation"  
instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlets.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,  
Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

## SPAIN IN 1903.

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Pen-Sketches on the Iberian Peninsula.

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.

Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,

246 Sutter St., S. F.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its pure, rich, and sympathetic tone, in the possession of which it stands alone.

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Best of Recent Verse.

It used to be that poetical fables found difficulty in getting their thin sprill pipings printed, but nowadays any common or garden warbler who can heg or borrow two hundred and fifty dollars can, we understand, enjoy the unspeakable felicity of seeing his poems neatly bound in boards, printed on "hand-made paper," and decorated with choice, made-in-America examples of *l'art nouveau*. In consequence, the desk of the reviewer is stacked with "thin flat volumes of thin flat verse"—no better description was ever penned—and it is a task of Sisyphus to winnow the good red wheat from the heaps of chaff.

But wheat certainly are the verses in Josephine Daskam's volume, "Poetry" (Scribner's). They have that touching sincerity that marks her stories. They show a fine mastery of rhythm and rhyme. In such genuine poems as "The Sleepy Song" is revealed again that perfect knowledge of a child's heart:

"As soon as the fire burns red and low  
And the house upstairs is still,  
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,  
Of sheep that go over the hill.

"The good little sheep run quick and soft,  
Their colors are gray and white;  
They follow their leader nose to tail,  
For they must be home by night.

"And one slips over, and one comes next,  
And one runs after behind;  
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,  
The top of the hill they find.

"And when they get to the top of the hill  
They quietly slip away,  
But one runs over and one comes next—  
Their colors are white and gray.

"And over they go, and over they go,  
And over the top of the hill  
The good little sheep run quick and soft,  
And the house upstairs is still.

"And one slips over and one comes next,  
The good little, gray little sheep!  
I watch how the fire burns red and low,  
And she says that I fall asleep."

Here is another of Miss Daskam's dainty poems:

## A JAPANESE FAN.

Is it so warm in old Japan?  
Do flowers flaunt out such riot glare?  
Hangs that soft, golden mist so low?  
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Inked out against the yellow glow  
One sharp peak rises, blackly bare;  
A stately swan steers up the sky—  
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

And see her as she furls her fan!  
Was ever lady half so fair?  
She beckons to me with her eyes—  
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Were ever feet so dainty small?  
Was ever coiled such shining hair?  
Her hands are like curled lily buds—  
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Fan pictured, dear Japan, thy calm  
Fills us of West with dull despair!  
(The palm leaves sift the sunlight through)  
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Another singer who sings, if faintly, yet purely and sweetly, is William Russell, who, under the initials "A. E.," publishes a little book of poems called "The Divine Vision" (Macmillans). He is of the Irish school, a mystic, a dreamer, a patriot, a lover of plaintive beauty. Perhaps the finest thing in his book is this, which stands at the end:

"The sweetest song was ever sung  
May soothe you but a little while;  
The gayest music ever rung  
Shall yield you but a fleeting smile.

"The well I digged you soon shall pass;  
You may but rest with me an hour;  
Yet drink, I offer you the glass,  
A moment of sustaining power.

"And give to you, if it he gain,  
Whether in pleasure or annoy,  
To see one elemental pain,  
One light of everlasting joy."

It is nature that ever inspires the type of poet to which "A. E." belongs to their best efforts. Witness this poem on "A Summer Night":

"Silence and coolness now the earth enfold,  
Jewels of glittering green, long mists of gold,  
Hazes of nebulous silver veil the height,  
And shake in tremors through the shadowy night.

Heard through the stillness, as in whispered words,

The wandering God-guided wings of birds  
Ruffle the dark. The little lives that lie  
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh  
More softly still; and unheard through the blue  
The falling of innumerable dew,

Lifts with gray fingers all the leaves that lay  
Burned in the heat of the consuming day.  
The lawns and lakes lie in this night of love,  
Admitted to the majesty above.  
Earth with the starry company hath part;  
And waters hold all heaven within their heart,  
And glimmer o'er with wave-lips everywhere  
Lifted to meet the angel lips of air."

In many poems William Watson expressed, during the Boer war, his sincere sorrow at England's course. These poems are now republished under the title "For England" (John Lane). Perhaps when they first were written and read, they seemed to "pro-Boers" to have power and poetic merit, but now, at a distance of several years from the

war, they seem only labored and dull. So we select for quotation one entitled "Melancholia," which concludes with a certain sequipedalian impressiveness:

## MELANCHOLIA.

In the cold starlight, on the barren beach,  
Where to the stones the rent sea-tresses clave,  
I heard the long hiss of the backward wave  
Down the steep shingle, and the hollow speech  
Of murmurous cavern-lips, nor other breath  
Of ancient silence. None was with me, save  
Thoughts that were neither glad nor sweet nor brave.

But restless comrades, each the foe of each.  
And I beheld the waters in their might  
Writhe as a dragon by some great spell curbed  
And foiled; and one lone sail; and over me  
The everlasting taciturnity;  
The august, inhospitable, inhuman night,  
Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

In conclusion, here are two quatrains by two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar poets, each of which has a certain faint charm. Certainly they are the best in the books that contain them. The first is from "The Quest" (Badger), by Edward Salisbury Field; the second from "Sun Gleams and Gossamers" (Badger), by Hilton R. Greer:

"I think the garden misses you;  
The roses, if they did not care,  
Would never droop the whole day thro',  
Nor look as wistful as they do."

"One touch of color, and the slumberous sky  
Wakens as might some sleeper at a kiss:  
A flash—a flame—and Dawn, a butterfly,  
Bursts, golden winged from Night's black chrysalis."

If the poems above quoted are—as we think they are—among the best in forty volumes of verse, it will not be difficult for acute readers to imagine what the worst must be like.

## New Publications.

"Trelawny," by Holman Freeland. Illustrated. Edward J. Clode.

"Statistician and Economist" February, 1904. Louis P. McCarty; 25 cents.

"The Kinship of Nature," by Bliss Carman. Frontispiece. L. C. Page & Co.

"Later Magic," by Professor Hoffmann. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.00 net.

"The Story of Susan," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Wonder-Book of Horses," by James Baldwin. Profusely illustrated. The Century Company.

"Long Will," by Florence Converse. Illustrated by A. Garth Jones. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50.

"Samuel Chapman Armstrong: A Biographical Study," by Edith Armstrong Talbot. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife." Reprinted from the edi-

tion of 1821. Many illustrations in color. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

"Cap'n Eri: A Story of the Coast," by Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.50.

"Macaulay's Essay on Milton," edited with notes by Edward Leeds Bullick. The American Book Company.

"Romance of the Bourhon Cbâteaux," by Elizabeth W. Champney. Numerous illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Fat of the Land: A Story of an American Farm," by John Williams Streeter. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

"Pioneer Spaniards in North America," by William Henry Johnson. Profusely illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.

"South Africa After the War: A Narrative of Recent Travel," by E. F. Knight. Profusely illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Blount of Breckenhow." Compiled from the Rowlestone papers and edited by Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

"Windsor Castle: An Historical Romance," by W. Harrison Ainsworth. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, with designs on wood by F. Alfred Delamotte. Reprinted from the edition of 1844. D. Appleton & Co.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

2. "Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.

3. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

4. "The Pit," by Frank Norris.

5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.

2. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

4. "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London.

5. "Following the Frontier," by Roger Pocock.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

2. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

3. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.

4. "Denis Dent," by Ernest W. Hornung.

5. "Sybil's Husband," by Mrs. Burton Harrison.

A NEW BOOK BY THE  
LATE DR. HUDSONTHE  
EVOLUTION  
OF THE SOUL

By THOMSON J. HUDSON, LL.D.

After the death of Dr. Hudson in 1903, enough material was found among his papers for one more book from his bold and original pen. The edition printed of this new volume rounds out the hundred thousandth of Dr. Hudson's works. The book deals with the subject on which he is now an acknowledged authority, and supplements most admirably his previous books—particularly "The Law of Mental Medicine" and "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." To say that these essays are in Dr. Hudson's characteristic and illuminating style is all that is needed to convince his thousands of admirers that this posthumous volume is one of the most absorbing interest.

With Portrait and Biographical Sketch. \$1.20 net

A. C. McCLURG &amp; CO., Publishers

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT &amp; CO., Publishers, New York

For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

## ESTABLISHED 1888.

## ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1042.

## HAROLD BAUER

—AND THE—

## METROSTYLE PIANOLA



I consider the Pianola is superior in every way to all other pianoforte-players, and am convinced that no instrument can be considered complete unless equipped with the Metrostyle. One is amazed to find how closely it is possible for an absolute novice to approach the interpretations of a great artist by means of this invention. HAROLD BAUER.

Those who have heard the great pianist can, at best, retain only an imperfect recollection of his wonderful art. But the owner of a METROSTYLE PIANOLA can reproduce Bauer's interpretation with all of its subtleties and delicate gradations of expression.

Bauer has himself imparted to the rolls of music a detailed guide in tempo and phrasing. So simple is the operation of the Metrostyle that even an absolute novice in music can obtain the effects that characterize the rendition of the master.

But the guide is not arbitrary, and the player may at any moment infuse as much of his own individuality into the composition as he chooses. Thus the Metrostyle Pianola becomes an instrument of the most absorbing interest, as well as the highest artistic importance.

You Are Cordially Invited to Hear and Play the New Metrostyle Pianola

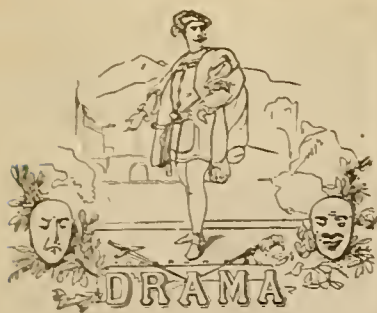
## KOHLER &amp; CHASE

ESTABLISHED 1850

SOLE AGENTS

POST and KEARNY STREETS





Putting aside all question of the right or wrong involved in disregarding Wagner's injunctions against treating "Parsifal" purely as a public spectacle, it has been an exceedingly interesting experiment, this separation into its two component elements of a music-drama wrought by the Titanic genius that alone could cast such a composition in ideal shape. The result has been a singularly imposing, beautiful, and poetic drama; and the beholder is penetrated anew with profound admiration for the master-mind that, divorced from its most powerful and natural means of expression, yet finds so straight and sure an approach to the imagination and to the sense of beauty.

As to the emotional response, if we except the devotional feelings aroused by this most beautiful presentation of the mysteries of the Christian religion, they are too exaltedly pure and chill and high to penetrate very deeply beyond the æsthetic sensibilities, and those which respond to superior art in any form. The theme of "Parsifal" has ever been a fruitful source for acrid discussion among contending commentators, and there has always been a disinclination in the camp of the Wagnerians to acknowledge that Parsifal, in a certain degree, represents the figure and personality of Christ. True it is that the scene of the drama is located in the Pyrenees of Spain, that the period is the middle ages, and that the Grail, so reverently preserved by the knights of Montsalvat, glows ruby-red with the sacred tide that gushed from a spear-wound thrust into the martyred body of the Saviour some fifteen hundred years before. True also that the figure of Parsifal fails, in the early acts, to fully suggest the Christliness that is so unmistakable in the closing scenes. Yet, in spite of the anachronisms and apparent contradictions involved, it is most obvious that Wagner, in selecting from the mediæval legends fitting material for his conservation festival play—for so he termed it—had in mind a presentation, by the aid of sacred music and exaltedly beautiful scenes, of certain episodes in the life of the Saviour. The fact that he had begun some years before, and left uncompleted, a drama entitled "Jesus of Nazareth," in which he had in contemplation the idea of Christ resisting the love of Mary Magdalene, showed that his mind had already perceived the intrinsic beauty of the theme, and realized the hold that such a subject, reverentially presented, would retain upon the public imagination. That he realized later the expediency of disguising, or partially veiling, the idea of the divine origin of Parsifal is apparent from his never having publicly acknowledged that Parsifal and Christ were one.

Wagner was a man of many moods, and a chameleon in beliefs. When he composed "Parsifal," with that curious emotional ductility of the artist nature, he gave himself over unreservedly to an ecstasy of fervor in the Christian belief, which fired the sources of his inspiration to the white hot stage from whence spring masterpieces.

If we deprive the figure of Parsifal of the divine halo which encircles it, the whole beautiful conception is altered. Parsifal becomes a mortal, immune against the power of love. The knights cease to be symbolical of the Apostles devoted to the propagation of the Christian faith, and the lovely tradition is merely a monkish legend; a most pure, beautiful, and picturesque one, it is true, full of poetic symbolism and a rapt pietism which temporarily veils from the perceptions the purport of the beautiful fable; namely, the exaltation of celibacy, and the denial of the sanctity and purity of the bond wrought by the mutual love of man and woman. This, perhaps, accounts for the partial lack of response of the elemental emotions. They are our most vital feelings, but are not appealed to in "Parsifal," in which love is presented only as incentive to sin. Except in fragments, the music is not there to work its spell on the senses, and blind the comprehension to the mediæval austerity of the whole fundamental idea.

The effect of the drama, however, is considerably heightened by frequent musical accompaniment, sufficiently well played to give the listener much pleasure, and a very fair idea of its sacred character. There is vocal music also, the flower-maidens voicing in song their invitations to Parsifal, and during the unveiling of the Grail a sweet boy's voice sings, as from vaulted distance, angelic strains which celebrate the mystic holiness of the knights' repast.

"Parsifal" is like nothing else we have

ever seen on the stage. It seemed, during the scenes in the Temple of the Grail, as if it were purely a religious office. In the magic palace of Klingsor it is a glorified fairy-tale, strengthened by ethical under-meanings, and always it is poetry in a most elevated and impressive strain.

Mr. Fitzgerald Murphy adapted and arranged it for presentation in purely dramatic form with intelligence and due recognition of the danger of dulling the effect by permitting over-lengthy discourse in the characters. The drama is at all times profoundly interesting, and the general effect of every scene and group is that of extreme and unusual beauty. Scenery, costumes, groupings, and all the appointments are so thoroughly in keeping with the character of the play that it is apparent there has been no guess-work, but an adherence, so far as was possible, to what is known to be the standards already established.

The acting of the Alcazar company as a whole was thoroughly in accord with the dignity and beauty of the conception; amazingly so when one considers the light, modern character of the work to which they are accustomed. Luke Connors, who played Amfortas, the wounded king, was the only one who could not lend his speech to the measured cadences of the lines in "Parsifal." His voice lacks fullness and resonance, and his easy colloquial style, as well as a lack of purity in accent, are too distinct and characteristic to be adaptable to poetry. His appearance, however, was exceedingly in keeping, and his acting partially atoned for the defects of his delivery. Mr. Hilliard was more successful in his reading, and there was no jarring note in his representation of Klingsor. George Osbourne as Gurnemanz, the old knight, was almost as important an element in the harmony of the picture as Adele Block and James Durkin, who assumed the rôles of Kundry and Parsifal. Mr. Osbourne showed his usual fine intelligence and care in detail to such purpose that his own personality was all but eliminated. He read his lines as if poetry were his daily meed, and the dignity of the old knight lost not a shade.

Mr. Durkin's part is the most trying in a way. Parsifal is the guileless fool, whose heart and mind, like a child's, are opening to new impressions. Until he is tempted, and the enlightenment taught by pity comes, there is no heroism, either saintly or human, in this figure. It is in the last act, oddly enough, that Mr. Durkin falls into greater harmony with his rôle. Here his own individuality is less apparent. Disguised by the parted hair, the auburn heard, the simple, flowing robe of white, he ceases to be the witless boy, and is a wearied pilgrim, saddened by a wider knowledge of life, and calmed and exalted by the holiness of his mission. No one could fail, in this act, especially during the washing of the feet, to recognize Wagner's meaning. And to Mr. Durkin's credit, the conception, to those who accepted it unwillingly, was not made more unwelcome. I do not doubt that many of the multitudes who have seen "Parsifal" at Bayreuth would, if they could, have had that scene eliminated. It gives a momentary shock, is not necessary to the progress of the drama, and besides is not suited to stage representation.

Miss Block was Kundry, the curious compound of good and evil, a courtesan and a humble and repentant servitor by turns, a creature who, for mocking Christ upon the cross, has had laid upon her the ban of perpetual and unnatural laughter. The conception, though partly horrified from tradition, has become Wagner's own by the mingling of conflicting forces which he puts into the soul of Kundry.

Miss Block was very striking in this character, both in appearance and in the dramatic abandon with which she portrayed the convulsive forces which rend the fighting soul of this strangely dual nature. What is Kundry—a woman or a creature of magic? We scarcely know during the incantation and the temptation, but discover in the end that, whether or not she is wholly an involuntary sinner, she is a repentant one, who, like Mary Magdalene, atones for her transgressions by humility of service, and whom death alone can relieve from the struggle of contradictory principles that have animated her nature. Miss Block's voice was taxed to its fullest volume during Kundry's involuntary frenzies, and all her beauty and charm were brought

into play in the scene of the temptation. The rôle of Circe suited her type. She looked handsome, seductive, unmodern. The rich dress became well her brunette tints.

The temptation, indeed, although inspired by the unearthly magic of Klingsor, forms an interestingly earthly interlude between the austere beauties of the other acts. The scene with the flower-maidens is graceful and lovely in design, grouping, and decoration, and the damsels are enchantingly pretty to look upon. Kundry, couched in flowers and glittering with Oriental gems, strikes another note. Miss Block does not fail to convey the idea of superior charm, and the ensuing scene between her and Durkin was played with the mien suited to an invincible enchantress.

There was a creditable absence of halts and hesitations on the opening night of "Parsifal." Evidently all who took part appreciated the magnitude of the representation, and every energy had been lent to the purpose of making it an impressive one.

Every one who desires earnestly to gain a very thorough conception of the dramatic, poetic, and scenic beauties of Wagner's "Parsifal" may go in the conviction that they will see also a performance that delights with its completeness and beauty.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

It is said that Richard Mansfield's Western tour is the result of long deliberation. He has not been in San Francisco for eight years. When he had closed the negotiations with Miss Ida Conquest, his new leading woman, he howed low, and said: "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way. There lies the path of conquest."

There will be a hard struggle at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) for the Thornton stakes for two-year-olds and upward. The added stake is twenty-five hundred dollars. The race is fourth on the list, and will be preceded and followed by some good contests.

It is proposed to make the locality just north of Madison Square, New York, a great hotel centre. Six hotels, all skyscrapers, adjoining each other, are to be built, and will be conducted by a syndicate. The cost will be twenty millions of dollars.

#### Seventh Week of Pattosien's Retiring Sale.

It seems the large crowds of buyers will not stop going to Pattosien's retiring sale since the great sale opened six weeks ago. A double force of salesmen were engaged and all are yet in the store. The place continues to be crowded with buyers of fine furniture, carpets, draperies, etc. Corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets.

#### LYRIC HALL 119 Eddy Street, above Mason

### MINETTI STRING QUARTET

Eighth season in San Francisco,

MISS FRANCES ROCK, Pianiste

Three Chamber Music Concerts.

FIRST CONCERT next FRIDAY AFTER-NOON, March 25th, at 3:15.

Tickets on sale at Sherman & Clay's music store two days before the concert.

## LYRIC HALL

Direction . Will Greenbaum

### Mrs. Raymond Brown

The Eminent Pianiste and Lectress

Four Talks on Richard Wagner's

Music Dramas

(At the Piano)

Next TUESDAY Night, March 22d—"The Ring of the Niebelungen."

Next THURSDAY Night, March 24th—"Tristan and Isolde."

Next FRIDAY Night, March 25th—"Die Meistersinger."

Next SATURDAY Afternoon, March 26th—"Parsifal."

Course Tickets, \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.50. Single Tickets, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Coming—Schumann-Heink.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
Eye-Glasses  
—AT—  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinees every Saturday. Last performances of **THE GYPSY BARON**. Beginning Monday evening, March 21st, at 8 o'clock, first production in San Francisco of

#### MR. PICKWICK

A musical comedy in two acts, based on Charles Dickens's masterpiece. Musical by Manuel Klein. Words by Charles Klein. Lyrics by Grant Stewart.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks, beginning Monday, March 21st, matinees Saturday only.

#### MARY MANNERING

(Management Frank McKee)

In a new modern comedy by Lee Dirichstein, entitled, **HARRIET'S HONEYMOON**. Direct from its run at the Garrick Theatre, New York City.

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Evenings at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2. Until further notice the great artistic achievement, Wagner's marvelous miracle play.

#### PARSIFAL

The music by an orchestra of twenty.

Evenings, 25c to \$1.00. Matinees, 25c to 75c.

"The fervent, devotional spirit has imbued the players and affects the audiences, holding them in absorbed interest."—*Chronicle*.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Only matinee Saturday. Week beginning Monday evening next, March 21st, MRS. FISKE, in Paul Heyse's drama,

#### MARY OF MAGDALA

No performances Sunday nights.

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

Monday, March 28th—Mrs. Fiske in Hedda Gabler.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, March 21st, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the tremendous spectacular success,

#### THE KING OF DETECTIVES

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, March 20th. The best from two continents! First American tour of the celebrated Spanish actress and pantomimist, La Belle Guerrero, in her pantomimic sketch, "The Rose and the Dagger"; Taffari's Dogs; Billy Clifford; Adelina Roattino and Clara Stevens; Nichols Sisters; Loney Haskell; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of the Emmett Corrigan Company.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 75c.

## Fischer's THEATRE

The sunshine of prosperity is always with us, **THE ROUNDERS**. The greatest musical success we have ever had. Costumed magnificently. Staged beautifully.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10 and 25c.

Next play—Kismet.

## RACING

### New California Jockey Club OAKLAND TRACK

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine. 6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6 Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President. PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

#### BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping, 401-403 Sansome St.

## SHREVE & COMPANY

STATIONERY. The advantages of a complete equipment in the work-rooms of Shreve & Co.'s Stationery Department are available for the prompt and intelligent execution of orders for Wedding Stationery, Visiting and Reception Cards, and the Stamping of Correspondence Papers. POST AND MARKET STREETS



STAGE GOSSIP.

Mrs. Fiske Next Week.

Great interest is taken in the engagement of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who opens at the Grand Opera House Monday night in Paul Heyse's drama, "Mary of Magdala," adapted into English by William Winter. The play is said to be full of intense dramatic power, depicting, as it does, the Magdalen's regeneration. The five acts pass in or near Jerusalem, in the time of Pilate, and give an opportunity for some wonderful stage pictures. Leading characters in the play are Judas Iscariot, Caiaphas, the high priest, and Aulus Flavius, the young Roman nobleman. There are one hundred people in the play. Mrs. Fiske directs the staging, which is unusually elaborate, the storm scene creating wonder and admiration. The critics say that in "Mary of Magdala" Mrs. Fiske does some of the finest acting of her career. In the cast are Hobart Bosworth, Frank Gilmore, Max Figan, W. B. Mack, Sidney Smith, F. C. Wilbur, Emily Stevens, Belle Bohn, and Mary Maddern.

Miss Mannering in Comedy.

Dramatic comedy is to succeed musical comedy at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. "The Silver Slipper," which is finishing a successful run, will be followed by "Harriet's Honeymoon," by Leo Ditrichstein, with Mary Mannering in the leading part. According to all reports, this play has been one of the laugh-producers of the season. It is full of amusing situations, and has an excellent plot, in which a stupid German police inspector is one of the chief factors. Miss Mannering has the rôle of the heroine, a young American bride abroad with her husband. Miss Mannering is said to have the best company that has yet supported her, and it is understood that the management has provided unusually elaborate and picturesque stage settings. Saturday matinees only will be played during Miss Mannering's engagement, and there will be no Sunday evening performances.

Dickens's Humor in Opera.

Next Monday night, for the first time in this city, "Mr. Pickwick," the comic opera based on Dickens's Pickwick papers, will be presented at the Tivoli Opera House. Pickwick, Wardle, Jingle, Sam Weller, Winkle, Joe, the fat boy, Mrs. Bardell, Arabella, and all the other characters in Dickens's delightful book, appear in a series of most amusing adventures and complications. The music of "Mr. Pickwick" is by Manuel Klein, the words by Charles Klein, and the lyrics by Grant Stewart. Edward Webb will play Pickwick, Ferris Hartman will be Weller, Tony will be impersonated by Arthur Cunningham, and Wallace Brownlow will have the rôle of the shabby-genteel Jingle. Forrest Seabury has been especially engaged as the fat boy. Dora de Philippe, who has a reputation in the East as a pretty lyric soprano, is to sing Arabella. Bessie Tannehill will appear as Mrs. Bardell, and Annie Myers as Polly. There are said to be many light and catchy songs in the opera. The curtain will rise at eight o'clock. On Wednesday evening, the members of Islam Temple, Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, with their ladies, will have possession of the Tivoli.

"Parsifal" in Drama Form.

The staging at the Alcazar of Fitzgerald Murphy's dramatic version of Wagner's "Parsifal" has attracted attention everywhere, this being the first production of the opera as a play. The Alcazar management shows great enterprise in undertaking anything so ambitious. This production is a matter of immense expense and labor, and upholds the Alcazar's reputation for constantly seeking something new and novel for its patrons.

A Popular Musical Comedy.

"The Rounders" still runs merrily on at Fischer's Theatre. It is totally different from the other productions at Fischer's, and added interest comes from the fact that there are several new people. Theatre-goers are anxious to see Kennedy and Carroll, and to compare them with Kolh and Dill, the old favorites. Helen Russell's part in the musical comedy is a leading attraction, and the soubrette, Nellie Lynch, has a rôle that fits her talents. La Estrella Parlor, N. D. G. W., has bought out the theatre for Monday night, and will attend "The Rounders" in a body. Richard Carroll, the comedian, is the author of "Kismet," the next production at Fischer's.

Dancers, Singers, Performing Dogs.

Rosario Guerrero, the Spanish dancer and pantomimist, who has been popular in Paris for the past five years, will make her first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week. She will be assisted by the prominent French actor, Philippe Dufaure, and will present a pantomimic sketch founded on a Spanish legend, entitled "The Rose and the Dagger." Taffary's dogs, quadrupedal comedians, direct from the Empire, London,

will entertain the San Francisco public for the first time. Billy Clifford, "the Broadway chappie," who sings, jokes, and carries along a comfortable bit of egotism with him, will make his second appearance here as a single-handed entertainer. Adelina Roattino and Clara Stevens, "the prima donna and the toe dancer," will present a singing and dancing novelty. Emmett Corrigan and his company will continue "Jockey Jones; or, the Day of the Handicap." The Nichols Sisters will change their plantation songs, and Loney Haskell, "that rascal," who has set the city laughing, will tell a lot of new stories. The Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an unusually strong programme.

Thrilling Melodrama.

Sensational and spectacular melodrama will be offered to Central Theatre audiences next week in the shape of Theodore Kremer's play, "The King of Detectives." An innocent girl, accused of murder, is the heroine, and the hero, of course, is the king of detectives, who rescues her from an extremely perilous position on a church steeple. Herschel Mayall will be the hero of the play, while Eugenia Thais Lawton will be the persecuted girl. Miss Edna Ellsmere, who came from New York on a special engagement with Belasco & Mayer, will make her first appearance at the Central as Olga, the adventuress of the play.

In German Comedy.

The members of the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble, who triumphed in "At the White Horse Tavern" and "Als ich Wiederkam," will make their appearance in the very amusing comedy, "Das Opferlamm" ("The Scapegoat") at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, April 3d. It will be the first time that the piece will have been seen here, and that fact in itself will be sufficient to arouse considerable interest. The comedy is from the pen of Oscar Walther and Leo Stein, and is said to be brilliantly witty and amusing. It is said that the Alameda Lustspiel has never as yet had so fitting a vehicle for the display of the members' talents as is afforded by this production.

Mr. Davenport Defends Dewey.

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, says: "No honest man need ever fear a cartoon." And it is true that these artists with the prehensile eye and the lightning execution have a wonderful ability for indicating character with a solitary stroke of the crayon. An over-lapping fold above the eye bespeaks self-indulgence; below it, open-hearted jollity. A three-cornered wrinkle dashed in with an almost casual turn of the finger, declares craft and, somehow or other, Mr. Davenport indicates the quality of statesmanship even in a caricature. Gladstone's eye was merely indicated by a vertical stroke, but it had the Gladstonian battle glare; and how characteristic was the triangular shirt collar, like the half-submerged sail of a boat in distress, caught on the barrier roof of the grand old man's neck cloth. Mark Hanna's eye was all but veiled by its over-hanging lid, yet one could distinguish the keenness of outlook which marks the leader.

The trouble with Mr. Davenport's lecture, if you can call it so, is that there is too much lecture and too few cartoons. The execution of each sketch lasts but a minute, sometimes less. There were eight cartoons, all told, tossed off during the lecture at which I was present, and the intervening time Mr. Davenport filled in with discursive, vagrant chat, and reminiscences more or less entertaining; sometimes less. His spoken humor is of the dry kind. The lecturer carefully eliminates the least suspicion of a twinkle from his eye, and, like David Starr Jordan, practices extreme monotony of tone when he is veering toward a joke. It is more than likely that hot men do so from an instinctive dislike for the methods of the practiced lecturer, who is sometimes irritating in the openness with which he pulls stops, works up a laugh, and

manipulates the more readily receptive emotions of his hearers. It is easy to discover the reason for Mark Twain's approval of Mr. Davenport as a speaker. It lies in this absence of studied tricks for effect, of open bids for applause.

Mr. Davenport's discourse is couched in speech that is rather rough-hewn and carelessly colloquial, but his sincerity wins regard. This quality was particularly apparent in a little bit of inside history that he related concerning the celebrated gift of a house—with a string on it—made by the American people to Admiral Dewey. It was Mr. Davenport's happy chance to allay, in some degree, the sufferings inflicted by a trivial-minded multitude that had raised Dewey with huzzas and acclamations to the pinnacle of a laurel-twinning eminence, and then with obloquy dashed him bleeding to its base. And all for what? Because the chivalrous sailor had followed the identical impulse that impels the prosaic American man of affairs to bring the fruits of his fame, or his industry, and lay them at the feet of his wife. It is a sort of national trait, this forethought of men for the future of their womenkind. And yet, multitudes went hack on Dewey, and wrote so many insults to him that the brave old boy, the naval hero of the Spanish war, was preparing to retreat, and live in France, away from his bewildering, cruel fellow-countrymen, who honored him one moment and turned to rend him the next.

Mr. Davenport's vindicating sketch of Dewey standing on the ridge of the *Olympia* in the smoke of the battle, which was aptly entitled "Lest We Forget," brought many to their senses, and reminded others that it was the right time to express friendship and regard. The mail began to bring loyal freightage to the sorely wounded warrior, and while the people and the yellow press taught many of our naval and military leaders to distrust national hero-worship, Dewey still belongs to us.

An amateur minstrel performance will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday evening, March 27th, for the benefit of the Emanuel Sisterhood. Mr. Jesse W. Lilienthal, Jr., is business manager of the performance.

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,048,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alford, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallat.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

Branches—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

4½ per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. MONTAGUE & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

Widespread interest has been shown in Mrs. Roosevelt's undertaking to preserve, at the White House, specimen pieces of all the china which has been used by the Presidents of the United States. The task is a difficult one, but it is expected that much help will be given Mrs. Roosevelt by Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon, a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, who lives in a Colonial mansion on the Georgetown Hills; Miss Mary Lee, to whom the government returned the Washington relics that for so many years were on exhibition at the National Museum; her cousin, Miss Virginia Miller, of Washington; and Mrs. Wilcox, granddaughter of President Jackson, who was born in the White House. In the early days of our history as a nation, life at the President's house was far simpler than it is now, and far less plate and china were needed. Besides, many Presidents bought with their own money part of the china used during their administration, and when they left the executive mansion they took their china with them. Another thing that reduced the Presidential china was the custom, which prevailed until a very short time ago, for the new mistress of the White House at the beginning of each administration to discard much of her predecessor's furnishings and wares, the articles thus discarded being sold at public auction. The National Museum has a large collection of Washington china. It includes many pieces of blue earthenware, others of the gold and white china set, besides a handsome Neiderweiler howl, and a very old and quaint plate containing an ancient Chinese battle scene in its centre. How careless the mistresses of the White House have often been with its treasures is shown by the fact that once, when Mrs. Harrison was rummaging through the garret of the White House, she found the three pieces of a high and classical fruit bowl which was evidently of great age, but which at that time could not be identified. The oldest employee of the house remembered seeing it in the state dining-room during the Lincoln administration. Finally the fruit bowl was identified as belonging to the set of Dolly Madison china that was destroyed when the British burned the White House in 1814.

At this time some of the china of eight administrations is still in use at the White House, besides a number of interesting pieces which have not been identified. So far as is known, only five of the Presidents have ordered complete sets of china for the White House. They are Presidents Roosevelt, Harrison, Hayes, Grant, and Lincoln. The other Presidents have ordered generously to supply the needs of the dining-table, but it has been in broken lots rather than in complete sets. The Roosevelt set is beautiful china in both texture and design. It is Wedgwood, and each piece bears a simple Colonial device in gold, with the obverse of the Great Seal of the United States enameled in color as the decorative feature. Mrs. McKinley selected hut little china. Like President Arthur, Mrs. Cleveland selected a large number of plates to supply the White House table, and of these there are displayed in the cabinets specimens of what are known as the Cleveland red, green, gold, and porcelain plates. Six plates of what was called the gypsy set and two dainty cups represent the Arthur selection in the cabinets. Mrs. Harrison was nothing if not patriotic. The margin of each dish of the set she selected bears the American golden rod and Indian corn, as well as the coat of arms of the United States. The Grant china is white French ware with a pale yellow border, and each piece of the original set bears the coat of arms in its border and an American wild flower in its centre. Of the Lincoln china, with its reddish purple border and dainty seal of the United States, there is comparatively little left. This completes the collection as it now stands, but it is the earnest desire of the mistress of the White House to make the collection complete by including some dish from the administration of each of the Presidents.

"To most people," says Professor Frank A. Parsons, of Columbia University, "an artist is a cadaverous, greasy looking, forlorn, impossible creature, miserably clothed, and just eking out a bare existence. The woman artist is the same, only more so, because she isn't so well paid." This statement Professor Parsons made in a lecture on dress, recently delivered in New York. He continued, referring to colors in artistic dress: "The first consideration is heat or cold. Red and orange are warm; blue, gray, and green, cool. We only wear yellow or orange when we want to warm up. One of the most talented actresses in New York told me she never presumed to go on the stage in what she was doing except in orange, because behind the orange was the sentiment of fire—or putting out what she had to in the play. Another actress told me that for a certain part she was obliged to wear a cold, steely blue. 'If I should wear a red dress,' she said, 'I should call out too much sympathy.' It is the blue, the green, the violet, that stand for cold, unfeeling, absolute indifference. Summer is the time for blue and

green. What is more uncomfortable to look at than a big orange or red how on a Fourth of July morning, and how would a lady look in a steely blue-gray dress driving out to-day? A woman who aims to be artistic will suit her dress to the situation. An intense color means stress, emphasis—'Look!!!'—and the brighter it is the louder it calls, the more it means 'Look!' Every crude, primitive nation started in with red, green, yellow, and blue, and lived on them for hundreds of years. The thing that calls loudest is not always the most refined. Its use is to call attention to the spot where it is. The place to look at people is their face. Shall we have the brilliant color we wear at the throat? Anywhere below the bust is too low for accentuating the face, which is the index of the individual, and the further we get away from it, the more we violate the centre of interest. But the amount of color, even about the face, must be regulated. Nobody wants to hear even the overture from 'Tannhäuser' all day long. At the end of an hour we are exhausted. Brilliant colors have the same effect on a cultivated eye. The smaller the amount of brilliant color, the less loudly it calls. To summarize: Brilliant color means crudeness, loudness, a turbulent state of things, and calls out of you more than you have to give. In the daytime consult your skin and hair coloring, to find what harmonizes. In the evening the eyes. If a person has a great deal of red or yellow in the hair or face, that calls for a very subdued, cool-color scheme. If you know anybody who has red hair, dark reddish hair, and eyes almost black, with orange in them and skin with the same suggestion, do you know how well they look in a dark neutralized orange or Havana brown? The skin, eyes, and costume blend together harmoniously. In general, wear few colors, or only one. That section of the city "and he shuddered—"where red, violet, and cold dark blue are to be seen constantly in conjunction is a shock to the artist—modistes to the contrary. Two reds, one of which is a vermilion and one a crimson or cerise red, with blue in it, is absolutely impossible. Red is most atrocious when worn wrong. As an artist friend says: 'There is no excuse for being homelier than we have to be.'

"Who shall say the British race is degenerating?" asks William Andrews, a London correspondent of the *Argonaut*. "Those who are at all observant," he continues, "must have noticed that the fashion of the best Smart Set as distinguished from the vulgar imitation of the real thing is to revive athleticism, and above all, our fashionable women now scorn the lackadaisical manners and the physical weaknesses of their grandmothers. The London women of high society have taken to fencing! The other evening, in Kensington, there was a grand assault at arms with foils and sabre and duelling swords under the patronage of the Duke of Connaught, Prince Francis of Teck, the French ambassador, and many distinguished members of the aristocracy. The tournament included fencing between professionals and amateurs, and the competitions were international. Captain Senat, of Paris, won the first prize, and the second and third and fourth prizes went to gentlemen from Paris and Antwerp. The ladies' prize was won by Miss Knocker, and in an interesting contest with Captain Senat, Miss Toupe Lowther fought three bouts with great skill. The neatness and grace of all the competitors won enthusiastic plaudits from a large gathering, mostly ladies. Fencing is now voted the finest and the most graceful physical exercise for the woman of fashion. That it has caught on in London is an event of no little significance."

According to Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, the way to be happy, though a genius, is never to marry. "The poet's wife," said Mrs. Clark in a recent address, "does not care for poetry after the first week, any more than the grocer's boy does for figs. She never wishes to tell of the neighborhood's gossip but she interrupts some great thought of her husband's; then he imagines he is bereft of sympathy, and looks for it in the wives and daughters of his neighbors, and if he be handsome he usually finds it. The genius should not marry. A woman wants her husband—not his art. Genius is insanity. In order to be genius it lives most of the time in a world of deep emotions. It is hard for people of artistic temperament to conform to ordinary rules. Thus divorcees, suicides, drunkenness, and impulsive vices are found among people of genius. The irrepressible temperament seems to be absolutely necessary to art."

Some interesting statistics concerning the growth of divorce are published in the annual report for 1903 of the National League for the Protection of the Family. Vermont, for instance, with an almost stationary population, granted 164 divorces in 1870, 138 in 1880, as few as 91 in 1885, but rapidly increased to 290 in 1895, then fell to 227 in 1901, but rose to 316 in 1902, or one in every ten marriages. The population of Connecticut has increased nearly seventy per cent. since 1870, and it is apparent, says the report, that Connecticut is greatly reducing her divorce

rate. In 1902, there were 4,351 divorces granted in the six New England States. There seems to be a steady increase in all except Connecticut. Ohio, in 1870, granted one divorce to every twenty-five marriages; in 1890, one to 14.5 marriages; in 1902, one for every 8.8 marriages. The increase was very steady, until within the last six years, when it has been phenomenally rapid. Indiana, after reaching the point where one divorce was granted for every 5.7 marriages in the State, in 1902, had fallen to one to 7.6 marriages.

## Presidio Restrictions on Autos.

The Presidio authorities have issued a new set of stringent rules for automobilists. Hitherto they have had access only to the South Drive in the Park, under many restrictions; therefore the Presidio has been their only place for speeding. But even this is now forbidden ground for speeding, as witness these rules:

1—On all roads east of soldiers' brick barracks the speed shall not exceed six miles per hour, and in the immediate vicinity of the officers' quarters, four miles per hour.

2—On all other roads of the reservation the speed shall not exceed ten miles per hour, except around long curves, when the speed shall not exceed eight miles per hour, and around sharp curves four miles per hour.

3—Pedestrians have the right of way, and care will be taken by automobilists not to run them down.

4—Upon request or signal to stop from a mounted patrol, from a pedestrian, or from a person riding or driving a horse, the automobile vehicle will be at once brought to a standstill.

5—Upon approaching a curve, crossroad, descent, or vehicle, speed will be reduced.

6—Automobilists will always keep a sharp lookout ahead, and always have their machines under full control.

7—The number of the automobiles must be displayed on the front and rear of the machines in figures not less than five inches in size.

8—Disregard of the foregoing rules will be met by exclusion from the Presidio Reservation.

9—Except in cases where special authority is given by the commanding officer, no automobile vehicles, other than those that may be going to or from officers' quarters, will be allowed on the reservation after dark. Proper lights must be displayed on automobile vehicles at night.

## A. P. HOTALING'S OLD KIRK.

## A Pure Straight Brand.

A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk Whisky has made friends with all who have tried it, which goes to show that there is room for a pure straight blend in the market. We say it is the best. You try it and you will say the same.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 16, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%....	100	@ 106½	106½	107
Bay Co. Power 5% ..	4,000	@ 101	101	102
Hawaiian C. S. 5% ..	6,000	@ 98½-99	99	100
Los An. Ry 5%.....	6,000	@ 113	112½	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5% .....	1,000	@ 115	.....	116
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% ..	1,000	@ 105	105	105½
Oakland Transit 6% ..	12,000	@ 119½	119	
Oakland Transit				
5% .....	7,000	@ 111		
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5% .....	10,000	@ 100-101½	.....	102½
Omnibus C. Ry. 6% ..	2,000	@ 123	123½	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% ..	10,000	@ 105½	105½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% ..	2,000	@ 106	106½	107½
1905, S. A. ....	24,000	@ 104½-104½	104½	104½
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% ..	3,000	@ 105½	105½	
1905, S. B. ....	15,000	@ 107	107	108
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% ..	1,000	@ 98	99	
S. V. Water 4% 3d. ..	5,000	@ 105	.....	106
United Gas & Electric 5% .....	330	@ 59½-59½	59½	60
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Contra Costa .....	10	@ 39½	38	41
S. V. Water .....	360	@ 39½-39½	39½	39½
Street R. R.				
Presidio .....	10	@ 40½	.....	41
Powders.				
Giant Con. ....	15	@ 61	60	61½
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S. ....	155	@ 46½-46½	46½	
Honokaa S. Co. ....	30	@ 12	12½	
Hutchinson .....	215	@ 8½-9	8½	9½
Paauhau S. Co. ....	95	@ 13-13½	13½	
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric.	330	@ 59½-59½	59½	60
	Miscellaneous.			
	Shares.			
Alaska Packers. ..	70	@ 139½-140	139½	139½
Cal. Fruit Cannery.	125	@ 96½	96½	
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	25	@ 91½	91	
Pac. Coast Borax ..	50	@ 167	167	168

The market was exceedingly quiet during the week, with few fluctuations.

The sugar stocks have been weak, and on sales of 475 shares there were losses made of from one-half to one and one-quarter points.

Spring Valley water was steady at 39½.

Alaska Packers sold up one-half a point to 140, closing at 139½ bid, 139½ asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and sales of 330 shares were made at 59½ to 59½.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

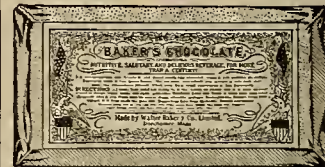
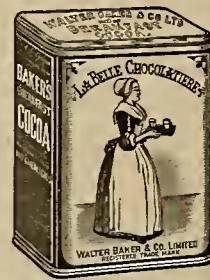
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's

## Cocoa and

## Chocolate



The FINEST in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780    Dorchester, Mass.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

**GLUTEN FLOUR** For  
DYSPEPSIA.  
**SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.**  
**K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.**  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book or sample write  
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known actor was telling his sixteen-year-old son, whom he considers very immature and young for his age, that he ought to be doing something for his glory and his country. "Why, when George Washington was your age, my son, he was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax." The boy thought a moment, then he replied, quietly: "Well, when he was as old as you, pa, he was President of the United States."

In Florence, lately, one of several Italian ladies who were entertaining Mark Twain, asked what was the American national game. "Poker," he responded. When she laughingly protested that he was facetious, he gravely reiterated his statement, and added: "Madame, to the game of poker the American people owe the most valuable lesson a nation can learn: Never give up, even after you have lost your last chance."

"Sardou represents a distinct type of the drama which he originated," said a pupil in Brander Matthews's dramatic literature class at Columbia University. "What description of that type do you offer?" asked Professor Matthews. "Theatrical plays closely packed with interest mark the Sardine drama," replied the young man, promptly and earnestly. "Young man," laughed the professor, "with a can-opener you may yet evolve the great American play."

"I am disgruntled," said Senator Foster recently. "I'll never give money to a street beggar again as long as I live. There was a very pitiful-looking beggar in the avenue, a few minutes ago, and my heart going out to him, I stopped to hand him a few small coins. I had some difficulty, I admit, in finding my change, but was that any reason for the beggar to frown at me, and say, impatiently: 'Hurry up, sir. I've lost several customers while you've been muddling over them pennies.'"

Professor E. G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, who has devoted much time to proving that football is a harmless game, is very popular among the students. He was entertaining a group of them at his residence one night, and during a space of silence, he took down and brandished a magnificent sword that hung over his fireplace. "Never will I forget," he exclaimed, "the day I drew this blade for the first time." "Where did you draw it, sir?" a freshman asked, respectfully. "At a raffle," said Professor Dexter.

When Senator Burrows was practicing law in Michigan, he went, one day, to a court in a small town. A country lawyer was arguing before an aged and solemn justice of the peace. "Now," said the lawyer, "if it pleases your honor, the defendant says he paid the money to the diseased, but I am going to show that the diseased never got the money. He didn't receive one cent, the diseased didn't." "Say," broke in the justice, "what is this man diseased of? Why don't you bring him here?" "Because, your honor, he is diseased of death."

During Richard Mansfield's preparation of "Ivan the Terrible," some one, who fancied he might presume on old acquaintance, came suddenly upon the actor taking a morning walk and plunging along with his head down and lips compressed as if in deep thought. It was a good time for an ordinary recognition and nothing more. But that was not enough for the individual in question, and he paid the penalty of too much cordiality at the wrong moment. "Hello, Mansfield, old boy. What's going on?" "What's going on?" exclaimed the actor, in a tone of thunder; "what's going on? I am." And he did.

A short-sighted sportsman was asked, one morning, by a fellow-sojourner in a small hotel on the shores of Loch Carron what sport he had had. "Just seen a seal," he said; "shot at it three times and missed it each time." At dinner, an hour later, he sat next to a man with a bandage round his head. "Accident?" he inquired. "Accident!" was the indignant response; "attempted murder, you mean. I was having a bath, about an hour ago, when some lunatic fired at me three times from the shore and shot part of my ear off." "Wonder who it could have been," murmured the sportsman, and changed the conversation to the Japanese war.

A bibulous stranger distinguished himself and amused a crowd in the Pompeian Room of the Auditorium Annex, in Chicago, one night last week. There is a fountain there, and the stranger was sitting with his back to it. He had had many drinks, and was pouring out another, when he lost his balance, and went backward into the waters of the fountain. His head went under, and the rest of him followed, but he managed to emerge. In final position he sat upright, the water lapping his legs, and the fountain casting spray down his back. But he still clutched the bottle in one hand and the glass in another, and, with-

out a break, proceeded to pour out the drink and quaff it off. "Here's to the damsels of old Kentucky," was the sentiment he enunciated. Then he was seized by the waiters and rescued.

Signor Zanetti, the magician, was performing in a Kentucky town, and during the evening announced that in his next trick he would need a pint flask of whisky. No move was made to supply the liquor. Said Zanetti: "I had received a different impression than this as to Kentucky customs. Perhaps you did not understand me. Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whisky?" There was silence for a time, then a tall, lank man in the rear of the hall arose. "Mistah," said he, "would a quart flask do as well?" producing a bottle of that capacity. "Just as well, sir," replied Zanetti. And every gentleman in the house arose, with that size flask extended.

When Uriu, now admiral of the Japanese navy, entered the academy at Annapolis, he got a good old-fashioned hazing, like all the other fellows, and stood it like a major. When he became an upper class man and privileged to haze the incoming fledglings, he also lived up to the academy traditions. He weighed only about one hundred and fifteen pounds, and was one of the smallest fellows in the academy. "I remember," says one of his classmates, "seeing him get hold of big George Ferguson, now an assistant engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge. 'What's your name?' demanded Uriu. 'Ferguson, sir.' 'Spell it.' 'F-e-r-g-u-s-o-n, sir.' 'Spell it over again, and remember that you're addressing your superior.' 'F, sir; e, sir; r, sir; g, sir; u, sir; s, sir; o, sir; n, sir.' Ferguson, sir."

Babies.

When the May baby and the June baby had got well acquainted, they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby.

"It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton, and kept at a temperature of forty-five degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly.

"I chew old paper and the corners of the rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said, chuckling.

The May baby laughed long and loud.

"So do I," said he.

The mammas heard the goo-gooing, but they assigned to it only the usual fantastic significance. It was just as well.—Life.

Mrs. Newrich (in art store)—"I'd take this picture, but some person has been scribbling on it." Salesman—"But, madam, that is the artist's signature." Mrs. Newrich—"Well, he's got his nerve. Still, I guess you could scratch it out, couldn't you?"—Puck.

"Foreigner, hey? By gravy, you talk our language like a native." "Pardon me—I hope not."—Ex.

The Mother's Friend

when nature's supply fails, is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel.  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Pessimist's Version.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the horrid ocean  
And the beastly land.

—Wex Jones in Oregonian.

Mary.

Mary had a tiny watch,  
And swallowed it one day,  
Perhaps to save a little time,  
That's what the neighbors say.  
She would have been a happy girl,  
Except for this bad mix.  
That watch could beat her little lamb,  
It had so many ticks.

—Cornell Widow.

Opinions.

A gentleman is never drunk,  
It's such a vulgar word;  
To say a gentleman is drunk  
Is really quite absurd.  
He may be pifflicated, pified,  
Bazooned and pieeyed, too;  
(I've had an edge on once or twice,  
And so, I guess, have you.)  
He may be plastered, boozed, and passed,  
But finer natures shrunk,  
And shrink, and will shrink evermore,  
From saying, "He is drunk!"

—Yole Record.

"Blithering."

No dictionary gives this word,  
Which from the tongue goes slithering  
When one by deep disgust is stirred  
And must call some one "blithering."

What does it mean? It has a sound  
Sarcastic, sharp, and withering.  
Has no word-doctor ever found  
Why "blithering" means blithering?

—Judge.

Wanted Something New.

Oh, the poet sat with a pensive frown  
In the shadows drear and dim.  
His poem entitled, "The snow falls down,"  
Had just been returned to him.

'Twas not the familiar word "declined"  
That had overflowed his cup,  
But the "ed" had written and underlined  
"Try one on 'The snow falls up.'"

—Lurana W. Sheldon in Judge.

Scholar—"Professor, your mnemonic system is wonderful, and I am sure that any one, after mastering the rules, can learn to remember anything. But I am handicapped by one difficulty." Professor—"What is it?" Scholar—"I can't remember the rules."—Town and Country.

Palatable Hygienic Foods.

Among the most delicious table delicacies obtainable are the cereal products of Farwell & Rhines, of Watertown, N. Y. The entire capacity of their mills is devoted to the production of health foods. Among these are Gluten Flour, for dyspepsia; Special Diabetic Food, for diabetes; K. C. Whole Wheat Flour, for constipation, while Gluten Grits and Barley Crystals are the most delicious of cereal breakfast foods. Their pamphlet, giving full information regarding their various foods, together with samples of the same, will be sent free to any one interested.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max.	Afin.	Rain-	State of
	Tem.	Tem.	fall.	Weather.
March 10th.....	56	50	1.29	Clear
" 11th.....	52	44	.23	Clear
" 12th.....	54	44	.01	Cloudy
" 13th.....	62	50	.08	Pt. Cloudy
" 14th.....	58	48	.27	Pt. Cloudy
" 15th.....	54	48	.08	Clear
" 16th.....	52	46	.00	Rain

# SOZODONT Tooth Powder

"Good for Bad Teeth,  
Not Bad for Good Teeth"

Gives the Teeth a Pearly Lustre  
**BIG BOX NEW TOP 25c**

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
Zeeland . Mar. 26, 10.30am | New York . . . . . April 9  
St. Louis . . . . . April 2 | St. Paul . . . . . April 16  
Philadelphia—Queens town—Liverpool.  
Friesland . Mar. 26, 10am | Merion . . . . . April 16, 10am  
Noordland . . . . . April 9, 10am | Westrald . . . . . April 23, 10am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Mesaba . . . . . Mar. 26, 9 am  
Minnetonka . . . . . Mar. 27, 7 am  
Marquette . . . . . April 9, 9 am  
Minnehaha . . . . . April 16, 6 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Kensington . . . . . Mar. 26 | Southwark . . . . . April 9  
Dominion . . . . . April 2 | Canada . . . . . April 16

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Noordam . . . . . Mar. 22 | Potsdam . . . . . April 5  
Statendam . . . . . Mar. 29 | Rotterdam . . . . . April 12

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Zeeland . . . . . Mar. 26 | Vaderland . . . . . April 9  
Finland . . . . . April 2 | Kroonland . . . . . April 16

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Cedric . . . . . Mar. 23, 9 am | Teutonic . . . . . April 13, 10 am  
Majestic . . . . . Mar. 30, 10 am | Celtic . . . . . April 15, 5 pm  
Oceanic . . . . . April 6, 10 am | Cedric . . . . . April 20, 8 am  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cretic . . . . . Mar. 31, May 5, June 2  
Cymric . . . . . April 21, May 19, June 16  
Republic (new) . . . . . April 30, June 9, July 7

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Republic (new) . . . . . Mar. 26  
Romanic . . . . . April 9, May 14, June 18  
Canopic . . . . . April 23, May 28, July 2  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

### FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Coptic (Calling at Manila) . . . . . Saturday, April 2  
Gaelic . . . . . Tuesday, April 26  
Doric . . . . . Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic . . . . . Wednesday, June 22  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, March 24, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, April 2, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

# THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.  
Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

# PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

# CLARK WISE & CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## SOCIETY.

## The Horse Show.

The Doctors' Daughters, one of our most commendable and efficient charity organizations, will give a horse show Friday evening, March 25th, and Saturday afternoon, March 26th, at the Riders' Club Building, at the corner of Seventh Avenue and C Street. The programme that has been arranged is varied and interesting. On Friday evening there will be a grand march by twenty ladies and gentlemen, members and guests of the San Francisco Riding Club; a drill by the mounted Park police; *Jeu de Barre*, by Mr. F. J. Grace. Mr. Arthur Page, and Mr. A. L. Langerman; hurdle jumping by eight ladies; random riding by Miss Mabel Hogg; performance over obstacles by mounts used in the San Mateo County Hunt; and an exhibition of tandem driving by Miss Lucie King, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Miss Mabel Hogg, and Miss Louise Stone.

The Saturday afternoon performance, which is to be arranged largely to please the children, will open with a children's march, participated in by Misses Marguerite Doe, Ruth Winslow, Gertrude O'Brien, and Masters Bowman Ballard, Willie Mintzer, Theodore Lilienthal, John Breuner, and Dearborn Clark. There will be clown and acrobatic specialties, aerial specialties, and boxing and wrestling by members of the Olympic Club. The tandem driving, random riding, and hurdle jumping of Friday evening will be repeated on Saturday. Yanke's orchestra will furnish the music. Refreshments will be sold during the intermissions, and guests will have an opportunity to view in the side-show the smallest pony in the world, owned by Mr. Thomas H. Williams, Jr., Miss Evelyn Norwood's trick dog, and a performing Japanese donkey. A fine little cart, pony, and harness are to be disposed of during the show.

The list of riders who will participate in the leading events include, in addition to those mentioned, Mr. E. W. Runyon, Mr. William N. Dickinson, Jr., Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Arnold Genthe, Mrs. W. Anderson, Miss Ida Callaghan, Miss Burney Owens, Mrs. R. G. Hantford, Mrs. John Flournoy, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Irene Purrington, Miss Marie Louise Parrott, and Miss Margaret Newhall.

Tickets to the show may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, at the San Francisco Riding Club, or from any of the members, and may be exchanged for reserved seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on March 23d and 24th. Boxholders are required to apply on the same dates for checks to their boxes. There will be no reserved seats on Saturday.

The Doctors' Daughters have done an immense amount of practical charity work among the deserving poor, and this effort to add to their funds should meet with a ready and liberal response.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Moore, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, to Mr. Thomas Breeze.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bee Hooper, daughter of Mrs. M. E. Hooper, to Mr. John O. Blanchard.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rose Ellen Hecht, daughter of Colonel M. H. Hecht and Mrs. Hecht, to Mr. Simon Walter Frank, of Baltimore.

The engagement is announced of Miss

Adele Mack, daughter of Mr. Adolph Mack, to Mr. James Gerstley, of London.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel last Saturday. Others at table were Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. William S. Tevis, and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Miss Ruth Knowles and Miss Alice Knowles gave a luncheon recently at their Jackson Street residence, Oakland, in honor of Miss May Burdge. Others at table were Mrs. Walter Starr, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Marion Goodfellow, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Jane Crellin, Miss Ethel Crellin, Miss Florence White, and Miss Carolyn Oliver.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp gave a tea on Monday in honor of her sister, Miss Henrietta Moffat. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Emma Moffat, Mrs. John Grant Sutton, Mrs. Charles Francis Jackson, Mrs. John E. Medau, Mrs. C. H. Hilbert, Mrs. Jesse Andrews, Miss Edith Bull, Miss Marie Bull, and Miss May Ayers.

Mrs. George McAneney gave a luncheon recently at the Palace Hotel. Others at table were Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Mastick, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Mrs. Fanny Lent. Mrs. J. S. Andrews gave a card-party on Tuesday at her residence, 2230 Broadway, in honor of Miss Henrietta Moffat.

Mr. Addison Mizner gave a tea on Wednesday at the University Club.

A dinner was given at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of Captain Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., commander of the *Tacoma*. Others at table were Mr. Harry George, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. W. H. Irwin, Mr. Alexander G. Hawes, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Benjamin R. Swan, Mr. George C. Chismore, Mr. Ryland Wallace, Mr. Barry Coleman, and Mr. S. D. Brastow.

Mrs. John Spruance gave a card-party on Tuesday at her residence, 2504 Jackson Street. Among those present were Mrs. George Hunt, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Christian Reis, Mrs. Charles Butler, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. Fred Peterson, Mrs. William Somers, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. J. Parker Currier, and Mrs. E. T. Allen.

Miss May Colburn gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Peter D. Martin. Others at table were Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and Mrs. Harry George.

Mr. John G. Church, of the United States steamer *Mohican*, gave a dinner on Tuesday evening. Among others at table were Captain A. H. Holmes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. P. P. White, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Dorothy Dustan, Miss Mattie Milton, Miss Ruth Foster, Miss Mary Mariner, and Miss Ethel Shorb.

A special meeting of the members of the San Francisco Golf Club will be held Saturday, March 19th, at 4 p. m., at the club-house. The purpose of the meeting is to consider the establishment of new links, the Presidio links having been turned into a parade ground for United States troops.

The unusually clear atmosphere last Sunday induced many to go to the top of Mt. Tamalpais to enjoy the magnificent view afforded, not only from the summit, but along the course of the winding railway. The Tavern of Tamalpais was taxed to its utmost capacity.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Wagner Lecture-Recitals.

Mrs. Raymond Brown, the eminent lecturer and pianist, will give her first "musical talk" at Lyric Hall on Tuesday night next, the subject being Wagner's "Ring of the Niebelungen." Mrs. Brown has made a deep study of the wonderful music-dramas of Wagner. The critic of one of the leading papers writes of her: "Her playing is brilliant, sympathetic, and the themes she chooses are the best illustrations of the drama." On Thursday night the subject will be "Tristan and Isolde," and Friday night the humorous, satirical "Meistersinger" will be the theme. At the farewell recital on Saturday afternoon, "Parsifal" will be given. Seats for the entire course can still be secured, the prices being \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$3.00. For single recitals the prices are \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents. Box-office is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## The Minetti Recital.

The first chamber music recital of the Minetti Quartet's eighth season will be given at Lyric Hall on Friday afternoon, March 25th. On this occasion the following programme will be given: String quartet in D-minor, op. 75 (Bazzini); Lento from quartet in F-major, op. 96 (Dvorak); "Sehr lustig, moeglich rasch," from quartet in D-minor, op. 77 (Raff); piano quartet in B-flat, op. 41 (Saint-Saëns). The Minetti Quartet has now reached a high musical standard, and has established itself in the public favor. Miss Frances Rock, who is known as a player of great merit, will be at the piano during the three recitals.

## Schumann-Heink Concerts.

At the three Schumann-Heink concerts to be given at the Alhambra Theatre early in April, the contralto will render many arias from her great operatic successes, including the prison scene from "The Prophet." Another novelty will be the songs from the cycle, "Trumpeter of Sackingen," by Riedl. Manager Will Greenbaum will have hooks of the words distributed to the audience at each concert. Sale of seats opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Thursday, March 31st, and to prevent speculators obtaining the best seats, not more than eight will be sold to any one person.

## Oratorio at St. Dominic's Church.

On Sunday evening, March 20th, Duhois's oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," will be sung at St. Dominic's Church, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart. Among the other musical numbers during the service will be "O Salutaris," Stewart, solo by Miss Ella V. McCloskey; "Tantum Ergo," Widor, solo by J. J. Rosborough; "Tota pulchra es Maria," Perosi. The soloists in the oratorio are Mrs. B. Apple, soprano; Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto; T. G. Elliott, tenor; and C. B. Stone, bass. At the offertory, Mr. Harry Gillig will sing Bizet's "Agnus Dei."

## New Singing Society

James Hamilton Howe, the oratorio conductor, has organized a choral club for the purpose of producing the latest solo and choral works. Many members have already joined. Those desiring to join either as active or associate members may apply to the secretary, Miss Maud Gish, 208 Mutual Savings Bank Building, or to any of the monitors, who are as follows: George R. Bird, Mrs. Lillian Merrihew Pierce, Miss Flora Bollinger, W. B. Anthony, Henry Grohe, Walter R. Kneiss.

## Free Organ Recital.

Louis H. Eaton, assisted by Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano, and William F. Zech, violinist, will give his twenty-third free organ recital at Trinity Church on Monday evening, March 21st, at eight o'clock. The programme consists of works by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Svendsen, Haydn, Wagner, Guilmant, Hiller, Chopin, and N. H. Allen, an American organist.

A concert by Dr. H. J. Stewart's vocal pupils was given at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening.

The University of California Club has secured quarters in the building at the south-east corner of Geary and Powell Streets, having leased the upper floor. The new rooms will be opened on April 1st, and on the following evening the club will have its first dinner there. There are now two hundred and sixty members in the club. The eligible list is two thousand four hundred, the requirement for membership being that the applicant has spent at least two years at the University of California, or has been a professor there. It is expected that the membership will increase to such an extent that the club will be able, before long, to have a home of its own.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## Pears'

Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

Sold all over the world.



## 40 Acres

— IN —

## Alameda County.

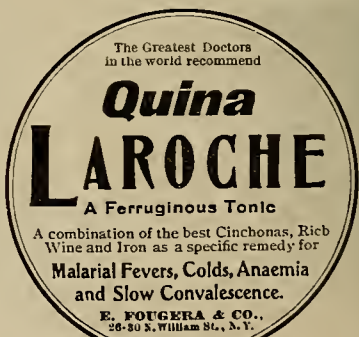
Ideal suburban residence in the Berkeley foothills, within 50 minutes of San Francisco and yet a complete change of climate. Surrounded by large and fine homes.

## Thomas Magee &amp; Sons

Real Estate Agents

5 MONTGOMERY ST.

San Francisco.



## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDOERS & JOHNSON

TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—52 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.

202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge.

Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

There is no Substitute for



It is a Matter of Health



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned from New York. Major Rathbone accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla and family will occupy the Walter Martin cottage at San Mateo this summer, as Mr. and Mrs. Martin are going abroad for several months.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin has been spending the month of March at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin expect to leave early in April for a trip to Europe.

Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Constance de Young will remain at Santa Barbara until the first of April.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from a week's visit at Burlingame.

Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton and Mr. Robert Greer have taken "The Hutch," at Sausalito, for the summer.

Miss Pearl Sabin leaves for Washington tomorrow (Sunday) to act as bridesmaid at the wedding, on April 4th, of Miss Kathro Burton to Lieutenant George Lee, U. S. A.

Mrs. Josiah Belden, who has been spending the winter in New York, is expected home soon. She will spend the spring and summer at Ross Station.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers have returned from a brief visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and Miss Maylita Pease have gone East. They will visit the St. Louis Exposition before returning.

Mr. J. Aguirre, the newly appointed Bolivian consul-general to this city, arrived here the first of the week.

Dr. Louis D. Pontius and Mrs. Pontius (née Cole) have returned from their wedding journey in Southern California, and gone to Seattle, their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hall (née Bolton) have taken apartments at 960 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law have gone to Europe for a few months.

Mrs. Harry George, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Harry George, of the *Tacoma*, has taken apartments at 1076 Bush Street.

Miss Josephine Smith has gone to Coronado, and after a few weeks there will go to her home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Baird and her daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, will make a tour of Europe during the summer, leaving here about the end of April. Mr. Ray Sherman has gone on a business trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Sherman is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Moody, during her husband's absence.

Mr. W. T. Nolting, postmaster at Manila, arrived Tuesday on the transport *Thomas* for a short visit.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters is spending a fortnight at Sausalito.

Mr. Ramon Arias Feraud, consul from Panama at this port, and Mrs. Feraud have gone to Panama on a visit.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. E. M. Lewelling, of San Lorenzo, Mr. L. R. Anheuser, of Peoria, Mr. W. J. McMannis, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. A. Stafford, Mrs. George Fay, Mrs. Harvey Fay, Miss Mahel Fay, of Rochester, Miss Louise Kellogg, Mr. William W. S. Holcomb, Mr. E. Kilpatrick, Mr. W. J. Webster, Mr. Robert Hall, Mr. Horace Wilson, and Mr. William S. Barnes.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Coke, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Davis, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Sullivan, Miss McNaughton and Mr. D. C. McNaughton, of Jersey City, Mrs. M. L. Miles and Miss M. L. Keffer, of Reading, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Eames, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Delaney, Mrs. J. L. Shoemaker, Mrs. A. Smith, Miss A. Smith, and Mr. T. Yoshida, of Philadelphia, Mrs. G. A. Field, Mrs. S. B. McAfee, Miss H. P. Field, and Mr. J. Burns, of Pittsburg.

## Army and Navy News.

Captain H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines, and ordered to Washington, D. C. Captain Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt (née Morrow) sailed from Manila on March 15th, and will arrive here about the middle of August.

Major Andrew H. Russell, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as chief of the ordnance office, Philippines Division, and from command of the Manila ordnance depot, and will report at Washington, D. C., for duty.

Captain Edwin B. Babbitt, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the office of the chief of ordnance at Washington, D. C., and will report to the commanding-general, Philippines Division, for duty as chief ordnance officer and to the command of the Manila ordnance depot.

Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neill, U. S. N., has been retired on account of age. He has been assigned to make a personal inspection of the principal ordnance establishments in the United States and Europe. He is authorized to extend his researches to China and Japan. Rear-Admiral O'Neill was succeeded by Rear-Admiral George A. Converse, of the bureau of equipment, whose place has been taken by Rear-Admiral Henry N. Manney.

Major Frank E. Hohhs, ordnance department, U. S. A., has been ordered to assume

command of the Benicia arsenal, and will report to the commanding-general, Department of California, for duty as ordnance officer.

Lieutenant Henry Bull, U. S. A., is registered at the Occidental.

Major John F. Baxter, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* Tuesday.

Colonel C. E. Davis, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines last week, en route to his new station at Detroit, Mich.

Captain Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Major Webster, Pay Department, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the steamer *Siberia* last Saturday.

General W. H. Forwood, Medical Corps, U. S. A. (retired), arrived from the East via Panama last Saturday.

Major Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Thomas* last Tuesday.

Lieutenant R. C. Hand, U. S. A., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

## Annual Spring Exhibition.

The annual spring exhibition of paintings will be held by the San Francisco Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, beginning Friday, March 25th, and ending Thursday, April 21st. The exhibition will be open daily from nine till five o'clock, and also on the evenings of Thursday, March 31st, April 7th, April 14th, and April 21st, when a musical programme will be rendered. A private view and musical reception for members of the association will be given on Thursday evening, March 24th.

With a few exceptions the paintings to be exhibited are for sale. It is thought that the contribution to this spring exhibition will be unusually large, and of more than ordinary merit. Public interest in the Art Association's endeavors to bring together the best work of our artists is increasing year by year, and this is a large factor in encouraging the artists to make an extra effort to please.

The designs and plans made by G. A. Wright and Willis Polk for the University Club's new building at the north-east corner of Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue have been unanimously approved by the directors of the club. The club-house will cover an area of one hundred and twenty feet square, and will be in the Italian Renaissance style. The main entrance will be on Van Ness Avenue, and it will lead to a palm garden in the central court. The breakfast-room will be on the east side of the building, the dining-rooms on the south, and the lounging-rooms on the west. The billiard and card rooms will be on the north side. The cost of the club-house will be \$145,000. The lot was bought for \$110,000, and interest and other expenses bring the outlay up to \$300,000.

Mr. E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific, has been promoted to the position of assistant to J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the same company. Mr. McCormick will assume his new duties in the Chicago office of Mr. Stubbs on April 1st. His present position will be filled by Mr. Charles S. Fee, of St. Paul, at present general passenger and ticket agent of the Northern Pacific Railway. The news of Mr. McCormick's promotion is pleasing to his friends, but they will be very sorry to have him leave San Francisco. His fine qualities have gained him hundreds of personal as well as business friends. His successor, Mr. Fee, has a reputation as a very able railroad man.

Race hatred led to a riot Tuesday at Ling, the capital of East Austria, where Jan Kubelik, the violinist, was playing. Germans, infuriated at the ill-treatment their compatriots had suffered at Prague, stormed the hall where Kubelik was giving a concert, and he was compelled to make a hurried retreat. The mob afterward made an attack on his hotel, and the police had hard work to restore order.

"Ye Liberty Playhouse," Oakland's new theatre, was opened Monday night by the James Neill company, who appeared in "A Bachelor's Romance." Many prominent people were in the audience, which completely filled the theatre, and speeches were made by Mayor Olney, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and Judge Gibson.

Homer Davenport spoke very highly, while here, of T. A. Dorgan ("Tad"), the *Bulletin* artist, and predicted that some day he would be a cartoonist of great ability. "Tad" makes a specialty of sporting pictures, and Davenport pronounces his caricatures of Corbett and Jeffries the best he has ever seen.

## Do You Need a First-Class Bookkeeper?

A gentleman with lengthy experience in Spanish-American trade, thoroughly familiar with all requirements, seeks position. Speaks and corresponds in Spanish, English, and German, and is a good office-man, bookkeeper, and correspondent. Address Box 150, this office.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of Edgar James Bowen has been filed for probate. The estate is to be held in trust by the widow and by the Mercantile Trust Company, the net income to go to the widow. At her death bequests are to be made of \$5,000 to the First Unitarian Society of San Francisco, \$5,000 to Ida Lovelace Carson, a niece of Mr. Bowen, and minor sums to other relatives, the residue of the estate to go to decedent's brother, Samuel C. Bowen, of Medina, N. Y., and his sisters, Cornelia S. Boyd and Mary Augusta White, of Appleton, Wis., and Susan E. Achilles, of Rochester, N. Y. Provision is made for payment to each person employed by Mr. Bowen at the time of his death of a percentage of his or her yearly salary, the portion varying according to the length of service.

The will of Mrs. Ottilia Mau names her sons, William and Arthur H. C. Mau, as executors. The estate goes to them, to Edward C. Mau, and her daughters, Mrs. Amelia H. Kleinschmidt, Mrs. Ottilia B. Bandmann, Mrs. Alice Mau Hood, and Julia M. Mau.

The will of Dr. Hans H. Behr bequeaths three hundred dollars to Ida Precht, and the rest of the estate to his three children, Hans Behr, who is in South Africa, and Thecla Behr and Marianne Behr Brunigk, who reside in Germany.

The threatened contest over the estate of Thomas J. Clunie has been averted by a compromise, under which Mrs. Florence Clunie, the widow, is to receive \$150,000 in addition to the property bequeathed to her. Of this sum, \$35,000 is to come out of Andrew J. Clunie's share of the estate, and \$115,000 out of the share bequeathed by the decedent to his adopted son, Jack Clunie. Andrew J. Clunie will receive the warehouse at Sacramento and \$40,000 in money or collateral securities, and Jack Clunie \$30,000 in cash or securities. The share of Andrew J. Clunie under the compromise is thought to amount to about \$180,000, and that of the boy Jack, who is seven years old, between \$400,000 and \$500,000. Mrs. Clunie's share, counting the \$150,000, will be about the same, and will include the Turclu property in Sacramento and the residence property in this city.

A New York daily, devoted largely to dramatic matters, likens the present theatrical rush to San Francisco to the craze of 1849. The New York managers have had a bad year, and are sending their shows out here. It is predicted by the paper referred to that some of the companies will fare badly here. It mentions that San Francisco is very independent in its opinions regarding the worth or unworth of dramatic productions, refusing to be influenced by Eastern criticisms, and is also very loyal to its own stock companies.

A concert is to be given at St. James' Hall, London, next Tuesday afternoon, by Mme. Blanche Marchesi and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, whose talents have made him a leading figure in the English musical world.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Crane (née Gross) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,  
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

"Knox" Spring Styles  
just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 745 Market.

## Every Bride

wants a wedding book to keep a record of her wedding. The book given at the leading New York weddings is

## "Cupid's Proverbs"

It is the finest book made. Prices \$2.00 to \$20.00. Ask your bookseller. Circular mailed free. Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carnages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort  
and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel  
Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each  
way. Open all the year.

## CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

Schæffer  
PianosA WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## 1st of May.

The "wind-up" of one of the most remarkable sales in Furniture and Carpets will be on the first of May at the GREAT RETIRING SALE at PATTOSIEN'S, corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets. It is hardly believable that the sale could have such success for six long weeks, yet it is so. The reason for it is the bargains are genuine, and the public knows it. After the store closes, prices will double.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.







# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. NO. 1411.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 28, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beames Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Effect of the Merger Decision—Is Roosevelt Strengthened or Weakened?—Is there any Political Capital in the Affair for the Democrats?—The Importance of Justice Brewer's Separate Opinion—A Treaty With Ethiopia—King Menelik Sends a Hyena, a Lion Cub, and Elephant Tusks to Roosevelt—Senator Depew's Confession—A Shock to Admirers and Others—Hoist With Their Own Petard—Boycotting the St. Patrick's Day Ball—Will Churches Be Boycotted?—The "Argonaut" in New York—How It Is Quoted by a Gotham Daily—The Chinese Question the World Over—In Transvaal, Panama, United States, and in the Far East—Roosevelt's Grip on the Nomination—The Progress of Hearst—The Parker Boom Looking Up—San Diego a California Pittsburg—A Measure to Help the Pacific Coast—For Philippine Independence—The Big Business of Our Banks.....	193-195
A TRAGEDY IN TATTERS: For the Amusement of the Multitude. By Marguerite Stabler.....	196
THE WOMEN OF "THE PIT": Channing Pollock's Idea of Western Femininity—The Women in the Dramatization of Frank Norris's Novel—His Types are Caricatures—Bad Acting Accentuates His Poor Work. By Geraldine Bonner.....	197
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	197
QUEER THINGS ABOUT COREA: An Excellent Account of a Picturesque Land—Strange Costumes of the People—A Profigate Ruler—A Low-Born Queen—Curious Laws.....	198
OLD FAVORITES: "Barney McGee," by Richard Hovey.....	198
HARCOURT AND DURAND: Two Especially Interesting Figures at this Time—The Veteran's Withdrawal from Politics—The Ambassador's Book on Americans. By "Cockaigne".....	199
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	200-201
DRAMA: "Mary of Magdala" at the Grand Opera House. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	202
STAGE GOSSIP.....	203
VANITY FAIR: Simplicity in House Decorations—One-Color Schemes Adopted—Little Gilt and Few Contrasts—"Touting" in London—Fashionable Women as Secret Agents for Tradesmen—Men Gain a Living in the Same Manner—Used Her Photograph Without Authority—Artist's Model Sues Publishers—New York's New Club for Women—Modeled After Men's Clubs—A Smoking-Room, Maybe—The Old Maid Has Disappeared—Sensational Suit Promised in London—Men's Dress in Parliament and in Congress.....	204
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Good Figure Work—Ducks Roasted by Lightning—Had to Believe His Wife—Equal to "How Old is Ann?"—Adelina Patti's Pupil—Spencer's Method of Rebuke—Brady Was Afraid They Would Freeze—Teeth Would Be Provided—Agreed With the Judge—Boiled Eggs With Prayers—The Pig Got Well—Dickens and the American Landlord.....	205
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Dobbin's Despair"; "Opinion," by McLandburgh Wilson; "The Twins," by Albert G. Reeves; "The Case of Fatima and Lcna," by George F. Meyer.....	205
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	206-207
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	208

"This decision," says Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, in speaking of the merger case, "means more to the people of our country than any event since the great Civil War." The statement is perhaps exaggerated. Yet the decision is so far-reaching in its effects that no man can now precisely measure them. Only the immediate results may be surveyed with any approach to certainty.

One fact with regard to the decision stands out above

all others—the constitutionality of the Sherman anti-trust act was not unqualifiedly affirmed. That act declares: "Every contract or combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce, among the several States or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal." That law is not concerned with reasonableness or unreasonableness. The fact that a corporation is in restraint of trade, whether reasonably or unreasonably, sufficeth it. The constitutionality of that feature of the act has not been supported in the present decision. Justice Brewer, though joining with the majority in the judgment—does not agree with it in its reasoning. "Congress," he said, "did not intend by the anti-trust act to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade, which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable and ought to be upheld." Thus, while four judges base their judgment merely upon the fact that the Northern Securities Company was a combination "in restraint of trade," Justice Brewer bases his judgment upon the fact that said company restrained, or intended to restrain, trade unreasonably. Here is a sharp and vastly important distinction, considering that Justice Brewer holds "the balance of power." It is clear that in any future cases unreasonable restraint will have to be proved by the government, or judgment will be rendered against it. Former Judge Dillon and other distinguished jurists perceive in the course of the four dissenting justices and Justice Brewer a marked recession "from the dangerous ground formerly taken—a signal advance toward wise, far-sighted, and conservative opinion on the part of five out of nine members of the tribunal."

When we come to a consideration of the political effect of the decision, the stand taken by Justice Brewer is again seen to be vastly important. A large section of the Democratic press is to-day clamoring for prompt and vigorous prosecution of all the trusts in restraint of trade. In a New York Times editorial, headed "Nullification or Enforcement," which was read by Williams, of Mississippi, on the floor of the House last week, we read: "If the President respects his oath and obeys the Constitution, he must instruct Attorney-General Knox to begin proceedings against a multitude of transportation companies." Similar expressions of opinion, only more violent, are to be found elsewhere—in the Hearst papers, for example. But it should be clear that it will not be a wise proceeding for the President to direct the prosecution of corporations against which "unreasonableness" can not be proved. For in such case or cases, Justice Brewer inevitably would range himself with the present minority, constituting it a majority, and the actions would come to naught. This is one of the considerations which the President may justly urge in support of a cautious policy, replying to those who would have him slash right and left, and would convict him of a craven fear of "injuring his political chances" if he does not. Attorney-General Knox has said that the government does not intend to "run amuck." The Democratic press would have the country believe this indicates that the government will do nothing whatsoever. That is by no means certain. Evidence is even now being collected against the so-called "beef trust." Should the trust be found to be amendable to the law as the Supreme Court has interpreted it, it is not to be doubted that President Roosevelt would direct the attorney-general to proceed against it. But the greatest effect of the decision is in preventing the formation of new combinations. The law of the matter is now clear; they have no excuse.

The Democrats will meet still other and not small difficulties in a campaign based on any phase of this decision. We have to go no further than that Democratic stalwart, the New York World, to find cata-

logued the facts that show how hard will be the Democratic task. The anti-trust law, says the World, was framed by a Republican, passed by a Republican Congress, signed by a Republican President, and permitted to remain a dead letter during all of Cleveland's second term, when Richard Olney, a Democrat, was attorney-general. The first effort at enforcement was by a Republican attorney-general at the instance of a Republican President, and its validity was affirmed by five Republican members of the Supreme Court, three Democrats dissenting.

When the Republican party has done so much, how can the Democratic party consistently arraign it for doing no more, when the Democratic party itself did nothing when it had the opportunity?

When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon, she brought with her camels loaded with spices and gems and gold; her son (and Solomon's) has just presented President Roosevelt with a baby lion, a fierce hyena, and two elephant tusks. The Queen of Sheba asked Solomon a lot of hard questions; Menelik the Second has submitted a commercial treaty to the United States Government. Solomon is dead; the passion in the dark eyes of Sheba has long faded into the mist of death. But women still continue to ask the wise men of to-day hard questions, and Ethiopia endures on the map.

It is a favorite saying of certain impecunious intellects that the world is not so big after all, that the returns are in, and we know the birth-rate of every nation under the sun, and discuss its budget. But here comes in Ethiopia just when our geography had begun to get settled after the late wars. And it has ten millions of inhabitants, and a railway and a telegraph line, and desires to open an account with the United States in the hardware and calico trade. The Arabian Nights are coming true and the latitudes of the fairy-tale are discovered. If the world isn't so big after all, it has not turned all the way over yet. But still there are changes from the Ethiopia we used to know, where the Homeric gods dined blamelessly and Sheba gathered Orient pearls and dazzling gold to woo Solomon withal. Consul and special emissary, Robert P. Skinner, comes back with no tales of fabulous gems, but with a lion cub named Jo, a hyena called Bill, and two tusks. Further, he carries in his suit-case a treaty written out in ink and signed with steel pens, and relating the conditions of the miscellaneous hardware and cotton trade. Not a word of Sheba, except in the genealogical preamble, nor of Solomon, except on the great seal. It is all glorious, as the dailies say, and a triumph of peaceful diplomacy; but it is a shock, too.

Three thousand years ago the queen traveled by caravan, the long pageant winding in magnificence across the plains and over the low hills to the Mediterranean. Now her son rushes in a railway train, with an engine tooting noisily and democratically at one end, and a conductor punching tickets in the smoking-car. Possibly as he gazes out of the window (which won't go up), he views a subject squatting on a cracker-box eating canned goods out of an American-made tin dinner-pail. We are told that Solomon, as host of beauty, made such a glorious feast of fat things and rich things and rare things that the eyes of the nations were blinded. But we don't want any interchange of royal courtesies. We read a morning paper, and understand that Menelik and the President have said some nice things in a perfectly official way, and our eyes don't bulge out at all. And yet, in spite of telegraph and steam car and fierce hyena in a commonplace zoo, Ethiopia is still there, bright with romance, odoriferous of its ancient spices and perfumes and incense, still warm with the glow of Sheba's regal pomp, still magnificent



because to an Ethiopian queen Solomon gave the most glorious hours of his life. They can quote the cable tolls to Djibutit and speak boastfully of open markets, but after all it's the land of the gods who never pay for night messages, and whose treaties were all signed, sealed, and delivered in our childhood.

Port Arthur still holds out, though on Tuesday it suffered a bombardment of unexampled duration and severity. According to the Russian official dispatches, two Japanese torpedo-boats were discovered by the Russian search-lights at midnight on Monday. The forts fired on them for twenty minutes, and they were forced to retire. At four o'clock in the morning the attack was renewed by torpedo-boats, and again a hot fire drove them back. At six-thirty the whole squadron, consisting of six battle-ships and twelve cruisers, together with eight torpedo-boats, began a bombardment which lasted until shortly after eleven o'clock, over two hundred shells being fired. Alexieff reports one Japanese battle-ship hit by a shell and forced to retire, and four of his own soldiers killed and nine wounded. Makaroff, in a later report, says: "We lost one man." A correspondent at Mukden reports, however, that a train from Dalny had brought refugees who told of great holes torn in the forts, of batteries dismounted, of houses destroyed, of government buildings wrecked, of five soldiers being killed and ten wounded by one shell on Silver Hill, of an entire family's destruction by another shell, of one-third of the soldiers on Golden Hill being wounded and seventeen being killed, of forty dead in other forts, and of the *Askold*, *Bayan*, and *Pobeda* being hit by shells. Between the report of the viceroy and that of the correspondent it is difficult to decide, but it seems highly probable that the Russians have minimized their losses. Besides this battle, there is no authentic news of consequence, except the accidental destruction of the Russian torpedo-boat destroyer *Skori* by a mine at Port Arthur. The four cruisers of the Vladivostok squadron seem still to be uselessly lying in that port. The Japanese continue to land troops in Corea, and to strengthen their positions. The Russians are rushing troops to the front by the Transsiberian Railway, but they are greatly handicapped by lack of information where the Japanese will strike. With their remarkable facilities for quick mobilization of their forces and absolute command of sea, the Japanese are in a position to strike at a time and place least expected. They may attack Vladivostok, or land troops in south-east Manchuria, or near Port Arthur, or at Yinkow and endeavor to cut the railway. So far, the Japs have apparently frustrated all attempts to learn their plans. Not even the yellow journals can find out.

In all the four quarters of the earth John Chinaman is to-day the theme of discussion and debate. In South Africa, it is a question of importing contract labor for the mines. At Panama, it is a burning question whether white or yellow labor shall dig the big ditch. From Washington come rumors that it may be difficult to secure the renewal of the Gresham American-Chinese treaty of 1894. And, of course, in the Far East the question of China's neutrality is most absorbing.

In South Africa, the situation is comparatively simple. The great gold mines of the Rand are there to be worked. The Kaffirs will work but fitfully; when their few wants are supplied they can not be coerced into laboring longer. For white men, labor in the mines is difficult and distasteful. The mine owners say that it is impossible to run the mines with white labor and pay the wages demanded. Therefore, it is urged, either the mines which supply one-third of the world's product must permanently close with effects more or less profound on the commerce of the world, or labor must be imported from China or India. Already the Transvaal Legislative Council has sanctioned the importation of Chinese. The English Government has refused to disallow the ordinance. But so weak is the government, so intense the feeling, that before the measure can be carried into effect the present Cabinet may be dissolved and the opposition put in power. In the Parliamentary debates on Monday, opposition leaders argued that the introduction of contract labor was "a great departure from the principles by which England had made her way in the world"; that "the people of South Africa oppose yellow labor"; that "the plan practically establishes slavery"; and that "it would render the Transvaal impossible as a white man's country." To all these allegations the government entered a general denial, and was supported on the vote by a narrow margin.

In this country, the Chinese question comes again to the fore through the necessity for negotiating a new Chinese treaty. The Gresham treaty of 1894 expires September 7th, having been denounced by the Chinese government. The exclusion act provides for regulation

of immigration in a manner "not inconsistent with treaty obligations." Changes in the treaty therefore alter the whole legislative structure by which Chinese are now excluded from our shores. No treaty at all would be preferable to one revised in accordance with Chinese wishes. According to a late Washington dispatch, Minister Chentung Liang Cheng is strenuously endeavoring to secure "more liberal provisions." And the question whether or no a clause will be introduced respecting the importation of Chinese laborers to work on the Panama Canal is under consideration. It looks as though the Pacific Coast might possibly have again on its hands the old, old fight with the East on the Chinese question.

It was in the land of St. Patrick that the boycott originated, but so far as history is written there is no record of the saint himself having suffered from this insidious mode of attack till last week in San Francisco, when the musicians' union declared the ball given by Division No. 2 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in honor of their patron saint "unfair," and not to be patronized by good workmen. When it is remembered that most of the musicians of the city are Teutonic, it may be plain how severe was the strain upon the patience of the outraged children of Erin. To be declared "unfair" was bad enough for eight hundred Irishmen full of festivity and patriotism; to be boycotted by a lot of Germans, with the mayor of the city at their head, was provocative of Gaelic profanity.

But apart from the mere proclamation by printed words and formal enactment of the Hibernians' dereliction from orthodoxy, there was a deeper insult placed upon the celebrators of a national anniversary. Michael, with Bridget upon his gallant dexter, was greeted at the door of the hall not with sweet and hearty hails of good fellowship; instead, a sandwich-man, emblazoned with the heraldry of the musicians' union, vociferated "Unfair!" and hurled despite, Teutonic, orchestral, upon him. The potato was given, so to speak, a black eye by the kraut, and the emerald was retired by the meerschbaum. Patrick came to shake a foot. He arrived to shake his fist.

Nothing could more perfectly illustrate the power of the union emblem. Had any unfortunate and non-union wight ventured to desecrate the ears of holiday-making Erin by mouthings of imprecation and warning, his fragments would have been removed unidentified. If the Teuton had heaped ignominy upon the head of the Gael without the protection of a union behind him, it needs no bright mind to picture the consequences. But the San Francisco Hibernians took the picketing of their ball meekly, almost. Michael shook his fist but mildly at the obnoxious guard, and roared like a sucking dove at the sandwich-man. He was all for the saint, but he was also a union man. He defied by his presence at the scene the power of the trades-union. But he ventured no farther. He confined his recriminations to wordy and futile protest. His blood ran coldly. His breathings were heavy, but untinged with threatenings and slaughter. He did not follow out the precepts of his impulsive ancestors and not leave his enemy till there was nothing left. He danced his jig with an eye upon the morrow's reckoning, and his reel circumspectly.

There is a lesson in this occurrence for the wise. The foolish will be compelled to learn it under the rod. If St. Patrick's celebrations can be boycotted, there is coming a time when the church service will be either "fair" or "unfair," according to the standing of the soprano or the organ-blower; when the union label will be on the altar cloth, and Gabriel, that ultimate musician, must show his union card before we shall obey his trumpet. It is within the bounds of possibility that there will be union creeds and non-union creeds, to follow which will be worse than unorthodoxy in the middle ages. In time we may even come to worship a union God and thereby leave the Trinitarians beyond the pale. But a thought cheers us. Hell will, in all probability, be declared "unfair."

On March 14th one hundred and forty-six delegates had been chosen to the Republican National Convention. One hundred and twenty-six of them were instructed for Roosevelt. Since then, other delegates have been elected, and the majority have been similarly instructed. In the face of such facts as these any discussion of "Roosevelt's chances" is evidently futile. The Republican National Convention will apparently be the occasion for an exhibition of halcyon and vociferous harmony. All political interest, therefore, relates to the prospective Democratic nominee, and the name of Hearst continues to be most frequently mentioned—even in rival newspapers. His progress during two weeks, as related in other than Hearst papers, may be briefly chronicled. In Rhode Island, Hearst's manager controlled the conven-

tion, and dictated the delegates. If the "unit rule" remains in force, six votes in the convention are his. In Ohio, according to a dispatch to the *Tribune*, Hearst is sure of the majority of the delegation. He already has one district. In Massachusetts, however, Olney forces controlled the State committee at its recent meeting. In California, last Saturday, the Democratic State Central Committee endorsed Hearst's candidacy in flattering resolutions, J. H. Barry and E. E. Leake protesting. The *Colusa Sun*, which is said by the *Call* to be "easily the leader of the county Democratic press of California," is preparing itself to fall in with the Hearst column. Clark Howell, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, is out for Hearst. And especially significant is the report to his paper of the political expert sent through the country by the *Brooklyn Eagle*. He asserts—as the result of three months work in forty States, where he interviewed men of political prominence in all parties—that Hearst has captured Florida, and will probably have the delegates from Kentucky, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, one of the Dakotas, all three of the Territories, and the Pacific Coast States, "with the probable exception of Oregon." He thinks, however, that he will lack some votes of having one-third of the delegates. Bryan, he says, is not backing Hearst, except in certain States.

The above, briefly stated, are the evidences for believing that the Hearst boom is still vigorously alive, but its very virility is strengthening and concentrating opposition. The situation is one that challenges the old-line Democrats to get together on some conservative man. In particular, the situation is helping Judge Parker's candidacy. Strenuous efforts are being made to harmonize the faction of New York Democrats under Murphy, and the up-State Democrats under Hill. To effect this, pressure is being brought to bear from all sides. Parker's boom, which three weeks ago seemed anemic, seems now stronger than any other. It is the most striking political phenomenon of the hour.

Scarcely a less notable movement is that looking toward the abrogation of the two-thirds rule in the Democratic convention. Under it, at present, the vote of two-thirds of the delegates is required for the nomination of the Democratic Presidential candidate, whereas only a majority is necessary for the nomination of the Republican Presidential candidate. Obviously, under the now existing rule, Hearst, with one more than one-third of the delegates, can dictate the nominee. If the rule is abrogated—which can be done by a mere majority vote—the political experts say that the claws of the Hearst boom will be drawn. But there is natural hesitation about abolishing one of the most cherished traditions of the Democratic party. Still it may be done.

"Intense interest" is reported from Washington to describe the attitude of contractors toward the Panama Canal work. They and their agents are going to the Isthmus in droves. The commission itself sails on March 29th. President Roosevelt on Tuesday entertained its members at the White House, and addressed to it a characteristic letter—a letter that "meant business." He said that he had chosen each member of the commission because he believed him best fitted for the task; that he knew little and cared less about his political affiliations; that if at any time he [the President] thought any member was not rendering the best service which it was possible to procure he should "forthwith substitute" somebody else. "The methods for achieving the results," he concluded, "must be yours. What this nation will insist upon is that the results be achieved." With such vigorous admonishment from the President, and such "intense interest" as is reported on the part of contractors, the work ought to begin with a vim. Two bills providing for the government of the canal strip are before Congress, and are being considered in committee. Secretary Taft gave good advice when he recommended to the Senate Committee, the other day, that Congress invest the canal commission with legislative, executive, judicial, and administrative power. "If there are two boards," he said, "you will have trouble on your hands all the time." Admiral Walker told the committee that he was opposed to any measure which would require the commission to select its engineers through civil service. In two weeks from now the commission and the contractors will be on the ground, and very shortly thereafter the country may expect to see work actually begun on this, the greatest of all engineering enterprises.

With appalling frankness Senator Chauncey Depew has smashed another idol of the marketplace by confessing that he has often spoken without thinking of what he was saying. If some impetuous, hot-headed, and tumultuous person like Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, had said this, we would have sighed thankfully, and gone our way surer than ever that the tongue is an unruly mem-

THE EVENTS  
OF A WEEK  
OF WAR.

HOIST WITH  
THEIR OWN  
PETARD.

THE CHINESE  
QUESTION THE  
WORLD OVER.

THE PROGRESS  
OF THE  
HEARST BOOM.

WORK TO  
BEGIN AT  
PANAMA.

SENATOR  
DEPEW'S  
CONFESSION.



ber, and always looking for trouble. But Mr. Depew has been so impeccable, so finished a product of culture, so alien to the tumult and riot of the low strata, so superior to any considerations, except those of grammar and menus, so proper in attitude, so perfect in formality, so accomplished in courtesy, that to find out that his gems are of paste, his bold front a resounding void, his wisdom but an owl-like gyration of phrases, is bitter with a bitterness beyond that of any Mara. And that he should confess it adds to the burden of sorrow. It has afforded a peculiar joy to the restive mind to throw aspersions upon Chauncey Depew's reputation just as the small boy delights to sling stones at the inaccessible eye of the sun. One can picture the horror of the boy if he should by his missile suddenly dim the solar luminary, put out its eye with his stone. Such is the feeling of the caviller at the greatest after-dinner speaker of the decade past. He has pitched his little ball of scorn so often at this gorgeous mark, and now he is all at once confounded by the proof that he has reached his aim. Chauncey, the Chauncey of a hundred lowly firesides and the Mr. Depew of the Four Hundred, after years of orphic and post-prandial enunciation, has suddenly smiled upon us engagingly, and whispered in tones heard from end of the board to the other that it was all a bluff. It is just as bad as if the turtle soup should get up on its spoon and mock us, or the canvasback claim the barnyard as its habitat. Mr. Depew's exposure of his deceit is almost indecent. He has undermined the foundations of faith. At some time or another he has spoken with pontifical emphasis every proverb and commonplace in the English language. Are we to lose all these? Is the axiom to become extinct because its prophet has admitted that his mission was not authentic? Shall our children no longer be consoled and instructed by the apothegms of their fathers simply because Mr. Depew's title as godfather fell to the ground? Mr. Depew is right when he says that he has frequently spoken without thinking. Had he considered the results of his confession, we may be sure that his patriotism and desire for the welfare of the country would have prevented him from destroying at a blow the structure of ages of dinners and morning papers.

A hundred-million-dollar corporation has been organized in San Diego under the name, "The Pacific Steel Company." Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state. The capital stock of one hundred million dollars is divided into one million shares. The fifty million dollars of preferred stock have already been subscribed. It is further stated that a contract has been let to Milliken Brothers, of New York, for the construction of a plant at a cost of thirty millions, and that an agreement has been entered into to buy twenty-nine Lower California iron mines. The amount of capital paid up is not stated. Officers have, however, been chosen, Harrison Gray Otis being elected president; C. W. French, of Cleveland, chairman of the board of directors; A. A. Purman, of Cleveland, vice-president; V. A. Dehnel, of Cleveland, secretary; George W. Fishburn, of San Diego, general counsel; Willard Fuller, of Cleveland, general superintendent. The directorate includes, besides these, U. S. Grant, Homer H. Peters, J. S. Torrance, W. D. Woolwine, V. E. Shaw, and W. E. Webb. The stated object of the corporation is "to make iron, steel, and copper; to build and operate steamships, wharves, railroads, and all kinds of factories." It is certainly to be hoped that the company will be able to get the backing (if it has it not already) of sufficient capital to carry into effect its gigantic plans. The establishment of such a steel manufactory in San Diego would make of that town a great manufacturing centre. It would be a California Pittsburg.

Pity the poor war-correspondent! At last accounts there were a hundred of them penned up in Tokio, knowing less of what was going on in the way of war than the reader of a daily newspaper in the United States. Frederick Palmer, in bitterness of soul, writes back to the journal he represents: "You may write and write till your brain is numb, but the sum of the pages which comes straining from your pen is not worth a score of lines scribbled with a borrowed stub of a pencil on a piece of wrapping paper at the front. . . . To write of this war from Tokio is like writing about the Spanish-American war from Chickamagua when troops were embarking from Tampa." The Japanese Government, it appears, is polite but firm. All the pull in the world will not secure permission for a correspondent to go to the front. The government fears that if it should grant such permission its plans for attack would somehow leak out. "When the armies are face to face," an official is quoted as saying, "you will see enough." Grant Wallace quotes Minister of Foreign Affairs Chinda as remarking: "The government is greatly embarrassed

—not by the war, but by the small army of war-correspondents!" Not only does the government hold the correspondents in durance vile at Tokio, but emasculates their dispatches. Some preposterous lie like, "One hundred and fifty thousand men have left for Vladivostock," is permitted by the censor to pass. A sober truth, that might be of value to the enemy, is held up. A Japanese paper, commenting on the situation, advises the government to "turn the correspondents loose quickly before they mutiny, for we can assure the government they are a mad lot now." Some of the correspondents, who endeavored to evade the regulation imposed by the Japanese, and to depart secretly for the front, have been arrested. The dense impenetrable silence which surrounds that strenuous young author-journalist, Jack London, encourages the idea that that may have been his fate. The *Examiner* does not inspire any amazing degree of confidence in his activity or that journal's veracity when it runs only a picture, without a line of comment, under the caption: "First Actual Photograph of the War Sent by Jack London, the *Examiner's* Special Commissioner Now With the Japanese Troops." Still, London may by this time be in Corea, helpless in the hands of the implacable censor. "Consider the position of a deaf mute with his hands tied," cables Palmer to his paper, in terse and emphatic explanation why he sends no news. Verily, the so-called war-correspondent deserves the sympathy of all his peaceful brethren of the press.

It was a terrible blow to the lobbyists of the cordage trust when Secretary Taft came right out and said to the House Committee on Merchant Marine last week that he foresaw enormous advantages in applying the coastwise laws of the United States to the trade between the United States and the Philippines. The paid shouters of the trust have been lamenting that if such a law were passed the hemp and tobacco industries in the islands would be ruined. Taft says they will not, and nobody knows better than Taft. Nobody has the welfare of the islands so much at heart as Taft. The fact is, as the *Argonaut* pointed out some weeks ago, the sole fear of the Eastern hemp men is that American ships will bring their cargoes by the shortest route from Manila to the mainland—and that is by way of San Francisco. Therefore, in the natural course of events, the raw material dumped down on our docks would be turned into the finished product here. Here would rise a flourishing industry. The Eastern manufacturers, who have been accustomed to have hemp brought by French subsidized ships (the longer the voyage the greater the subsidy) by way of Suez, will suffer. Therefore now they howl. The carrying of American goods in American bottoms from Manila to the mainland will be enormously to the advantage of the Pacific Coast, and our representative ought, with all vigor, to push the bill that provides for it.

Nothing more accurately measures the volume of business in any city than the record of bank clearings. Statistics of imports and exports, custom-house receipts, clearances, and arrivals of ships, are sometimes, for special reasons, untrustworthy. But clearing-house records can not be juggled with. And the testimony of the San Francisco clearing-houses as to the prosperity—the increasing prosperity—of the city is clear and irrefutable. The table compiled by the California Promotion Committee shows that in 1903 San Francisco's bank clearances exceeded those of fourteen large Western cities combined. It shows that the gain in clearances here between 1902 and 1903 was in round figures \$147,000,000. San Francisco's clearances in 1903 were \$1,520,200,682. No smaller sum than \$1,213,823,245 divided San Francisco's total from the next nearest competitor, which was Los Angeles, with a total of \$306,376,837. Seattle's clearances were one-eighth as great as San Francisco's, Salt Lake's one-tenth, Portland's one-ninth, Spokane's one-fourteenth, Tacoma's one-fifteenth, Denver's one-sixth, and other cities still smaller proportions. The dominant fact, however, is that San Francisco's clearing-house transacts more business than all the clearing-houses of Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake, Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Helena, Fargo, Sioux Falls, Denver, Topeka, Fremont, Wichita, and Colorado Springs put together.

A committee calling itself the Philippine Independence Committee, is sending out for signature petitions addressed to the national conventions of the two parties. The petitions urge "the adoption of resolutions pledging to the people of the Philippine Islands their ultimate national independence upon terms similar to those offered to Cuba." The prominence and high character of the men

comprising the committee make the movement of considerable interest, whatever the results attained. The list is as follows:

Charles F. Adams, Dr. Felix Adler, President Edwin A. Alderman, James M. Allen, W. H. Baldwin, Jr., General R. Brinkerhoff, George Burnham, Jr., Andrew Carnegie, President George C. Chase, R. Fulton Cutting, President Charles W. Eliot, Philip C. Garrett, Judge George Gray, President G. Stanley Hall, Chancellor Walter B. Hill, W. D. Howells, Rev. W. R. Huntington, President William De W. Hyde, Professor William James, President David Starr Jordan, President Henry Churchill King, Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin, Charles F. Lummis, Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Wayne MacVeagh, Bishop W. N. McVickar, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, General William J. Palmer, George Foster Peabody, Bliss Perry, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Hon. U. M. Rose, President J. G. Schurman, Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, President Isaac Sharpless, Hon. Hoke Smith, Judge Rufus B. Smith, Bishop J. L. Spalding, Professor W. G. Sumner, Robert Ellis Thompson, Professor Henry Van Dyke, and Horace White.

As many of our readers are aware, no journal published on the Pacific Coast, whether in a daily or a weekly, is so widely quoted throughout the United States and in England as the *Argonaut*. Usually we say nothing about it. But it ought to be interesting to San Franciscans in general, as well as to *Argonaut* readers in particular, to take note that even the great daily papers of New York hold in so high regard a weekly newspaper printed four thousand miles away, in a city one-tenth New York's size, as to copy editorials two columns in length, displaying them with double-column headings, such as are placed over important news features. The one to which we especially refer is our editorial surveying the situation after the outbreak of the war. The *New York Mail* printed it, with a heading too large to be reproduced in an *Argonaut* column, but when put in small type running as follows:

#### MOVES MADE THUS FAR

#### IN THE GREAT WAR GAME.

#### WHY THE RUSSIAN FLEET IS USELESS UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS — INTERESTING ESTIMATES OF THE FIGHTING FORCES ON LAND.

That a leading daily of New York should look to San Francisco for an article on so universal a topic as the war ought to gratify local pride, as well as gladden the heart of our "oldest subscriber."

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### The Auto and the Boy.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 18, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: This is a true narrative, and there were no reporters present: Yesterday, as we neared the entrance to the Palace Hotel, we noticed a large auto, with a vacant tonneau, that had been moving slowly down Market Street, suddenly make one of those unreasonable darts ahead, for which autos are famous, and run into a sixteen-year-old boy who was crossing the street to get on the car where it stops in front of the Palace Hotel.

As the auto struck him, the boy frantically grasped the hood and hung there until the driver of the auto put on his emergency brake. The sudden stop loosened the boy's hold on the hood and he disappeared under the front end of the auto—feet first.

A suppressed groan from the onlookers gave evidence that they one and all feared the boy had been crushed beneath the wheels. For a moment we held our breaths. The auto had been brought to a dead stop in half its length, and in less time than it takes to tell it the boy's scared face appeared between the front and back wheels on one side of the machine.

"Hold her still!" shouted a commanding voice from the crowd.

"Don't move an inch!" shouted another. And the terrified child wriggled and twisted his way out from his perilous position. The kindly hand of a bystander set him on his feet, and in a dazed way the poor boy began to brush off the dust from his clothes. He was miraculously unhurt. He turned out to be the slight stripling, with "N. S." on one side of his collar, who belongs to the Palace Hotel news-stand.

The automobilists went on their way.

H. C. A.

##### An Operatic Handbook.

TACOMA, WASH., March 10, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you please tell me, through the columns of your paper, the title of a book that will give me, in condensed form, the plot and argument of the principal operas now being sung? Many times the programme does not have this, and unless it does, I, as well as many others, can not follow the play. It is hard enough to understand the words when sung in English, and not at all possible in Italian. By doing this you will greatly oblige an old subscriber.

J. L. D.

[George P. Upton's "Standard Operas" contains the desired information. He also wrote "Standard Cantatas," "Standard Oratorios," and "Standard Symphonies."—Eds. ARGONAUT.]

##### Again "Joe Bowers."

LOS BANOS, CAL., March 13, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a late number of the *Argonaut* you published "Joe Bowers," a song of early days—I might say the song of early days—and was typical of the times. The phraseology is somewhat changed in your version, and three verses are omitted. Thinking you might like a copy of the song I send it to you. I learned it in '50—forty-five years ago.

Very truly yours, W. J. STOCKTON.

[We shall seize the first favorable opportunity to reproduce this interesting old poem in full.—Eds. ARGONAUT.]



## A TRAGEDY IN TATTERS.

For the Amusement of the Multitude.

The music, the sound of flying hoofs, the uproar of the animals, the wild applause, were still ringing in her ears when Tex broke the spell with: "Bet ye can't do it again!"

"Humph! that's nothin'," Petersen's Bah sniffed, trying to hold out her limp little cotton skirt as Mlle. Sylphine had held her gauzy wings. And after another mad chase around the corral, poor frightened Pedro was caught and made to take his second hurdle.

But the applause of Tex and Stuffy was not satisfying. Digging her little brown heels into Pedro's ribs, and taking the three-rail fence as easily as Mlle. Sylphine herself would have done, the two untamed young creatures—Bab and Pedro—galloped at full tilt up the trail.

"Oh, Pedro, I can't stand it any longer!" the girl whispered into his sympathetic ear, as, looking out across the bare, brown hills, the deserted "diggings," the straggling cabins in the vicinity of Timuc, a choking sensation, which might have come from the clouds of fine red dust and might not, gripped her throat.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fresh roasted peanuts here! Two bags for a nickle!" "Balloons, balloons, ten cents apiece!" "Lemonade and soda-water, two straws in a glass!" This time it was the gay reality.

"And now for the first time this daring feat," arose the deep tones of the ringmaster, "is to be performed before this vast and intelligent audience." Pausing an instant to give the audience time to grasp the nature of the impending feat, he announced, "The One and Only Lady Somersault-Rider, the Unquestioned Champion Equestrienne of the World, Mlle. Babette."

An instant the cries of the peanut "venders" were stilled, the hum of voices ceased, the band ticked off a subdued rococo, the roaring of the caged animals alone was not suppressed. Thousands of eyes strained toward the greenroom tent, while the ringmaster, to cover an awkward delay, expatiated upon the perils of the feat.

Meanwhile the Unquestioned Champion Equestrienne clung desperately to Beppo, and sobbed, "Oh, Jim, I can't! I can't do it!"

"—introducing a complete somersault from one horse to another while both rapidly circle the ring," reached the ears of the trembling little One and Only, as Beppo, through his painted mask, answered: "Hush, they're waiting for you. You must go on. There, quick, you're all right!" And pushing her gently from him, he ran to the springboard, jumping headlong into the ring, which brought down the house, and gave poor Babette a moment in which to grip her courage.

Pedro, when his rider appeared, pranced eagerly toward her. The crowds, eager to witness the danger and risk promised them, leaned forward and applauded her entrance. Beppo, balancing on a pole like a red Daruma, held his breath and watched her as, with one quick spring, the Unquestioned Champion reached the blanket.

"She's all right now," he assured himself, as a group of other clowns sprang upon him and he went down from his perch; but he kept his eyes fixed anxiously upon her.

"Drunk, old man?" asked one of the merry-andrews, noticing Beppo's unsteadiness as he walked with his feet in the air.

"Nope, it's Bab; she's off to-night," he answered. Then, "Gee, but I wish it was over," the painted fool sighed to himself, making his way crab-wise to the edge of the ring.

As Beppo righted himself a flying figure flashed past him, balancing airily on one foot and throwing kisses to the audience. "Steady Pedro," he got close enough to call, as he caught a glimpse of the white face above the glittering spangles. Pedro heard the well-known voice, and for a moment felt the force of its command, but they had been two days on the road with no exercise, and his spirits were running uncommonly high.

"Work off some of his steam before you do your act!" Beppo called again when next the gauzy figure flew past him. Whereupon the little wisp of woman arose in her perch, folded her gleaming bare arms, beat a tattoo with the toe of her slipper, and urged her steed to his utmost speed; but the eyes behind the grinning mask that watched the fluffy skirts and rose-hued tights swaying like a reed with the horse's motion, guessed the panic that clutched the heart beneath its spangled bodice. The band arose in flaunting tones. The audience, eager for the coming moment, held its breath and leaned farther forward.

"Slick ridin', hey?" a "hayseed" citizen gasped into his neighbor's ear. "This here Mlle. What-You-Call-'Em is a winner."

"Know who that is?" a supervisor from the foothill district leaned forward to say, bristling with his information.

"Nope," answered the first speaker, immediately forgetting his neighbor, and doubling forward as the second horse pranced into the ring.

The next burst of applause was for Queenie as she trotted up to the side of Pedro, crowded past him to the inside of the ring, and, falling into step, made a well-synchronized span.

"Back, Queenie!" Beppo shouted, forgetting his place

as he noticed she, too, seemed gayer than usual to-night.

"Clowns outside the ropes!" commanded the ringmaster, cracking his whip, threateningly.

"Who?" the hayseed citizen found time to ask a moment later, handing the foothill man a handful of peanuts.

"Remember old Petersen up here at Timbuc?" the supervisor crunched between mouthfuls.

"Yep."

"This here rider is his little gel, ran off with an actor-fellow. Remember that?"

"Yep."

"Lor' bless my soul, if it aint little Babbie Petersen sure enough!" exclaimed Madam Hayseed, wiping her lips with her cotton glove.

"Lemonade, sir? Ice-cold soda?" persisted a red-faced boy, hoping the peanuts might have created a thirst; "red and white here, which'll you have?"

"Popcorn and chewing-gum!" shouted a second vendor, seeing the foothill contingent seemed a good thing.

"—used ter git the old man's hosses out into the corral and play circus when she was knee-high to a grasshopper," continued the woman.

"And by gum, that's old Pedro she's a-ridin' now," broke in the supervisor; "well, I'll be durned!"

"Balloons! balloons! going fast!" persisted a third eager vender, in line to be next.

And while the foothill party gaped wide-eyed after the little girl they had seen from her babyhood breaking colts, jumping ditches, and riding bareback over the hills, the "actor-fellow" forgot that his sole purpose for living was to supply the "button-bursting" fun for which he was billed.

Pedro and Queenie were now cantering neck and neck. The great One and Only had already put her act behind its schedule time by her delay in entering the ring, and there was no excuse for dallying longer. At a given sign the band struck up the long, swinging measures of "Jackie Heave-Ho," the horses were reined together, the glittering little figure balanced, crouched, sprang into the air, described a rose-hued semicircle, and landed upright upon Queenie's bare back.

The crowd arose and shouted itself hoarse. Thousands of eyes blinked incredulously after the feat they had just seen, thousands of voices shrieked and called and whistled. The roar of the caged animals came in deafening waves from the menagerie, the band played the gayest airs from the "Sultan of Sulu." And all because little Babbie Petersen had performed the greatest equestrienne feat the sawdust ring had ever seen; while the foothill party began to think Petersen's runaway girl had turned out a great lady.

Beppo, faint from his anxiety, sprang to catch the gasping Lady Champion in his strong, reassuring arms. "Thank God!" arose in his heart. "This is the last—" he began to whisper, when the voice of the ringmaster, in answer to the waves of applause that rose and surged throughout the tent and beat in deafening echoes upon the stand, shouted "Again!"

Seeing nothing of the high-pressure strain the rider was laboring under, and eager to please the enthusiastic audience, the ringmaster took the centre of the ring, cracked his whip at Pedro as he turned to the exit, and ordered the feat to be repeated.

"Oh, Jim!" the voice of the One and Only faltered as she passed him; but he was powerless.

Heedless now of his duty to his audience, Beppo again watched the mount of Babette. "This is the last time she shall do it," he swore to himself through drawn white lips, while his grinning mask, turned toward a group of small boys, elicited shrieks of merriment.

Again Queenie fell into step with Pedro, and again circled several times around the ring. Through a mist that did not seem to be dust, Beppo followed every motion as the little silver ankles twinkled on their airy perch. In the new light in which he had come to regard the champion lately, the spangles, the tinsels, the tights, the life of the sawdust ring, had grown hateful to him. This gauzy little creature, with her painted smile, bore with her a reverence unguessed by the gaping multitude.

"Oh, Jim!" the choking throat repeated, mechanically, when off she dashed for her second flight, as a more enlightened soul might have called upon his God.

"I don't 'spose she would know us now," a young member of the foothill delegation opined, watching with envious eyes the figure upon whom every thought was centred in awesome wonder.

"I wonder if she remembers how her pa uster lick her for catching up the colts," sniggered another member.

"I guess them circus people just live on popcorn and soda-water, and has all the balloons they want," the junior member sighed, measuring Babbie's short cut from wild horses to grandeur, and planning disastrous future flights for her own chubby limbs.

"Easy, Pedro, easy, old boy," Mlle. Babette whispered, stooping to pat his flying mane. Before her arose a sea of blurred and swaying faces—men and women bending eagerly to witness her peril, drunk with the excitement of the desperate chances she was taking. "Gently, old fellow," she crooned; "you don't understand, but, oh, Pedro, I can't do it over again!" And the holiday-minded throng did not know that the gayly bedizen arms, flung out in a wild appeal for help from some unknown source, was not throwing the customary kisses they had seen.

Again the band swung into its rolling "Heave-Ho"; again the One and Only reined in the two horses; again she crouched, sprang, described her rose-hued semicircle and lit, slipped, threw out her arms—and fell.

On plunged the horses, not noticing the loss of their light burden. Before Beppo could leap over the ropes they were back and almost upon the prostrate little figure. Like a flash he sprang between them, but even when the ringmaster came up the curly head, bound with its gay flowers, did not rise. The spangled form lay limp in the sawdust, and as Jim gathered her up in his arms she did not answer his caress.

"Mlle. Babette is not hurt!" the ringmaster hastened to announce. "She presents her compliments to her indulgent audience, and says she will return after the next act and do it better. I have now the pleasure of presenting to you one of the greatest mirth-makers on this earth, Beppo. The Famous Funny-Fellow will give an exhibition of his company of fools, full of fun and frolic."

"Beppo! Beppo!" a chorus of voices started up in anticipation of their promised fun. The swinging platform was immediately thronged with merry-andrews, lined up for their quips and jokes. The crack of the ringmaster's whip reached the little group of terror-stricken faces that hung over the unconscious Babette, and Beppo answered its summons, springing mechanically into the ring and upon the platform. His heart was raging in revolt against this throng of bloodsuckers who had been regaled by Babette's fall.

Signaling to them to stop their clamor of applause, he raised his hand. "She's dying!" he cried, wildly; "can't you stop your noise!"

It was Beppo, the funny man, who turned his grinning mask toward them and spoke. The first outburst of applause had not ceased sufficiently for the import of his words to reach them, but he was always funny, so the crowds answered back with a volley of cheers. The merriment of the evening had reached its highest pitch, and the audience was in that happy frame of mind, ready to laugh at anything. "Babette, she's dead, I say!" Beppo's anguished tones repeated.

"Sure, she's a dead one!" a fat boy cried from the front seat. Whereupon the audience seeing, as it supposed, the point of Beppo's joke, laughed uproariously at this reference to the rider's failure, and the fun went on.

The other clowns took their cues from each other, and did their tumbling and sprawling stunts to the edification of the crowd, but Beppo's effort at sadness was tremendously funny, the people thought.

At the end of the act, Beppo slid backward off the platform, and made for the greenroom tent, but not before the people had discovered him, and arose to call him back. "Three cheers for Beppo!" rang above the general clamor of stamping, whistling, and cat-calling. "Bully old Beppo!" shouted the patronizing fat boy.

"Peanuts! popcorn! lemonade!" again shrilled through the audience.

"Waal, now, them clowns is dreadfully funny, aint they?" commented the hayseed citizen.

"She must make lots of money," the foothill supervisor ruminated, his fancy still clinging to the forlorn little figure he had known a few years before flying over the Timbuc hills on wild colts, and taking her "licking" for the offense while devising another feat. But the spirits of the junior member had fallen out of step with the times. The glitter and glory of the life that was Babbie's had turned her own little nankeen existence into bitterness. Some people get all the fun, while others don't get any! The little rebel in nankeen forgot that the circus music sometimes stops.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," the deep tones tried to say again; but they could not be heard. The gay reality of the music, the sound of flying hoofs, the uproar of the animals, the wild applause drowned every other sound.

The crowds were calling for Babette. "Mlle. Babette, the One and Only Lady Somersault Rider in the World." The band struck up the swinging measures of "Jackie Heave-Ho," while Pedro and Queenie pricked up their ears at the familiar strains.

"Babette! Babette!" the crowds still cried. The band played louder, and the broadside hilarity rocked the tent.

"She's the winner!" the fat boy shouted.

"She's all right!" the mob echoed.

But, "My God, she's gone!" cried the poor painted fool behind his grinning mask.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1904.

On November 9, 1857, the question of negro slavery was submitted to the voters of Oregon, and "Do you vote for slavery in Oregon?" was the first question, and there were 2,645 affirmative and 7,727 negative votes. On the second question, "Do you vote for free negroes in Oregon?" the vote was 1,081 affirmative and 8,040 negative. By the negative vote on the last question Section 35 of Article I (Bill of Rights) of the constitution was adopted. It expressly denies to free negroes or mulattoes the right to "come, reside, or be within this State, or hold any real estate, or make any contracts, or maintain any suit therein." This section remains in the Oregon constitution, though abrogated by the Fourteenth Amendment.

There are now over three million telephones in use in the United States.



## THE WOMEN OF "THE PIT."

Channing Pollock's Ideas of Western Femininity—The Women In His Dramatization of Norris's Novel—His Types are Caricatures—Bad Acting Accentuates His Poor Work.

A few weeks ago I wrote an article on the subject of the sentiments of New York toward the West. Since then there has been a sudden stimulation of interest on the same question rising from the production of Channing Pollock's dramatization of "The Pit." I am continually being asked if the people in "The Pit" are anything like the people in the West. One lady of my acquaintance urged me to go and see the play, and then tell her if anywhere in this vast republic there was a class of society, a phase of civilization, quite as raw and common as that which is represented in this stage adaptation of a brilliant and successful book.

So I went, and came away rather impressed, and a little bewildered. What bewildered me was the inability to decide whether the dramatist had intended to burlesque the characters, transforming them from normal human beings into almost grotesque types, or whether he had done so unintentionally, under the impression that he was reproducing them as they were in the book. What impressed me was that he had so skillfully arranged the story. As far as the dramatizing of a novel goes, "The Pit" has succeeded better than almost any of its predecessors. The plot is all there, and it is rational and logical—a good stage story. Without having read the book you would understand it perfectly. There are no gaps from which important events have dropped out, or leaps in which important events have been cleared. The four acts show the unraveling of an interesting imbroglia, and show it in an interesting way.

But the thing that irritates and puzzles you is whether the dramatizer intended to make of "The Pit" a satire on Middle-West culture and refinement, or whether he thought he was reproducing the atmosphere and surroundings of a typical phase of Chicago society. This has unquestionably intrigued his New York audiences. It has seemed to many people that the play can not have been meant to seriously picture Western social life. It has seemed to others that the dramatist's intention was to hold up to ridicule the fashionable pretensions of a circle which has only just emerged from the stage where toothpicks are served with the coffee and the cuspidor is on the hearth.

I personally am of the opinion that Mr. Pollock had not the slightest intention of being satirical, or presenting his Western fellow-man to the derision of the East. I suppose he thought he was reproducing the atmosphere of the book. In this he was mistaken. There is not a suggestion of it in the play. The book was large, free, and sincere. The characters were neither viewed nor presented from the small, mean standpoint of their social fineness or finish. They were men and women studied and depicted in a certain environment which had developed them in a certain way. Mr. Norris undoubtedly intended to show that they were not highly proficient in that easeful elegance, that art of taking life at a slow, comfortable rate of speed which marks the leisure classes of older communities. He was painting the romance of commercialism, and he set it in the city where commercialism is supreme.

After thinking over the play for some time, I have come to the conclusion that its absolutely unrelieved commonness is due to the faulty setting forth and interpretation of the women characters. Not one of them bears any resemblance to the corresponding figure in the book. They are of an astonishing vulgarity. Laura Dearborn, the heroine, and her sister, Paige, have the manners—I was going to say of shop-girls, but I do not know why I should traduce shop-girls to that extent. Let us say that they have the worst manners to be imagined. They quarrel like two fish-wives. In one scene the younger girl, supposed to be a fresh little *ingénue*, flies at her sister, accusing her of being a liar, of encouraging the addresses of a man other than her husband, and of the impropriety of having him visit her in a room opening off to her bedroom. The sister seizes a riding-whip lying on the table as if to strike the *ingénue*, but instead has hysterics of the loud, yelling kind that Mrs. Leslie Carter brought into vogue.

The Laura of the play is a cheap travesty of the Laura of the book. In the latter she is represented as a girl of much dignity and a high, cool self-respect. She is New England bred, not going to Chicago till she is a woman grown. She is studious, a reader, a girl of ideals and refinement of both temperament and training. Jadwin has a struggle to kiss her hand. She is loth to surrender to the conquering and forceful man of affairs, but once won she is docile and deeply loving. She was not a woman who possessed a bewildering attraction, but there was something finely drawn and mettlesome about her, the distinction of a good mind and an aspiring nature.

This woman is represented as a completely mannerless, common, over-dressed girl, who walks with a sort of "tough" slouch, and wears a lofty Chicago pompadour. She talks to her women friends about her lovers, and how they ask her to marry them, and send flowers and generally adore her. After she has refused Jadwin—which she does in the foyer of the opera-house—she tells him in a gruff, commanding way to come and see her, that she "likes business men." Jadwin naturally feels encouraged. When the husband of her best friend commits suicide, she languishes into

Jadwin's arms and coquettishly makes him reiterate his promise that he will get out of "the pit." While they make love the moans of the widow, keening over her husband's dead body, rise from the house.

The younger sister, Paige, is just as bad, a libel on the brisk, managing, and healthy-minded *ingénue* of the story. She fights in the foyer of the opera-house with her young man, till one supposes she is going to slap him or punch him in the eye. She has a high, nasal voice, like the voice of an American woman in an English comedy, and shouts at and berates her unhappy admirer in parrot tones. All the women have this kind of voice, whether as a touch of local color or not I don't know. Aunt Wess, the old lady who chaperons the sisters, emits sounds like those of an enraged macaw. As for the *haute volée* of Chicago, as one sees them issuing from a performance of "Faust," they squabble and scrap together in the same sort of tones, and with the same unashamed gusto which marks the arguments of little street boys over their games.

With the female characters so poorly realized and so badly acted, it is surprising that the male characters should be, on the whole, rational and well-played. I am of the opinion that Mr. Pollock would have done better if he had had a collaborator who had more knowledge of feminine nature and more skill in representing it. He evidently suffers from the same restricting ignorance that marked a friend of mine who once wrote a play and then brought it to me with the request that I should "write in" the scenes between the women. When I asked him why he did not do it himself, he answered that he "did not know how women talked to each other." Mr. Pollock does not know how women talk to each other, or how, for that matter, they talk to men, but he does know how men talk and how to make the scenes in which they appear plausible and interesting.

Jadwin bears a fair resemblance to the Jadwin of the book, though he loses the suggestion of strength and masterful force that was the ennobling touch in Frank Norris's hero. Still one can recognize the character, and even distilled by the processes of the adapter and dramatist, feel something of its large dominance. Mr. Lackaye plays Jadwin as well as the restrictions of the dialogue and the poor support will let him. It is not his fault that he has to make love to Laura while Mrs. Cressler's wails are issuing from the stricken house, or propose to her, after a ten days' acquaintance, in the foyer of the opera-house. The end of this scene, by the way, contains one of the few original touches that are meaningful and picturesque. The lover, repulsed by a rejection, and then warmed to hope by that last phrase about "liking business men," forgets where he is, and, in a reverie, sits on one of the sofas till the men come in to turn down the lights and cover the furniture with white cloths. Here they find him, smoking dreamily, his eyes on the distance, turning over that last encouraging sentence and smiling to himself.

All the other men are well played, and bear some resemblance to their prototypes in the novel. Landry Court is realizable and normal—an average smart young business man. There was a glimpse of Cressler in which he was quite impressive in his nervous misery. It was when the women swept in with their pompadors, their clinging skirts, and their peacock voices that the play immediately fell to a lower level, and woke in the spectator a sense of irritation that a fine book should have been so vulgarly maltreated.

The pit act has already been so much written about that there is not a great deal left to be said. It is what dramatist and manager intended it to be—an exciting and well-presented piece of melodrama. To the majority of the spectators it is the *raison d'être* of the play, and there is no question but that it is a fine act of the thrilling, sensational kind. The unskillful and uncertain hand of the dramatist here grew suddenly firm, and gripped the situation. It was a man's scene, full of a man's interest, and arranged from a man's point of view. True it is that Mr. Pollock could not resist dragging a trail of women through Jadwin's office at the very moment when everything is going to ruin, and everybody is half crazy. It was a last supreme absurdity, and the audience bad to make the best of it. If Mr. Pollock would take my advice, even at this late date, he would take those women out of that scene. There is not a shred of an excuse for them to be there, and they simply drag down what is the best part of the play to a silly vaudeville level.

I have been told by several men that the picture of the pit itself is a very clever representation of what does take place there in times of panic. Personally I did not understand much about it—a talent for business not being one of the gifts given me by my Fairy Godmother—but it was sufficiently awful to make me even more thankful than I already am that I don't happen to be a man. A day's experience of such a tumult might be expected to give every participant nervous prostration, if not send him direct to a lunatic asylum. Some points, I am told, were overdone—such as the throwing of torn fragments of paper into the air, whence they rained down on the heads of the scrambling mass of men like the snowstorm in a melodrama. This, however, is the scene for which Brady advertised for "two hundred good-looking men who understood the stock exchange," so it is to be presumed that they knew what they were about, and that the torn paper was not in excess of what might be expected when they were in a corner in wheat suddenly refuses to stay a corner.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, March 17, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rebecca Mayo, over ninety years of age, of New Berne, Va., and Esther S. Duncan, of Plymouth Union, Va., are widows of revolutionary soldiers. Mrs. Mayo married her husband when he was seventy-seven years of age.

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has decided against the application of M. Porel, director of the Vaudeville Theatre, to restrain his wife, Mme. Réjane, from appearing in "La Montansier" company with M. Coquelin. All costs were imposed on the husband.

James Montague, who has been the managing editor of the New York *Evening Journal* for some time, has been sent to Boston to study the field there and to become acquainted with the new duties which he will assume when he becomes associated with William R. Hearst's new Boston paper.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has been denounced as an enemy of organized labor, and put on the "unfair" list of the Chicago Federation of Labor. "It is time we showed who the real anarchists in this city are," said the union leader who introduced the resolution. "Mayor Harrison is an anarchist because he won't enforce the laws."

Queen Margherita of Italy went into retirement when her husband was assassinated four years ago, and it was expected that she would pass the remainder of her days in the seclusion of a convent. The dowager queen, however, has begun to show herself in public once more, and appears to be slowly resuming her former social round. In the days preceding her widowhood, Queen Margherita was noted for the perfection of her wardrobe, and it is prophesied that ere long she will be wearing colors once more.

President Roosevelt has again taken up the *jiu-jitsu* exercises, after discontinuing them for a year or so. His present instructor is a Japanese athlete. A few days ago three Japanese experts visited the White House and gave the President an exhibition of their art. The President was at once interested, as they evidently knew a good many catches and holds that Professor O'Brien, his former teacher, had not mastered. The Japanese instructor will come to the White House once a week to give the President lessons.

Senator Aldrich is one of the athletic figures of the National Senate. He is always trained down to fighting weight; his step is as elastic as a boy's; his bearing that of a muscular man. The secret is said to be in his devotion to the ancient game of golf. Near his residence in Providence he possesses expansive acres, on which is his own private links. Many a morning during the long summer and autumn months finds him bright and early whacking the elusive ball and chasing it up hill and down dale. It is asserted that the senator is the champion golf-player in Congress.

Almost any price could be obtained for an up-to-date photograph of Miss Helen Gould or of John D. Rockefeller. It is next to impossible to secure an interview from either of them. It is declared that Mr. Rockefeller has not been interviewed, photographed, or snapshotted in the last five years. A number of rather weird sketches of the king of all the magnates have been published, but most of them are caricatures. Nearly all the pictures labeled "John D. Rockefeller" were taken years ago, many of them being twenty-five years old. A dealer in pictures of celebrities said, the other day, that he would pay three hundred dollars for a good photo taken within the last year.

Henry Labouchère, M. P., holds a rather remarkable record for libel actions brought against him as proprietor of *Truth*. When, recently, a jury awarded to Dr. Dakhl, M. D., of Paris, £1,000 for a libel in which *Truth* alleged he was not a duly qualified practitioner, and was, in fact, a "quack," it constituted the forty-fourth action for libel since *Truth* first made its appearance, in 1880. It was also the high-water mark in the matter of damages. *Truth* has not lost by any means all the actions, for nineteen were won outright, eight were lost, in two the jury disagreed, five were settled, and ten withdrawn by the plaintiffs. *Truth's* specialty is showing up quacks, fakirs, swindlers, and other such-like gentry.

Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, has returned from a business trip through Europe, where he met the Czar and the German emperor. Mr. Stone succeeded in securing the abolition of the censorship on news dispatches in Russia, and also arranged with the Russian Government to give the Associated Press dispatches precedence in transmission over all other telegrams except government messages. Mr. Stone was asked, on his arrival, how the first report of eleven Japanese vessels sunk at Port Arthur, cabled to this country, had started. "A subordinate in the war office," he said, "fooled us on that. On the morning of the day on which we sent out that cablegram a crowd of five hundred people was in the courtyard of the ministry clamoring for news of their relatives with the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. To appease them, this subordinate wrote a statement that eleven Japanese vessels had been sunk at Port Arthur, and sent the statement to the military barracks to be read to the soldiers. Then he rubbed his hands and thought what a good joke he had played, while this report was spreading all over the city and was recognized as official."



## QUEER THINGS ABOUT COREA.

An Excellent Account of a Picturesque Land—Strange Customs of the People—A Profligate Ruler—A Low-Born Queen—Curious Laws—Commercial Possibilities.

Corea looks so small and insignificant on the maps that we need to be reminded once in a while that "The Hermit Kingdom" is a country half as large as California, with a population five or six times as great; that Seoul, the capital, is a city of two hundred thousand souls; that Chemulpo, of which we hear so much in the dispatches now, is no petty port, but a commercial centre, where, during 1901, more than a thousand vessels brought their cargoes. In his excellent and timely book on Corea, Angus Hamilton gives a list of the nationalities of the vessels—567 were Japanese, 369 Korean, 9 American, 21 Russian, 4 English, 3 German, 62 Chinese, and 1 Norwegian. Also, in 1901, ninety-three men-of-war entered the harbor of Chemulpo. An excellent and rapid train runs from Chemulpo to Seoul; electric trams afford quick transit within and beyond the capital; even electric lights illuminate by night some parts of the chief city of the Hermit Kingdom.

But this about completes the list of "modern improvements" in Seoul, the capital. Otherwise she is mediæval, though charming, unless Mr. Hamilton is a biased chronicler. For he says:

The situation in which Seoul lies is enchanting. High hills and mountains rise close to the city, their sides rough, rugged, and bleak, save where black patches of bushes and trees struggle for existence. The hollows within this rampart of hills and beyond the walls are fresh and verdant. Small rice fields, with clusters of thatched hovels in their midst, stretch between the capital and the port at Chemulpo. The atmosphere is clear; the air is sweet; the city is neat and orderly. It is possible, moreover, to live with great comfort in the three-storied brick structure, which, from a pretty collection of Korean buildings, nestling beneath the city wall, has been converted into the station hotel.

There is but one wall round Seoul. In places it is a rampart of mud faced with masonry; more generally it is a solid structure of stone, fourteen miles in circumference, twenty-five to forty feet in height, battlemented along its entire length, and pierced by eight arches of stone. The arches serve as gateways; they are crowned with high tiled towers, the gables of which curve in the fashion of China. There are pretty walks or rides in every quarter, and there is no fear of molestation. Everywhere it is peaceful; foreigners pass unnoticed by the peasants, who, lazily scratching the surface of their fields, or plowing in the water of their rice plots with stately bulls, occupy their time with gentle industry.

The people of Seoul and its environs are no less picturesque than the country in which they live:

The inhabitants are peculiarly proficient in the art of doing nothing gracefully. There is, therefore, infinite charm and variety in the daily life of Corea. The natives take their pleasures passively, and their constitutional incapacity makes it appear as if there were little to do but to indulge in a gentle stroll in the brilliant sunshine, or to sit cross-legged within the shade of their houses. Inaction becomes them; nothing could be more unsuited to the character of their peculiar costume than vigorous movement. The stolid dignity of their appearance, and their stately demeanor adds vastly to the picturesqueness of the street scenes. The white-coated, white-trousered, white-socked, slowly striding population is irresistibly fascinating to the eye.

The women are not less interesting than the men, and their style of dress is like that of no other country on earth. The author describes it thus:

The upper garment consists of an apology for a zouave jacket in white or cream material, which may be of silk lawn, lawn, or calico. A few inches below this begins a white petticoat, baggy as a sail, touching the ground upon all sides, and attached to a broad band. Between the two there is nothing except the bare skin, the breasts being fully exposed. It is not an agreeable spectacle, as the women seen abroad are usually aged or infirm. At all times, as if to emphasize their fading charms, they wear the *chang-ot*, a thin, green silk cloak, almost peculiar to the capital, and used by the women to veil their faces in passing through the public streets. Upon the sight of man, they clutch it beneath the eyes. The neck of the garment is pulled over the head of the wearer, and the long, wide sleeves fall from her ears. The effect of the contrast between the hidden face and the naked breast is ludicrous.

The position of women in Corea is very low. A woman may be reduced to slavery by the treasonable misdemeanors of a relative. The family of a man convicted of treason becomes the property of the government, the women being allotted to high officials. As in ancient Greece, the literary and artistic faculties of the wife and mother are left uncultivated, while among less reputable classes the mental abilities are trained and developed with a view to making them brilliant and entertaining companions. Mr. Hamilton remarks:

The one sign of their profession is the culture, the charm and the scope of their attainments. These "leaves of sunlight," a feature of public life in Corea, stand apart in a class of their own. They are called *gisang*, and correspond to the *geisha* of Japan. Officially, they are attached to a department of government, and are controlled by a bureau of their own, in common with the court musicians. They are supported from the national treasury, and they are in evidence at official dinners and all palace entertainments. They read and recite, they dance and sing; they dress with exceptional taste; they move with exceeding grace; they are delicate in appearance, very frail, and very human; very tender, sympathetic, and imaginative.

The author thus describes a dance he witnessed at the emperor's court:

There were eighteen performers. As the streaming sunshine played upon the shimmering surface of their dresses, the lithe and graceful figures of the dancers floated in the brilliant reflection of a sea of sparkling light. The dance was almost without motion, so slowly were its fantastic figures developed. Never once were their arms dropped from their horizontal position, nor did the size and weight of their head-dresses appear to fatigue the little women. Very slowly, the seated band gave forth the air. Very slowly, the dancers moved in the open space before us, their arms upraised, their gowns and silken draperies clustering round them, their hair piled high, and held in its enrious shape by many jeweled and enameled pins, which sparkled in the sunshine. The air was warm; and, as if the movement were ceremonial, their voices came and fell in a long, low harmony of passionate expression,

their bodies hending and swaying, in dreamy undulation. The dainty attitudes of the performers had a gentle delicacy which was delightful. There was power and purpose in their movements; artistic subtlety in their poses. Their flowing robes emphasized the simplicity of their gestures; the pallor of their faces was unconcealed; their glances were timid; their manner modest. The strange eerie notes of the curious instruments, the fluctuating cadence of the song, the gliding motion of the dancers, the dazzling sheen of silks, the vivid colors of the skirts, the flush of flesh beneath the silken shoulder-coats, appealed to one silently and signally, stirring the emotions with an enthusiasm which was irrepresible.

But there is another side to the picture. The emperor, we are told, is "the slave of the superb immoralities of his women." He is not only the puppet of powerful ministers, but swayed at will by his wife, "the mature and elderly Lady Om." Hers is a career only equaled by that of the Empress Dowager of China:

In a court which is abandoned to every phase of Eastern immorality, it is a little disappointing to find that the first lady in the land no longer possesses those charms of face and figure, which should explain her position. There is no doubt that the Lady Om is mature, fat, and feebly, if freely, frolicsome. Her face is pitted with smallpox; her teeth are uneven; her skin is of a saffron tint. There is some suggestion of a squint in her dark eyes, a possible reminder of the pest which afflicts all Koreans. She paints very little, and she eschews garlic. Her domination of the emperor is wonderful. Except at rare intervals, and then only when the assent of Lady Om to the visit of a new beauty has been given, he has no eye for any other woman. Nevertheless, the Lady Om has not always been a palace beauty; she was not always the shining light of the imperial harem. Her amours have made Korean history; only two of her five children belong to the emperor; yet one of these may become the future occupant of his father's throne.

Mr. Hamilton goes on to narrate the history of this remarkable woman, whom ten million people call queen. She was, it seems, of humble birth; she became the partner of a Chinese; deserted him in favor of a cabinet minister; finally became a servant of the late queen, by which time she had given birth to two children. Here she secretly won the favor of the emperor, and, the intrigue being discovered by the then queen, fled the country. A third child, born in exile, lived, and Lady Om at length returned as mistress of another high official. In 1895, when the queen was foully murdered, she again became a palace attendant, again won the emperor's favor, was raised to the rank of imperial concubine, again became a mother, and finally became queen of all Corea. Her power now is almost absolute. Mr. Hamilton says:

Her influence is now directed toward the definite maintenance of her own interests. She wishes her son to be the future emperor; she is now living in a palace, and, since she is the apple of his majesty's eye, she permits nothing to endanger the stakes for which she is playing. Recently Kim Yueng-chun, an official of importance, but of precarious position, wishing to secure himself in the consideration of his sovereign, introduced a new beauty, whose purity and loveliness were unquestioned. Lady Om heard of Lady Kang, and said nothing. Within two weeks, however, the minister was removed upon some small pretext, and subsequently tortured, mutilated, and strangled.

Appropos of the sad fate of Kim Yueng-chun, who opposed his will to Lady Om's, the author gives a curious list of penalties for various crimes, according to Korean law. Here it is:

Treason, man—Decapitated, together with male relatives to the fifth degree. Mother, wife, and daughter poisoned or reduced to slavery.  
Treason, woman—Poisoned.  
Murder, man—Decapitated. Wife poisoned.  
Murder, woman—Strangled or poisoned.  
Arson, man—Strangled or poisoned. Wife poisoned.  
Arson, woman—Poisoned.  
Theft, man—Strangled, decapitated, or banished. Wife reduced to slavery; confiscation of all property.  
Desecration of graves—Decapitated, together with male relatives to the fifth degree. Mother, wife, and daughter poisoned.  
Counterfeiting—Strangulation or decapitation. Wife poisoned.

The Emperor of Corea has great difficulty with his finances, which are increased by the extensive counterfeiting of money—even of nickels. To such a pitch has this condition of affairs attained, says the author, that in Chemulpo quotations are current for:

1. Government nickels.
2. First-class counterfeits.
3. Medium counterfeits.
4. Those passable only after dark.

Mr. Hamilton has quite a little to say of the commercial activities and possibilities of Corea. Speaking as an Englishman, he remarks:

The importance of the American trade in Corea is undeniable. It is composite in its character, carefully considered, protected by the influence of the minister, supported by the energies of the American missionaries, and controlled by two firms, whose knowledge of the wants of Corea is just forty-eight hours ahead of the realization of that want by the Korean. This, I take it, just as things should be. The signs of American activity, in the capital alone, are evident upon every side. . . . The American mine at Un-san [about which the dispatches have much to say just now] employs seventeen Japanese and one hundred and thirty-three Chinese, one hundred Europeans, of whom thirty-five are American, and four thousand natives. The private company that has acquired this concession works five separate mines with enormous success; four mills, two of forty stamps, and two of twenty stamps, are of long standing. An additional mill of eighty stamps is of more recent construction. During 1901 gold to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds was exported by the company, while in the year following this sum was very vastly exceeded. The area of the concession is eight hundred square miles. . . . The exports of Corea are gold, rice, beans, timber, and hides; the imports comprised American and Japanese goods for the most part, and a small and decreasing trade with England.

Of the American missionary in Corea, the author has little to say, but that little is not flattering:

The American missionary in the Far East is a curious creature. As a class they are necessarily newspaper correspondents and professional photographers. The American missionary has a salary which frequently exceeds two hundred pounds a year, and is invariably pleasantly supplemented by additional allowances. Houses and servants are

provided free, or grants are made for house rent; there is a provision for the education of the children, and an annual capitation payment is made for each child. As a class, the American missionaries have large families, who live in comparative idleness and luxury. In Corea, they own the most attractive and commodious houses in the foreign settlements, and appear to me to extract from their surroundings the maximum of profit for the minimum of labor.

Mr. Hamilton's book is in all respects satisfactory. It describes conditions as they were very recently, and seems to be accurate. We should note in conclusion that Mr. Hamilton is among the many who spell it "Korea." "Korea" is the simple title of his work.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50 net.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Barney McGee.

Barney McGee, there's no end of good luck in you,  
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,  
Wild as a bull-pup, and all of his pluck in you—  
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!  
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,  
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,  
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is caroty—  
Whoop, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!  
Mellow as Tarragon,  
Prouder than Aragon—  
Hardly a paragon,  
You will agree—  
Here's all that's fine to you!  
Books and old wine to you!  
Girls be divine to you,  
Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,  
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.  
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly.  
That day at Silvio's, Barney McGee!  
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there,  
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there—  
Once more to drink Nebiolo spumante there,  
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!  
There where the gang of us  
Met ere Rome rang of us,  
They had the hang of us  
To a degree.  
How they would trust to you!  
That was but just to you.  
Here's o'er their dust to you,  
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, when you're sober you scintillate,  
But when you're in drink you're the pride of the intellect;  
Divil a one of us ever came in till late,  
Once at the bar where you bappened to be—  
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,  
You with your eloquence, blarney, and bantering—  
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,  
King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee!  
There's no satiety  
In your society  
With the variety  
Of your esprit.  
Here's a long purse to you,  
And a great thirst to you!  
Fate be no worse to you,  
Barney McGee!

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,  
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!  
Faith, it's so killing you are, you assassin—  
Murder's the word for you, Barney McGee!  
Bold when they're sunny, and smooth when they're  
showery—  
Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!  
Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!  
How would they silence you, Barney machree?  
Naught can your gab allay,  
Learned as Rabelais  
(You in his abey lay  
Once on the spree).  
Here's to the smile of you,  
(Oh, but the guile of you!)  
And a long while of you,  
Barney McGee!

Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,  
Like honorificabulidinity,  
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,  
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?  
Then your vivacity and peticinity  
Carry the day with the devil's audacity;  
No mere veracity robs your sagacity  
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.  
When all is new to them,  
What will you do to them?  
Will you be true to them?  
Who shall decree?  
Here's a fair strife to you!  
Health and long life to you!  
And a great wife to you, Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you're the pick of gentility;  
Nothing can phase you, you've such a facility;  
Nobody ever yet found your utility—  
There is the charm of you, Barney McGee;  
Under conditions that others would stammer in,  
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,  
Polished as somebody in the Decaneron,  
Putting the glamour on prince or Pawnee.  
In your meanderin',  
Love and philanderin',  
Calm as a mandarin  
Sipping his tea!  
Under the art of you,  
Parcel and part of you,  
Here's to the heart of you,  
Barney McGee!

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,  
You who were ever the first to defend a man,  
You who had always the money to lend a man,  
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!  
Sure, you'll be playing a harp in beatitude  
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)—  
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,  
You'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.  
That's no flim-flam at all,  
Frivol or sham at all,  
Just the plain—Damn it all,  
Have one with me!  
Here's one and more to you!  
Friends by the score to you,  
True to the core to you,  
Barney McGee!—Richard Hovey.



HARCOURT AND DURAND.

Two Especially Interesting Figures at This Time—  
The Veteran's Withdrawal From Politics—  
The Ambassador's Book on Americans.

Politically a dealer in bard knocks, one of the fiercest fighters in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt, whose retirement from public life is announced at the age of seventy-seven, was personally well-beloved. "Your instincts of kindness in all personal matters are known to all the world," Gladstone once wrote him, and it is said that when the fight over the education bill was on in Parliament last year, he and Balfour used to dine together, chatting and laughing in the fullest freedom of intimate friendship, although only an hour before, with flashing eyes, acrid tongues and angry gestures, they had wrangled over the clauses of the bill. Sir William will be best remembered for his services to his country in securing a revision of the "death duties." A tax on all large estates passing to heirs, graduated according to size, and amounting to eight per cent. on estates of a million pounds or over, is now the law of the land owing to his efforts. It brings in millions annually, and stands in no danger of repeal by any party. Sir William in his famous speech declared that no one could claim any right to property after death, and that the state was sole arbiter of its disposal. It might, he said, without injustice retain a goodly portion of it for itself. The measure is one of the most radical of recent years.

The "Old Reservist," as he is called, is well known as a wit. "I never remember," he once remarked of the government, "seeing so large an army in so indefensible a position," and on the eve of a budget he "supposed it would be half a crown on beer and five shillings on beer with arsenic in it." It is his boast to those nearest him that in all his tastes, sentiments, and mental habits, he belongs to the eighteenth century, to him "the golden age of person, patriotism, and liberal learning." It was he who paraphrased Tennyson's well-known line into "The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards," the occasion being a conversation between himself and the poet over the latter's habit of smoking a pipe before breakfast. Lady Harcourt, I may mention, is the daughter of John Lothrop Motley, and Sir William numbers among his friends the chief names in England. He was especially intimate with Millais, who, exultant once at shooting a great stag, boasted of it in a letter, and received an amusing reply, which has lately got into print. It runs:

I received your insane letter, from which I gather that you are under the impression that you have killed a stag. Poor fellow, I pity your delusion. I hope the time is now come when I can break to you the painful truth. Your wife, who (as I have always told you) alone makes it possible for you to exist, observing how the disappointment of your repeated failures was telling on your health and on your intellect, arranged with the keepers for placing in a proper position a wooden stag. . . . You were conducted unsuspectingly to the spot, and fired at the dummy! In the excitement of the moment you were carried off by the gillie, so that you did not discern the cheat. . . .

A man of stately manners, a master of a ponderous Johnsonian style, a keen controversialist, a statesman thoroughly grounded in history and finance, and representing the best traditions of the old order of things, has passed in the retirement of Sir William Harcourt, Liberal leader, Home Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As for Sir Henry Durand—I do not need to say that as ambassador from Great Britain to the United States while a great war is on, he occupies a position at once responsible and delicate. Therefore, American readers will be glad to know that he is really a friend and admirer of their country, and that his friendship and admiration have not been dependant on the circumstances of the hour, but have existed as they do to-day for years. In proof of this, let me state that, in the year 1893, Macmillans published a book by Sir Henry Durand called "Helen Treveryan." The author was then the foreign secretary of the governor-general of India, and his duties were connected merely with coterminous countries, such as Afghanistan and Nepal, and the semi-independent states of India itself. The book was a novel, and a very successful one at the time. The story deals with a side of life with which Sir Henry is perfectly familiar. I will not say more than that he goes into the society which he writes about—a thing that, I am afraid, you can not say for many of the apparently knowing authors of the society novels of the day. But let me prove my assertion of Sir Henry's long-lived good will to America by a short extract from the book itself.

It is in a conversation between Guy Langley, an English cavalry officer and the hero of the book, and a Major Russell. It takes place on the deck of the troopship *Ganges* as she is approaching Gibraltar. The two men are looking to the northward over the ship's rail, and discussing the battle of Trafalgar. Russell ends up a criticism of Nelson's mode of attacking the French fleet by this remark:

"We could not have attacked an American fleet like that." "An American fleet!" Langley answers; "do you believe in the Yankees?"

"Don't you?" asks Major Russell. "I don't know much about them, but I can't say I admire them. Those I have met seemed to me infernally vulgar and bump-tous."

"Some of them are vulgar, of course. It's a country where one can rise rapidly. But I am always sorry to hear Englishmen abuse Americans. They are our own flesh and blood, and it seems to me that we ought to be very proud of them; we soldiers, particularly."

"Why, of course, they are a big nation, because they have lots of room to grow in; but what have they ever done except grow and swagger?"

"Fight. They have shown the world what war means with men of English race on both sides."

"You mean in their Civil War? I never read much about it; I was a small boy when it happened; but I always thought it was a case of two armed mobs."

"No doubt they were not highly trained troops when they began; but look at the pluck and endurance they showed. I don't believe any other troops in the world except our own would have stood up against such awful losses. Look at Gettysburg, for instance, where there were fifty thousand men killed and wounded, a full quarter of the total numbers engaged; or the last campaign against Richmond, where Grant lost one hundred thousand men. I believe I am right in saying that altogether the North put a million and a half of men into the field, and that more than a quarter of a million, one man in six, were killed or died in hospital! The South lost quite as many out of a smaller total."

"I never realized that there was anything like that."

"But there was. And nine out of ten on both sides were men of our own blood. Isn't that something to be proud of?"

"They hate us now. They would not thank you for calling them English."

"I know that. Of course, they think they have improved on the old stock; and I am afraid they don't love us. They were very sore with us during the war. It was not fair, I think, but it was natural enough. We were ignorant and careless; and the North thought we encouraged rebellion, and the South thought we did not sympathize with them in their fight for freedom. I hope the soreness will disappear in time; and whether it does or not, that makes no difference. Even if they hate us, I can't help being proud of them. They belong to our race, and they are a grand nation."

There are, no doubt, some remarks here and there in the foregoing extract which do not sound complimentary, however true they may seem to be to the speaker. But it will be seen that they are merely the foils used by the other to bring into action his real opinions and give occasion for their expression. Altogether, the aim and purpose of the conversation is to give utterance to, and put on record the real sentiments of the writer toward the American people. I don't think that in any book written a dozen years ago by an English author you will find the same good will to America expressed. It is therefore gratifying that the British ambassador to the United States should be able to show that what he says now he said then, when he was free and untrammelled by the pressure of diplomatic comity. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 8, 1904.

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

Cleveland Leader:

To appreciate Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain" to the full, one must first get at his literary genesis.

Out in San Francisco there is the most entertaining weekly in the world. It is called the *San Francisco Argonaut*, and was started some thirty years ago by Frank Pixley. He was a masterful character; dogmatic, aggressive, fearless, a caustic writer, and with an unerring, and, at that time, novel sense of literary values. He believed in a literary style that had color like a painting and accuracy like a photograph, and he trained his staff to see and to write of things that way.

Hart was one of his men, and when Pixley retired from the editorship a dozen or so years ago, Hart stepped into his shoes, continuing the old traditions and making new ones for those who are to follow him.

Naturally, when he went abroad, he saw the "story" in all that his eyes lighted upon. And this story might be dramatic, humorous, or merely informing. He wrote home to his paper many letters in which all these qualities were apparent. Some of them have been made up into other books; those of a more recent date, within six months or so, and dealing with Spain, have been put between the covers of this present volume.

They were intended for *Argonaut* readers, and so have many allusions to California affairs that escape us, but as the *Argonaut* is the most widely read paper in the English language, going to all sorts of out-of-the-way places on the globe, they were addressed in the main to this wide-spread interest.

No matter where they are read, then, they will entertain and instruct. They are not overpoweringly literary; they are simply sublimated newspaper correspondence. Mr. Hart has eyes for those of us who haven't

been in Spain, and he makes us see things in much the same way that they struck him. His letters are literary kinetoscopic pictures. But this is a delightful quality for letters to have—so different from the ponderosity of most correspondence—and the book will be read with interest, and remembered with pleasure.

There are a number of artistic illustrations, and the volume is a good example of modern book-making.

St. Helena Star:

"Two Argonauts in Spain" is the title of a book just published by Jerome Hart, editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut*. Two years or more ago Mr. and Mrs. Hart traveled extensively through Europe, and he wrote weekly letters to the *Argonaut*, recounting scenes and impressions of their travels. Last year, he revised and issued these in book-form, under the title, "Argonaut Letters," illustrating the book from photographs taken by

Mrs. Hart. This work has been widely read and commented upon with much favor. Now the same author presents another volume, entitled "Two Argonauts in Spain." This book gives a side of Spanish life not always seen by travelers in the peninsula, and details many incidents and scenes of interest. The two volumes make as interesting a description of European countries and modes of living as one would wish to read.

Saturday Press:

There isn't a dull page in "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut*. It is the result of a flying trip through Spain. The handsome volume contains nearly three hundred pages. Many pictures are admirably reproduced as half-tone plates. The book is very entertaining. It is a magnificent specimen of book-making by the Argonaut Press.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.

Now Ready Everywhere.

SCRIBNERS

OVERTONES: A Book of Temperaments

By JAMES HUNEKER

With frontispiece portrait of Richard Strauss. \$1.25 net (postage 12 cents).

CONTENTS

Richard Strauss  
Parsifal: A Mystic Melodrama  
Literary Men Who Loved Music  
(Balzac, Turgeneff, Daudet, etc.)  
The Eternal Feminine

The Beethoven of French Prose  
Nietzsche the Rhapsodist  
Anarchs of Art  
After Wagner—What?  
Verdi and Boito

These essays have all Mr. Huneker's well-known characteristics—originality and novelty in point of view, breadth of knowledge, and richness of illustration in the exposition and raciness and pungency in the individual phrase.

"Absolutely up to date."  
—Phila. Press.

KOREA

By Angus Hamilton

\$1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS - NEW YORK

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



The renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry.

THE TWO-SPEED GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.  
Columbia Cleveland Tribune  
Crawford Fay Juveniles

Western Department, Chicago, Ill.  
Crescent Rambler Monarch  
Imperial Crescent Juveniles

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Sumptuous Work.

To see is to desire, to mention is to praise, the fine work on "English Literature" that now comes to us complete in four huge, handsome volumes, from the pens of Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse, two of the most distinguished of living men of letters. There have been histories of English literature before, but none like this. It is intended not so much for the student and scholar as for the reader of general culture. It appeals alike to eye, ear, and hand. Sumptuously bound, beautifully illustrated, smoothly and lucidly written, it is a work calculated to woo the most indifferent mind to read and learn. A sketch of an author's place in literature and biographical details are supplemented by brief extracts from his works, by portraits—many of which are full-page engravings of rare quality—by facsimiles of his manuscripts or letters, or by pictures of his house and household. The articles on the great dramatic poets of past time are illustrated with scenes from the plays and portraits of noted actors and actresses. But though the myriad illustrations are the distinguishing features of the volumes, there is no reason to suppose the spirited and lively text less authoritative than the driest and most labored chronicle extant. This is emphatically a work to be added to any fine general library.

The volumes are of impressive size, printed on heavy, enameled paper, and bound in red buckram. Some of the illustrations are in color; all are excellent.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, four volumes, \$24.00.

## For the Young Ornithologist.

Mrs. Irene G. Wheelock's "Birds of California" should receive a warmly generous reception from every citizen of California interested in life out of doors. It is practically an introduction to more than three hundred birds of the State, and contains, besides ten full-page plates, seventy-eight drawings by Bruce Horsfall. The author has kept a record of observation on California birds since 1894. Besides drawing largely from her personal experience, she has laid under contribution all the standard authorities on birds of the West. She has an easy, vivacious, flowing style, and technicalities have been avoided where possible. In the case of each of the three hundred birds treated at length there is given a brief description of the adults and young, mention of the size, a few notes on the geographical distribution, the breeding range, the breeding season, the usual position and nature of the nest, and the number, description, and size of the eggs laid. The book is easily intelligible to the youngest reader, but at the same time valuable to the experienced ornithologist. Nothing could be more admirable than the mechanical make-up of the book, considering that it will frequently be used as a field hand-book. It is not too large to be readily carried, and is toughly bound in flexible leather. We look to see the book become the standard authority on the subject among young ornithologists all over the State.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Rulers of Kings," will be published some time in the spring. In the London *Athenaeum* of February 27th the book is described as "an audacious experiment." The *Athenaeum* sums up the story thus: "Mrs. Atherton blends imaginary personages with real, the kings of her romance being the living monarchs of Germany and Austria. She invents for heroine a daughter of the Austrian emperor, while her hero is an idealized American, born to millions, with brains to use them. The conflicts in the book are fought not with weapons, but with money on one hand and royal power and prestige on the other."

The American friends of Henry James are glad to know that for the first time in many seasons he is planning a visit to this country.

"Overtones," a volume of essays on music subjects, by James Huneker, will be published soon by Scribners. Among the varied themes treated by Mr. Huneker are "Richard Strauss," "Parsifal," "Literary Men Who Loved Music," "Anarchs of Art," "Nietzsche, the Rhapsodist," and "The Eternal Feminine." The book is dedicated to Richard Strauss, as a music-maker of individual style, a supreme master of the orchestra, an anarch of art." It is bound to be a brilliant book.

Jack London begins in the current number of *Wildlife Magazine* a new and striking sociological study, "The Tramp."

"First Class Men," a military novel on the pattern of Lieutenant Bile's book, "A Little Garrison," has been confiscated in the Berlin book-stores.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the brilliant, if paradoxical, essayist and biographer, has written his first novel, entitled "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." Notting Hill is a London suburb, at which it is a Londoner's poke fun. Mr. Chesterton will trans-

port his reader one hundred years into the future and enable him to see curious things in London.

Edmund Clarence Stedman has written a hymn for the opening ceremonies of the St. Louis Exposition, which has been set to music by John K. Paine, of Harvard.

"Dollars and Democracy," Sir Philip Burne-Jones's volume of impressions of American social and political life, is announced for immediate publication.

The many admirers of Marie Corelli will be interested to know that the author has completed the manuscript of a new novel. This is said to be in the manner of "Thelma," thus being different from Miss Corelli's "Temporal Power" and "The Master Christian."

"Lucas Malet's" new novel, on which the author has been at work since the publication of "Sir Richard Calmady," will be issued shortly under the title "The Paradise of Dominic." While Mrs. Harrison has given out no exact intimation of the contents of her story, it is understood that the novel deals with modern English society—more especially the intrusion into it of certain rich and vulgar people.

Mr. Alden writes from London to the *New York Times* that the estate of \$200,000 left by Henry Seton-Merriman was derived from his books alone. The *Chronicle* was telling us, only the other day, that a large part of this sum was inherited. We wondered then how the *Chronicle* knew. Evidently it didn't.

It is said that Mark Twain finds the air of Italy conducive to literary accomplishment. Within the three months, or thereabout, that Mr. Clemens has been in Florence, he has, besides much else, written six new short stories.

Scattered throughout Robert Louis Stevenson's collected works are many simple and beautiful prayers, written originally for use in the family worship of the Vailima household. These prayers, peculiarly characteristic in word and spirit, have been collected into one volume, and will be published this month under the title of "Prayers Written at Vailima." Mrs. Stevenson has contributed a brief introduction to the book.

Mary Johnston's novel, "Sir Mortimer," is published simultaneously in England and America, and the English advance sales are said to have been surprisingly large.

Morgan Robertson, the author of "Sinful Peck" and other sea-stories, gave a luncheon at his studio recently. The luncheon was served by Mr. Robertson personally, who also prepared the various courses with his own hands. This was made possible because Mr. Robertson's studio is constructed on the plan of a ship's cabin, and contains a miniature ship's galley and dining-room.

Macmillans will publish early in the summer Maurice Hewlitt's "The Queen's Quair." The same house is publishing Ouida's story, "Helianthus," and Winston Churchill's romance, "The Crossing."

The *Arena* has changed hands, its ownership passing to Albert Brandt. B. O. Flower, who founded the magazine, has been engaged to assume editorial control.

"Arah," a new novelette by Baroness von Hutten, is described as being "brimful of comedy and tragedy. The story begins with a shower of conversational epigrams and closes in a sudden thunderstorm of passionate action."

There is no immediate prospect of the preparation of a biography of Lord Salisbury, his friends and relatives believing that some time must elapse before a work dealing with public affairs can be frankly treated.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
3. "Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.
4. "Over the Border," by Robert Barr.
5. "Man's Place in the Universe," by Alfred Russell Wallace.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
2. "Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin.
3. "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Egerton Castle.
4. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
5. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
2. "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.
3. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
4. "American Prisoner," by Eden Phillpotts.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## Herbert Spencer as a Raconteur!

The hook of the spring season, Spencer's "Autobiography," is still several weeks in the future, but the publishers are permitting some extracts from it and information about it to seep through into print. Professor Beach, for example, has a long article in the *New York Evening Post*. It is found, he says, to arouse extraordinary interest, and to provoke widely diversified comment. One may describe the work as Spencer's study of himself from a point of view outside of himself. The autobiographer maintains an attitude of intellectual detachment. The product is philosophic autobiography—new, suggestive, fascinating in all respects. In the first volume, of exactly six hundred pages, he follows his career to the middle of his thirty-seventh year. In the second he begins with a carefully detailed statement of the conditions amid which he projected his system of synthetic philosophy. Throughout the two volumes one comes almost incessantly upon anecdote, sprightly narrative, and good-humored satire. There are scores of capital stories. A witicism of Thomas Huxley he tells with gusto:

He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other; whereupon he remarked: "Oh, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact." On another occasion (George Henry) Lewes gave Huxley an opportunity. I had invited some half-dozen leading men to meet an American friend at dinner. In the course of the evening a conversation arose about habits of composition. Lewes, one of the last, said: "I never hesitate. I get up the steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperatures." "But," remarked Huxley, "that implies a vacuum in the upper regions."

He recalls a droll incident of his residence in his Manchester Square boarding-house, and reports it in a paragraph:

Vain as well as vulgar minded, she (his hostess) professed to have a high admiration of Shakespeare; and was partial to reading his plays aloud, and considered that she declaimed the speeches extremely well. On one occasion, after enlarging upon her reverence for him, she ended by saying: "Ah, I often wish that he were alive, and that I had him here. How we would enjoy one another's conversation."

In concluding a vivacious sketch of Louis Blanc, with whom he had a long walk at Brighton—the talk being of centralization—he says:

I am reminded of a story which he [Blanc] told concerning a dreadful typographical blunder. As it is too good to be lost, I repeat it here. At that time, or not long before, lived a French lady-novelist who wrote as "La Comtesse." The blunder occurred in the closing sentence of one of her stories, a sentence which was intended to embody its moral. As it left her pen, the sentence ran: "Bien connaître l'amour il faut sortir de soi." Instead of this the printers made it, "Bien connaître l'amour il faut sortir le soir."

Spencer's relations with women, whenever he refers to them, seem to cause him as much perplexity in the explanation as pleasure in the memory. They were, of course, strictly correct; but he chortles curiously about them.

Herbert Bashford is to have a new book, a hoy's story of adventure, published soon.

We cheerfully re-adjust glasses (no matter who made them) at any time without charge.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

## CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York

For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

## AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

Publisher of "The Collector," a monthly magazine for autograph collectors. \$1 per year.

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
223 Broadway, New York.  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

JUST PUBLISHED

## BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA

By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock

THIS IS THE FIRST BOOK TO ABSOLUTELY COVER THE FIELD

THE author has personally visited and studied most of the species described, her researches extending from the southernmost to the northernmost boundaries of the State, and from the islands off the coast to the eastern slope of the Sierras. Her book is intended to be all that the most exacting student may require; her keys for the determination of the species are correct, as well as simple. For the convenience of the beginner, the publishers have supplied a chart of a bird, explaining the terms used; while a map of the State, showing the zones of distribution and the breeding ranges, adds to the usefulness of the volume.

Although Mrs. Wheelock has drawn upon various reliable sources for her accounts of the habits of the species, the publishers point out that most of her observations are original; and the charm of her own bright and entertaining phraseology adds to the interest of her statements. She herself visited the islands, and encountered hardships and inconveniences in her endeavors to secure information at first hand.

The work is brought out in the most attractive style possible. There are 10 full-page plates and 78 text drawings, all by Bruce Horsfall, who stands in the front rank of bird delineators of to-day. The artist has fairly surpassed himself in his effort to provide this work with telling illustrations, and the engravers and printers have been chosen with a view of providing the most effective reproductions possible.

Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall.  
600 pages, limp leather, \$2.50 net.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers





## LITERARY NOTES.

## An Amour of Ye Olden Tyme.

Another chapter in the Shelley love affairs!—that is the news which comes from (of all places) Philadelphia, where, after having lain dust-covered and unread for nearly a hundred years, there are soon to be sold, under the auctioneer's hammer, letters from Mary Shelley to John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." In them the fair epistlar confesses her love for no less a personage than Washington Irving. She rejects the suit of Payne, but is willing to be wooed by the author of the "Sketch-Book." She is unmoved by another poet, but allured by a plain writer of prose. Thus are the eyes of the literary world again directed to the exceptional, if not unique, story of the loves of the Shelleys.

Some of the letters of the poet's wife have already, before their sale, made their way into print, doubtless with the thrifty purpose of heightening the value of the originals. They are indeed highly interesting. Not, however, it must be said, because they have any noticeable literary beauty, or are distinguished for intensity of passion, but rather, on the contrary, because they reveal that she who had been the inspiration of the pale poet's most lovely songs, and who, it has been for long alleged, was brought by grief at his death to an early grave, had in fact a soul not far above theatre-tickets, and was quite willing to permit herself to be consoled by the blandishments of a living lover.

Payne—poet, author, dramatist, and actor—was in London in May, June, and July, 1825. He met the lovely widow of Shelley, and conceived for her a warm but generous passion. It soon became clear, however, that she, on her part, sought him only that she might learn more about Payne's friend, Irving. Her letters are full of requests for more theatre-tickets and inquiries about "the American author." Payne's are full of protests of friendship and affection. But when he found that he was supplanted by Irving—whom, however, she had never seen—he did a thing which, if generous, certainly was not in accord with the practice of ardent and whole-souled lovers: He sent to Irving all Mary Shelley's letters—including copies of his own which he had kept—saying: "I do not ask you to fall in love, but I should even feel a little proud of myself if you thought the lady worthy of that distinction." But Irving was coy. It does not appear that he ever called upon the lady who so much desired to meet him. He was truer to his only and early love, Matilda Hoffman, than the author of "Frankenstein" to her dead poet-husband.

In the very first letter from Mrs. Shelley to Payne there is an interesting inquiry about his "American friend." Payne replies with a rather ardent epistle. Mrs. Shelley thanks him for his regard, but does not forget to say that she would like to see "Virginius" acted. "By the by," she remarks, shrewdly, "a box would be preferable." Payne, in his next, encloses orders for the box, and promises more tickets. Then he proceeds in praise of his fair correspondent: "You are perfectly estimable—certainly more universally so than any one I have ever seen." In the reply to this from Mrs. Shelley she signs herself "Always your sincere friend"—and does not forget to ask for tickets. Payne replies that the manager of King's Theatre is under some pledge about orders on Saturday, but still sends three and hopes to get six. He also sends four for "Faustus." In her next note, Mrs. Shelley says she is ready to go to anything but "Otello." Payne, in his next, sends four tickets, and Mrs. Shelley, in the letter following, asks for four more, and closes with the cryptic sentence: "My head aches this morning, though neither ice nor softer flame occasions it—and as yet I am faithful to W. L." So the letters run—tickets and Washington Irving the themes of Mrs. Shelley's; love and Mrs. Shelley the themes of Payne's. The part of the record in which is most warmly expressed Mrs. Shelley's regard for Irving is a conversation. Payne writes that she said "she longed for friendship with Irving," and when Payne rallied her upon being in love, "at first she fired." Whereupon Payne retorted: "What! Would you make a plaything of Mr. L?" And then she seems to have desisted from her denial of the soft impeachment.

A curious little affair it is, though scarcely what the gentleman who sends the letters to the New York Times calls it—"the most notable literary find in many years." If anything, it is something of an anti-climax to the "heart history" of Mary Shelley. She, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, the "first woman-suffragist." Mary Wollstonecraft wrote a book called "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman." In it she said that marriage was essentially barbaric. Love should be free and spontaneous. Then she went to Paris: met Gilbert Imlay, an American; entered with him into an "ideal union"; was deserted when her daughter was three months old; returned to London in despair; married (she who had denounced marriage!) the philosopher, Godwin, and died in giving birth to the girl who was to become the wife of Shelley. Shelley, for his part, began the checkered story of his loves by marrying, in

his nineteenth year, Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of an inn-keeper. Harriet's sister, Eliza, lured by the young man's strange, pale beauty, accompanied the pair. A year had not passed when a Miss Hitchiner, for whom Shelley had conceived an "ideal passion," became a member of the household. About this time it was that Shelley met Mary Wollstonecraft, then a girl of seventeen, at her father's house. He promptly fell in love with her. Miss Hitchiner, Eliza Westbrook, and his lawful wife, who had already borne him a daughter, became distasteful to him. He accused his wife, on grounds more or less good, of infidelity. A little later, Shelley eloped with Mary, and the twain were accompanied by an elder sister, who was also desperately in love with the poet—so desperately that she threatened to kill herself if left behind. The three traveled through France on foot in curious harmony, but Fanny, still another sister, took poison when she found that her passion for the poet stood in no hope of realization. And meanwhile Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, had drowned herself in the Serpentine.

Yet, despite Shelley's several loves, it was Mary Wollstonecraft who was the true mate of his gentle spirit. Their love endured to the end. Their relations, like those of the Brownings, have for a hundred years inspired young hearts to emulation. Mary Shelley, sorrowfully waiting for death to lay her by the side of her beloved, has been held to be as poetic a figure as Isabella by her basil pot. "Shelley, beloved!" she wrote after his death, "the year has a new name from any thou knowest. When spring arrives, leaves that you never saw will shadow the ground, and flowers you never beheld will star it, and the grass will be another growth. Thy name is added to the list which makes the world bold in her age, and proud of what has been. Time, with slow but unwearied feet, guides her to the goal that thou hast reached; and I, her unhappy child, am advanced still nearer the hour when my earthly dress shall repose near thine, beneath the tomb of Cestius."

Yes, it is distinctly disappointing to learn that she who wrote those impassioned words was only a few years later to be enamored of Washington Irving, then forty-two and inclined to fat.

H. A. L.

## New Publications.

"A Southern Girl," by Stanton Winslow. The Whitaker & Ray Company; \$1.25.

"Domestic Manners of Americans," by Mrs. Trollope. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.00 net.

"Seeking the Kingdom: A Study," by Ernest Everett Day. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

"Vacation Days in Greece," by Rufus B. Richardson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00.

"A Preacher's Story of His Work," by W. S. Rainsford. Frontispiece. The Outlook Company; \$1.25 net.

"A Watcher in the Woods," by Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall. The Century Company.

"Representative Modern Preachers," by Lewis O. Barstow, D. D. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

"The Forest," by Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. The Outlook Company; \$1.50 net.

"History of Socialism in the United States," by Morris Hillquit. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

"To Windward: The Story of a Stormy Course," by Henry C. Rowland. Frontispiece. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.50.

"When It Was Dark: The Story of a Great Conspiracy," by Guy Thorne. Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Whip Hand: A Tale of the Pine Country," by Samuel Merwin. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

"Denis Dent: A Novel," by Ernest W. Hornung. Frontispiece by Harrison Fisher. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Bret Harte," by Henry W. Boynton. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. Frontispiece. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Her Infinite Variety," by Brand Whitlock. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The Bohrs-Merrill Company.

"The French Revolution: Chapters from the Author's History of England During the Eighteenth Century," by William Edward Hartpole Lecky. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

"Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of His Life," edited by his wife, with an introduction by Maurice Kingsley. Two volumes. Frontispiece. J. F. Taylor & Co.; \$2.00.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia: Volume VI. God-Istria. A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Prepared by more than

four hundred scholars and specialists. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$6.00.

"The Great Poets of Italy: Together with a Brief Connecting Sketch of Italian Literature," by Oscar Kuhns. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$2.00 net.

"The Story of Siena and San Gimignano," by Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Helen M. James and with many reproductions from the works of painters and sculptors. The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

"The Parsifal of Richard Wagner, with account of Perceval of Cretien de Troies and the Parzival Wolfram von Eschenbach." Translated from the French of Maurice Kufnerath by Louise M. Henemann. With the leading motifs in musical notation and illustrations of the scene at the Metropolitan Opera House. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

## Faith.

The Earth, our dwelling place, is one vast tomb;  
Man lives his little span and then he dies,  
Ere long his handiwork in ruin lies,  
And each and all meet one impending doom.  
And yet while power and pride go down in gloom,  
And fear before the dread Destroyer flies,  
And tower and temple fall, no more to rise,  
The little wayside flower bursts forth in bloom.  
And thus we learn that law and order reign,  
The seasons come and go, and in their spheres  
The planets wheel in rhythmic sweep and swell.

Death is not death, for God doth so ordain;  
Faith bids us put aside our mortal fears,  
And trust in Him who doeth all things well.  
—Lucius Horwood Foote.

## Dainty Easter Gifts.

Paul Elder & Co. publish for the Easter season four delicately beautiful hooklets—distinguished by rich typography and artistic decoration. The first, entitled "Friendship," is bound in deep red, and contains excellently chosen quotations in prose, as well as poems. The second, in dove-colored binding, is entitled "Happiness," and has as frontispiece a very good picture of the Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square. Henley's "I Am the Captain of My Soul" begins the third hooklet, called "Success," which is bound in pale tan, with a delicate cover-ornamentation in green and gold. "Nature" is appropriately dressed in green, and has as frontispiece a remarkably well executed reproduction of William Keith's painting, "In the Heart of the Woods." Any or all of these hooklets (each of which is enclosed in a decorative envelope) will make a tasteful Easter gift. The price of each is fifty cents.

MARY JOHNSTON'S  
great new novelSir  
Mortimer

is just published

Readers of "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" will welcome the distinct advance which Miss Johnston, already a master-hand in fiction, has made over her previous successes.

With frontispiece, reproducing colors of original painting by F. C. Yohn, and eight illustrations printed on india-tinted paper and mounted like photographs.

HARPER &amp; BROTHERS

## Spain in 1903

TWO  
ARGONAUTS  
IN  
SPAINBY  
JEROME HARTPEN-SKETCHES ON  
THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65. Address THE ARGONAUT 246 Sutter St., S. F.

## Some Timely New Books

## A Bachelor in Arcady

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, Author of "Mistress Barbara." \$1.50.

An idyllic love story unhampered by problem or purpose. The author's easy, agreeable, semi-humorous style is here seen at its best. One of the most attractive books on this year's list.

## Minute Marvels of Nature

By JOHN J. WARD. Profusely Illustrated. Net, \$1.60. Postage 15c.

The author—an expert naturalist—here gives us a series of wonderful peeps through his powerful microscope. A unique book, showing the marvels of animal and plant life.

## Ruskin Relics

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD. Illustrated. Net, \$2.50. Postage 25c.

Ruskin's friend and authorized biographer here presents a valuable collection of new reminiscences, anecdotes, Ruskin drawings, and other "relics" of interesting nature.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 426-8 West Broadway, New York.

## The Life of Dean Farrar

By his son REGINALD A. FARRAR. Illustrated. \$2 Net. Postage 20c.

Dean Farrar was one of the strongest personalities in England for more than half a century. This authorized biography of him will be found of high interest and value.

## The Merchant of Venice

"First Folio" Edition, edited by CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE. 50c. and 75c. net. Postage 5c.

The original text of the play with full notes is here given for the first time. "Will hold a place by itself among all reprints," says *The Outlook*.

## Optimism

By HELEN KELLER. Special type and new portrait. 75c. net. Postage 5c.

"Everybody should read the essay on Optimism. This deaf-blind girl has here written sentences not unworthy of Emerson."—Norman Hapgood in *Collier's Weekly*.

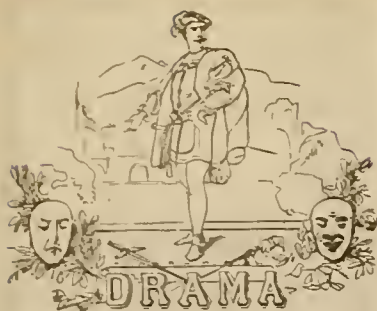
## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.





On Monday night, at eight o'clock, a large broadcloth-and-lace-covered, gorgeously bedecked, pro-perously rustling audience assembled at the Grand Opera House full of pleasurable anticipations concerning the histrionic portrait that Mrs. Fiske was on the point of adding to their gallery of impressions. On Monday evening, an hour or so later, a disheartened house sighed disconsolate, and between shivers—for the night was as chilling as the general disappointment—agreed that the play was, in spite of an unexampled pictorial display, heavy, the action sluggish, the dialogue inert, Mrs. Fiske inarticulate and inaudible, and the general performance distinctly dull.

Nobody was quite prepared for such thorough-going disillusionment. A few faint echoes from the East had wandered this way when the play first began its New York run, but there are so many details about it to stimulate interest that expectation was keyed up to quite a pitch. In the first place, Heyse, its German author, has a high reputation in Germany; in the second, William Winter, a critic, a scholar, and a littérateur, Englished the play and cast it into blank verse; in the third, Mary Magdalen is the most romantic figure in the New Testament; and in the fourth, Mrs. Fiske is one of the most distinctive and intellectually gifted personalities on the American stage. What wonder, then, that San Franciscans have been confidently looking forward to the production of "Mary of Magdala" as an event too notable to be missed.

There are many points about the piece that are, in themselves, very meritorious. Each act is imposingly set, and there are several tableaux that are extraordinarily striking. During her last visit here, in the scene of the Brussels ball in "Vanity Fair," Mrs. Fiske had already shown San Franciscans her merit as a stage-manager, and in "Mary of Magdala," in the street scene in Jerusalem, the onslaught of the furious mob in pursuit of Mary—for the episode of the stoning of the adulteress is utilized in the play—and the groups that assemble in the lightning-lit defile after the crucifixion, the arrangement and general effect is such as to leave upon the retina pictures that are almost as vivid in their way as the impression left by powerful acting upon the imagination. But an audience can not live by pictures alone, and there is no one scene or character in the cast, not even that of Judas, that makes a genuinely dramatic appeal, or thrills the imagination to the point of excitement or ardor.

Mrs. Fiske, no doubt unintentionally, but just as unmistakably, gives an effect of indifference. It is probably because the rôle is so entirely unsuited both to her appearance and her style of acting. Mary Magdalen should be more akin to the type made familiar to us by the Biblical paintings of the old masters: a woman of ample presence, of monumental grace, of rich, voluptuous beauty. She should express the large, free, elemental emotions of an earlier type of womanhood than that of our complex, tensely organized, and nervously restrained moderns. Mrs. Fiske shows freedom neither of action nor expression. In her endeavor to portray Mary's vague sadness, and her growing distaste for her mode of life, she moves about the stage with a restlessness that seems to lack purpose. Her abrupt staccato but slightly modified to the requirements of blank verse. She impresses one, too, as a woman of nerves by various mannerisms—her trick of replying before those whom she addresses have ceased speaking, her unrepentful, rising inflection, her sudden changes of position. Mark the nervous oscillation of her knees in the fourth act as she sits at her table, reading aloud from Solomon's "Song of Songs." The selection, by the way, of this famous canticle of a bridegroom's rapture is doubtless made to tacitly indicate the dim, unconscious trend of Mary's devotional ecstasy.

The intellectual keenness of outline, the subtlety of suggestion, the well-controlled play which marks, yet restrains, a mood, or the expression of an inner purpose, all this, so indispensable in the portrayal of the superbly subtle Becky, was wanted or nearly so, on the character of Mary. Mrs. Fiske with her small figure dwarfed and the fineness of her method stultified by those large, rarely, Hebraic interiors, seemed to express so little that as has been said before, she gave an effect of coldness and indifference.

The play, in spite of, or perhaps because of, its scholarly quality, lacks in dramatic quality. It is not tainted with melodrama, but

the tableaux that are offered in each act as a substitute for action inevitably project the theatrical quality into the scene, and a sense of reality, even of poetic reality, is neither secured nor sustained. The look-on is thus compelled to console himself by the pleasure of the eye, which is truly well considered. The many figures on the stage in the Jewish costumes are Biblical in effect, and recall a thousand impressions culled from the Bible, from poems, and from pictures of Hebraic festivals and ceremonies. In the street scene, the walls of ancient stone buildings of a warm, time-mellowed tint, rise tier above tier to the storied heights of Jerusalem, softened by an occasional straight green shaft of the foliage of the Lebanon cedar. The people, swathed in their ample Jewish wrappings, move to and fro, form in eddying groups, laugh, and fling the jest as they go by.

In Mary's house, the lights and the decorations are dim yet rich. Among them she should move a figure of potent charm, absorbing to herself the stray gleams that would seem to exist but to light up her beauty. Unfortunately the wine-dark shade of her house-robe, as well as the golden embroideries and the severe, yet stately head-dress of Mary's festal raiment, do not adapt themselves favorably to Mrs. Fiske's physical type. Physical attractions she has in plenty of a daintily French style. These were shown to their utmost advantage in Becky Sharpe's ball-gown, but are almost extinguished in the dress of Mary Magdalen. The rich, dull colors, which would cause an olive-skinned, ebony-haired brute to glow like a topaz, neutralize the fairness of her flesh tints and dull her eyes. Thus, even the æsthetic element is in her case of little avail.

The story of Mary of Magdalen has a double motive—that indicated by the invisible but potent presence of the Nazarene and the influence of his teachings upon Mary and Judas, as well as the uneasiness inspired in the jealous Caiphas, the high priest, by the growth of this strange new doctrine of gentleness and love. Running in a parallel is the more direct movement resulting from the conflicting claims of Judas and Flavius, Mary's two lovers. These two form the leading male characters in the play, and are of equal importance. That of Judas, however, is the more dramatic rôle, presenting the betrayer in his triple character of enthralled disciple, disillusioned patriot, and fanatic betrayer. The rôle might possibly make a powerful impression upon the imagination if it were in abler hands, but Mr. Hobart Bosworth, although strikingly suggestive of Judas in make-up and dramatic in pose and gesture, indicates the presence of so much greater a mental conflict than he is able to express that he just succeeds in stopping short of rant.

Aulus Flavius is a character created by the author, a Roman of noble impulses, but imperfect in fulfillment. He loves Mary, but she, held in the growing dream of peace and redemption that floods her world-weary soul, denies his love. Unsanctioned love frequently wins intense sympathy in novels; rarely in plays. We wish this goodly youth well; we like to hear him woo, for Mr. Frank Gillmore bestows upon him the gift of pleasant speech. But, putting aside our sympathy with the regeneration that is uplifting Mary above the joys of the flesh, we find ourselves taking the love yearnings of the Roman with the utmost calmness. So, too, with the love of Judas for Mary. This indifference on the part of the spectator is not caused by a weakness in the players, but by some lack in the play that it is difficult to lay one's finger upon. For one thing, through a necessity arising from the invisibility of the Nazarene, whose omnipresent influence sets in play all the emotions that control Mary and Judas, much is told of what transpires away from the scene. Fifty years ago, people took this sort of thing very calmly, but a modern audience grows restive under it, no matter how potent the influence or how marvelous the personality described.

As to the value of the ethical influence of the play, each one must decide that for himself. Many clergymen have advocated "Mary of Magdala" as a powerful aid and an enforcement of the teachings of the pulpit. That's as may be. Miracle plays have doubtless done good service in the past in stimulating the piety of the laity. The motive of "Mary of Magdala" is pure and edifying. It tends to show what possibilities of regeneration infinite faith and love can bestow upon a soiled soul.

And yet the prevailing impression I carry away from "Mary of Magdala" is the determination of the modern playwright to leave no stone unturned in the search for a character or situation new to the drama. Clergymen or no clergymen, may not one be justified in feeling a sense of repugnance at seeing the life and sufferings of the Man of Sorrows utilized for dramatic purposes, and, while not enacted, at least described, to quote from a letter of Wagner's "on the boards where yesterday and to-morrow Frivolity holds sway, and before a public which is attracted only by that same Frivolity"?

At the time this letter was written, Wagner had in contemplation some method of rescuing "Parsifal" from such a fate. Like many others who were dramatists only, this restless, seeking mind was ever on the search for some new and impressive dramatic situation. Wagner came to recognize the wisdom of avowedly making Christ the chief figure in his sacred music-drama, but he was unable to deny himself the satisfaction of indicating a symbolic significance in Parsifal's divinely inspired pity, and in the miraculous results which flowed from his healing and purifying touch. The result is confusing to the purely mythical character of the legend, and does not add to its ethical value. Indeed, the more one thinks about it the more one realizes what an unnecessary addition to a simple and beautiful conclusion is the haptism and the washing of the feet in the last act of "Parsifal."

Still, in spite of his having kept a shrewd lookout for effects, Wagner was fortunate enough to be caught up and carried away by an enthusiasm for his theme.

Not so with Paul Heyse, and the calmness of the author is reflected in the bosom of the spectator.

Mrs. Fiske, too, is calm. She has too much intelligence and good sense to over-act, and she knows, just as well as you or I, that the rôle of Mary permits no exhibition of her more positive abilities. It simply offers variety, and gives her the new material that is essential to keep a star before the public. New plays must be had, and there is a something spectacular, a distinct bid for public interest, in the title and theme of "Mary of Magdala." This unfulfilled promise, while it is disconcerting to Mrs. Fiske's sincere admirers, has been instrumental in bringing her large audiences, and, let us hope, ample profit. Enterprise, energy, and studious attention to detail deserve financial reward, at least.

In the meantime, knowing, as we do, something of the superior quality of Mrs. Fiske's work, we may look confidently forward to seeing her win in other plays the artistic triumph that is denied her in this.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Reuben L. Lloyd has donated twenty-six old coins, consisting of eleven half-dollars dating from 1806 to 1893, and fifteen silver, copper, and brass coins of various dates, to the Park Memorial Museum. Curator C. P. Wilcomb has given the museum eight hundred and eleven natural history specimens, including four hundred and twenty-four birds' eggs, skeletons and skulls of animals, reptiles, and birds, and fossil specimens.

#### Cupid's Pranks.

It is rumored that many weddings will be celebrated between now and the first of May. The authority for this statement is Mr. Pattosien, corner Sixteenth and Mission Streets, who states that ever so many young folks have been, and are daily, buying furniture, carpets, and draperies, and leaving them at the store until the first of May when the store closes. Evidently the young folks take advantage of the low prices. They seem to know that prices will double after the first of May, when the Pattosien store will be no more.

### ALHAMBRA

DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

Mme. Schumann-Heink

The World's Greatest Contralto

IN THREE PROGRAMMES OF SONG

MISS JOSEPHINE HARTMAN, Pianist.

TUESDAY Night, April 6th. THURSDAY Night, April 7th. Saturday Afternoon, April 9th. Seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Box seats, \$2.50. Ready next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
—AT—  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinee every Saturday. Beginning Monday, March 28th, second week and tremendous success of

**MR. PICKWICK**

A musical comedy in two acts, based on Charles Dickens's masterpiece. Musical by Manuel Klein. Words by Charles Klein. Lyrics by Grant Stewart.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00. Next—The Beggar Student.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning next Monday, March 28th, second and last week. Last six nights, matinee Saturday,

**MARY MANNERING**

(Management Frank McKee)  
Presenting the new modern comedy, by Leo Ditrichstein, entitled

**HARRIET'S HONEYMOON**

Sunday, April 3d—German performance, Das Opferlam.

Monday, April 4th—Anna Held in Mam'selle Napoleon.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Evenings at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2. Commencing Monday, March 28th, positively last week of Wagner's great miracle play,

**PARSIFAL**

The music by an orchestra of twenty.

Evenings, 25c to \$1.00. Matinees, 25c to 75c.

Easter Monday, Wm. Collier's great success, On the Quiet, and resumption of regular prices.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Only matinee Saturday. Week beginning Monday evening next, March 28th,

**MRS. FISKE**

In Henrik Ibsen's drama,

**HEDDA GABLER**

No Sunday performances.

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday, March 28th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the rollicking farce-comedy,

**THE HUSTLER**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

April 4th—Around the World in Eighty Days.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, March 27th. Five big, new acts! The Five Mowatts; Mazuz and Mazett; Coakley and McBride; Wesson, Walters and Wesson; James H. Cullen; Taffary's Dogs; Billy Clifford; Roattino and Stevens; and the sensation of the decade, La Belle Guerrero.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 75c.

## Fischer's THEATRE

Our new musical productions. Next Monday, March 28th, at 8:15, Carroll and Kerker's funny Turkish lyric comedy,

**KISMET**

Magnificent scenery and costumes. Twenty actual novelties. Seats now on sale.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c, and 25c.

## RACING

New California Jockey Club  
**OAKLAND TRACK**

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Opposite the Palace Hotel),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

**SHREVE & COMPANY** announce  
their usual *Easter Display* Monday, March the twenty - eighth, until April the second. POST AND MARKET STREETS.



STAGE GOSSIP.

A New Play at Fischer's.

The last performance of "The Rounders" will be given at Fischer's Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening, and on Monday evening "Kismet," by Richard F. Carroll and Gustave Kerker, will be put on. The comedy deals with imperial life in Turkey, and has as its principal theme the Sultana's pretense that her son is a girl, and her daughter is a boy. This is done in order that her first-born child may, though a girl, become Sultan. As may be imagined, this deception makes a most bewildering tangle, which is further complicated by an American soldier of fortune. It all ends satisfactorily. The music and songs are said to be unusually bright and catchy, and the management promises something novel in the way of costumes and scenery. After "Kismet" has had its run, Fischer's will be closed for two weeks in order to make improvements. The theatre will be considerably enlarged, and the entrance made forty feet in width.

Comedy at the Columbia.

"Harriet's Honeymoon," the comedy presented at the Columbia Theatre by Mary Manning and her company, tells of the troubles of a young American couple touring Europe on their wedding journey. They meet with many misadventures, and are the victims of amusing complications. Arthur Byron, Louis Massen, Henry Kolker, David Proctor, and Thomas Wise are among the people in Miss Manning's company. The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be Anna Held and company in "Mam'selle Napoleon." The star will be surrounded by many of the people who were with her last year in "The Little Duchess." The chorus is said to be the handsomest in the world. It is positively announced that orders for seats will not be accepted in advance of the opening sale next Thursday. Anna Held's engagement opens on Monday, April 4th.

Ibsen Next Week.

"Mary of Magdala," with Mrs. Fiske in the title-role, will be succeeded at the Grand Opera House on Monday night by Henrik Ibsen's play, "Hedda Gabler." It is one of Mrs. Fiske's newest roles, and it is reported that in this play, considered one of Ibsen's greatest, she does surpassingly good work. The supporting company will include Max Figman, William B. Mack, Hobart Bosworth, Mary Madden, Belle Bohn, and Helen Ormsbee.

"Mr. Pickwick" Continues.

"Mr. Pickwick," Manuel Klein's melodious comic opera, continues at the Tivoli Opera House next week. It is in two acts, both packed with fun. Many of the solos, duets, trios, and quartets are encored again and again. A pleasing feature is the spick and span newness of the costumes, and the stage settings are unusually elaborate. Ferris Hartman, Forrest Seabury, Teddy Webb, Arthur Cunningham, Wallace Brownlow, Annie Myers, and the others have congenial roles. Dora de Felippe, the new soprano, is already a favorite. "The Beggar Student" will be the next opera.

German Performance.

The demand for seats for the Alameda Lustspiel's performance of "Das Opferlamm" ("The Scapegoat") to be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, April 3d, assures the attendance of a capacity-testing audience. The advance sale of seats commences on Monday. "Das Opferlamm" fits the capabilities of the cast to a nicety, and is a comedy of great mirth-provoking qualities. A special scenic production has been prepared. The cast will include Theo Saling, Johanne Strauss, Emilie Kahler, Richard Lenz, Carl Meier, Adolph Schubert, Josephine La Fontaine-Neckhaus, Charlotte Schwerin, Josephine Schwerin, Max Horwinski, and Albert Kahler.

From Melodrama to Farce.

The Central Theatre company, which has been thrilling audiences this week by a production of "The King of Detectives," will change to farce-comedy next week, presenting "The Hustler," which has as its hero an Irishman, who is constantly promoting big financial undertakings. He spends a good part of his time in teaching a German capitalist how to rid himself of his spare cash. There will be a trained ballet of pretty girls, and many specialties by Edna Ellsmere, Virginia Ainsworth, Myrtle Vane, and others. The next production at the Central will be "Around the World in Eighty Days," with steamships, trains of cars, elephants, and camels.

Only One Week More.

Fitzgerald Murphy's dramatic version of Wagner's "Parsifal" will continue one week more at the Alcazar Theatre. This production has aroused great interest among theatre-goers, and those who have gone to the Alcazar have been in no way disappointed, either in the play or in the manner of producing it. Mr. Durkin, Mr. Osbourne, Miss Block, and

the others in the cast have given most creditable interpretations. The next play to be given at the Alcazar is "On the Quiet," a William Collier comedy of farcical type.

Dancing, Song, and Jugglery.

Mazur and Mazett, "The Brakeman and the Tramp," comedy acrobats, will return to the Orpheum this coming week. The five Mowats, expert jugglers, are agile and dextrous young men who give an unusual performance. Coakley and McBride, dancing comedians, conversationalists, and singers, will appear for the first time in San Francisco. Wesson, Walters, and Wesson will also be new here, presenting their farce, "Hotel Repose," said to be loaded with laughs from beginning to end. James H. Cullen, "the Party from the West," will bring an original package of stories, gags, and parodies. La Belle Guerrero, the Spanish actress and pantomimist, will continue her pantomime sketch, "The Rose and the Dagger," which needs to be seen to be appreciated. Billy Clifford, the "Broadway Chappie," will change his songs and stories, and Adeline Roattino and Clara Stevens, "the Prima Donna and the Toe Dancer," and Taffery's performing dogs, will complete a programme full of interest from beginning to end.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"His Royal Nibs."

The production of the new musical comedy, "His Royal Nibs," by W. H. Clifford and Shafter Howard, will be given April 21st and 22d at the Alhambra Theatre for the benefit of the California Women's Hospital. It will be under the patronage of both the board of directors of the hospital and a long list of patronesses. The directors are Mrs. Francis Carolan (president), Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. F. F. Hoyt, Mrs. E. E. Park, Mrs. Archibald Kains, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. T. Brooke Ridley, Mrs. M. Meyerfeld, Jr., Miss Frances Sprague, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. J. H. Hatch, Mrs. F. A. Robbins, Mrs. D. H. Whitmore, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. C. P. Stokes, Mrs. John Farrell, and Mrs. Edwin Bosqui. The list of other patronesses includes Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. James R. Tucker, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Baroness von Meyerinck, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Mariner Campbell, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. H. C. Kittle, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. George Pinckard, and Mrs. Max Sloss.

In the cast of "His Royal Nibs" will be some of the cleverest amateurs in San Francisco, both in the musical and comedy lines. The principals include Miss Helen Heath, soprano; Mrs. Fred Youngberg, soprano; Miss Grace Marshall, mezzo-soprano; Andrew Bogart, tenor; Miss Eleanor McLennan, Mr. George H. Ryan, Mr. de Lassaux, Dr. W. H. Seabury, and Mr. E. P. Healy. The performance will be repeated in Oakland on April 29th.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts.

The sale of seats for the three concerts by the famous German contralto, Mme. Schumann-Heink, who was a great favorite here during the two visits of the Grau company, will open next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The dates of these concerts are Tuesday night, April 5th; Thursday night, April 7th; and Saturday matinee, April 9th. At the opening concert the programme will include the aria from the opera "Mitrane," by Rossi; songs from the "Trumpeter of Sackingen," by Riedl; three songs from Schumann's "Poet's Love"; the great prison scene from "Der Prophet"; besides songs by Liszt, Hugo Wolf, Schubert, and a Bolero composed expressly for the artist by Arditi. Mme. Heink will sing the

aria from St. Paul, by Mendelssohn, in English on Thursday night. At the Saturday matinee the aria from Wagner's "Rienzi" will be one of the features. The prices for seats range from \$1.00 to \$2.00, with box seats at \$2.50. Miss Josephine Hartmann will be the pianist.

Mrs. Raymond Brown's final lecture will be given this (Saturday) afternoon at Lyric Hall. "Parsifal" will be the subject, and no lover of either music or the drama should miss it. Seats may be secured at the hall, and general admission will be fifty cents.

Sembrich will be heard here early in May in song recitals under the direction of Will Greenbaum.

Miss Ethel Harte, daughter of Bret Harte, made her first appearance on the concert stage in London on Monday evening.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Dancing Masters Recommend It

Dancing Masters all over the United States recommend Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It makes neither dust nor dirt, does not stick to the shoes or rub into lumps on the floor. Sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric. For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN

Secretary and General Manager.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HOFSTADT; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Hofstad, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, J. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Asst. Cashier, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, F. H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocquerez.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Oupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,173,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific 216 Sansome Street. Department.

4 1/2 per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4 1/2 per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager. 516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Union Central Life Insurance Co.

Largest annual dividends. Largest interest earner. Lowest death ratio. Lowest expense ratio of any old line company.

ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Mgr. 419 California St., San Francisco.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

No other subject is so much discussed in fashionable New York society at present as the new Athletic Club for Women. "In the boudoir and in the drawing-room, at luncheons, teas, and dinners," says the *Herald*, "the delightful prospect of having a club of our very own, where we can say and do what we please, exactly as the men do in their clubs," is a pleasing topic of conversation. The architects are already at work on the plans. The structure will probably be a simple one, not more than five stories high, having a frontage of fifty feet on Madison Avenue. The style will be Colonial. There may be a smoking-room, but it has not been decided upon. There will be a grill-room, and such rules will obtain in regard to food and drink as are in force in any club where the members are well-bred. The swimming-pool will be large; the same is true of the running-track. In the gymnasium there is to be every sort of apparatus. Attendants will give Turkish or other baths, for which there will be luxurious equipment. There will be three squash-courts, reading and lounging rooms, and several bedrooms for the accommodation of out-of-town members. The sum of \$300,000 has been raised to pay for the house and its furnishing, and more will be supplied if necessary. An advisory committee, consisting of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Charles T. Barney, and Mr. Frank Lyon Polk, is acting with the women's committee until the building is erected. While the membership list is strictly censored, it was found advisable to extend it beyond the three or four hundred to which New York society is supposed to be limited. It has now been placed at seven hundred."

So prevalent has become the custom among women moving in London society of increasing their means for adding to their wardrobe by "touting" for tradespeople, that the following advertisement was unblushingly inserted in a London newspaper a few weeks ago: "A lady moving in good society is required at once, to wear and so make fashionable very beautiful, dainty article of jewelry; liberal remuneration. Strict secrecy." It is well known that it is no uncommon thing for a delicate suggestion to be made at fashionable shops that in return for a tactful recommendation the firm would be only too delighted to supply dresses, hats, or shoes, as the case may be, gratis, even paying a commission upon new orders obtained. The automobile boom opened up a fresh field for women touters, and one female expert driver in the social world is known to have cleared some hundred pounds as a commission in a very short time. But it would appear this system of female touting is done in London to an almost incredible extent, women acting as secret agents for wine-merchants, soap-manufacturers, and even as touters for money-lenders, while there are several so-called "men about town" whose only income is derived from commissions for one service or another.

"Inconspicuous and simple effects in color and design are now a noticeable feature of the furnishings and decorations of the best houses," says a noted New York decorator and designer, and adds: "To see gorgeously frescoed walls and ceilings one must now go to the hotels and restaurants, to club-houses and public buildings. With few exceptions they will not be found in the homes of the New Yorkers who set the fashion. The proprietors of hotels are not striving after quiet effects by any means. And they are right. The great mass of the traveling public are better pleased to have magnificent effects when they pay high prices. They expect them, in fact. But here in contrast to that I may cite Mrs. B——'s drawing-room, which has a long expanse of perfectly plain ceiling, rounding down to meet a four-inch molding of white and gold; the walls between a two-foot high wainscoting of white enameled wood and the frieze are paneled with yellow self-toned satin brocade; the chairs and sofas are upholstered in yellow brocade of exactly the same tint, and portières and window-curtains are made of the same material. The frames of the furniture are white enameled. This is the general style of drawing-room most in vogue now. Plain ivory-tinted ceilings devoid of ornamentation are practically the rule. The very wide, elaborate frieze has gone out. There are no vivid contrasts of color in wall-hangings or furniture-coverings. The self-toned room—that is, the room where everything is of the one color—has the lead in the best houses below the bedroom floors. Two or three kinds of furniture of as many different colors jumbled up in the same drawing-room are out of the question now. In dining-rooms, libraries and billiard-rooms the growing popularity of plain effects is perhaps even more noticeable than in drawing rooms. For instance, I fitted up a library not long ago for a millionaire, almost entirely in green velvet. The ceiling was perfectly plain, tinted a pale café-au-lait shade; the walls were upholstered in green velvet; the portières and curtains were also of velvet; the floor was covered with a plain green velvet carpet. There was no flower pattern nor a conventional design of any sort in sight. There were some high-backed Gothic seats and some

comfortable lounging-chairs in the room, the upholstery of which was also green. His billiard-room was almost austere, although artistic. The walls were paneled with plain brown leather, the wainscoting was of dark oak, and there were brown leather chairs; and a rug of the same shade, woven to match, almost covered the floor. The hangings were of brown plush. Among the more artistic and less wealthy, as well as among the very opulent, the dining-room, fitted with a beamed ceiling of Flemish or English oak or Circassian walnut or ordinary walnut, with a four-foot wainscoting to match, has the preference. In the newer private dining-rooms in New York the sideboard, serving-table, and china closet all match the woodwork of the room. Consequently there is complete harmony. Harmony is the main idea rather than that there shall be several thousand dollars' worth of covering in evidence. The showy, gilt window-cornices, mirror-frames, and curtain-supporters, once so fashionable, have disappeared. Lace curtains have gone, too. Only the panel curtain hanging straight down against the glass is now used in rooms of state, with the heavy curtains of brocade, tapestry, or velvet, as the case may be, next the room. As a result of fashion's change in favor of simpler and quieter effects in house-furnishings, it is now quite possible for people in very moderate circumstances to duplicate in comparatively inexpensive materials some of the costliest rooms in New York. And they do. One sees this every day in the studios of professional people who have the advantage of visiting, from time to time, the first-class houses."

A writer in a London paper says that "there is one point about the House of Commons that strikes an occasional visitor afresh every season, and that is the well-groomed appearance of the members. Taking it all in all, the House is probably the best dressed assembly in the world. In the American House of Representatives it is just the other way about. The ordinary congressional costume is a long and very loose frock coat, a low-cut waistcoat, a turned-down collar, a white bow, and a derby or felt hat. At first glance you might easily take Congress for an assembly of dissembling ministers." Now who will rise to refute that?

"The old maid has gone," says a woman writer in the *Times*, "gone with last year's snobs and with the art of fainting when a proposal of marriage was received; she is as much out of it as the scoop bonnet of 1840; one sees her only in old-time pictures and hears of her in the reminiscences of the aged—that is all. Modern life has no use for her. She made herself necessary to a past generation by knitting socks and sewing lace on the edges of nightcaps, but neither socks nor nightcaps need her longer, and she no longer exists except in isolated sections of the country where the men folks are still voting for Andrew Jackson for the Presidency. The unmarried woman of to-day does not even call herself the hachelor maid, for that distinction has become flagrantly obnoxious. She does not feel called upon, apparently, to excuse herself for her choice of life and career at all, and the term hachelor maid was a transition word to carry her over a chasm which has now become filled up. She who accuses accuses, and she no longer excuses."

Plaids, real Highland tartans, are to add to the gayety of both masculine and feminine dress this spring. Hitherto—except in Scotland—women only have worn the tartans, but now men have succumbed to the tyranny of fashion, and they are to appear in all the glory of tartan waistcoats. Some of the new fancy waistcoats are of quiet tartan colors—the blue and green and black peacock colors having appealed to the masculine heart. Tartans are also to be very much used in ties, and for such a purpose they are strikingly effective. By women plaid silks have been worn for a year or two, but the tartans are not at their best in silks, and during the

coming months plaid woolen materials are likely to be very popular. Silks, however, will still appear in the form of cravats and dress accessories. Plaids are eminently suitable for golf skirts and capes and for housses. Even for ordinary walking skirts they can not be greatly improved upon. They are already well established in woollen housses, and it is expected that they will take a leading place in the summer's designs in washing materials.

Fifty-three women in the United States have been regularly ordained and are doing the full work of ministers. Forty-five of the fifty-three are married, although some of them were ordained before marriage. Most of them have independent parishes, where they preach, make pastoral visits, and officiate at marriages and at funerals.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 23, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	1,000	@ 101	100½	102½
F. C. H. Ry. 5%	3,000	@ 115	114½	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	1,000	@ 100	99½	100½
Honolulu R. T. L. 6%	18,000	@ 106½	106½	
Los An. Ry. 5%	3,000	@ 113	112½	
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%	1,000	@ 101½	101½	102
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%	8,000	@ 115	114½	115½
North Shore Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 99	98	
Oakland Transit 6%	4,000	@ 119½		120
Oakland Transit				
5%	3,000	@ 111	111	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	13,000	@ 105½-105½	105½	106
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%	10,000	@ 99½	99½	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	16,000	@ 118½	118½	119
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%	1909	@ 107½		108
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	15,000	@ 104½	104½	
1905, S. A. 6%	10,000	@ 107	107½	
S. P. Branch, 6%	3,000	@ 134½	134	
S. V. Water 6%	13,000	@ 104½		105
S. V. Water 4%	11,000	@ 99	99	
S. V. Water 4% 3d	4,000	@ 99		99

STOCKS.	Shares.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Water.				
S. V. Water	75	@ 39½-39½	39½	39½
Banks.				
Bank of California.	15	@ 420-425		
Street R. R.				
California St.	10	@ 199½	200	
Powders.				
Giant Con.	50	@ 61	60½	
Vigorit.	100	@ 4½	4½	4½
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	310	@ 46½-48½	48½	49
Hutchinson	50	@ 8½	8½	
Hakawell S. Co.	40	@ 21½		22
Paubau S. Co.	120	@ 13½-13½	13½	
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.	150	@ 10	9½	9½
S. F. Gas & Electric.	435	@ 58-59½	59½	60
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers	90	@ 140-140½	140½	
Cal. Wine Assn.	23	@ 91		
Oceanic S. Co.	10	@ 4½	4	4½

The sugars were in better demand and made gains of from one-half to two points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, the stock selling up to 48½, closing at 48½ bid, 49 asked.

Spring Valley Water has kept steady, with no change in price.

Giant Powder was quoted at 61 on sales of 50 shares.

Alaska Packers advanced one and one-half points to 140½ on sales of 90 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up one and one-half points to 59½, closing at 59½ bid, 60 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## Many a reputation for punctuality rests upon the ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.



FOR BREAKFAST.



THE AL-VISTA CAMERA  
MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,  
1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	.....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	.....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life	.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue	.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine	.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	.....	10.50
Argonaut and Muesey's Magazine	.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West	.....	5.25



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"I hired ten chorus-girls in five minutes this morning," remarked Julian Mitchell, who wanted to show how busy he had been. "Geewillikins!" exclaimed Jack Flaherty, manager of the Majestic Theatre, "you are quick at figures."

A remarkable duck story comes from Nantes, France. Some fishermen were out at sea during a terrific thunderstorm, when suddenly a number of roasted ducks fell into their boat. The lightning had struck a flock and cooked the birds to a turn!

Judge Parry, of the English judiciary, tells of a feeble-looking man, who was rehuked for supporting a ridiculous claim made by his wife. "I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story," said Judge Parry. "Yer may do as yer like," replied the man, mournfully, "but I've got to."

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, is responsible for the following: "One of our professors met a native who wore big rubber boots and carried a clam-rake. The professor conversed with the native, told him his business, and volunteered some other information. 'Say,' said the native, 'seem' you're so all-fired smart, I wisht you'd tell me whether diggin' clams is fishin' or farmin'."

In Syracuse, the other day, Adelina Patti told a reporter how she had recently been teaching music to a little American girl. "This little girl," she said, "is a delight. Her questions and answers are as entertaining as a comedy. The other day, I was explaining, to her the meaning of the signs *f* and *ff*. 'F', I said, 'means forte. Now, if *f* means forte, what does *ff* mean?' 'Eighty,' said the little girl."

Herbert Spencer, in the attitude of superintending his household affairs, was practical and amusing. At one time the poulterer had not been giving satisfaction, so Mr. Spencer called his housekeeper, and gave her directions to transfer his custom to another tradesman, whose shop faced the delinquent's. "And, Miss Smith," said the author of "Synthetic Philosophy," "he particular that the first poulterer sees you giving your orders to the second poulterer!"

Cyrus Townsend Brady, the author, had occasion to consult his physician for a slight ailment on one of the extremely cold days recently. He was husily engaged in his literary work on the doctor's arrival. Hurrying into the reception hall from his library, he said: "Doctor, I wish you to get through with me as speedily as possible. I left the hero and heroine by the side of a little babbling brook, and I'm afraid they will freeze to death if I don't get back soon."

President Hadley, of Yale, has won a wide reputation as a teller of good stories. One of his favorite tales runs as follows: A Methodist preacher was vigorously expounding the text, "There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." "Aye," he said, "there shall be gnashing of teeth! Yes," he shouted, pounding the pulpit with his fist, "there shall surely be gnashing of teeth!" "But I aint got no teeth!" shrilly piped up an old woman who had been worked up to a full realization of her sins by the preacher. "Then, madam," yelled the minister, turning in her direction, "they will be provided."

The late John MacMahon, of the Irish har, although a Celt, had a ponderous, heavy style, and no sense of humor. On account of being deaf he agreed, out of policy, with any remarks made by the judge, even though he did not understand what was said. On one occasion he was appearing before a master of the rolls, who thought that MacMahon was arguing rather elementary law for such a court as his. "You are speaking as if I were a mere tyro in the law, Mr. MacMahon," said the master of rolls, testily. "Quite so, my lord," said counsel, airily, proceeding with his argument oblivious to and regardless of what the judge had said.

An American lady living in Mexico had a cook who could not read, or even tell the hour by the clock; but she boiled eggs with perfect accuracy. When asked one day, "But how do you know when they are ready, Chucha?" she answered with a smile which showed all her fine teeth, "Señor, I hoil them by the Credo." She had been taught, like other Mexican village girls, to patter off the Apostles' Creed. She did not know quite well what the words meant, but they just did nicely to boil eggs with. She put the eggs in the pot (in the coffee-pot with the coffee, but that is a mere detail), and began to say her creed. At amen the eggs were ready.

A prominent Philadelphia educator, in telling of his early struggles, recounts that he once taught school in a district where he kept

"hachelor's hall," the neighboring farmers supplying him with food. One day a young hoy came running breathlessly toward him. "Say, teacher," he gasped, "my pa wants to know if you like pork." "Indeed, I do like pork," the teacher replied, concluding that the very stingy father of this hoy had determined to donate some pork to him; "you tell your father if there is anything in this world that I do like, it is pork." Some time transpired and there was no pork forthcoming. One day he met the hoy alone in the school-yard. "Look here, John," he said, "how about that pork?" "Oh," replied the hoy, "the pig got well."

There is living in Louisville, Ky., Josh Hutchinson, a hotel employee, who saw the encounter between Colonel Throckmorton, proprietor of the Galt House, and Charles Dickens, a guest there. Throckmorton was a most hospitable landlord, and, out of courtesy to his distinguished visitor, went personally to his room to see if he needed anything. Dickens, who was writing, gruffly told him to come in. He did not change his ill-humored manner when he saw Throckmorton, for he had the English idea of the subordinate position of an innkeeper. When Throckmorton asked him if there was anything he needed, Dickens churlishly answered, "No! Not a damned thing!" and went on with his writing. The landlord, beginning to wax angry, but thinking he might have been misunderstood, again asked Dickens if there was anything he could do for him. Dickens turned and looked at Throckmorton as though he were a hell-boy, then yelled: "If there is anything I want I'll ring for it! You may go!" That was enough. Colonel Throckmorton walked quickly over to Dickens, grasped his coat collar, and pulled him out of the chair. Dickens's manuscript fell all over the floor, and the ink splattered on the carpet. He was game, however, and the men fought all over the room. "Dat Mr. Dickens were no gem'man," said Josh recently, in telling about the occurrence: "and how de cunnel did hlack his eye!"

Overheard in Boston.

"Pause, there! The patience of me hath a limit. You are likely to impinge against something that will cause a serious impairment of your facial beauty."

"Of a verity? My timpani have vibrated to similar atmospheric disturbances before. You are not the entire laboratory. I am more or less a physical demonstrator in my own personal capacity."

"That splits no infinitive with me. I have seen individuals with a more formidable displacement than yours at the receiving end of a concussion that has created a sudden incoherence in their masticating department."

"Affirm that positively, do you? Could not possibly be laboring under a misapprehension?"

"For all the purposes of the present disputation you may regard it as a certitude."

"You afflict me with a sensation of infinite weariness."

"You cause me to entertain an intense longing for dissolution and the sepulchre."

"For an immature specimen of adult masculinity you agitate a singularly detachable maxillary."

"You need not allow that to disturb the co-ordination of your nerve vortices."

"Mauvais sujet!"

"Parvenu!"

They continue to glare at each other through their spectacles.—Chicago Tribune.

A. P. Hotaling & Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Dohbin's Despair.

I have no differential clutch  
And no pneumatic tire;  
I guess I don't amount to much,  
For none come to admire  
My form or speed—I have no cam;  
And, to my deep remorse,  
I must confess I only am  
A one-horsepower horse!

They used to stroke my sorrel side  
And tell how I could go;  
To-day they speak in tones of pride  
Of some bright red tonneau.  
But, though my sorrow is so great  
And anger is so keen,  
I'm glad to have a chance to state  
I don't eat gasoline.

I don't know bow to carburet,  
Nor how to radiate—  
When I wished to get up and get  
I simply struck my gait.  
'Tis true, in casting out the beam  
For fairness I should try—  
But 'lectric, gasoline or steam,  
The "mote" is in my eye!

I have no wondrous steering gear—  
But still they rush to see  
A thing that has, I'm pained to hear,  
A horseless pedigree.  
They used to pet me all the time,  
But now they only shrug  
Their shoulders, and pass by, for I'm  
A poor old sparkless plug!

—Chicago Tribune.

Opinion.

I always was conservative,  
And in this Eastern fuss,  
I'd have you know my sympathies  
Are firmly with the Russ.

And when success shall crown his arms  
Disgrunted folks may yap,  
But as for me, I always said,  
All hail the victor! Jap!

—McLendburgh Wilson in Ex.

The Twins.

When Mrs. Lattimer had twins,  
Papa cried, "Philopena!"  
And one was plump and one was thin,  
Could anything be meaner?  
This did not feaze Pa Lattimer,  
There never was a keener,  
He named the fat one Fatima  
And named the lean one Lena.

—Albert G. Reeves in the Sun.

The Case of Fatima and Lena.

Suppose that Lena should get fat  
And Fatima get leaner.  
Oh, Monticello, think of that;  
Could anything sound meaner  
Than to hear you call the lean one "Fat"  
And call the fat one "Lena?"

—George F. Meyer in the Sun.

If You Want

a perfect cream, preserved without sugar, order Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It has a delightful, natural flavor and is superior to the richest raw cream you can buy, with the added assurance of being sterilized. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. Fall.	State of Weather.
March 17th.....	52	46	Tr.	Rain
" 18th.....	54	50	.21	Cloudy
" 19th.....	60	50	.51	Rain
" 20th.....	50	44	.12	Cloudy
" 21st.....	52	42	Tr.	Cloudy
" 22d.....	50	44	.09	Rain
" 23d.....	50	42	.41	Rain

# Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympathetic tone*, in the possession of which it stands alone.

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



In this package you get both liquid and powder. This is the Large Size.

AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHEROKEE—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Louis.....April 2  
New York.....April 9  
Philadelphia.....April 23

Philadelphia—Queens town—Liverpool.  
Noordland.....April 9  
Merion.....April 16  
Haverford.....April 30

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnetonka.....April 2, 7 am  
Marquette.....April 9, 9 am  
Minnehaha.....April 16, 6 am  
Minneapolis.....April 23, noon  
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....April 2  
Southwark.....April 9  
Kensington.....April 30

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Statenland.....Mar. 29  
Potsdam.....April 12  
Rydam.....April 19  
\$10 call at Plymouth.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Finland.....April 2  
Kronland.....April 16  
Vaderland.....April 23

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Oceanic.....April 6, 10 am  
Teutonic.....April 13, 10 am  
Celtic.....April 15, 5 pm  
Cedric.....April 20, 8 am  
Majestic.....April 27, 10 am  
Arabic.....April 29, 5 pm  
Boston—Queens town—Liverpool.  
Cymric.....April 21, May 19, June 16  
Republic.....April 30, June 9, July 7  
Cretic.....May 5, June 2, June 30

Boston Mediterranean Direct  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic.....April 9, May 14, June 18  
Canopic.....April 23, May 28, July 2  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Coptic (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, April 2  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 22  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, April, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 14, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Maripos, for Tahiti, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

# THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.  
The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.  
Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.  
JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

NEW YORK LONDON  
**THE MANHATTAN PRESS-CLIPPING BUREAU**  
ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor  
KNICKERBOCKER BUILDING  
Cor. 5th Ave. and 14th St., New York

Will supply you with all personal reference and clippings on any subject from all the papers and periodicals published here and abroad. Our large staff of readers can gather for you more valuable material on any current subject than you can get in a lifetime.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

TERMS: 100 clippings, \$5.00; 250 clippings, \$12.00; 500 clippings, \$20.00; 1,000 clippings, \$35.00



## SOCIETY.

## Spring Days at Del Monte.

This is the pleasantest time of the year at the Hotel del Monte. The golf links were never so green, and wild flowers are beginning to appear. Among recent guests at the hotel are Mr. J. H. A. Folkers and Mrs. Folkers, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Hopkins, of St. Clair, Mich.; Mr. Ralph M. Fay, of Chicago; Mrs. Dexter Belknap, Mrs. Foster Coates, Miss Coates, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Tinsley, Mr. Peter Kerr, of Portland, Or.; Mr. S. O. Fisher, of Bay City, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Fenwick, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Reed, of Chicago; Mr. James McNab, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Beckwith, of West Cliff, Colo.; Miss Dolbeer, Miss Warren, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sheldon, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Severance and daughter, of Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Anderson and three daughters, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. E. Francis Riggs, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brooks, of Chicago; Mrs. Theodore Lyman, Mr. James M. Cadman, Miss R. Howard, Miss R. S. Paine, of Brookline, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. James Butler and family, of New York; Mr. Maurice S. Evans, of Natal, South Africa; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Deakin, of Kent, England; Mr. James V. Grimwood, and Mrs. E. C. Humphreys.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Warner, daughter of Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner, to Mr. Stuart Lamai Rawlings. The wedding will take place in August.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Wooster, daughter of Mrs. F. A. H. Small, to Mr. Frank Glass, son of Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns, to Mr. Horatio F. Stoll, who has been connected with the *Argonaut* during the past ten years.

The wedding of Miss May Burdge, ward of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, to Mr. Bernard Miller, will take place on April 4th at Arhorr Villa, the Oakland residence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Miss Winifred Burdge will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Marion Smith, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Mary Barker, Miss Florence White, Miss Marion Goodfellow, Miss May Coogan, and Miss Carolyn Oliver. Mr. Clay Gooding will be best man, and Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, Mr. Harold Havens, Mr. Ralph Jones, Mr. Traylor Bell, Mr. William Gorrell, Mr. Roland Oliver, and Mr. Hartley Peart will be groomsmen.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Martin Kent, to Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, U. S. A., will take place Wednesday evening, April 6th, at Grace Church. Mrs. Malcolm Graham will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Kathleen Kent, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Louise Hall, Miss Mattie Milton, and Miss Noelle de Golia. Captain George W. Helms, U. S. A., will be best man, and Lieutenant Edward Shinkle, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. H. Bradford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Berkeley Enoch, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Richard Wetherill, U. S. A., will be ushers.

Mr. Bernard Miller gave a theatre-party and supper in Oakland Monday night in honor of Miss May Burdge.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a

theatre-party at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry gave a card-party on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Silas Palmer gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. James Leonard, of Nevada. Others at table were Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. Denis Searles, Mrs. Keyes, Miss Suzanne Blanding, and Miss Bessie Palmer.

Miss Anna Beaver gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. and Miss Davenport, who have recently returned from the Orient.

At the Doctor's Daughters' horse show this (Saturday) afternoon the performance will open with a children's march. There will be clown and acrobatic specialties, boxing and wrestling, and the tandem driving, hurdle jumping, and other features of last night will be repeated. The attendance last night was large, and a still greater crowd is looked for this afternoon.

## Promoted to a High Position.

Julius Kruttschnitt, fourth vice-president, general manager, and assistant to the president of the Southern Pacific, has received a promotion that makes him one of the foremost railway officials in the world. He has been made superintendent of the operation, maintenance, and construction work on all the Harriman lines: the Southern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Oregon Short Line, and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. His position will be analogous to that of J. C. Stubbs, traffic manager of the Harriman lines. Mr. Kruttschnitt will have his head office in Chicago. No definite time for his removal has been settled upon, but it is thought that the change will be made within a few weeks. C. H. Markham, vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific's Texas lines, will be advanced to the vacated position. Mr. Markham was, a few years ago, district freight agent at Fresno. He has had several promotions since that time, and this last advance is merited by the work he has done.

Mr. Kruttschnitt has seen long service with the Southern Pacific, and his rise has been steady and rapid. He has shown himself a man of wonderful executive ability, and a thorough master of detail. His new position will be an exacting one, calling for intelligence of a high order; but no one who has followed Mr. Kruttschnitt's career has any doubt of his ability to make himself thorough master of the situation.

The different musical organizations among the students of the University of California will give an open-air concert in the Greek theatre on the campus every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. The public is cordially invited. The Glee Club, the University Orchestra, and the Students' Military Band will alternate in furnishing the music.

Mr. Harry R. Simpkins and Mr. Cyril Tobin went down to Del Monte last week in Mr. Simpkins's new automobile. After a few days, however, the auto refused to run, so the gentlemen returned by train, and shipped the machine back to town by freight.

The San Francisco Golf Club, which is without links at present, has been notified by the San Rafael Golf Club that any of its members will be extended the privilege of the latter club upon payment of the monthly dues of three dollars.

## Death of Adam Grant.

Adam Grant, pioneer and merchant, died at his residence, 1112 Bush Street, Monday morning, of heart disease. Mr. Grant was a native of Scotland, and was seventy-five years of age. He came to the United States when a boy, and worked in Buffalo, N. Y., for his uncle, William Murray, dry-goods merchant. He arrived in San Francisco in June, 1850, and went to work as a dry-goods clerk. In time, after being with different firms, he associated himself with Daniel T. Murphy, Thomas Breeze, and John Deane, founding what is now the firm of Murphy, Grant & Co. He engaged in banking, also, and at the time of his death was president of the Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company, a director of the Bank of California, of the Security Savings Bank, and other corporations.

Mr. Grant's career was an interesting one, and illustrates both the vicissitudes of California pioneer life and the opportunity offered men of brains by early conditions here. He nearly lost his life on the Isthmus of Panama during his journey here, in an altercation between natives and Americans. His intention was to go to the mines upon arriving in San Francisco, but he saw that success did not lie altogether in digging gold. He applied for and obtained work in a dry-goods store at the corner of Jackson and Sansome Streets. He began at a salary of fifty dollars per month. It was increased after one month to two hundred and fifty dollars, and at the end of the third month he was offered a partnership, which he declined. From this store he went to the employ of Eugene Kelly & Co., and after Kelly went into the banking business, Mr. Grant formed his association with Murphy, Breeze, and Deane.

Mr. Grant was recognized as one of the best bankers and financiers of the Pacific Coast. He possessed great business sagacity, and his judgment on financial matters was unerring, making his advice much sought. He was devoted to the interests of San Francisco and California, and was at the front of every movement for the betterment of conditions here. He had an absolutely upright character, and his business associates considered his word on any matter equivalent to his signature. He was as loyal a friend as ever lived, permitting no business or other consideration to interfere with his affections. He was not publicly known as liberal to charity; but his donations, made mostly in secret, were large, and were bestowed with judgment and discrimination. No worthy charity ever made a vain appeal to him.

Mr. Grant was a member of the Pacific-Union Club, and is survived by a widow and one son, Joseph D. Grant.

## The Art Association's Spring Exhibition.

Extraordinary interest is being taken in the spring exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art this year, as was evidenced by the large and fashionable attendance on Thursday evening, when the opening reception was held for the members of the Art Association. Part of this unusual interest is due to the alterations that have been recently made in the Mary Frances Searles Gallery. This immense room has been given a new color scheme, the prevailing note being a rich, reddish brown, while the great wall spaces have been divided by pilasters and a molding of the same dull green as the rest of the woodwork. The general effect is admirable, banishing entirely the feeling of cold, vast emptiness which formerly characterized the apartment. In the language of the artists, the room has been "pulled together," and is now warm and inviting. Mr. Willis E. Davis, the president of the association, has interested himself personally in this change, and is to be congratulated on its success. The pictures on the walls are greatly benefited by their new setting, and the exhibition is more representative than ever before. Not only do all the local artists appear, but the work of many from the southern part of the State is to be seen. The music at the opening reception was in charge of Mr. Henry Heyman, who had prepared a very delightful programme for the occasion. The exhibition will be open for one month.

Despite the unsettled condition of the weather, this is a most interesting time of the year to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais. Those who stayed over night last Sunday were treated to a snow and hail storm. Mill Valley, in its spring garb, is a picture to delight the eye of the artist. The recent rains have clothed the hills in verdure and swollen the tiny streams until they form countless picturesque falls and cataracts in their mad race down the mountain side.

Charles Frohman announces that Maud Adams will tour the Pacific Coast during the present season, playing "The Pretty Sister of José" and "The Little Minister."

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

## Dr. H. W. Hunsaker

has removed his offices from the Parrott Building to rooms 630 to 634, Starr King Building, 121 Geary St.

— MAKE NO MISTAKE. KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR," 121 Post St., cuts fine fitting shirt-waists for ladies.

## Pears'

The skin ought to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

## ORDER SOME

## "Club Cocktails"

SENT HOME TODAY.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at dinner which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to

G. F. Heublein & Bro., 29 Broadway, N. Y. and Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## 40 Acres

— IN —

## Alameda County.

Ideal suburban residence in the Berkeley foothills, within 50 minutes of San Francisco and yet a complete change of climate. Surrounded by large and fine homes.

## Thomas Magee &amp; Sons

Real Estate Agents

5 MONTGOMERY ST.

San Francisco.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.

202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge

Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## RUBBER LA ZACUALPA

Rubber Plantation Company

713 Market St., S.F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

There is no Substitute for

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health





**Dorflinger Glassware**

Fine glassware brightens the Easter table.

in brilliant and unique cuttings may be seen at all up-to-date dealers.

*Glassware*

**GEO. GOODMAN**  
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.  
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

**REHNSTROM & HAGBOM**  
FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON  
**TAILORS**  
Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3  
Telephone Main 5397. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



"Give me the Remington" says the experienced buyer

Remington Typewriter Co.  
327 Broadway, New York.



228 Bush Street, San Francisco.

**HOT AND HANDY**

**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

**Educational.**

Oregon. Portland.  
**ST. HELEN'S HALL**  
Has a Normal Kindergarten training class in connection with its Academic Department. Separate residence. Two-year course. Model kindergarten. Provides practice work. For details address

**ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.**

**Ogontz School for Young Ladies.**  
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal.  
Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.

**MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.**

Among the San Franciscans who have recently visited Cairo, Egypt, are Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stewart Tuhhs, Mrs. Sidney Smith, the Misses Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Younger, Mrs. William Barton, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Miss Helena Robinson, and Mr. Jeremiah Lynch.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels sailed from New York last week for Paris, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy spent a few days early in the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Helen Wagner has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Beverly Macmonagle returned to the city on Monday, after spending a week at Del Monte.

Miss Edith Findley, who has been the guest of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, has returned to her home in Sausalito.

Miss Bertha Dolheer expects to leave early in April for a trip to Europe.

Mr. Roderick MacLae, of Portland, Or., who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at Burlingame, is now spending some days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are among the permanent guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and Miss Foster expect to spend most of the summer at St. Louis.

Prince Poniatowski has returned to Paris.

Mrs. Florence Pope Frank returned early in the week from her trip to Santa Barbara and Del Monte.

Miss Helen Bailey has been visiting Mrs. Homer S. King at San Mateo during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Newell are among the permanent guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Immediately after Easter, Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd will go to "Casa Boyd," their summer home in Alameda County, and remain there until late in the autumn.

Mrs. Fred Moody has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. McClung, Miss Gladys McClung, and Mrs. Horne are to return this week from their visit to San Diego.

Miss Marie Bull, Miss Katherine Bull, Miss Edith Bull, and Miss Henrietta Moffat left Boston on Thursday for Europe.

Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon has returned from her trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kimball are again occupying their residence on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morton and family have taken permanent apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Virginia Eskridge, daughter of the late Colonel Eskridge, U. S. A., has returned from her visit to her sister in Manila.

Miss George Spieker has returned from her visit to Mazatlan.

Mrs. Richard William Davis and her sister, Mrs. Maude Lee Abbott, sailed from Boston on March 12th for the Mediterranean. They intend to devote the remainder of the year traveling in Europe before returning to California.

Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, Miss Emma Shaw, and Miss Enid Shaw have returned to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lloyd Griscom, wife of the American minister to Japan, sailed for the Orient Wednesday on the steamer *Siberia*.

Mr. and Mrs. George Oulton will make the Hotel St. Francis their home hereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Folger and Mrs. Folger's family, Mrs. Anthony and the Misses Anthony, will make Berkeley their future home.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins are occupying apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. Edward Hopkins is in Philadelphia, and will not return for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belshaw have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. James A. Robinson has returned for a short stay, after a year spent in Santa Barbara, for the benefit of his health.

Mr. C. E. Grunsky has gone to Washington to assume his duties as Panama Canal Commissioner. The commission will leave Washington on Tuesday for Panama, and will probably remain there for a month.

Mrs. de Ruyter and Miss Daisy Van Ness have returned from Southern California.

Miss Frances Ripley has returned to Santa Barbara.

Mr. George W. Baxter, of Denver, former governor of Colorado, has been spending several weeks at Del Monte on business connected with the proposed sale of the Tevis hacienda on Monterey Bay. Mr. Baxter's daughter, it will be remembered, became the wife of Hugh Tevis, whose death occurred during their bridal tour in Japan.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Spalding and Mr. and Mrs. Harris Kennedy, of Boston, Mr. Paul Hallstischer, of Vienna, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fischer, Mrs. Robert Burns, Mrs. Ed Ellis, Miss Berreta Fisher, Miss Lacey, Miss Burns, Miss Portia, Mr. Yarohi, and Mr. T. C. Hutchinson.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rawson, Mrs. M. C. Dennett and Miss C. Dennett, of Longwood, Mr. and Mrs. G. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Patterson, Mrs. C. Lentz, Mr. C.

Detre, Mr. E. Webster and Mr. C. Lentz, of Philadelphia, Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Adams, of Cambridge, Mrs. H. F. Wallace and Miss M. E. Wallace, of Wilmington, Mrs. W. Osenberg and Miss A. Osenberg, of Trenton, Mrs. M. E. Carpenter and Miss E. R. Carpenter, of Arlington, Mrs. Rodgers, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. W. Dickerson, of New York, and Mr. J. P. Bassett, of Boston.

**Army and Navy News.**

Admiral Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N., has assumed command of the Asiatic station.

General W. H. Forwood, U. S. A. (retired), left last week for his home in Washington, D. C.

Major J. M. Blatchford, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Niohrra, Neh.

Captain John S. Kulp, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding-general, Department of California, for duty at Fort McDowell.

Major John A. Baxter, U. S. A., who returned from the Philippines on the *Thomas* last week, has been ordered to Boston for duty as constructing quartermaster.

Captain Parker W. West, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., aid to General MacArthur, has succeeded Major Ira McNutt U. S. A., as ordnance officer for the Department of California.

Lieutenant Carroll D. Buck, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has reported at San Francisco for duty with the Philippine Scouts.

Major H. H. Benham, U. S. A., will sail for the Philippines on the transport *Logan* April 1st.

Captain H. A. White, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., who is returning from the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan*, is accompanied by his sister, Miss White.

Lieutenant A. J. Hepburn, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Pensacola*.

Miss Virginia Lewis, who returned from Manila on the *Thomas* last week, is visiting Lieutenant Victor Lewis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lewis at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Newton A. McCully, U. S. N., has been appointed naval attaché of the American embassy at St. Petersburg.

Lieutenant Robert McMillan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is on duty with the Twenty-Ninth Coast Artillery at the Presidio.

Mrs. Williams, wife of Lieutenant Philip Williams, U. S. N., arrived on the *Solace* Tuesday from the Orient, and is the guest of Mrs. Charles Zeimer at her residence, 2329 Pacific Avenue.

**The St. Francis Opened.**

The new Hotel St. Francis was formally opened to the public on Monday. The hotel was thronged with visitors, especially in the evening, when the lighting served to enhance the beautiful effect of the decorations. There were many dinner and after-theatre parties there on the opening night, among those who entertained in this manner being Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, Mrs. Gerstle, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. W. B. Bowen, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. G. W. Kline, Mr. James D. Phelan, Bishop Hamilton, Mr. Varney Gaskell, Mr. Philip Lillenthal, Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mr. William H. Mills, and Mr. Josiah Howell. Others who were seen in the café during the evening were President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, and Mrs. George B. McAneny.

There will be many interesting contests at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday), not the least among them being the handicap for three-year-olds and upward, the purse being one thousand dollars. The first race, seven furlongs, is for a selling purse of four hundred dollars.

**A. Hirschman,**  
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

**"Knox" Spring Styles**  
just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 745 Market.

**The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.**

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a long room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

**HOTEL RICHELIEU**  
1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

**HOTEL GRANADA**  
1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

**HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.**

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

**OCCIDENTAL HOTEL**  
SAN FRANCISCO  
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

**HOTEL RAFAEL**  
Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

**Schæffer Pianos**

**A WELL-BUILT PIANO**  
At the Right Price.

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**  
126 Geary Street.

**Now Is the Time for Carpets.**

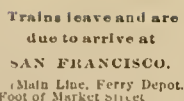
Next week at PATTOSIEN'S, cor. Sixteenth and Mission Streets, the following prices in Carpets will be offered: The celebrated \$1.40 Roxbury Carpet, sewed and layed, \$1.05. Bigelow Axminster Rugs, down-town price, \$47.50; our price, \$29.50; Smith's Axminster Carpet, sewed and layed, \$1.10; down-town price, \$1.40. DON'T MISS THESE BARGAINS.

**PATTOSIEN COMPANY.**

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

**PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.





LEAVE	FROM FEBRUARY 27, 1904.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Napa, Knights Landing.....	7:50 P.
7:00 A.	Santa Rosa, Ukiah, Eureka and Gratiot.....	8:20 P.
7:30 A.	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon.....	8:20 P.
7:30 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton.....	7:20 P.
8:00 A.	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows (from Bartlett Springs), Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.....	7:50 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	7:50 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4:20 P.
9:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Cochen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	4:50 P.
9:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton (Millerton), John Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4:20 P.
9:30 A.	Oakdale, Chico, Sacramento, Santa Ana, Tuolumne and Angels.....	4:20 P.
9:00 A.	Athletic Express—Ogden and East.....	11:20 P.
9:30 A.	Richmond, Sacramento, Union Station.....	6:50 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	12:20 P.
10:00 A.	Yuba, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Cochen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	7:20 P.
12:00 M.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3:20 P.
1:00 P.	Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda.....	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.....	10:50 A.
5:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno and Stockton (Stations beyond Port Costa).....	12:20 P.
3:30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	9:20 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Orinda.....	9:20 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	4:20 P.
4:30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.....	11:50 A.
7:00 P.	The Overland Limited—Chicago, Golden State Limited Sleeper, Oakland to Los Angeles via Chicago, via C.R.I. & P.....	8:50 A.
9:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton.....	12:20 P.
6:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	7:20 A.
6:00 P.	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East, Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elsinore, Los Angeles, Rocklin, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Washworth, Winnemucca.....	6:20 P.
6:00 P.	Valley Sunday only.....	7:50 P.
7:00 P.	Kitchmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11:20 A.
7:00 P.	San Francisco, Berkeley, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	8:50 A.
8:10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11:50 A.
<b>COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). Foot of Market Street.)</b>		
6:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	5:55 P.
7:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, San Bernardino, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	11:55 A.
8:15 A.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and San Bernardino.....	11:55 A.
10:30 A.	Hunters Train, Saturday only, San Jose and Way Stations, Returning from Los Gatos Sunday only.....	12:25 P.
<b>OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. (Foot of Broadway, Foot of Market St., Ship.)</b>		
-15:15	12:00 11:30 11:00 10:30 10:00	
10:00 A.M.	Oakland, Foot of Broadway—[6:30] 12:00 P.M.	
10:00 A.M.	12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.	
<b>COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). Foot of Third and Townsend Streets.)</b>		
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:30 P.
8:00 A.	New Almaden (Tues., Frid. only), The Coast—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Palmdale, Los Angeles, connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove), Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo.....	8:30 P.
8:00 A.	The Coast—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Palmdale, Los Angeles, connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove), Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo.....	10:45 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P.
11:20 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	1:20 P.
12:00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7:30 P.
1:30 P.	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connects at Santa Clara for Santa Clara, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge Ports) al Gilroy for Hollister, Tracy, Pismo, at Castrolville for Salinas.....	8:30 P.
3:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	10:55 A.
5:00 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations, except Hunter's Express.....	18:00 A.
6:00 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations, except Hunter's Express.....	19:40 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose, Redwood, San Jose, Olney, Salinas, Paso Robles, Santa Maria, Gilroy, Los Angeles, Bellingham, Eureka, New Orleans, New York, Connects at Palmdale for Santa Cruz and at Castroville for Pacific Grove and Way Stations.....	7:10 A.
8:15 P.	San Mateo, Herndon, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, San Diego Park.....	18:40 A.
9:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:30 A.
10:00 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	10:15 A.
11:30 P.	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Bruno, San Mateo, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park and Palo Alto.....	8:45 P.
11:30 P.	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose.....	18:45 P.

**A for Morning**      **P for Afternoon**  
 Sunday excepted      Sunday only  
 Saturday only.  
 Stops at all stations on Sunday.  
 Only trains stopping at Valencia St. southbound  
 10 A.M., 7:00 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 8:00 P.M., 6:00 P.M. and  
 10:00 P.M.

**THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY**  
 call for and check baggage from hotels and travel  
 agencies. Telephone, Exchange 808. Inquire of Ticket  
 Agents for Time Cards and other information.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S  
"SCALDING SOAP" for your children, whilst at bathing.

# Sperry Flour Company

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruira and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Clear Lake; at Ukiah for Duncan Springs and Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Water Springs, Upper Lake, and Clear Lake; at Marysville for Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport and Eureka; at Whittier for Eureka, Eureka Beach, Cactus, Colven, Whitson, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Sunday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building.  
H. C. WHITING,      R. X. RYAN,  
General Agent      Passenger Agent

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

**THROUGH TRAINS.**  
8.00 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations.  
5.15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—To-  
males and way stations.  
3.15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.  
Sundays only—10.00 A. M., Point Reyes and way  
stations.  
Ticket Offices—626 Market Street.  
Ferry—Union Depot, foot of Market Street.

Via Sauluito Ferry, foot of Market Street.  
Leave San Francisco, week days, \*1.00 a. m., \*1.45, P. M., 5.45 P. M. Sundays, \*5.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 10.00 a. m., 12.45 p. m., 4.45 p. m., 5.45 p. m.  
Arrive San Francisco, week days, 12.05 P. M., 1.25 P. M., 2.50 P. M., 4.50 P. M., 5.50 P. M., 7.50 P. M. Week days, 10.40 A. M., 2.50 P. M., 5.50 P. M., 9.50 P. M.  
\*Connect with stage for Dipsea and Willow Camp.  
Ticket offices—626 Market Street (North Shore Railroad), and Sausalito Ferry, foot Market Street.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

**DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE** a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,237 volumes.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**POSTER PICTURES.**  
Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 745 Market Street.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1412.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 4, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The President Violently Attacked—Uproar Raised by His Service-Pensions Rulings—Cleveland Established the Precedent—The South Wants Chinese—Southern Planters Demand Mongolian Labor—A Perilous Experiment—Adulterations and Adulterators—Consumers Awakening—The Value of Compromise—Scientists in the Role of God-fathers—The Awful Consequences Thereof—Kansas, Poetry, and Politics—A Queer Blend in the Chaotic State—A Body Blow for Hearst—Judge Parker's Suddenly Revealed Strength—He Captures the New York Delegation—For the Health of the City—Praiseworthy Reforms in Pure Food Laws Instituted—A Senator Convicted of Bribery—Indictment Found Against Burton, of Kansas—The Cruel Act of Professor Cory—Shameful Conditions on the Congo	209-211
THE LOSS OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW: Bill's Long Search Rewarded. By John Fleming Wilson	212
EASTER VERSE: "A California Easter," by Austin Lewis; "Easter Day," by O. W.; "The Battlefield," by Tudor Jenks	212
MEXICO TO-DAY: Will the Jesuits Return to Power?—Queer Religious Conditions—Señora Diaz's Influence—Diaz to Be Re-elected—Vast American Interests—Mexicans Fear Our Power. By "Inominato"	213
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World	213
THE CAREER OF HENRY VILLARD: Notable Memoirs of the Journalist and Railway Builder—Anecdotes of Lincoln, Douglas, and Greeley—Building the Northern Pacific—The Famous "Blind Pool"	214
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: A Picturesque Figure Gone—A Poet's Romantic Career—His Marital Adventures—The Rank of "The Light of Asia"	215
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	216-217
DRAMA: "Hedda Gabler" at the Grand Opera House; "Harriet's Honeymoon" at the Columbia. By Josephine Hart Phelps	218
STAGE GOSSIP	219
VANITY FAIR: "The Millinery Menu"—Stage People in Society—The Standing of Some of Them—Etiquette in Greeting Royalty—Don't Speak Until Spoken To—Keeping Professional Gamblers Off the Liners—Passage Refused Them—Portraits on Ivory a London Fad—"Pairs" in Drawing Rooms	220
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Mark Twain's Instructions—Kemble's Prodigality—Gentleness in Debate—The Farmer's Choice—Lean as Pharaoh's Kine—Brampton's Clever Question—"Rube" Waddell's College Course—Sounded Like Old Times to Cockran—Durand's Diplomacy	221
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Urbs in Ruhe"; "Wuju"; "A City Idyl," by Eugene Geary; "The Norsk Nightingale on Being Kind"	221
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News	222-223
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	224

Never since Theodore Roosevelt assumed the executive office has an act of his been denounced with such violence and rancor as has his ruling in the matter of service pensions. Senator Carmack has called it "another instance of executive encroachment upon the prerogatives of Congress." Senator Overman said it was "a violent effort toward the centralization of the power and the authority of the President and his Cabinet." The New York Sun calls it "an unprecedented usurpation of the function belonging to a co-ordinate department of the Federal government." The Post says it is "an unex-

ampled perversion of the existing pension rules"; the Herald that "it looks very much as if the administration were assuming the function of Congress"; and the World that "never since George Washington first took oath to observe the Constitution has the fundamental law of this republic been treated with such flagrant contempt." And the New York Times says: "We should like to find some more respectful form of words than 'stupefying impudence' in which to characterize the grant by executive order of a service pension which Congress has refused to grant by the only lawful method. We are unable to do so."

It is not easy to derive from partisan statements the precise nature of the executive act which has excited such animosity. So near as they may be arrived at, however, the facts appear to be these: A measure to provide pensions for all veterans, whatsoever, of the Civil War was introduced in the House early in the present session by a Republican member. It was called the service-pension bill. It soon became apparent that the measure could only be passed after protracted debate and in the face of stubborn opposition. It was therefore thought wise by the majority managers not to force through a service pension on the eve of a Presidential campaign. By a unique interpretation of the present pension law the President (if the courts uphold him) has now achieved the result which Congress aimed at, but failed to secure.

The present pension law is the Act of June 27, 1890. It provides "that all persons who served ninety days . . . and who are now or may hereafter be suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, and who are incapacitated from the performance of manual labor . . . shall . . . be entitled to receive a pension not exceeding twelve dollars per month, and not less than six dollars per month." Now the essential feature of this law is the fact that those to whom it applies are *incapacitated*. Nothing is said of any age limit. No matter how old a veteran might be, it does not appear that under a strict interpretation of the act he would be pensionable unless he actually proved incapacity for manual labor. As a matter of actual fact, however, Commissioner Lochren, under Mr. Cleveland's administration, "ruled" that a veteran who had reached sixty-five years was, merely by virtue of his age, "partially disabled" and entitled to the minimum pension of six dollars. The same official "ruled" that a veteran who had reached the age of seventy-five was "totally disabled" and entitled to the pension of twelve dollars. What Mr. Roosevelt, through Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner Ware, has now done, is to "rule" that veterans are in fact "partially disabled" at sixty-two instead of at sixty-five, and "totally disabled" at seventy, instead of at seventy-five.

In defending his act in his official order, Commissioner Ware says "that if, thirty-nine years after the expiration of service, a Mexican War soldier was entitled to a pension at sixty-two years, . . . to soldiers of the Civil War, who fought vastly more, and longer, at least as good a rule ought to apply." In reply to this justification by the administration of an act admittedly extraordinary, the President's critics bring forward two arguments.

First: They ask the President why, if only an executive order was necessary to alter the existing law—or, at least, its interpretation—a service-pension bill was introduced in Congress at all. The order coming at such a time, they say, lays the President open to the charge of having usurped a legislative function upon the failure of the legislative department of the government to take action in the manner desired. In the Senate, on Monday, Senator Carmack showed, by

quoting from the service-pension bill, that the President's order had copied its exact language because, he said, it had become evident that no pension legislation could be had from the present Congress. He imagined the President to have remarked in the emergency: "We will accomplish the same result by executive order, a simple twist of the wrist."

Second: The President's critics further say that the citation of the Mexican War precedent of granting service pension at sixty-two is unhappy. That service pension affected not more than twenty-five thousand veterans and fifteen thousand dependents. It actually added to the rolls only twenty-five thousand pensioners. This order, it is estimated, may effect forty times as many veterans and a proportionate number of dependents. It may add to the cost to the country of the pension system from five to six millions of dollars annually. Such a vast expenditure, based not upon appropriate act of Congress, but merely upon the order of the President is, say his critics, matter for grave concern.

There are two facts, however, which manifestly prevent the Democratic party from making an efficient political weapon out of the President's act. One is that a precisely identical ruling, differing only in degree, was made by President Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland, by the way, now expresses his approval of the present action of Mr. Roosevelt. The Democrats must admit, as did Senator Carmack in the Senate on Monday, "that the first violation [if it be a violation] of the law in this respect" was by Mr. Cleveland; and that Mr. Roosevelt's course, at the worst, was merely an extension of a bad precedent. The Democrats, in the second place, are largely estopped from criticism by the fact that Southern opposition to liberal pensions can only provoke sectional animosity and do more harm than good.

The New York Sun suggests that the whole procedure, both before and since the issuance of the late order, "be subjected by due process to judicial examination." That is a sober and pertinent demand. It does not appear, in view of all the facts, that the utterances of the Democratic press quoted above are either the one or the other. Already a tendency is apparent to assume a more moderate tone. It seems to have occurred to the Democratic press that to accuse the President of "lawlessness" in following the precedent of that "prince of conservatives," Grover Cleveland, is scarcely logical.

It's bad business when a member of the Senate of the United States, the representative of a sovereign State, is convicted of a felony. Senator Joseph R. Burton, of Kansas, declared guilty by jury on five counts in the indictment for bribery, and now liable to a penitentiary sentence of two years, or a fine of ten thousand dollars on each count, is the first senator ever convicted of crime during his term of office. Men have been expelled from the Senate; they have resigned under fire; they have been the subject of serious charges which never came to trial. But never before has a senator been convicted of a felony.

The offense with which Senator Burton was charged was the acceptance of a fee of twenty-five hundred dollars from a get-rich-quick concern in St. Louis. They had previously been forbidden the use of the mails by the post-office authorities. It was proved that the purpose for which Senator Burton was retained was to use his power with the Post-Office Department to induce them to withdraw the prohibition against the concern.

Burton's counsel has filed a motion in arrest of judgment and also for a new trial. The sentence is therefore temporarily delayed. According to the quoted



opinion of an ex-justice of the Kansas supreme court, however, conviction in the lower court "is regarded as a conviction in the meaning of the statutes, even though an appeal may be taken, and the decision of the lower court subsequently reversed." If this be true, Governor Bailey will, of course, proceed to take measures to fill the vacancy.

The Middle West has been often pointed to as the abode of stalwart honesty, the heart of national life, the dwelling-place of genuine Americanism. It does not conduce to confidence in that opinion to find, at this time, the junior senator from Nebraska under indictment, and the senior senator from Kansas a convict.

Desperate endeavors are being made by Admiral Togo to render useless the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. And well he may. Spring is coming, and within a month or two the Russian Baltic fleet, consisting, it is said, of eight battle-ships, eleven cruisers, and a number of torpedo-boat destroyers, will be ready to sail for the Far East. The Russians have been able to repair some of the vessels damaged at Port Arthur during the first days of the war. Eight battle-ships and cruisers, and ten torpedo-boat destroyers are said now to be serviceable. If, therefore, the Russian Baltic fleet, on reaching Eastern waters, should succeed in making junction with the Port Arthur fleet, or even with the Vladivostok fleet, or with both, the Japs would be outmatched on the sea. No wonder Togo keeps hammering away at Port Arthur, and is making desperate attempts to bottle up the fleet. He must succeed soon or the advantage Japan has gained on the sea will be lost.

Then, too, Russia's cue is to delay land battles as long as possible. She can afford to wait; Japan can not. To gain success in this war Russia only needs time to pour a million men into Manchuria. Even then she would have six million men in reserve. Manchuria is a rich country; the Cossack is the best forager in the world; and when spring comes, and there is grass for the horses, and Japan gets farther and farther from her base of supplies, the advantage will be Russia's not Japan's. "Patience! Patience! Patience!" cries Kuropatkin. It is good advice. Generals June and July will yet fight for the Russians almost as valiantly as once did Generals January and February.

The Russian and Japanese reports of the attempt to block the harbor entrance on Sunday last somewhat differ. The Russian reports say that at one o'clock Sunday morning the Russian searchlight disclosed four large merchant vessels making for the entrance of the harbor, supported by six torpedo-boats. They were at once fired upon by fort and ships. The Russian torpedo-boat *Stilni* attacked the fleet. It struck one of the fire-ships in the prow, and turned it from its course. "Owing to the heaviness of our artillery fire," says Smirneff's report, "the fire-ships did not reach the entrance to the harbor. Two of the ships grounded on a reef under Golden Hill. The entrance of the harbor remains clear." The report goes on to say that fitful bombardment continued until six o'clock, and that when the Russian warships steamed out of the harbor the Japanese squadron retired. It is admitted that the *Stilni* was damaged and stranded, but asserted that she was later floated. The four merchant ships sunk are said to have been new vessels, and of value of a million dollars. Togo's report on the same engagement represents that three of the merchant ships proceeded to the position where it was planned to sink them, and were blown up, and that only one ship was driven out of its course by being struck by a torpedo. He admits, however, that, owing to this last fact, the roadstead is not completely closed. He reports only one officer and two sailors killed. But he is apparently not discouraged, and the latest news from the seat of war is that twenty-eight old steamers are to be used if necessary to bottle up Port Arthur. Six are to be sent in at a time until success crowns his efforts. Certainly the conduct of the naval campaign along these lines indicates that Port Arthur itself is nearly impregnable. If Togo believed it possible soon to force the capitulation of the stronghold, he would not think it essential to bar the harbor mouth.

The campaign in Corea proceeds amid difficulties. Passes in the mountains are snow-covered; it alternately thaws and freezes; avalanches add to the trials of the troops. Gradually the opposing armies have been getting closer together, and the first battle occurred on the twenty-eighth instant at a point fifty miles north-west of Ping Yang, in a small town named Chengju. According to General Mishchenko's own report the Russians were forced to retire. His account of the battle is detailed and interesting. It runs as follows:

Having learned that four squadrons of the enemy were posted five versts beyond Chengju, six companies advanced and reached Chengju at 10:30 a. m. March 28th. As soon as our scouts approached the town, the enemy opened fire from behind the wall. Two squadrons promptly dismounted and advanced the heights, six hundred yards distant. An engage-

ment ensued. In the town a company of infantry and a squadron of cavalry were lying in ambush. Our men were reinforced by three companies, and attacked the Japanese with a crossfire. Notwithstanding this, and our commanding position, the Japanese gallantly held their ground, and it was only after a fierce fight of half an hour's duration that the Japanese ceased firing and sought refuge in the houses. The Japanese hoisted the Red Cross flag at two points. Soon afterward three squadrons of the enemy were seen advancing along the Kasan road at full gallop toward the town, which two of the squadrons succeeded in entering, while the third fell back in disorder under repeated volleys from our troops. A number of men and horses were seen to fall. For an hour afterward our companies continued to fire on the Japanese in the town, preventing them from leaving the houses. An hour and a half after the beginning of the engagement, four companies were seen on the Kasan road hastening to attack. I gave the order to mount, and the entire force, with a covering squadron, retired in perfect order, and formed in line behind the hill. The Japanese squadron, which was thrown into disorder, was evidently unable to occupy the hill which we had just evacuated, and their infantry arrived too late. The detachment protecting our rear guard arrived quietly at Kasan, where we halted for two hours in order to give attention to our wounded. At 4 p. m. our force reached Noo San.

The Japanese version of the battle differs little from the Russian, and their loss is stated to be two officers killed and two officers and ten privates wounded. It is clear that on land, as upon sea, the Japanese have come out victor in the first engagement.

As to international relations, there seems to be no doubt but that the situation has become greatly clarified. The relations between France and Great Britain have grown notably friendly. It is even reported from St. Petersburg that the newspapers there talk of "friendliness" between Russia and Great Britain. In general, the Occidental world is beginning to realize that a certain danger lies in Japanese victory. Englishmen like Henry Norman are beginning to speak up and say that English journals which denounce Russia and laud Japan are all wrong. From India come reports that there was widespread excitement in the native newspapers at the first Japanese successes. The English newspapers of India are, however, alarmed at Japan's successful appeal to the Oriental mind. It is rather significant that men familiar with the Mikado's empire are inclined to lay stress upon the evil effect of victory upon the Japanese temperament. "Japan will win," an officer of an Asiatic liner is reported as saying, "but when she does the United States or England will have to chastise her in turn, for victory will render Japanese arrogance unbearable."

The man who knows what he is wearing, eating, drinking, and painting his house with in these days must be a chemist. Adulteration has become so universal that what is commercially known as "purity" is a mere matter of deception. The awakening of consumers has at last become a fact to be reckoned with, and manufacturers are now confronted with the probability of a law that will force the adulterator to tell the purchaser exactly what the article of sale is.

Here in San Francisco the health officer has come down heavily on the aqueous milk, sulphurous vinegar, starchy jellies, and odorous sauerkrauts purveyed to the ignorant or the helpless. If the health department follows up its campaign we may yet skim cream from the morning's milk and dress our salads with natural and not laboratory compounds. But this municipal activity is not more energetic than that of the State in its effort to get a pure wine bill through Congress, nor of the United States to procure the passage of a measure that will once for all make manufacturers cease their nefarious methods of preparing "genuine" and "warranted" goods.

Most people have a hazy notion that sand is put in sugar in the barbarous Eastern States, that Connecticut nutmegs are of oak, and that the pump is the adjunct of the dairy. To find out that woolens are not wool, silks not silk, white lead paint not white lead, olive oil not olive, coffee not coffee, and sauerkraut not kraut, is to be shaken to the very foundations of faith. But the comprehensiveness of the bills pending in Congress shows that every article of use and luxury in our stores is imitated and adulterated. This fraud is usually harmless so far as sudden death goes, but in most cases it works a great wrong on the consumer and sometimes endangers life. The first class of adulteration is practiced so universally as to incur little reprobation, the second is justified by the gullibility of the purchaser, and the third possibly tends to promote the survival of the fittest.

All this, however, should come to an end. The average citizen hates to be fooled. If he discovers that his Château Marquax was made in Ohio, his chagrin is pitiful; when he paints his house with a chemical which is deciduous, his pocket-book rages; and when his children grow pale and his own digestion is impaired by deleterious drugs in common foods, he rises in his might and demands redress.

While this redress is being given, California should seek her share. A few days ago a number of prominent wine-makers and vineyardists met and discussed

Congressman Bell's pure-wine law. Nothing could be more instructive than their conclusions as to its practicability: Ohio and other Eastern wine States must be placated or their influence will defeat the bill. California grapes are rich in sugar, while Ohio vintners have to add sugar to the must—an adulteration. Yet as sugar is harmless in this case, the California vinticulturists are willing to allow it, and by yielding this much hope to prevent the drugging of wines to imitate foreign vintages of fame. Probably this same compromise will have to be made in other lines. But publicity does much. Tell a man exactly what he is buying, and ten to one he will not consummate the sale. Ergo, to sell, the maker must be not only frank but honest, and every citizen becomes the protector of his own health. Opponents of pure-food legislation term it paternalism, and speak loudly of "injury to trade conditions." But the man who is dyspeptic from impure food is quite willing to try paternalism even if adulterated with a little compromise.

Now that the exclusion of Chinese labor has again become a question, the South is taking a hand against the Pacific Coast. The cotton planters and cane-growers say they must have cheap labor to replace the negroes who are drifting away from the farms into the cities. Instead of having to impress upon a rather indifferent East the urgency of our need, we must now face the very active opposition of a very influential section of country which demands at any expense the right to cheap contract labor.

"North Carolina has lost a hundred thousand workers from the fields," says D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, and suggests diverting the tide of European immigration to the South. But the suggestion of Mr. Tompkins finds no echo among his fellow-planters. They see the short and easy way to wealth. Says one in the *Atlanta Constitution*: "I have long been convinced that if it were possible for us in the South to secure Chinese labor for our fields we would, through our cotton and other money crops, bring into the South at least ten dollars for every one that comes to us under the present conditions. Experience has shown that the Chinese are the most tireless workers on the face of the globe and the best." Later, this same gentleman touches the nub of his argument: "The present immigration laws, so far as they relate to Asiatics, have been made at the dictation of politicians on the Pacific slope. Whether we will ever be able to secure their repeal it is impossible to say. They should be repealed in the interest of the development of the agricultural resources of the entire country."

A large planter of Atlanta, J. B. S. Holmes, is widely quoted in Southern papers as saying: "I think the time has now arrived when a united effort should be made by every one, in the South particularly, where we are entirely dependent on negro labor, to get Congress to admit the Chinese." Another Georgia planter asserts that the importation of one hundred thousand Chinese coolies into his State "would be of the greatest possible benefit."

Thus the Pacific Coast must fight two parties hereafter: the old one which desires easier regulations which will admit freely the merchant and the clerk; the new one which demands that the fence come down entirely. As to making the laws less stringent, fraud is rife now, and it takes all the ingenuity of the government officers to make exclusion effective. The Chinese is wily, and he can get through a very small crack. As to letting down the bars to the hordes—well, the South has had a devil of a time with the negroes, and "race war" is a favorite theme. What, with the unruly negro, the wily Chinese, and the degenerate offspring of their inevitable intermingling, the South is looking for trouble with a big spoon in the right pot. Within a very few years the Gulf States would have an enormous population of negroid Asiatics, the vilest hybrid that nature allows. And the *Argonaut* believes that this Coast, which is the first to suffer, should still dictate the policy of the United States regarding Chinese immigration. We stand on solid facts, and the South, to make an exceedingly perilous experiment, has no right to overturn the achievement of the years of dogged work.

The political importance of Judge Alton B. Parker's victory at the primaries in New York State can scarcely be overestimated. Last week the *Argonaut* pointed out that his boom was "on the grow." We said that it was "the most striking political phenomenon of the hour." Now, the movement in his direction has culminated, according to the dispatches, in the election of a sufficiently large number of delegates instructed for him to the New York State Democratic Convention, to insure his control of that body. As the unit rule will be enforced, the entire New York delegation to

THE EVENTS  
OF A WEEK  
OF WAR.

THE SOUTH  
WANTS  
CHINESE.

A BODY  
BLOW FOR  
HEARST.



St. Louis will undoubtedly be solid for Judge Parker. And, furthermore, as the New York delegation is by far the largest and vastly the most influential in the convention, the nomination of Judge Parker to the Presidency may be said now to have passed from a possibility to a probability.

And what becomes of Hearst? If, as now appears certain, New York's big delegation goes to St. Louis instructed for Parker, how can Mr. Hearst, who has been posing as New York's "favorite son," expect other States to give him their support? It would be an extraordinary—almost unprecedented—act for a national convention to nominate to the Presidency a man who was unable to secure the indorsement of his own State. And especially true is this when the State is New York State. "Any man who can carry New York" has long been the cry of Democrats all over the country. Evidently the man who comes to the convention with a solid instructed delegation from New York is the man most likely to be able to carry it in the election. The *Argonaut* has said all along that the only way Hearst would have a show would be by getting the support of Bryan and Murphy. Murphy seems now to have met defeat at the hands of that wily old politician, D. B. Hill. Bryan does not seem to be very enthusiastic for his editor-friend. Altogether, this has been a disastrous week for William Randolph Hearst.

The land on this earth to-day which is nearest like hell lies between the equator and eight degrees south latitude, and between the sixteenth and the twenty-eighth parallels.

THE SHAMEFUL  
CONDITIONS ON  
THE CONGO.

There, to-day, the greed for gold of the white man makes the lot of the black man such as to cause civilization to cry out, Shame! The Congo Free State is nominally under the control of several European nations, but Leopold of Belgium is the immediate authority. He is the most corrupt of kings. He was a brutal husband. He has made miserable the lives of his children. If he has thus brazenly defied the public opinion of Europe, what might have been expected when placed in sole control of millions of helpless blacks away from the world's eye in darkest Africa? Nothing but what has happened. The tales of shocking cruelties are now too many and too circumstantial in character longer to fail to convince the most cautious mind. That Leopold of Belgium, with his patriarchal whiskers scented and becurled, may dandle upon his knees the expensive beauties of the Paris boulevards—may pamper his senile fancies at Monto Carlo and the spas—may pile up gold in higher heaps—the natives of the Congo are beaten, enslaved, and tortured till they bring down to the river landings great loads of rubber and ivory. Only last week American missionaries called upon Secretary Hay and laid before him detailed accounts of atrocities they had been compelled to witness. They showed him photographs of children maimed and mutilated—hands and feet chopped off—because their parents failed to bring in the prescribed number of pounds of rubber. Against villages which have refused to submit to the harsh demands of Leopold's mercenaries, armed forces have been sent, and they have returned with basketsful of hands to exhibit to the officials as proof of their murderous efficiency. Scores of the women have been seized, chained together, and held in bondage in licentious camps, in order to force their male relatives back into Leopold's slave army. If Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay can find a way to make known to Leopold of Belgium what the American people think about these things, we hope and trust that they will speak out—speak out loud and quickly.

The board of health is instituting some praiseworthy reforms in the direction of pure-food laws, notably the raising of the milk standard from 3.2 to 3.5 per centage of butter fat. A poor quality of milk has been responsible in the past years for a large proportion of deaths among infants. In all large cities where this fact has been recognized, and a high standard of milk has been required, a marked decrease in infant mortality has followed. The compulsory sale of pure milk containing a good percentage of butter fat is in fact one of the great medical movements of the day. It ranks in importance with the use of anti-toxin in cases of diphtheria, and with the wiping out of widespread epidemics of typhoid common until recent years through polluted sources of water supply.

A protest by the Dairymen's Association against the new measure has been laid before the supervisors, but in a matter so vital to the health of the community, no considerations of private gain should have weight.

Another subject of moment to the city in which the health department is taking action, concerns the increase here of tuberculosis. In the month of February more deaths occurred in San Francisco from tuberculosis than from any other single disease. Doubt-

less a large proportion of these consumptives were from other sections of the country, and had sought relief in the milder climate of California. In any case, steps should be taken to prevent the further spread of the disease, and the matter is now under consideration. Stringent measures for disinfection are to be enforced, and to this end a pamphlet for general distribution has been prepared by the health department, in which regulations concerning disinfection, as well as other sanitary rules to be followed, are set forth in detail.

A plan is also on foot, in abeyance as yet through lack of funds, for an out-of-door addition to the City and County Hospital for the use of tuberculosis patients only. No large city in the country could be better adapted to such a purpose than San Francisco, with its equable climate and its long rainless summer. Such measures as these, all excellent and progressive, will, when carried out, go far toward reducing the death rate of the city to a lower figure than it has hitherto known.

Most years, the sophomores and freshmen of the University of California, on a certain day, get in a fight and break each other's noses and black each other's eyes. In college cant this fight is called a "rush." This year, owing to the pernicious activity of Professor Clarence L. Cory, the usual breach of the peace was prevented. He made a flank movement on one of the bands of rioters and, with the help of some fellow-conspirators, gently led them away from the prospective field of battle. Now, they are aggrieved—the whole student body is aggrieved. The juniors, even, have passed resolutions in which they justly declare that whereas "the chairman of the students' affairs committee [Professor Cory] illegally handcuffed other students who had committed no overt act, be it RESOLVED that the men of the junior class in no way sympathize with such arbitrary action." They have even done more than this. They have presented their just cause of complaint to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and that domineering catiff had the audacity to express surprise that they should feel themselves to have been wronged. The students say that if the president does not soon see the error of his ways they will appeal to the Board of Regents. We certainly trust they will. For our part, we hope that the regents will order President Wheeler and Professor Cory (for forcing the students of the University of California to obey the laws of California) to be handcuffed together and sent to jail.

Pending the establishment by Herbert George, president of the Citizens' Alliance in California, of an official organ in this city, we are obliged to look to *George's Weekly*, published in Denver, for authoritative news regarding the progress of his work here. Some extracts from his "editorial correspondence" will be interesting:

When we visited Stockton last week and organized a crackerjack Citizens' Alliance, we found the big Holt Manufacturing Company and several other concerns on the ragged edge of a strike based upon the recognition of the closed-shop idea. Mr. C. H. Holt, the senior member of the firm, attended our meeting, and at the close announced his Americanism, and gave notice that it would be "free labor or a free fight." The next day he turned the keys in his doors, and went to San Francisco with us to get a new crew of men. Hardly had he begun to hire men than a warrant issued from the labor courts for his arrest under the law forbidding hiring of labor "through or by means of knowingly false representations." I just think of this law and what it means. Ten blatherskites out of a crew of two hundred can form a union, declare a strike, and refuse to call it off, and keep an employer from hiring men to fill their places. The legal department of the San Francisco Alliance has taken the case in hand, and will carry it to the United States Supreme Court if necessary to prove its unconstitutionality.

Colonel Nevill, of the Rawhide Mine, near Sonora, Cal., called at the headquarters of the Citizens' Alliance in San Francisco recently, and said: "I'm in trouble and want advice." An investigation of his case revealed the presence of a lot of toughs from Telluride and Cripple Creek with W. F. of M. cards. The union owned all the peace authorities, and anarchy reigned supreme. The colonel was driven off his property, and denied the right to operate it. Further investigation brought to light that there were non-resident shareholders. In the name of one of them action was taken in the United States District Court, and a restraining order issued. The injunction, as might be expected, was disobeyed by the lawless followers of Moyer, and the courts landed them in jail. Colonel Nevill organized a Citizens' Alliance, and gave everybody a job who wished to work, and seventy per cent. of the old union men confessed they were coerced into the union, and tore up their cards, took out red cards (allied membership) in the Citizens' Alliance for protection, and now the camp is non-union and prosperous. Colonel Nevill says he is going to organize every camp in the State.

The Citizens' Alliance is the richest and best financial organization of its kind in America. It has a million in its treasury, and stands to drop in a million or two more if it becomes necessary. A big May 1st strike is on the tapis, but no serious trouble is anticipated. In the past ten days seven California cities have organized, and next month a State Federation of Citizens' Alliances will be formed. The work of organizing every city, town, and village in the State has been started, and in a year's time California will hold the record for good work.

John D. McGilroy, an ex-Democrat, and now a resident of

Palo Alto, Cal., started a Citizens' Alliance in that town two weeks ago, and now the Alliance has two members for every one that the unions can boast of. All the students and professors at the Stanford University now carry "union" cards, and the laugh is on the San Francisco "leaders" who went down to that city and "agitated" the labor unions into demanding that no one breathe fresh air or absorb sunshine without first securing a permit from the walking delegate to do so.

The business men of San Francisco have been wriggling around on their vest buttons to the "walking boss" of the unions until the pastime has ceased to be a pleasure, and now when one of the gentry makes unreasonable demands the business interests no longer salaams, but raises its clinched fist, and exclaims, "Allah! Allah!!" which, being interpreted into the language of the Missourian, means "Show Me! Show Me!!" and straightway invites him to see the executive committee of the Citizens' Alliance.

San José, Cal., is on deck with a full-grown Citizens' Alliance ready and eager to demonstrate its power and maintain law and order.

Santa Barbara, Cal., has a crackerjack alliance, and demonstrated its power in the last election by bringing the Democratic and Republican party leaders in line to try conclusions with the Hearst labor tickets. The labor ticket was snowed under. San Francisco is getting things in shape to do the same sort of thing.

The danger of an industrial struggle this spring seems to be—as the *Argonaut* has pointed out at various times during the past month—not small. Even now, strikes are on in Stockton and Sacramento, and sixteen hundred men and women are said to be "on strike" in San Francisco. In the Sacramento building trades strike, the Citizens' Alliance at first took an active part, but has since withdrawn. Commenting on its withdrawal, the *Sacramento Union* says:

In candor we must say that this organization too hurriedly entered into a contest which did not belong either to its knowledge of the immediate situation or to its general aims, as these aims were explained to many of our citizens when they were invited to enter the organization. Having made the mistake of getting into this quarrel, it was not the easiest thing to get out of it with credit; but this the Alliance has done by manfully confessing its own blunder and by putting the quarrel where it rightly belongs, in the hands of those directly interested.

In this city, the activity of the Alliance along highly legitimate and commendable lines is exhibited in its bringing of a suit against the cooks', the waiters', and the cooks' helpers' unions on the charge of conspiracy against Henry Pundt, a restaurant proprietor. If these unions have violated the law of the land they should be brought to book therefor. If Mr. Pundt is personally unable to press the prosecution, it is just and proper that citizens should assist him. Violations of law, whether by employer or employee, by laborer or capitalist, should be punished. Any body of citizens which helps to uphold the law is to that extent good.

Scientists have just as much trouble christening their laboratory progeny as have the fondest and most opinionated of parents over their pink and unscientific offspring.

The joker long ago played the variations on the mother's desire to call the boy after his rich uncle and the father's yearning to name his daughter for a former lady of his heart. But all this is within certain lines; convention protects the infant from utter demolition in the struggle; the bearer of the name does not enter upon life with his vitality exhausted by weight of nomenclature. It is different in the realms of science. Poetically speaking, the scientist is the sole parent, his profession being entirely too abstract a mother to matter much when it comes to questions about the welfare of the children. One might think that this would do away with strife and assure the weakling sciencelet a name without opposition or moil. Far from it. This unique arbiter of destiny, the laboratory magician, is unbound by any considerations of decency and sociability that bind human parents. What father would call the son whose college bills he expected to pay at some future date James Polly Jones? Or who ever heard of a Laura John Libby, or a Pat Maria O'Toole, or an Anna Reginald Binks? It isn't done that way. The nurse says, "It's a girl, Mr. Snubb," and Mr. Snubb cries "Great Scott!" and goes and pokes the newcomer in the gelatinous ribs, and mutters, "Holy smoke! and you'll have to be called Elizabeth Jane after that old frump," and goes his way rejoicing paternally. He does not compromise and term the helpless infant Thomas Elizabeth. But here comes your scientist with his latest progeny tucked under his arm in a cage, and he looks up all the long words in the dictionary, and when he finds one that will go all the way around and enough for a bow in front, he straightway claps it on the latest discovery, and there you are. Even when nature might seem to be entitled to some consideration, the scientist refuses it to her. The animal produced by crossing the *Bos taurus* (which, being interpreted, means common or garden cow) with the *Bison Americanus* is hailed of late as a new discovery of untold value. But what have they called it? "Catalo"—c-a-t, cattle, a-l-o, buffalo—cattle-buffalo, buffalo-cattle buff—yes, why not? buff cats!



## THE LOSS OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Bill's Long Search Rewarded.

A figure of haggard and bewildered inebriation came in through the swinging doors of the Seaman's Glory Saloon, and came to an unsteady halt against the bar. "I didn't leave a small tin bucket here, did I?" the new-comer asked of the bartender.

This official cast a bleared eye upon the questioner, and shook his head. "No, you aint left no such pail around here, Bill. Maybe it was at the Bowhead?"

"I just came from there," said the other, thickly. "It aint there. I do wonder now what I did with them there remains." He threw a fluttering glance at the bartender, and then dug deep into a pocket. "Lemme have some gin," he continued, more briskly.

The barkeeper set the bottle out, and watched his customer imbibe. As he put the bottle away again, he said: "Maybe you'll find 'em at Smith's. Look there?"

"That's so. I may have left them remains right there." He smiled faintly, and wavered on his legs. "By gum, I'll jest bet that's where they are. I'll go see." And with labored gait Bill departed.

"Poor chap!" said Twizzle. "That misfortune did for Bill."

"What misfortune?" I asked. "Who's Bill?"

"Bill was terrible unlucky," was the response. "Bill lost his mother-in-law."

"I don't see how that should afflict him," I retorted.

Twizzle drained his beer glass, and shook his head with an understanding look at the bartender. The latter also shook his head, and both seemed stricken with a sad and poignant memory. "It's a terrible misfortune," murmured the barkeeper.

"To think," continued Twizzle, "of what Bill has suffered every night when he goes home and his wife says, 'Bill, where's mother?' and Bill don't know. Awful!"

"Orrible!" assented the other.

"Lost his mother-in-law in a tin bucket," Twizzle went on, raising his voice.

"And set it down without ever knowin' where he left it!" exclaimed the bartender.

"Awful!" boomed Twizzle.

"Orrible!" the bartender responded.

I plucked Twizzle strongly by the sleeve. "Look here," I protested, "I'm all in the dark. Tell me how Bill lost his mother-in-law. What's all this nonsense about a tin pail?"

"It was an awful misfortune," Twizzle answered, solemnly. "It did Bill up. He aint never held his head up since."

"Since what?" I cried, in vexation.

"Since he lost his mother-in-law in a tin bucket," roared Twizzle, fiercely. "What do you suppose I mean?"

"Easy now, Sam," urged the bartender. "The gent don't know the particulars."

"I don't," said I, "and I'm anxious to learn them."

"Why didn't you say so before?" Twizzle demanded, suspiciously, "and not go a-doubting of my word?"

My protestations of credulity nearly precipitated another flurry on Twizzle's part, but the bartender came to my aid, and between us we soothed him into a narrative mood.

"Bill was my mate on the *Oom Paul*," he explained, "and he got married to a little woman living on Russian Hill here in San Francisco. Bill was terrible pleased. 'Never saw such a woman, Cap'n,' says he. 'And she and her mother run that house shipshape as you please.'

"Mother-in-law living with you? I asks.

"Bill sort of edges away. 'Of course,' says he. 'I couldn't expect Mary to live all by her lone while I'm at sea. She needs company.'

"But Bill didn't cotton to that mother-in-law the way he wanted to. She sat heavy on his digestion. He couldn't warm up the way he ought to and the way his wife thought he should. But Bill didn't say much except one day before we got into port he says, 'Cap'n, I wonder if my mother-in-law likes me.'

"Do you like her? I demands, real blunt.

"I try to do my duty," says he.

"An unpleasant duty? I suggests.

"She seems to sort of hoodoo me," he blurts out. "I'm afraid she'll be a misfortune to me yet." And which same she was. Poor Bill! he tasted what was coming.

"So things went on for voyages several. Bill he seems sad in his hosom when he thinks of his wife's ma, and speaks considerable about misfortunes. You see she was a small, black-eyed woman with ideas.

"One voyage we got back to San Francisco, and Bill leaves for Russian Hill in his best clothes. In a couple of hours he comes back. 'Can I have a couple of days off?' he inquires.

"What for? I demands.

"My wife's ma is dead," says Bill, "and I want to bury her."

"Take a week," says I real hearty, "seeing it's your mother-in-law. Do the job up well, and good luck!"

"I'm afraid," says Bill. "I'm afraid of misfortune. She never liked me."

"She can't do you dirt now," I comforts him. "Stow her away in the ground, and batten her down under a white stone."

"But she's left a will," says Bill.

"What's the difference?" I retorts. "Bury her."

"I can't," says Bill. "She left it in her will that she was to be cremated."

"Cremated!" I exclaims. "Do you mean she wants to be stuffed and put on the mantle-piece? Don't you do it, Bill."

"It's not that," says he. "She wants to be burned to ashes—cremated in an oven."

"I see," I remarks, real hearty, "and you don't fancy eating vittles cooked after her."

"No!" he yells. "I've got to take her to a crematory and burn her in a place made for that. It's a ceremony same as burying."

"Well, why don't you go ahead?" I demands, some vexed at his stupidity. "I'd burn my mother-in-law in a minute. I take it kind that your wife's ma left word to do it."

"I'd rather bury her," says Bill. "You see when she's burned, Mary wants the ashes back to keep in the house. She says it's the proper thing."

"I didn't just see what the trouble was, but as Bill was low in his mind I cheered him up as best I could, and told him to take as many days as was needful to make a good job of burning his wife's ma."

"Next day Bill turns up in the afternoon, quite solemn in black clothes. 'I want you to do me a favor,' says he.

"What is it?" I asks.

"Come with me to the cremation," he says. "Mary says she can't bear to go, and I don't want to be alone. Doesn't seem scarcely decent."

"I aint a good mourner," I says, "but I never desert a shipmate." So we trotted off to the crematory, and sat on chairs in front of a furnace while Bill's wife's ma was cremated. It was terrible gloomy, specially when the man in command came and says very solemn and blue, 'It's all over. What shall you do with the ashes?'

"She's gone," says Bill. "Poor woman! Did she leave many ashes?"

"Not many," says the man. "Will you take 'em with you?"

"That's the proper thing?" Bill demands.

"It is," says the man.

"All right," says Bill, resigned. "I thought maybe Mary was wrong, but what's proper must be done."

"So the man sweeps up the ashes and brings them out in a little pot. 'Here are the remains,' he explains.

"How'll I carry her?" asks Bill, all in a cold sweat, looking at the little pot.

"Put her in your pocket," I says.

"It don't seem decent," Bill protests. "I can't carry my wife's ma home to her in my pocket."

"So we discuss the matter, and I suggests a hearse. 'Too big,' says Bill. 'I aint going to make a joke of it hauling this little pot through San Francisco in a big wagon.'

"It all ends by us starting out with the pot in our hands very gingerly. So we goes for a few blocks, when Bill gets an idea. 'I'll buy a bucket,' says he, 'and put the pot in that. There won't be no scandal that way.'

"I was doubtful in my mind, but let it go, seeing it wasn't my funeral. We got a tin pail, stowed the remains in it, and started on. Presently Bill says, 'This is a sorrowful occasion. Let's have a drink.' So we had a drink, and Bill felt better. We had another, and Bill thought it was all for the best. We stopped in another place, and he said it was queer to think how death came to all of us. 'I thought she never would die,' he remarks, lugubriously.

"You better get home with them remains," I exhorts him.

"Looks like a lunch-pail," says he. "I must comfort Mary for the loss of her ma."

"Do," says I. "Excuse me if I quit chief mourning and go back to the ship."

"So I left him and went back to the *Oom Paul*, where I ate a dinner not so hearty as usual for thinking of a tin bucket with a mother-in-law in it. I was smoking my pipe afterwards when in comes Bill, all flustered.

"What's the matter?" I demands, for he looked terrible upset.

"I've lost her," he retorts.

"Lost who?" I inquires.

"My mother-in-law," says he. "She's around somewhere in a tin bucket."

"Come to find out Bill had been terrible low after I left him, and stopped several times for drinks. When he gets home he's some exalted. 'Where's ma's remains?' demands his wife.

"Then Bill was up against it, and can't explain. 'How could I?' he demands, tearful, 'when I'd left the old woman sitting on some bar?'

"You couldn't," I answers. "But haven't you found her?"

"No he bawls. 'She aint nowhere to be found. I knew she'd bring me bad luck.' And he aint to be consoled."

Twizzle heaved his huge shoulders in commiseration. "You saw him just now? Well, Bill's been hunting that tin pail with them remains in all these years. Of course, every bar he goes into to inquire he takes a drink. When he said that old woman would bring him misfortune, he was right. He aint been sober since that funeral, if so you might call it. Poor Bill! He was a good seaman, too. But marriage undid him. They say his wife takes on awful."

"Do you mean to say," I remarked, "that you've let

that man go to the dogs just because of his mother-in-law's remains being lost in a tin bucket?"

Twizzle looked at me with renewed suspicion. "What of it?" he demanded.

I took him to one side and spoke in his ear. A grin overspread his heavy visage, and the bartender was called into consultation. "It's a scheme," said the latter, genially.

Twizzle swore with vociferous jubilation. "If there's anything I cherish," he said, booming, "it's the thought of fooling that ma of Bill's wife."

Two weeks later I went down to see Twizzle off for Shanghai. He introduced me to his mate, a somewhat pinched-looking seaman. "Bill's been suffering from the loss of his mother-in-law," Twizzle explained.

"I hope it's all right," I said.

The captain of the *Oom Paul* took me into his cabin. "He found her in a tin pail in the Bowhead," he told me with prodigious solemnity, "just where he lost her."

"Funny he shouldn't have found it before," I remarked.

"You never can tell what a mother-in-law will do," was the response. "But them ashes looked wonderful natural."

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1904.

## EASTER VERSE.

A California Easter.

Lilies, great masses all in dazzling white,  
Sprays of the palm, the poppy's saffron glow,  
Myriads of tapers with their golden light,  
The radiance of a summer afterglow.

And joy in nature where the bounding life  
Leaps in its full, new, lusty youth and gay,  
Joy in my spirit for the close of strife,  
As ringing anthems peal for Easter day.  
—Austin Lewis in *Overland Monthly*.

## Easter Day.

The silver trumpets rang across the Dome;  
The people knelt upon the ground with awe:  
And horne upon the necks of men I saw,  
Like some great God, the Holy Lord of Rome.  
Priest-like, he wore a robe more white than foam,  
And, king-like, swathed himself in royal red,  
Three crowns of gold rose high upon his head:  
In splendor and in light the Pope passed home.  
My heart stole back across wide wastes of years  
To One who wandered by a lonely sea;  
And sought in vain for any place of rest:  
"Foxes have holes, and every bird its nest,  
I, only I, must wander wearily,  
And bruise my feet, and drink wine salt with tears."  
—O. W.

## The Battlefield.

A desert place where grew no kindly herb;  
A waste of sand where splintered rocks lay dead,  
Where rivulets flowed not, nor flowers swayed—  
And smiting rays fell from the sun o'erhead.

One lonely figure robed in ashen gray,  
Whose patient eyes saw nothing, seeing all;  
Nor marked the shadows' slow-revolving course,  
The flush of dawn, the purple darkness' fall.

There rode no hosts led on by warrior kings;  
No trumpets sang; there waved no banners gay;  
No fierce assaults nor routed quick retreats,  
But silent hours wore out the night, the day.

Alone against a world the leader stood—  
Alone where ages met the parting ways,  
To guide aright whoever seeks the light,  
To shame from wrong with level loving gaze.

There was the hattle waged, the victory won,  
That conquered conquerors, that high above  
All greatness, glory, power, and all law  
Forever fixed the empery of love.

There triumphed He, our conqueror and king,  
Who won for us, and made all earth His prize;  
Who gave His life for victory over death,  
Who fell that mankind evermore should rise.  
—Tudor Jenks in *Century*.

There have been several one-cent claims against the government. One was by the Southern Pacific, which submitted a bill of five dollars and twenty-nine cents for hauling government freight. It was a bond-aided road, only part of its bills against the government being paid in cash, the rest going to the railroad's credit on the bond. In this case its credit was five dollars and twenty-eight cents, and its cash one cent. Another government obligation of a single cent was in favor of a chemical company, which, for some unexplained reason, agreed, in a public competition, to supply sixteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-two pounds of ethyl ether for one cent. The offer was accepted. There were nine signatures, one that of a rear-admiral, on the paper relating to the establishment of this claim, and the warrant for payment had to be signed by several people.

W. E. Baker, a clerk in the office of the quartermaster at Fort Sheridan, has been dismissed by the Secretary of War because he refused to obey his superior officer's order to spell "routing" with an "e." Baker said it was a matter of conscience to spell the word right. Brigadier-General Fred D. Grant, the commander of the Department of the Lakes, approves the dismissal of Baker, saying that he was given a legitimate order and was guilty of insubordination when he refused to obey it.

The size of this country, and the diversity of its climate, is demonstrated by the fact that in New York snow is on the ground, in Texas farmers are planting corn, and from California oranges and lemons are being shipped by the carload.



## MEXICO TO-DAY.

Will the Jesuits Return to Power?—Queer Religious Conditions—  
 Señora Diaz's Influence—Diaz to Be Re-Elected—Vast American Interests—Mexicans Fear Our Power.

A review of the late United States newspapers, in so far as they comment upon Mexico and things Mexican, indicates the prevailing American opinion that (1) revolution or political trouble of some sort is bound to follow the proposed retirement of President Diaz; (2) that the country is going back to the Jesuits, and in so doing, the reform work of Juarez will be brought to naught; moreover, that the presence in Mexico at this time of an apostolic delegate means the more or less speedy amalgamation of church and state.

The writer remembers very vividly when Pope Leo sent a similar papal delegate to this country, about eight years ago. At that time, these same rumors were afloat. But at that time the ecclesiastical authorities avoided all public demonstrations of welcome. But (and this is somewhat significant) when the present delegate arrived, a week or two ago, a jubilant assembly of people were there to see and welcome the Pope's envoy, Mgr. Serafini. So, even though it has always been protested that Pope Leo's envoy did nothing in regard to reestablishing cordial relations between Mexico and the Vatican, it does at least seem as though he, or some one else, paved the way for the present envoy of Pope Pius.

Against this show of joy over the Pope's delegate, however, is the fact that the president summarily removed from his chair a prominent professor, José M. Gamboa, the latter gentleman having spoken not wisely but too well in opposition of reform education. So one is apt to deduce that Mexico is not entirely ready, at this time, to restore confiscated property to the church, and otherwise do away with reform laws.

Nevertheless, it is both far-fetched and untrue to say that the Jesuits have not pretty strong sway in Mexico, though a great deal of it is not advertised in public places. For example, those of us who have been in this country during the past fifteen years know that more than one old "deserted" monastery has been patched up, made habitable, and unassuming little schools for boys established.

Another thing: the reform laws broke up the nunneries. They were not allowed to exist. Even so, the writer had an experience about seven years ago that proved very conclusively that at least one nunnery existed in Mexico. The experience occurred in a small and remote Mexican town. There is a deserted monastery there, also a deserted nunnery. The parish priest in this town was Father —, an Italian; a charming and lovable old man, for many years a friend of the writer's. Well, two of us were peacefully reading in the nuns' garden, very early one morning, when something made us look up. Imagine our surprise and dismay to view a procession of nuns wending their way through an upper corridor. It was as bad as finding an illicit still in the moonshine mountains. We knew enough to keep quiet, but unfortunately the nuns themselves had caught a glimpse of us. Later, we explored that nunnery from dome to dungeon, but there was not a trace anywhere of nuns, or any other occupants. However, Father — sought us out before night. Said he: "My dear young friends, you stumbled upon something not meant for you this morning. And I must ask you, in return for the slight courtesies that I have been able to extend you, not to mention this matter at the present time to any one." Nor did we ever do so; this is the first and only time that it has ever been alluded to.

It has always been contested that President Diaz turned down the Jesuits on all possible occasions; he certainly knows enough about their former practices in this country to have no love for them. But that charming lady, Señora Diaz, is a very ardent church-woman, and perhaps this fact has melted and softened the *presidente* to the extent of indulging the clergy just a little.

Once, during fifteen years in Mexico, I encountered one priest who refused to off cassock and on with trousers. It happened on a Ward liner, from Havana to the Mexican Coast, and I think that the purser on that vessel will also remember the incident. At the captain's table, just opposite the writer, there sat a most agreeable, cassocked priest—I think, Italian. He was going to the City of Mexico, via Vera Cruz. Well, when we touched Vera Cruz, the little padre told us all a cheery good-by, tucked up his cassock, and proceeded joyfully down the ladder to the waiting boat that carried passengers off to shore. What was our astonishment to see him shortly returning, very wrathful. If he hadn't been a priest, he certainly would have sworn frightfully. The purser had no such limitations; almost blue in the face, he came aft to us. "What do you think has happened?" he sputtered; "those damned officials on shore won't let him land on Mexican soil unless he takes off that dress, or whatever you call it, and puts on pants! And he says he will be damned before he does it." Nor would he. The captain expostulated; the passengers argued; the purser entreated, almost with tears, but put on trousers the padre would not. It finally ended by his taking an extra passage on up to Tampico, where he hoped that he could quietly land, still in his cassock. But no such thing—the customs people refused to let a frocked priest put foot on Mexican soil. This time the padre did use words—he said it was a Latin prayer, but some

of us remembered enough Latin to know better. But the blood of the *auto-da-fe* time was in that priest's veins, for he never did land. The last we saw of him, he was sitting sorrowfully on deck, still in his beloved cassock, and he was going to stick to the ship until she reached New York. There, as he announced with some emphasis, he intended to take boat for France, Switzerland, or some other free republic.

In fact, the whole church question in Mexico strikes the Anglo-Saxon as being more ludicrous than anything else, and one wonders at the great American papers placing so much stress on the Jesuits' return to power in Mexico. They do not seem to realize that the Jesuits were never entirely put out of Mexico, reform law or no reform law. Simply their abuses were stopped, and will never be allowed to start up again as they were. The Mexico of to-day, with her great foreign population, new mode of thought, and American-controlled railways and industries, can never again be the helpless prey to superstition that she was fifty years ago. Even if the new Pope sends apostolic delegates every other day, the old *régime* will never regain its sway. The day of church abuses in Mexico is over and gone never to return.

The matter of politics, however, is a very different one. It is, moreover, a matter on which no foreigner can speak positively, no matter how well he may know the country and the men in power. Only last year the writer asked certain questions of a friend—who is very close to the president—in the endeavor to find out what particular statesman had the best chance to succeed Diaz. My friend, whose English is perfect, shrugged his shoulders. "You can search me," was his classic reply. "My friend, no one knows who will succeed Don Porfirio; he doesn't know himself—I doubt if even the Virgin knows." This latter, I thought extremely likely.

This summer, before his seventy-fourth birthday, President Diaz will be elected, for the sixth time, to the presidency of Mexico. Mena, Limantour, Corral, Mariscal, and several other able Mexicans are mentioned for the vice-presidency, and presumably any one of them will make an able officer. Then, having coached his second, the president will probably ask a few months' leave of absence, and fulfill his long-expressed intention of traveling. In this way the change will be quietly brought about, and Diaz will thus win his well-deserved rest from presidential cares. No one who really knows anything about existing conditions in Mexico anticipates any trouble of any nature whatsoever—why should there be any?

One point is assured: that, if there should be revolution or trouble of any sort, *American interests and American prestige in Mexico will not be injured by so much as the laying on of a finger!* In fact, the Mexicans live in terror of anything arising to give the United States a chance of performing the "protection act" for which she is so justly famous. They are doubly nervous about this now that the Panama Canal has been decided upon; and, even if they do love and trust us (as so many American-Mexican newspapers insist), they can not view with any great amount of pleasure our acquiring of territory to the north, south, and east of them. At present, the United States has Mexico hemmed in on all sides. How easy it would be, in case of an excuse being given her, to step over any of those boundaries and gently fan Mexico into the fold.

Diaz (the wisest statesman of the time, bar none), has been forestalling this for years and years. He has gone out of his way to grant Americans concessions, presumably with the idea of so welding Mexican-American interests that, at the proper time, the United States would really protect Mexico instead of absorbing her.

No one who has not seen Mexico's growth during the last twenty years or so can for a moment realize how largely, surprisingly, this country is American. The railways are owned (all but three unimportant ones) by Americans; the great enterprises are American; American capital, to a tremendous extent, is invested in the great smelters of Mexico, in the factories, mines, ranches, tropical plantations—as an indignant Mexican once said: "One is afraid to step for fear of treading on an Americano."

How many Americans realize the enormous holdings of their own country in Mexico—holdings that amount to almost \$600,000,000 gold? One-half of this great sum (I suppose the largest that the United States has invested in any foreign land) has come into Mexico within the last five years. Kansas City alone has Mexican holdings amounting to \$50,000,000, and it is estimated that New York controls six or seven times this amount.

All these things being so, there are many Americans in Mexico who view the ideas of a revolution with great favor, and who recall with much complacency the fact that the United States could throw troops into Mexico—in case of American interests being prejudiced—at very short notice, particularly in view of the fact that the Mexican Central Railway is American-controlled. Personally, however, one would be rather sorry to see this; it wouldn't look nice, after our actions in regard to the French invasion in 1864. And then, besides, one gets better concessions under the Mexican laws than one would under the sway of stern Tio Samuel.

In conclusion: whatever the political future of Mexico may be—whether under Limantour, Reyes, Mena, Terrazas, Corral—there are at least two things sure. One is that the church will not be allowed to

usurp the power that she once had; the policy of Diaz will continue.

Another, and still more important fact is, that American interests will never suffer. For the Mexicans know (it is the ghost that will never down, with them) that if ever American troops come into this country again, they will come to stay. One does not admire Roosevelt, but he at least has done one good thing for the United States: made it feared abroad. Few and far between are the nations, including Mexico, who really desire to tread on the tail of America's coat.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 25, 1904. INNOMINATO.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William R. Hearst has announced that, contrary to his intention, there is no likelihood that he will start a newspaper in St. Louis for some time to come.

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor James H. Tillman, recently acquitted of murder for the killing of Editor N. G. Gonzales, of Columbia, S. C., has announced his candidacy for Congress.

Patti's total receipts for her tour, now ended, are said to have been two hundred thousand dollars for forty concerts, leaving her manager probably twenty-five thousand dollars out of pocket. She canceled ten engagements en route, and left unvisited the South, where she was to have given ten more concerts.

Samuel Parks, the most noted walking delegate in the country, who was convicted of extortion and sentenced to twenty-seven months in prison, is dying in the hospital in Sing Sing Prison. Dr. Robert T. Irvine, the prison physician, says his trouble is incurable, and for thirty days he has been on a rapid decline. His death may come any day.

Hiram S. Cronk, the only surviving pensioner of the War of 1812, will be one hundred and four years old April 19th. He has good health for a man of such age, and his faculties are as keen as those of many people only half his years. Until two years ago the venerable pensioner drew only twelve dollars a month, but Congress has increased his pension to twenty-five dollars a month.

President Eliot, of Harvard—the oldest college president in the country—celebrated his seventieth birthday last week. Now, as always, Dr. Eliot does the work of more than an ordinary man. He seems not to feel his age in the slightest degree. He gets up early, lives simply, and evidently enjoys the strenuous life he leads. Frequently before breakfast he takes a long ride on his bicycle. Dr. Eliot has served thirty-five years as president of Harvard, and has passed by ten years the age when college presidents usually are expected to retire from office.

Grover Cleveland, to whom so many eyes are turning these days during the discussion of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, was sixty-seven years old a week ago Friday. "It must be evident to any one who sees my life here," he is reported as having said, "that this is what I love. Any one, I should think, who sees my home life and how deep and entire is my satisfaction in my present surroundings, must wonder how any one, surrounded as I am with all that a man cares the most for, could even consider giving it up for any honors, however great."

No man who has filled the office of Vice-President has been elected to the highest place since Van Buren. Since Jackson's time, only three Presidents have been reelected—Lincoln, Grant, and McKinley—and only one, Grant, has served two full successive terms. Andrew Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt are the only Vice-Presidents who have succeeded reelected Presidents. If Mr. Roosevelt shall be elected this fall, he will be the first Vice-President to succeed to the first office after filling out the unexpired term of a dead President; he will be the first man ever elected by the Republican party from east of the Alleghany Mountains; and he will overturn a rule unbroken since 1836. If he shall be defeated he will become an ex-President—a younger man than General Grant was when he entered upon his duties as President, the youngest man ever elected to that office—at the age of forty-six years.

"In the days before the flood," says the *Sun*, "George, Duke of Cambridge, who died on March 17th, was in his proper place as commander-in-chief of the British army. Closely related to the sovereign, a fair routine soldier, tenacious of tradition, with a bluff heartiness that saved him from unpopularity with soldiers and people, he suited the British public in the days when it looked on the army as a matter of bear-skin caps and red coats and brass bands, and when little wars with black men and yellow men were easily settled. The British knew that he was brave, and meant well and could make a good after-dinner speech, and in the forty years of his command he was never required to take serious action. That he was a strong factor in the prevention of needed reforms every one knew. He stood by the red tape of the war office, and the war office backed him up. The outcome was the South African disaster and the clean broom that promises to sweep out the circumlocution office bodily. But that will be forgiven and forgotten of the old duke. People will remember him as Queen Victoria's loyal cousin, or, with a smile, as John Leach drew him, or reviewing the troops in field-marshal's uniform, holding his gamp over it for protection."



## THE CAREER OF HENRY VILLARD.

Notable Memoirs of the Journalist and Railway Builder—Anecdotes of Lincoln, Douglas, and Greeley—Building the Northern Pacific—The Famous "Blind Pool."

Train-hand, farm-hand, law-student, press-correspondent, book-agent, journalist, financier, railway-builder, millionaire, bankrupt, and again a millionaire—this list in part outlines the vicissitudinous career of Henry Villard, whose autobiography in two volumes is now published under the title "Memoirs of Henry Villard: Journalist and Financier." And a most interesting two volumes they are.

Singularly enough, Villard was an assumed name. When the boy who was to become famous landed at eighteen in New York, he answered to the name of Heinrich Hilgard. He was utterly destitute of money. He had but a limited supply of wearing apparel. He did not know a single person in New York or elsewhere in the Eastern States to whom he could apply for help. To crown all, he could not speak a word of English. But even then a trace of financial genius was apparent—he succeeded in borrowing twenty dollars from a casual acquaintance. "As my weekly board-hill was to be only five dollars," writes Villard; "I felt quite relieved from immediate anxiety and sufficiently at ease in mind to look the future straight in the face." Leaving New York, the future railway magnate made his way to Philadelphia, and thence westward. "At that time (1853)," he notes, "the passage of the Alleghany Mountains was still made, on what is now the main line of the Pennsylvania, by means of stationary engines, placed at intervals in the mountains, from which one car after another was pulled up by means of wire ropes." Cincinnati he found even then laid claim to the title of Queen City of the West, and seemed to deserve it. It had already over two hundred thousand inhabitants. There it was that he had his first experiences as a railway man as part of the crew of a wood-train on the Indianapolis and Madison Railway. But he kept his face turned to the West, and finally reached Chicago, and put up at a cheap lodging-house while doing odd jobs. One morning, when Villard came down from his sleeping-room, he relates, the landlord sang out to him: "Here is some important news for you," and pointed to an advertisement in the *Zeitung*. It was an urgent request to him to send his address immediately to his relatives in Belleville, Ill. This he did, and something of a reconciliation with them took place. He went to Belleville, and lived there on the farm of his uncle for a time. "I helped feed the horses, cattle, and swine," he writes; "I chopped, sawed, and hauled wood. After snowfalls, I cleared paths all over the place. I assisted in shelling corn, threshing wheat, and even in the annual killing of fat hogs."

But his ambition remained with him; he wrote some articles for the German papers, which, to his great delight, were accepted. Finally he determined to study law and to master English, with which, up to that time, he had a very imperfect acquaintance. In this he had able assistance:

The landlord's handsome daughter and two other young ladies constituted the greatest female attractions of the place. The former was very bright in conversation, and took particular pains to help me along in English, so that my calls on her were as good as lessons for me.

During this period of his life Villard got a glimpse of Western judicial machinery, and gives his book this vivid picture of a term of the circuit court held during a very hot spell in June:

The judge presided without his coat and with unbuttoned shirt thrown wide open. He sat thus disarrayed, tipped back in his arm-chair, with his legs on the desk before him. The attorneys naturally followed his example, and made themselves as cool as possible. One marked incident has remained fixed in my mind. While one of the most loquacious attorneys was making a fiery argument, he was interrupted by the judge, who called out to him: "Jim, you had better keep cool in this hot weather and give me a bite of your tobacco." The pleader stopped, pulled out his plug, and carried it to the judge, who took a hasty bite, whereupon the proceedings were resumed.

About this time Villard had a chance to see Stephen A. Douglas, even then dubbed "the Little Giant." He describes him thus:

He was very small, not over four and a half feet high, and there was a noticeable disproportion between the long trunk of his body and his short legs. His chest was broad and indicated great strength of lungs. It took but a glance at his face and head to convince me that they belonged to no ordinary man. No beard hid any part of his remarkable, swarthy features. His mouth, nose, and chin were all large and clearly expressive of much boldness and power of will. The broad, high forehead proclaimed itself the shield of a great brain. The head, covered with an abundance of flowing black hair, just beginning to show a tinge of gray, impressed one with its majesty and lofty expression. His brows were shaggy, his eyes a brilliant black. He glanced at the letters I handed to him, and, asked, with his deep, sonorous voice, that never failed to tell upon popular audiences, what he could do for me.

Soon trine of the law, Villard conceived the idea (as many other men have before and since) that there was a fortune in the book-agent business. He traveled over the whole North-West for a cyclopedia of literature, and quit poorer than he began. Then he ran a country newspaper for awhile, and failed at that, too. The paper when he bought it was Democratic, he made it Republican, and when he failed it went back to its old proprietor, who, however, after all that switching about, could no longer make it go. "Twenty-four years later, when, at the height of my prosperity," writes Villard, "I received a letter from this person saying that he had been ruined by relieving me of the paper, and asking for some recognition on my part. I sent him a check for one thousand dollars."

*Cacoches scribendi* was now strong with the ardent young German, and he went to New York, seeking work as a journalist. He failed, at first, and was in sore straits, finally being obliged, as he frankly says, "to put up in a German boarding-house in Jersey City, and to appeal for help to a former female servant of my parents, whom I accidentally found to be living there." A little later his chance came, and he was sent to report the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Of Lincoln, at that time, he says:

As far as all external conditions were concerned, there was nothing in favor of Lincoln. He had a lean, lank, indescribably gawky figure, an odd-featured, wrinkled, inexpressive, and altogether uncomely face. He used singularly awkward almost absurd, up-and-down and sidewise movements of his body to give emphasis to his arguments. His voice was naturally good, but he frequently raised it to an unnatural pitch. Yet the unprejudiced mind felt at once that, while there was on the one side a skillful dialectician and debater arguing a wrong and weak cause, there was on the other a thoroughly earnest and truthful man, inspired by sound convictions in consonance with the true spirit of American institutions. There was nothing in all Douglas's powerful effort that appealed to the higher instincts of human nature, while Lincoln always touched sympathetic chords. Lincoln's speech excited and sustained the enthusiasm of his audience to the end. When he had finished, two stalwart young farmers rushed on the platform, and, in spite of his remonstrances, seized and put him on their shoulders, and carried him in that uncomfortable posture for a considerable distance. It was really a ludicrous sight to see the grotesque figure holding frantically on to the heads of his supporters, with his legs dangling from their shoulders, and his pantaloons pulled up so as to expose his underwear almost to his knees.

Here is another anecdote of Lincoln:

He and I met accidentally, about nine o'clock, on a hot, sultry evening, at a flag railway station, about twenty miles west of Springfield, on my return from a great meeting at Petersburg in Menard County. He had been driven to the station in a buggy, and left there alone. I was already there. The train that we intended to take for Springfield was about due. After vainly waiting for half an hour for its arrival, a thunderstorm compelled us to take refuge in an empty freight-car standing on a side track, there being no buildings of any sort at the station. We squatted down on the floor of the car and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State legislature. "Since then, of course," he said, laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me into this business (meaning the canvass). I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued, "with another of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary [his wife] insists, however, that I am going to be senator and President of the United States, too." These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. "Just think," he exclaimed, "of such a sucker as me as President!"

He then fell to asking questions regarding my antecedents, and expressed some surprise at my fluent use of English after so short a residence in the United States. Next he wanted to know whether it was true that most of the educated people in Germany were "infidels." I answered that they were not openly professed infidels, but such a conclusion might be drawn from the fact that most of them were not church-goers. "I do not wonder at that," he rejoined; "my own inclination is that way."

After the Lincoln-Douglas campaign, Villard joined the great Pike's Peak gold rush, spending two years in Colorado. He thus describes his arrival at Cherry Creek:

We brought a mail of several hundred letters and newspapers, the announcement of which fact drew three cheers for the express company. It was a great boon, the last news from the Missouri River being nearly five weeks old. Of course, I was the centre of attraction and overwhelmed with questions. Some one proposed that I should tell the news from the "States" to them all, and I was made to mount a log and entertain the audience for half an hour with what had happened during the four weeks before my departure, for which I got a vote of thanks, and which secured me at once the good will of all the settlers.

Some time after Villard's arrival in Colorado, a notable event occurred in the arrival of Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the New York *Tribune*, accompanied by Albert D. Richardson, a well-known correspondent of the Boston *Journal*:

They came in one of the express stages, and had met with a singular and perilous accident. In driving through a herd of buffaloes, the animals, probably maddened at the sight of the red color of the coach, had attacked and upset it. Greeley had received a severe cut below his right knee, crippling him for several weeks, and both journalists were bruised all over.

Greeley, being confined to his rooms in the hotel by his wounds, was greatly disturbed by the sound of revelry by night that rose unceasingly from the bar-room. Villard writes:

His wrath culminated on the third night of his tortures. I was fortunate enough to be with him, and thus became an eye and ear witness of what happened. About ten o'clock he got up and insisted on limping to the bar-room. His appearance, though his presence in the building was generally known, created surprise and instant silence. He begged for a chair, and, "Friends," said he, "I have been in pain and without sleep for almost a week, and I am well-nigh worn out. Now I am a guest at this hotel, I pay a high price for my board and lodging, and I am entitled to rest during the night. But how can I get it with all this noise going on in this place?" Then he addressed one of the most pathetic appeals I ever heard to those around him to abandon their vicious ways and become sober and industrious. He spoke for nearly an hour, and was listened to with rapt interest and the most perfect respect. He succeeded, too, in his object. The gambling stopped, and the bar was closed every night at eleven o'clock as long as he remained.

Here is Villard's account of Greeley's misadventure in crossing a swift stream mule-back. The stream was deeper than he thought it:

Alarmed by the sudden immersion of his mule, he had first raised his legs in order to avoid getting wet. This movement made him lose his balance, and, to steady himself, he threw his arms around the animal's neck. The mule did not like the embrace, and commenced struggling against it and taking his rider down stream. I took in the situation on reaching the other side, galloped down the creek, and, reëntering it, managed to seize Greeley's bridle and pull him along the bank. The rider's face bore an indescribable expression of fear mingled with mirth at himself. As he came up on the bank,

dripping all over, a number of gold-seekers, who had watched us, gave him three rousing cheers, which brought back the characteristic smile to his countenance.

On Villard's return from Pike's Peak, he attended the convention at Chicago which nominated Lincoln, but he was not pleased thereat. For he says:

It seemed to me incomprehensible and outrageous that the uncouth common Illinois politician, whose only experience in public life had been service as a member of the State legislature and in Congress for one term, should carry the day over the eminent and tried statesman, the foremost figure, indeed, in the country.

Mr. Villard's picture of Mrs. Lincoln is not a flattering one:

Not a little was added to his trials by the early manifestation of the inordinate greed, coupled with an utter lack of sense of propriety, on the part of Mrs. Lincoln, whose local reputation had repressed in me all desire to know her. I could not, however, avoid making her acquaintance toward the end of my stay in Springfield and subsequently saw much of her in Washington. How the politicians found out Mrs. Lincoln's weakness, I do not know, but it is a sorry fact that she allowed herself to be persuaded, at an early date, to accept presents for the use of her influence with her husband in support of the aspirations of office-seekers.

When the war broke out, Villard was called to New York to consult with the elder Bennett, editor of the *Herold*, whom he thus describes:

When his fine, tall, and slender figure, large intellectual head covered with an abundance of light curly hair, and strong regular features, his exterior would have been impressive but for his strabismus, which gave him a sinister, forbidding look. Intercourse with him, indeed, quickly revealed his hard, cold, utterly selfish nature and incapacity to appreciate high and noble aims.

During the whole Civil War, Mr. Villard served various newspapers in the field. In his book, the chapters relating to the war period are nearly one-half of the whole, Mr. Villard having supplemented what he himself saw with the study of the official records. He describes Bull Run; he was in the first Kentucky campaign; he was with Buell at Shiloh and Corinth, and with the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg. He describes and discusses Generals Burnside, Rosecrans, Hooker, Garfield, Nelson, Thomas, Grant, Buell, Halleck, and Sherman. This part of the book is of high interest; but, since space is limited, we forebear from quoting from these chapters, and turn instead to Villard's subsequent spectacular career. For five years, he pursued his profession as journalist, spending much time abroad. In 1870, he was induced by some German capitalists to look after their interests in this country, principally in railways, and thus, finally, he became in time member of a committee of stockholders of the Oregon and California Railway Company, president of the company, and receiver of the Kansas Pacific. It is interesting to note that the steamer *Columbia*, which was the finest in every respect that had then left the yards of the shipbuilder, John Roach, was one of the first to be equipped with electric lights. Mr. Villard, having become interested in the incandescent electric lighting, as perfected by Edison, insisted upon having the *Columbia* provided with it. Roach was strongly opposed at first to the innovation, but yielded, and the first electric plant ever placed on a sea-going vessel went into the new boat and gave perfect satisfaction. The novel illumination was also objected to, strange as it may now seem, by the marine underwriters.

One of Villard's great feats was the capture of the control of the Northern Pacific with a "blind pool." His method was as follows:

He issued a confidential circular to about fifty persons, informing them that they were desired to subscribe toward a fund of eight millions of dollars, to which he himself would contribute a large part, in order to enable him to lay the foundation of a certain enterprise, the exact nature of which he would disclose on or before May 15, 1881. Payments were to be made in three installments. The effect of the circular was astonishing. The very novelty and mystery of the proposition proved to be an irresistible attraction. One-third of the persons and firms appealed to signed the full amount asked for before the subscription paper could reach the other two-thirds. Then a regular rush for the privilege of subscribing ensued, and, within twenty-four hours of the issue of the circular, more than twice the amount offered was applied for. The allotments were made as fairly as possible, but hardly one of the subscribers was satisfied with the amount allowed them. All wanted more, and Mr. Villard's offices were crowded with persons pleading for larger participations, including some of the first bankers of New York, of whom several protested angrily when refused. The subscriptions commanded twenty-five per cent. premium at once, which rose to forty and fifty per cent.; in other words, people were willing to pay fifteen hundred dollars for every thousand they were permitted to contribute.

Shortly after gaining control Mr. Villard put all his energies into an achievement, the like of which had never before been attempted in the civilized world—nothing less than the completion of not far from two thousand miles of new road in two years, or nearly three miles a day, including scores of miles of tunnels, bridges, and trestles. No man in this country, indeed, had ever before at one time had supreme charge of such gigantic operations, extending from the Upper Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and from Puget Sound to the northern boundaries of California.

He succeeded in building the road, but financially the company collapsed:

His fate was certainly tragic. Within a few years he had risen from entire obscurity to the enviable position of one of the leaders of the material progress of our age. But a few months before he had reached the pinnacle of contemporaneous fame, and received on his transcontinental journey such homage as few men have ever received in this country. But his fall from might to helplessness, from wealth to poverty, from public admiration to wide condemnation, was far more rapid than his rise, and his brief career was everywhere used to point a moral.

The volumes are handsomely bound and illustrated with several portraits.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$5.00 net.



## SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

## A Picturesque Figure Gone—A Poet's Romantic Career—His Marital Adventures—The Rank of "The Light of Asia."

There were few more picturesque figures among English men of letters of the last quarter-century than Sir Edwin Arnold. Something of the glamour of the East, which he introduced to thousands of Occidental readers, attached itself to his personality. And there is that which kindles the imagination in the thought of an over-worked editorial writer on a London paper writing the English epic of Buddhism. Then, too, Arnold's love-affairs were rather picturesque and romantic. He married first an English clergyman's daughter. His second wife, Miss Fanny Channing, an American girl, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Channing, of Boston, he is said to have met while she was copying a painting in a British museum, and to have straightway fallen in love with her. He prepared the English-speaking world for his third marriage to Tama Kurokawa, of Sendai, Japan, by sending forth, the year before, a play in four acts, entitled "Adzuma; or, the Japanese Wife," in which he celebrated the beauty and virtue of the women of Dai Nippon. This lady he had previously sent to England to be educated, and it was there he married her. She is said to be slender and statuesque, and to speak English perfectly. She was the widow of a Japanese lieutenant. When in Japan, Arnold adopted Japanese dress and manners. He leaves, besides his wife, six children.

Of course, Sir Edwin Arnold's greatest, as well as best-known, work is "The Light of Asia," which appeared in 1879. It passed through sixty editions in Great Britain, and has passed through eighty in the United States. Thousands of people in the Occident have, through Arnold, got a vivid, though perhaps superficial, glimpse of the meaning and mystery of the religion of Buddha. Yet the critical world has never—will never—grant that "The Light of Asia," despite its vast influence on modern thought, is a poem of high order. In the phrase of Stoddard, Arnold won "popularity among the many rather than reputation among the few." And it was perhaps because the poem came at a psychological moment, and was the conveyor of ideas new and startling, rather than because it had high intrinsic merit, that it won the attention of the world. All of Arnold's poetry is marred by bad rhymes and careless metres. He was emphatically not a poet for poets. Yet there are fine lines scattered through all his many books—for example, these in "The Light of Asia":

"The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts and bells,  
That chime like laughter round their restless feet."

And this lyric in the third book:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
Which mourn for rest and rest can never find;  
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye can not know,  
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;

We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,  
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?"

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?  
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;  
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things  
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

"O Mayá's son! because we roam the earth  
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,  
So many woes we see in many lands,  
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

"Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,  
This life they cling to is hut empty show;  
'Twere all as well to hid a cloud to stand,  
Or hold a running river with the hand.

"But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!  
The sad world waiteth in its misery,  
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;  
Rise, Mayá's child! wake! slumber not again!

"We are the voices of the wandering wind:  
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;  
Leave love for love of lovers, for wo's sake  
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

"So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,  
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;  
So say we, mocking, as we pass away,  
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play."

A queer fact about Arnold's greatest poem is that, as all students of Buddhism know, he willfully perverted one passage in the story of Buddha's life. In "The Light of Asia," on the night of Prince Siddārtha's departure from his lordly pleasure-house, he bids farewell with a heavy heart to "the lovely garden of his Indian girls," whom Arnold describes with rich imagery:

"All the chosen ones  
Of Prince Siddārtha's pleasure-home were there,  
The brightest and most faithful of the court,  
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,  
That thou hadst said: 'This is the pearl of all!'  
Save that beside her or beyond her lay  
Fairer and fairer, till the pleased gaze  
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams  
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith's  
work,  
Caught by each color till the next is seen.  
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown  
limbs

Part bidden, part revealed; their glossy hair  
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing  
loose  
In black waves down the shapely nape and  
neck.  
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,  
They slept, no wearier than jeweled birds  
Which sing and love all day, then under wing  
Fold head till morn hids sing and love  
again. . . .

"Here one lay full length,  
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings  
The little fingers still all interlaced  
As when the last notes of her life-song played.  
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.  
Another slumbered folding in her arms  
A desert-antelope, its slender head  
Buried with back-sloped horns between her  
breasts  
Soft nestling; it was eating—when both  
drowsed—  
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held  
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled  
Between the deer's lips."

But in the Sanscrit this passage is quite different. Prince Siddārtha is there represented to have fled the palace because of having seen the women of the court sleeping in ungainly and repulsive disorder. They are spoken of "as painted jars full of poison and filth"—which is slightly different from the impression Arnold strove to impress upon his reader's mind.

The poet published during his lifetime more than twenty volumes of prose and verse. They none of them met anything like the reception given "The Light of Asia." His last book, "The Voyage of Ithobal," in which is related the voyage of a Phœnician ship around Africa, is full of florid descriptions of flowers and animals, but on the whole futile and marred by anachronisms. Even at that time (1901) Arnold's sight was failing, and his health not the best. In 1889, he made a tour of the world, visiting San Francisco, and showering the city and State with indiscriminate praise. Here is his "Sonnet of Adieu" upon sailing from San Francisco on the *Belgic*:

"America! at this, thy golden gate,  
New-traveled from those green Atlantic coves,  
Parting—I make my reverence! it behooves  
With backward steps to quit a queen in state.  
Land! of all lands most fair, and free, and  
great;

Land of those countless lips, wherefrom I  
heard  
With speech of Shakespeare—keep it consecrate  
For noble uses! Land of freedom's bird,  
Fearless and proud! So make him soar, that  
stirred

By generous joy, all men may learn of thee  
A larger life; and Europe undeterred  
By ancient wrecks, dare also to be free,  
Body and Soul; seeing thine Eagle gaze—  
Undazzled—upon Freedom's Sun, full-blaze!"

Few men received more formal honors than Sir Edwin. At Oxford he secured a scholarship in University College. He received the Newdigate Prize for his English poem, "On the Feast of Belshazzar," in 1852. In India, where he went in 1856, he was given the principality of the Government Sanscrit College at Poona, and was made Fellow of the University of Bombay. For his services through the Sepoy Mutiny, he twice received the thanks of the governor in council. For his services to the government as editor of the London *Daily Telegraph* for nearly twenty years, Queen Victoria made him a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. "The Light of Asia" gained him the Order of White Elephant from the King of Siam. For writing "Pearls of the Faith," the Sultan of Turkey sent him the Order of the Medjidieh. He was also a Companion of the Star of India. The Mikado bestowed on him the Order of the Rising Sun, giving him the rank of *Chokunin* of the empire. He will always be remembered for having been instrumental in sending Henry M. Stanley to find Livingstone.

Perhaps the best known of Sir Edwin's poems is the one we herewith reproduce:

## HE AND SHE.

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;  
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"  
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;  
Over her eyes that gazed too much  
They drew the lids with gentle touch;  
With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;  
About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,  
And drew on her white feet her white silk  
shoes—

Which were the whitest no eye could choose—  
And over her bosom they crossed her bands.  
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."  
And there was silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of eglantine,  
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."  
And they bled their breath till they left the  
room.

With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and  
gloom.  
But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,  
He lit his lamp and took the key  
And turned it—alone again—he and she.  
He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet  
cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the names she loved ere  
while.  
He and she; still she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love.  
Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without  
hearth,  
Is there no voice, no language of death?  
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;  
What was the secret of dying, dear?  
Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life's flower fall?  
Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?  
Was the miracle greater to find how deep  
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?  
Did life roll back its records, dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?  
And was it the innermost heart of the hills  
To find out soul, what a wisdom love is?  
O perfect dead! O dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!  
I listen as deep as to horrible hell.  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.  
There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet!  
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—  
I would say, though the Angel of Death had  
laid

His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.  
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise;  
The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."  
Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?  
Who believe that he heard her say,  
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:  
"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;  
And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

Curiously enough, the last work Sir Edwin Arnold did for an American magazine was notably unambitious—it was an article for the *Cosmopolitan* on the various kinds of knots that may be tied in ropes!

## Press Club Art Exhibit.

The Press Club is making preparations for an art exhibition to be held at the club rooms from April 16th to 23d, both inclusive, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. All the prominent artists in the city have assured the club that they will exhibit pictures, and it is expected that the affair will be highly successful. A size limit for pictures has been established with a view of restricting the contributions to the "sketch class," and it is understood that some limit will also be placed on prices. The exhibition will open with a jinks for members of the club and exhibitors, and during the week the exhibition will be open to the public, except on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday afternoons, and Monday and Wednesday evenings. A ladies' reception and tea will be given on Wednesday afternoon, and on each of the special days there will be a programme of entertainment and light refreshments. On these occasions admission will be by card. The following committee has charge of the exhibition: Howard E. Morton, chairman; H. C. Best, A. Dixon, L. Maynard Dixon, and Dr. P. M. Jones.

Sir Henry Irving and his company of eighty-two closed their American tour a fortnight ago. The steamship on which they returned to England last Saturday had no suites, so the company sent a gang of carpenters on board to knock down half a dozen state-room partitions, and build a special reception-room for Sir Henry. A private tiled floor bath-room was also a feature of the special suite. Sir Henry announced that he was negotiating to go to Australia, and that he is trying to secure a play that will get Ellen Terry back into his company; also that he will finance his own theatrical ventures in the future.

The contracts for Richard Mansfield's two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre have been signed, sealed, and delivered. Word has been received that Mansfield wants everything off the stage before his special arrives. He wants nothing but the curtain, walls, ceiling, and floor, as he will bring all his own scenery. He also makes a modest request for dressing-rooms for one hundred people. He will play "Ivan the Terrible" with the same cast and accessories employed in the New York production.

Nance O'Neil has entered into a three years' contract with John Schoeffel, of Boston. Charles P. Salisbury, who claims that he entered into a partnership with Miss O'Neil, McKee Rankin, and Edward J. Ratcliff, has asked for an injunction preventing Schoeffel turning over any of the profits accruing from Miss O'Neil's performances. Ratcliff and his wife, Blanche Stoddard, were discharged from the company, and Ratcliff threatens suit for his share of the profits.

Miss Minnie Monk, for fifty years on the American stage, died in New York a few days ago. She was found dead in her chair with her favorite volume, an old edition of "Macbeth," in her hand. She was a notable actress in her time, having leading parts with Booth, Barrett, and others.

Frau Clara Sudermann, wife of the great German playwright, has just had produced in Berlin a drama, "Lazy Mary," in which the chief character is the daughter of a reformed *demi-monde*. The critics unite in pronouncing it a great play.

The opening play of Melbourne MacDowell's limited engagement at the Grand Opera House will be Sardou's "Cleopatra."

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Las Novedades:

DOS ARGONAUTAS EN ESPAÑA.—Un estimado amigo nos acaba de remitir de San Francisco de California un ejemplar de la obra que bajo el título que encabeza estos renglones publica Mr. Jerome Hart, conteniendo impresiones de un viaje por la Península, empezado en las provincias catalanas y continuado por Aragón, Madrid, Toledo, Andalucía y lo que es menester ataravesar, dando los rodeos de quien tiene más curiosidad que prisa en país donde abundan las cosas que ver y el deseo de verlas, para salir de la Península por Gibraltár.

La parte material del libro concierne a papel, impresión, grabados, etc., es magnífica, como no podía menos de ser habiendo salido de los talleres del *Argonaut*, de San Francisco, y la literaria es amesimada.

Era menester que extranjeros inteligentes y benévolo viajase por nuestra tierra para que saliésemos de algunas dudas ó aprendiésemos cosas ignoradas.

Hallábase el "Argonauta," (pues aunque los del título son dos, sólo uno lleva la palabra), en la Riviera francesa, cuando él y su compañero concibieron la idea de viajar por España.

—Qué?—decían escandalizados sus amigos. —Ir á esa tierra donde no hay más que bandidos, mendigos porfiados, pilluelos sin educación, moscas sanguinarias, ajo y cebolla, aceite, sucias fregonas, gentes desaharrapadas, pocilas en vez de hoteles, precios exorbitantes de viaje, ferrocarriles que no llegan nunca y aduaneros que saquean á mano armada?

El "Argonauta," (ó los "Argonautas," pues ahora se habla en plural), quisieron informarse mejor, pero no hallando entre sus amigos quien hubiese visto á España, decidieron correr todos los riesgos. Tal vez hubiese exageración y no convenia guiarse por dichos de cuarta, quinta ó quién sabe qué mano.

No tardaron en aparecer "handidos." Conocían los "Argonautas" lo que es lidiar con los aduaneros del Tío Samuel y contemplaban aterrados la perspectiva de atravesar frontera española, en vez de lo cual se encontraron con unos funcionarios de lo más cortés, ansiosos de no causarles la menor molestia.

La inmediata sorpresa fuó al cambiar del Paris-Lyon á un tren español con coches más cómodos, elegantes y mejor alumbrados y calentados. No era un tren tan rápido como los "expresos rápidos" de los Estados Unidos; pero lo suficiente para llegar siempre á su destino según hora marcada en el itinerario.—Con frecuencia me ha sucedido—dice "Argonauta"—"tomar una 'bala de cañón' ó un 'relámpago' en los Estados Unidos y llegar con tres ó cuatro horas de retraso: en España siempre llegué, si no volando, á la hora marcada. A éste me atengo.

Se dilata en las costumbres populares de España, la prensa, el toro, los mendigos, las cigarreras, las antigüedades, los museos, los hoteles, los estragos del fumar cigarrillos y cuanto hay de real interés que sea posible incluir en 250 páginas, tocando su migaja de política. Muchas de sus conclusiones pugnan con las de otros viajeros, y á menudo fija particular atención en cosas generalmente consideradas de escaso interés, dejando tal vez inadvertidas otras que pasan por maravillas en concepto de la mayoría.

Tratando del Museo del Prado, á la vez que admira los incomparables tesoros de arte que allí se encierran—"España—dice "Argonauta"—"será pobre de bolsillo, pero sus riquezas artísticas no se venden"—no deja en olvido el lugar de aseoamiento, que es, dice, un edificio cursi, no designado para museo, mal arreglado, mal alumbrado, mal administrado y endiabladamente frío.

En lo de frío es en lo único que acierta, porque, en Madrid, en lo más ardoroso del estío, no hay lugar para tomar el fresco como el Museo del Prado y en el invierno no se calienta. Esto, sin embargo, no lo hace el gobierno por economizar combustible, sino por precaución, para evitar daños posibles á lo que allí se encierra.

En conjunto, la "Tierra de la Olla Podrida, donde florece el ajo y todo se come frito y sólo la carne de hereje se asaba en parillitas" (costumbre—la de asar carne humana en parillitas—que nos arrebataron sus compatriotas, y dispénsennos la digresión), ha hecho agradable impresión y dejado placenteros recuerdos en "Dos Argonautas," cuyo libro hemos leído gustosamente.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Cream of the New Books.

From a score or so of spring novels, we select five or six which seem to us to have elements of distinction. But we regret to record that even these are none of them of the first rank. "The Imperialist" (Appleton's), by Mrs. Everard Cotes, begins with fine promise of sprightly humor and charming good-natured characterization, but ends weakly. In the first part, a provincial Canadian town, with its little cliques, jealousies, and triumphs, is skillfully drawn; but in the last half of the book the author plunges deeply into politics—so deeply that she no longer touches bottom. "Tillie" (The Century Co.), by Helen R. Martin, derives its interest from the fact that it opens up what is veritably a new field in fiction—the Mennonites and Amish men, of Lancaster County, Penn. Odd customs, queer turns of expression, and queerer characters give the book a flavor all its own. "Come here once," "I want out," "The sugar is all," and "It wonders me," are a few of the curious phrases of which the diligent reader will learn the meaning. Miss Shinn has drawn for the book numerous illustrations, some of which are in color. A book by Elizabeth of the "Garden" scarcely needs an introduction. Quite a respectable number of readers know how Elizabeth chats along inconsequentially, philosophizing, describing, or telling stories. Her new book, "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen" (The Macmillan Company), is like her other—only more so. Rügen, by the way, is an island in the Baltic Sea, and the author visits such sesquipedalian-named places as Stubbenkammer, Schmitershausen, and Jasmunderboden. "Sir Mortimer" (Harper's), by Mary Johnson, is distinguished for the charm of the love passages, and the character of the knight is pretty well drawn. Otherwise, the book somewhat lacks convincingness, and, like "Audrey," will please most readers young either in years or in intellectual development. It is, of course, an historical novel of the times of Drake and Hawkins. There is a sea fight and there are land fights galore, a good deal of tall talk, and loving enough. Margery Williams's novel, "The Price of Youth" (Macmillan's), is almost the exact antithesis of "Sir Mortimer." It is simple, it is genuine, it gets close to life. It is a tale of a New Jersey town quaintly set by the sea, peopled by narrow though pious folk, touching the great world outside through casual city sojourners. Here grows up Fan Tasker, a warm-hearted, headstrong, brilliant girl, chafing under the bit of uncongenial surroundings, eyed with suspicion by the country folk, ambitious, eager, in love with life. Into the little town comes a young man, a journalist, who appreciates her. But people have talked a good deal about Fan. The virus of suspicion enters young King's mind, too—she fails to convince him that a friendship of a previous summer was only that, and he goes away. Altogether, it is a very satisfactory story, though it hasn't a "happy ending." And it is promising.

In biography, the book that challenges attention is Jacob A. Riis's "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen" (The Outlook Company). It is as choice an example of unadulterated hero-worship as we shall find in a long time. The king can do no wrong in the eyes of Riis; Theodore Roosevelt is, to him, the greatest man alive. And therefore the book is entertaining. When a man writes with his heart in it he writes well. Mr. Riis is not a person of fine discrimination, or even a good judge of character, but he is sincere, and that covers, in his book, a multitude of sins of taste. The publishers have risen to the occasion and made a book irreproachable mechanically; and it is embellished with a notable series of illustrations.

It is also the mechanical side of the new edition of Thackeray (Scribner's), that most appeals to us. The binding, in dark green sateen, is simple but rich; the press-work, by De Vinne, is as perfect as any book-printing done in the United States; the paper is excellent, and the original drawings by Thackeray are remarkably well reproduced. The edition, of which the most recent issues are "The Newcomes" and "Pendennis," in three volumes each, will be complete in thirty-two volumes. The set is sold only by subscription; the price is \$2.00 a volume.

Many persons will rejoice to hear that the "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" (John Lane), edited by Alexander Carlyle, has no connection with the unpleasant "Carlyle controversy," so called. The work (it is in two volumes) purports to contain the most interesting letters and parts of letters which Carlyle wrote. We hope to review it at length in the future. Meanwhile, here is a characteristic bit: "All people are rushing after a little Swedish woman, an opera-singer, called Jenny Lind. £40 is the price of a box (four sittings) for one night, in some cases! I saw Jenny, one day, dined with her, and had to speak French to her at dinner—a nice little, innocent, clear, thin 'bit lassie'; somewhat like a douce minister's daughter; sense enough, too; but my notion was that I could raise fifty women with much more money than one in Dumfries with twice as much,

perhaps; and that, as to singing, with such a *shrew* of a voice—I would not give £10 or hardly ten pence, to hear Jenny!"

"Ruskin's Chair," "Ruskin's Jump," "Ruskin's Gardening," "Ruskin's Old Road," "Ruskin's Cash Book," "Ruskin's Ilaria," "Ruskin's Maps," "Ruskin's Drawings," "Ruskin's Hand," "Ruskin's Music," "Ruskin's Jewels," "Ruskin's Library," "Ruskin's Bibles," "Ruskin's Isola,"—thus runs the table of contents of a new book entitled "Ruskin Relics" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), by W. G. Collingwood, once Ruskin's secretary. "Ruskin's Jump," we make haste to explain, refers to no saltatorial feat of the late critic, but was the vernacular for—a fishing boat! Perhaps the most interesting chapter is on Ruskin's Bible, where we are informed that a book entitled "Ruskin et la Bible" has already been published in France. Every one knows, of course, that quotations from the Bible in Ruskin's works are innumerable. An especially attractive feature of the book is the illustrations, which number fifty.

In bulk impressive is "The History of the Moorish Empire in Europe" (J. B. Lippincott Company), by S. P. Scott. It fills three volumes, each of some seven hundred pages, so the whole runs to a pagination of nearly twenty-five hundred. It has engaged the attention of the author for more than twenty years. "Its object," he says, "is an attempt to depict the civilization of that great race, whose achievements in science, literature, and the arts have been the inspiration of the marvelous progress of the present age." We are told that the histories of Conde, Prescott, and Irving swarm with errors. The ancient Spanish chronicles have been consulted, and the author's list of authorities in English, French, Portuguese, Italian, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Langue d'Oc, Langue d'Oïl, Limousin and Catalan, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and of course Arabic and Spanish, is indeed imposing. The writer's style is nervous and clear. So far as may be readily judged, the work is great in achievement as it is ambitious in scope.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

After all, none of the recent novels is really the best-selling book. The recent meeting of the Bible Society brings to the fore the fact that 180,982,740 copies of The Book have been issued. English, of course, heads the list easily, with 74,000,000 copies issued in that tongue by the society during the century. German comes next with 20,000,000, French next with 14,000,000, and then Chinese with 11,000,000. Russian follows with 7,000,000, and Italian with 5,000,000; while Spanish and Swedish are about equal, with rather over 3,000,000. It is surprising to note that Japanese comes a very long way down in this list with 682,000 copies. The smallest number of translations issued by the society are in Bugi, a language of the Malay Peninsula, which accounts for 136 copies, and in Macassar, another Malay language, in which 140 copies have been issued. Almost exactly the same number, 3,500,000, have been issued in Welsh and in Tamil, the latter being a language of the Madras presidency and part of Ceylon. In all, the Bible has been issued in 370 languages.

Professor Julius Goebel, of Leland Stanford University, contributes to the serial publication "Der Kampf um das Deutschthum" the latest number, dealing with the German element in the United States. The author gives an interesting sketch of the history of German immigration in this country; of the leading characters in this history from Pastorius to Francis Lieber and Karl Heinzen; and of the present condition, social and intellectual, of the German-American population.

Apropos of Norman Duncan's "The Way of the Sea," Frank Bullen says that, with the exception of Joseph Conrad, no writer about the sea ever probed its mysteries so deeply and faithfully.

Mr. Kipling's new volume of stories will be published in the coming autumn. At that time, too, will appear Henry James's new novel.

The spring announcements of Henry Holt & Co. include two works on natural history. One is "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," by President David Starr Jordan, and another a volume on "Insects," by Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, of the same university.

Professor Brander Matthews, author of "The Development of the Drama," and numerous other books, has compiled a new volume which will be published with the title, "Divisions of an Anthologist." The author here gives all that he has been able to collect of interesting literary subjects. He deals with "Carols of Cookery," "American Epigrams," etc.

Clark Russell's new sea tale, "The Yarn of Old Harbor," has just been placed in the hands of the publishers.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas, wife of the noted conductor, has written a book which is said to be something in the vein of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," entitled "Our Mountain." It is the narrative of several seasons spent at a New Hampshire summer home, near Bethlehem. The garden is de-

scribed, and there is also the story of "how we built it with our own four hands."

Lafcadio Hearn, besides his new book just published, has with the Macmillan Company another book dealing with the life and spirit of Japan, entitled "Japan: An Interpretation."

A recent printing of "David Harum" brought that book to 778,000 copies, 600,000 of which (forming the edition without illustrations) were printed from a single set of plates.

It has of course been discovered that the phrase oft-used by Kipling, "But that's another story," is not original with him. A correspondent of a New York newspaper writes to say that "this expression was originated by Laurence Sterne, falling originally from the lips of Mr. Shandy in conversation with Dr. Slop: 'I tell thee, Trim,' again quoth my father, 'tis not an historical fact, 'tis a description.' 'Tis only a description, honest man,' quoth Slop, 'there's not a word of truth in it.' 'That's another story,' replied my father."—"Tristram Shandy," Book 2, Chapter XVII.

Brentano's have ready for publication "An Automobile Record," a book with printed headings, in which may be entered the different runs made, their length, rate of speed, condition of roads, names of the party, and other items of interest to the automobilist. The book is in a size suitable for the pocket.

Alfred Russel Wallace will have his "Autobiography" published in the autumn. He is the author of "Darwinism," "The Wonderful Century," "Man's Place in the Universe," and other books.

## Love's Crucifix.

Short is the light and quick upon its ways  
Which gives me back my Lady who is dead.  
O sweet, brief comfort, quickly come and fled!  
No harm can touch me while the vision stays.  
Love, who has bound me to the cross, delays  
And trembles when he hears her footsteps led  
To my soul's threshold: "Ah! the wounds that  
hled

So deep will bleed again," he softly says.  
A lady to her home she proudly comes,  
Starting the black-winged thoughts that brood  
and weigh;

Her dreaming eyes put all dark things to rout.  
The soul, which so much brightness overcomes,  
Gives a faint, yearning sigh: "O blessed day,  
When you looked back and found a pathway  
out!"

—Translation from the Italian of Petrarch, by  
Agnes Tobin, in "Love's Crucifix."

"We are apt to think," says the *Evening Post*, "that the selling of poor novels by the hundred thousand is a modern phenomenon in the book trade, but, in fact, it is not entirely new. In one of the group of Hawthorne's letters, he says: 'What is the mystery of these innumerable editions of "The Lamp-lighter" and other books neither better nor worse?—worse they could not be, and better they need not be, when they sell by the hundred thousand.' The question is a little pathetic when we remember that Hawthorne a little before this time had spoken of himself as the least-read author in America. It shows, too, that the mystery of the popular novel was as great then as it is to-day. One could understand why a thrilling tale of cheaply concocted adventure might captivate the multitude, but the curious point is that some of the high sellers are simply dull and respectable. These things, too, lie on the knees of the gods."

George Moore says of Walter Pater that he wrote with difficulty, and each sentence of his books was written out on a separate piece of paper. Once, when Arthur Symonds pointed out a sentence he could not understand—a long, intricate sentence of ten lines or more—Pater examined it, comma by comma, a puzzled look upon his face all the while. At last he said: "I see—the printer has omitted a dash."

If your oculist orders glasses,  
bring the prescription to us.

We'll make a pair that  
he'll approve of.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Spain in 1903

TWO  
ARGONAUTS  
IN SPAIN  
BY  
JEROME HART

PEN-SKETCHES ON  
THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA

Payot, Upham & Co.,  
Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.

Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F.

**HOT  
AND  
HANDY**  
**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.  
**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping. } 401-403 Sansome St.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympathetic tone, in the possession of which it stands alone.*

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Who's Who Among California Writers.

In the truly admirable California number of the New York *World*, Charles Keeler has an elaborate article on California architects, artists, sculptors, poets, and writers of prose. His casual comments upon, and ranking of, the authors he names are interesting. Naturally, he puts Bret Harte "foremost in the list," and also claims for California "two other writers of wide renown"—Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson. Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" Mr. Keeler calls a "classic of the Pacific," and affirms that Charles Warren Stoddard "has done his best work in California." His work, says Mr. Keeler, "stamps him as a poet as well as a master craftsman." About the poetry of Ina Coolbrith there is, says the writer, "a captivating sweetness, a meditative melancholy, and musical rhythmic grace. Many of her songs will be treasured for these qualities, when the lines of singers, more widely heralded to-day, are lost in oblivion." Mr. Keeler thinks that the fame of Edward Rowland Sill as a poet "is slowly making way," while Joaquin Miller he characterizes as "a picturesque survivor of the old régime," in whose poetry, at its best, "there is the fire of genuine eloquence." Mr. Keeler mentions Edwin Markham only to regret that fame has called him away from "his simple cottage off in the Fruitvale hills," where, in an earlier time, "he was quiet, meditative, and retiring, with the light of sympathy in his serious eye, and the grace of poetry clinging to his presence like a benediction." Mr. Keeler thinks it surprising to note the number of "genuine singers" in California. He mentions as prominent among them, Dr. Taylor, Robertson, Scheffauer, Sterling, Sosso, and Urmey, and agrees with Eastern critics "that nowhere else in the country is there to-day such another group of verse writers."

"Prominent" is the term with which Mr. Keeler characterizes John Muir, "who writes of the wilderness like a prophet of old exhorting his people," and has "the art to tell of nature with such contagious enthusiasm as to inspire the same hope and love in the hearts of his readers." Joseph Le Conte's "Evolution in its Relation to Religious Thought," has, in Mr. Keeler's opinion, had a profound and widespread influence. Dr. Jordan's stories and essays he characterizes as "full of sound, sober sense, expressed in simple, forceful language." To Dr. George Holmes Howison, Mr. Keeler gives the highest praise which he accords to any contemporary California writer. "One of the profoundest thinkers of the day," he writes; "his eminent contributions to philosophy have been couched in language so polished and balanced that his name must be enrolled among the literary giants of the West." Charles F. Lummis is spoken of as "a reformer and an iconoclast," and "a potent force for good."

Of fiction writers, Mr. Keeler speaks, it must be said, with a faint air of condescension. Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Wiggin he merely mentions. Frank Norris and Jack London are writers whom he cites as "evidence that the voice of California has the power of reaching the entire English-speaking race." He also notes the fact that Frank Norris's "Trilogy of the Wheat" has been suggested as a candidate for the title of the great American novel, while Jack London has been compared to Kipling. More generous is Mr. Keeler to Mary Halleck Foote than to Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Wiggin. He speaks enthusiastically of her "large and powerful understanding of the life she depicts." Other writers he merely mentions are Margaret Collier Graham, Mary Austin, Frances Charles, and Grace Ellery Channing. Naturally, Mr. Keeler names "Ramona" as "the classic of Southern California." In his opinion, Miss Adeline Knapp "has done some noteworthy stories and essays." Other writers whom he merely names are (precisely as he gives them) Lloyd Osbourne, Burgess, the Irwins, Whitaker, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, and Margaret Cameron. This completes the list.

Mr. Keeler's article is certainly an interesting one, however one may differ from his judgments or be astonished at his omissions. For there are omissions. We note gratefully, among poets who have passed, the name of Sill, but surely no verse of his will live longer than Richard Realf's poem that begins "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Realf spent the last year of his life in California, and his bones rest in a grave on the slope of Lone Mountain overlooking the sea. In days to come Realf's genius will shine forth still more brilliantly. Dan O'Connell, too, was a poet whom Californians will not soon forget; he ought not to have been forgotten by Mr. Keeler. Among contemporaries of whom Mr. Keeler speaks as "genuine singers" it also seems invidious to mention, say, Sosso and Urmey, and to omit Charlotte Perkins Stetson, John Vance Cheney—or Bailey Millard, Lionel Joseph, and Christian Binkley. Perhaps they none of them are really "poets," but more vigorous and virile verse has come from the pen of Mrs. Stetson than has ever come from that of Mr. Urmey or even of Mr. Sosso. If the poetasters were to be mentioned at all, the author of "She Walketh Veiled and Sleeping" ought to have been given place.

From such a nature lover as Mr. Keeler we might also have expected a more discriminating appreciation of the rare genius of Mary Austin than that indicated by mere mention. The slight but fine output of Clarence King seems also worthy of regard in any consideration of California writers whose work makes for permanence. We fancy, likewise, that even though George Derby wrote forty years ago, his "John Phoenix" is now, and will continue to be, better known to Californians born and bred than even the verses of Mr. Herman Scheffauer. Stranger still is the omission of the names of several contemporary novelists. Gwendolen Overton's "Heritage of Unrest" and "Anne Carmel" were two novels of notable power, and Alice Prescott Smith, Philip Verrill Mighels, and W. C. Morrow are writers whose names readily come to mind. Geraldine Bonner's rank among literary artists we may perhaps fitly leave to other critics, but her two books, "Hard Pan" and "To-Morrow's Tangle," are certainly stories typically Western and highly popular among those who know best the scenes and the people whereof she writes. And lastly, we may supply a notable omission in the *World's* article by remarking that both the graceful prose and scholarly verse of Charles Keeler are counted by Californians among literary work which they would not willingly lose.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin.
3. "Lux Crucis," by Samuel M. Gardenhire.
4. "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Edgerton Castle.
5. "Mary of Magdala," by William Winter.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.
2. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
3. "Under the Jackstaff," by Chester Bailey Fernald.
4. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
5. "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Lord Wolseley.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
2. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.
3. "The Imperialist," by Mrs. Everard Cotes.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

In his sprightly book, "Animals that Have Owned Us," Walter Henriks Pollock tells a funny story of his dog, Douglas, and a hen, Betsy. "One time when we came home after a fortnight's outing," he says, "everything was as usual with one exception. Betsy was as bare of feathers as was the parrot in the monkey story. There is perhaps one fowl to which she might have been not quite improperly compared, and that one the apteryx. The servants being questioned, reported that Betsy and Douglas, the dog, had had 'great games.' Further questioning brought out the fact that Douglas's game was to chase Betsy and pull out her feathers, and that Betsy, far from resenting it, fell completely into the spirit of the game. This last statement came from the Devonshire cook—who, by the way, always called Betsy 'he,' and was once heard reproachfully saying to her, 'Ye naughty bye, why don't ee lay?' Nothing more naked, despite her enjoyment, than Betsy could be imagined. My wife, scorning the intervention of an expert, applied vaseline freely, and in three weeks Betsy was in full and beautiful plumage."

The last book of the late Charles Godfrey Leland, "The Alternate Sex," has been seen through the press by his niece, Mrs. Joseph Pennell. It is said that the theory on which the work is based is that the fundamental intelligence of the two sexes is radically different, or corresponding to their physical creation and development, and the author argues that, while man could not write anything "truly original or beautifully varied" without something feminine in his nature, woman could not "create mentally and vigorously" without something masculine in hers.

The case of the state of Denmark against Thomas Hamlet for the murder of William Polonius was tried before the Yale Law School moot court recently. In his charge to the jury, Judge Peck declared that Hamlet could be either acquitted or found guilty of murder or manslaughter, or acquitted on the ground of insanity. The jury retired. Leach, one of the jurymen, at once declared himself for acquittal. Nine voted for conviction of murder, and two for manslaughter. Leach hung the jury by declaring he would sit all night if necessary to acquit Hamlet.

## New Publications.

"A Broken Rosary," by Edward Peple. Illustrated by Scotson Clark. John Lane.

"Twenty Piano Transcriptions: Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. Frontispiece. Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.50.

"Parsifal: Story and Analysis of Wagner's Great Opera," by H. R. Haweis. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Company; 40 cents net.

"The Viking's Skull," by John R. Carling. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a very gory melodrama of modern times, though with ancient horrors.

"William Penn, as the Founder of Two Commonwealths," by Augustus C. Buell. Many illustrations. D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.25 net—a lively, readable, and iconoclastic biography.

"I Need the Money," by Hugh McHugh. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Company; 75 cents—another little book of the John Henry Series that drummers and other sporty folk will revel in.

"My Air-Ships," by A. Santos-Dumont. Profusely illustrated. The Century Company; \$1.40 net—practically an autobiography of the author; a very frank, well-written, and charming book.

"Organized Labor: Its Problems, Purposes, and Ideals, and the Present and Future of American Wage Earners," by John Mitchell. Illustrated. American Book and Bible House; \$1.75 net.

"Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat," by Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell, and Owen Wister. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; \$2.00 net—another bright and informing book, added to an excellent series.

"Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II." From the French of Julian Klaczko. Authorized translation by John Dennie. Fifty-two illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net—an excellent work.

"The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston," by Elizabeth Preston Allan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.75 net—a readable account of a minor poetess of the Civil War period, containing many extracts from letters and journals.

"The Merchant of Venice," edited with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Frontispiece. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents net—a very attractive edition.

"Psychological Year Book: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, Showing that the Power of Thought and a Right Use of the Will May Attain Good Results, Improve Conditions, and Bring Success," gathered by Janet Young. Paul Elder & Co.; 50 cents net.

"How to Make a Flower Garden: A Manual of Practical Information and Suggestions," by various writers. One hundred illustrations. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.60—an excellent work; finely illustrated, charmingly bound, well printed, thoroughly practical.



The culmination of progressive enterprise

Western Department, Chicago, Ill. Two-Speed Gear, Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn. Coaster Brake

CHAINLESS BICYCLES

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores or any one catalogue mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE BLUES

(Nerve Exhaustion)

### CAUSES AND CURE

By Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D.

"Every physician sees numerous cases of mental depression, which many of us have recognized as being in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, and yet have often failed to relieve them. Such cases are common and often refractory to treatment. . . . Dr. Abrams seems to have hit upon a new and more successful method of treating them. . . . The author has invented a special apparatus for developing the muscles of the abdomen and has devised a system of exercises to be carried out with this and in other ways by means of which patients suffering from mental depression . . . may be cured without much help from medicine."—*International Medical Magazine*, December, 1903.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York  
For sale, San Francisco News Co., 342 Geary St.

### EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, or any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,  
21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

## THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN

By MARY AUSTIN

"Read this book if you would have the charm of the great California desert revealed to you in a telling style."—*San Francisco Call*.

Illustrated by  
E. BOYD  
SMITH



\$2.00 net,  
Postpaid \$2.24

Out To - Day

110 Thousand

### KWAIDAN

By Lafcadio Hearn

"These marvelous Japanese tales of Ghosts, Goblins, Fairies, and Sprites, possess in an unequalled measure the dreaminess, charm, and credulity of the Orient."

Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

### REBECCA

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

"Mrs. Wiggin's delightful book, a study of New England girl life, is crammed from cover to cover with glowing humor, with human kindness and winning realism."—*Chicago Tribune*.

12mo, \$1.25.

## HENDERSON

By ROSE E. YOUNG

"It does one's spirit good to see so forcible a writer standing on the side of idealism, and believing that earthly happiness can come by sticking fast to our finest aspirations."—*Chicago Record-Herald*. 12mo, \$1.25.

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS





For the first time in San Francisco the experiment of running an Ibsen play for a week has been attempted. Mrs. Fiske is the hold pioneer, and as "Hedda Gabler" started in auspiciously on the opening night, with a large audience hanging, with spasms of drowning hope, alternating with the fixity of dull despair, upon her least and lightest accent. The character of Hedda Gabler is not one that he who runs may read, and when to this is added the fact that its psychological meanings lie far below the surface, that Mrs. Fiske's tendency is to under rather than over-emphasize points that illuminate character and motive, that her enunciation is so baffling to a normal ear and understanding as to cause acute neuritis of the aural nerve the reader may be able in some degree to enter into the feelings of those who were not in the forward rows. I have now heard Mrs. Fiske from both the rear and the centre of the lower circle, and I have been able to understand her in neither place. Perhaps had I been further forward I might have been blissfully unconscious of the sufferings of my fellow-beings, who were plunged into cimmerian darkness as to the matter and meaning of her cryptic utterances, but as it was, my neighbors, as in "Mary of Magdala," resolved themselves into perpetual and exasperated points of interrogation. Strangers scraped acquaintance over their mutual wrongs, and turned eyes of wrath on the givers of curtain calls, who understood or pretended they did. Half audible comments of query and complaint were continuously in evidence. A neighboring auditor, when Hedda burned the manuscript, roused himself from a state of dismal coma, and cried out in a tone of joyful comprehension, "Why, she's jealous!" A soothing wife near at hand tried vainly to convince a loudly remonstrant husband that he was enjoying Mrs. Fiske's "society gable," as he indignantly termed it.

The optimist, who floated in on a pass, said, heavingly, "Oh, well, who wants to understand what such a cantankerous character has to say?" Two men defiantly and audibly offered to throw dice as to what it was all about. The four-dollar investor, who had the wife of his bosom by his side, shook his head gloomily, and with a matrimonial side glance, said, "This let's me out!"

The fact is, the auditorium of the Grand Opera House removes people at too great a distance from an actress of Mrs. Fiske's methods and mannerisms and peculiarities of speech. Her Hedda Gabler is unquestionably a remarkably fine piece of work, but to me, and it was quite patent to many others, it appeared merely as a piece of carefully restrained pantomime. In flashes only, I felt its power. This was in her rare moments of deliberation, as when she considered Assessor Brack's assertion of his hold over Hedda and what it entailed, or when her unnatural composure was suddenly rent asunder, and a white-hot flash of volcanic energy leaped forth and was as quickly extinguished.

One was only just conscious of the thrill of horror, as at a glimpse of madness, when Hedda cried, with hands that almost clutched, "Now, Thea, I must indeed burn your hair!" Or again, when the hrake was let loose, and the representative figure of perverse, malignant destructiveness, burned, with low, fierce utterances of exultation, the manuscript that stood for the nobler elements in a soul of viciousness.

Ibsen wishes us to understand that Eilert Lovberg is a genius, but the only clew afforded to this assumption is Tesman's appreciation of Lovberg's book. Lovberg himself shows nothing but vanity, weakness, and a taste for vice. The bond between himself and Hedda seems to be forged in the dull, fitful flame of a mutual depravity; although Hedda, possessed by an uneasy and vicious curiosity concerning the private dissipation of her dissolute comrade, lacks the courage to break loose. She is a kind of vampire, preying upon living, healthy human instincts, and her death is the only solution possible or acceptable. So, too, with Lovberg. Existence for a nature of such intrinsic weakness and viciousness means only future degradation.

Mr. Herbert Bosworth, the Judas in "Mary of Magdala," an overpoweringly handsome young man, with immaculately curled mustaches, in "Hedda Gabler" impersonated one phase of Lovberg's character with some skill and comprehension. He looked and acted the intellectual lady-killer, the snarer of female souls. He seemed a mate worthy of Hedda, with her sick intolerance and abnormal disdain of the prosaic loves, duties, and responsibilities of life. For Mrs. Fiske's Hedda, in spite of those sudden, upward leaping

of malign purpose, does not suggest madness. What an idea was this of Ibsen's to place a nature such as hers, compounded of everything that is lawless and iconoclastic, curiously restrained while by an incongruous fear of broken conventions, in an atmosphere of dull domesticity; with a husband that prosed, and an aunt that drones; or so it sounds to the ever rasped and revolted hearing of a soul that fumes against quiet integrity and the homely round of every day life. Some one suggested once that Hedda ought to have been a circus rider. But the life of an emotional actress, of the Clara Morris school, impersonating characters expressing fury, madness, and despair, would better have suited that shallow, fevered, factitious soul. Pouring the flood of useless, surcharged emotion into avenues where it could work no harm, and relieving the monstrous egotism of a nature that resistlessly and perpetually claimed dominance, would have given some vent to those perverse and insensate forces that tended to evil and destruction.

Mrs. Fiske's support made no great showing in "Hedda Gabler." Mr. Mark Tesman was purely conventional, and Miss Belle Bohn was a lymphatic Mrs. Elvsted, molding herself too much for so negative a personality upon Mrs. Fiske's methods. Mrs. Fiske is a woman who can not be copied without disaster. It is the fate of all leaders to be imitated, more or less, and in "Mary of Magdala" it seemed as if Mr. Figman were cultivating the rapid Fiske monotone. In "Hedda Gabler," however, he was, if not always, nearly always, comprehensible, and acted the character of Assessor Brack with perhaps over-careful ease, but a certain distinction.

Some of the sufferers from the Fiske mannerism feel that some one ought to give the actress "a good, old-fashioned talking to," but Mrs. Fiske has probably heard several thousand times, through the medium of the Eastern press, that it is extremely difficult to understand her. The trouble is plainly a nervous temperament, intensified by steady work and study. To one word that we lost on her former visit, we now lose twenty. To one nervous trick, she now has ten. Nevertheless, in "Hedda Gabler" she contrives with undiminished art to turn these tricks to account, and as the representation now stands, her peculiarities, could we but hear her, only serve to make the character of Hedda more vital and arresting to the analytic mind.

"Harriet's Honeymoon," as may easily be inferred from its title, is a record of cheerful trivialities. They are rather smartly put together, however, the little comedy affording just about the same degree and kind of entertainment as "The White Horse Tavern."

Like the latter piece, it deals with tourists and their ways, as well as the ways of landlords, and affords some slight outlook into the daily routine followed at a small German watering-place. Leo Dittrichstein, the author, evidently knows his ground, and in the involved and lengthy social titles of the German *frans* at the hotel, as well as in the self-importance and blunderings of the police inspector, he administers a good-natured slap at German pomposity.

America, however, is to the fore in "Harriet's Honeymoon" in the persons of Harriet and her husband, a typical New York pair, who are "doing" Europe on the jump. Elliot Baird, the husband, is the hustling kind, who carries his business methods into travel. No sooner is he up than he thirsts for the market quotations. Breakfast dispatched, and he pines for a bus, a train, anything that will keep him moving. Arthur Byron's rapid, incisive, telling method of speech, and quietly irresistible humor, make him the man for the part, for without over-emphasizing a single point, he contrives to be steadily provocative of running volleys of laughter.

Miss Mannering has recovered almost in full the beauty that was so strangely missing when she played here in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." It is a most potent factor in her success, for this actress is rather too impressive and heavily emphatic in comedy, and is lacking in the force and sincerity required in plays of more serious purport. In the second act, she was so pretty in the cream lace and pink roses of her concert dress, that it was really quite impossible to look away from her. She has a disproportionate amount of weeping to do in the piece, for Harriet is a tediously lachrymose young woman, being uncomfortably given to cross-grained humors,

sudden pets, and young wife jealousies. But after each shower the Mannering beauty emerges triumphantly, like a rainbow after the storm.

A competent support furnishes appropriate atmosphere for the German setting of the piece. Henry Kolker, as the Sachsenhausen prince, affords some illusion by a very good manner, and the *empressment* of his love-making to the pretty, abandoned American wife. Mr. Wise gives a cleverly played, although American, Inspector Bock, and the part of the unctuous doctor, although too English in effect, is likewise well done by Adolph Jackson.

The settings are elaborate, the last one being unusually beautiful. It represents, with startling success, a Continental forest, all swept and garnished for the delectation of tourists. Quantities of tree trunks of various sizes forms forest aisles through which groups pass and re-pass, making pictures of themselves. Mary Mannering, gowned in white, and with her pretty English head uncovered, looked like a princess in a fairy-tale, awakening from a spell of enchantment. There was even a prince furnished as a final touch, but unluckily modern male dress does not fit into fairy-tales, and so the spell that beauty weaves was broken. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Maude Amber, Hope and Emerson, and the entire company which is shortly to go to Australia, will play a farewell season of two weeks at the Grand Opera House, beginning Sunday matinee, April 17th. Their opening bill will be "Hoity-Toity," one of their greatest successes. Popular prices will prevail.

The fine weather of the past few days has drawn crowds of pleasure-seekers to the top of Mt. Tamalpais. No finer view can be obtained in California than from this summit, and the Tavern is noted for its good cheer. Not a small feature of the trip is the ride up the mountain on the picturesque, crooked railway.

#### A Great Screen Sale.

A remarkable bargain at Pattosien's retiring sale is the screens of oak or mahogany, five feet wide and five feet high, filled with the best silkline, in all shades. They have been selling for \$3.50, and are now offered at \$1.50.

### NO DUST WHILE DANCING

Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax sinks into the wood and becomes a part of the beautifully polished dancing surface. It makes no dust, does not rub into lumps or stick to the shoes. Just sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

#### Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

### LYRIC HALL 121 Eddy Street.

A DAY AND A NIGHT IN A DOLL SHOP  
Singing, Dancing, and Dramatic Specialties

— UNDER THE AUSPICES OF —

Mrs. Barrie McKay and Miss Jean Logan

— ON —

SATURDAY, April 9, 1904

Matinee, 2:30; Evening, 8:15.

Adult Tickets, 50c.

### ALHAMBRA

DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

Mme. Schumann-Heink

The World's Greatest Contralto

IN THREE PROGRAMMES OF SONG

MISS JOSEPHINE HARTMAN, Pianist.

Next TUESDAY Night, April 5th. Next THURSDAY Night, April 7th. Next SATURDAY Afternoon, April 9th.

Seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Box seats, \$2.50. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Matinee every Saturday. Beginning Monday, April 4th, third week and tremendous success of

**MR. PICKWICK**  
A musical comedy in two acts, based on Charles Dickens's masterpiece. Musical by Manuel Klein. Words by Charles Klein. Lyrics by Grant Stewart.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Revival of the *The Beggar Student*, April 11th.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks. Beginning next Monday, April 4th. Farewell engagement. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., presents

**ANNA HELD**

In her greatest musical-comedy success, **MAM'ELLE NAPOLEON**  
Adapted by Joseph W. Herbert. One hundred people, including the handsomest and best-dressed chorus ever seen on any stage. Matinee Saturdays only.

Sunday, April 3d—German performance, *Das Operlam.*

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Easter Monday, April 4th, first Alcazar presentation of the merry comedy, by Augustus Thomas,

**ON THE QUIET**

As originally played by William Collier.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, April 11th—Bronson Howard's great play, *Aristocracy.*

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, FISCHE in Sardou's comedy,

**DIVORCONS**

Preceded by A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA.

Friday, Saturday matinee and night, Ibsen's

**A DOLL'S HOUSE**

Preceded by A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA.

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. F. ZIEGFELD, Jr., Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Beginning Monday, April 4th, mammoth spectacular production of the great Jules Verne drama,

**AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

### Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, April 3d. Blind Tom; the Four Walsons; Omar and Margina; Five Womans; Mazuz and Mazett; Coakley and McBride; Wesson; Walters and Wesson; James H. Cullen; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of La Belle Guerrero, presenting "La Gitana."

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

### Fischers THEATRE

Second week of

**KISMET**

The tremendously successful Turkish lyric comedy. Funny, brilliant, and beautiful. Our "all star" cast, including Richard F. Carroll, John P. Kennedy, John Peachey, Ben T. Dillon, Helen Russell, Nellie Lynch, and Lizzie Derious Daily.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

### RACING

New California Jockey Club  
**OAKLAND TRACK**

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

**RUBBER** LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation  
Company  
713 Market St., S.F.  
AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

**SHREVE & COMPANY** announce  
their usual *Easter Display* Monday, March the twenty-eighth, until April the second. POST AND MARKET STREETS.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Last Week of "Mr. Pickwick."

Only another week remains of the Tivoli's production of "Mr. Pickwick," which, in the guise of musical comedy, is amusing but not Dickensian. It is certainly odd to see Dickens's characters thrown up against a background of chorus-girls. And odder still to hear them tunelessly propounding that well-known musical comedy conundrum, "What is Love?" Almost the funniest episode in the hook is that displaying the dubious prowess of Mr. Winkle as a sportsman, and the same may be said of the comedy. The different characters in the piece are gotten up in familiar style, those of Mr. Pickwick, Tony Weller, and Alfred Jingle being immediately recognizable from faithfulness to tradition, and the latter character being particularly well acted by Mr. Brownlow. Teddy Webb's inflexibility of vocal and facial expression debar him from being quite mellow enough for the benevolent and heaving Pickwick, but he furnishes occasion for many a laugh. Ferris Hartman's Sam Weller is rather a retiring individual, and Tony Weller and the Fat Boy are merely side-shows. The ladies hold up their end of the entertainment with due animation. In fact, the whole company acts with great spirit. Alince Leicester's spinster is the most successful piece of female comedy work, and the chorus-girls form a very fetching and extremely youthful looking group in their scarlet college gowns.

Musically, the composition is very pleasing, there being quite a number of exceedingly pretty choruses and specially tuneful numbers allotted to the soloists. The voices of Dora de Filipe and Esther King blend charmingly in their duet, each possessing a quality of richness that makes them mutually harmonious. The piece is put on in very good style, the mechanical device of the runaway horse being effectively carried out, and the scene near the manor farm, where the intrepid Winkle shoots a cat, being truly rural. The next production will be an elaborate revival of "The Beggar Student."

## Anna Held at the Columbia.

Mary Mannering will make her final appearance at the Columbia Theatre in "Harriet's Honeymoon" this (Saturday) evening. On Monday evening Anna Held will begin a two weeks' engagement in "Mam'selle Napoleon." The play was adapted for the American stage by Joseph W. Herkert, and the score is by Gustav Luders. The scene of the play is laid in France, and the part assumed by Miss Held is that of Napoleon's favorite actress, Mlle. Mars. There are three acts and five tableaux, and forty-four speaking and singing parts. The stage settings are said to be wonderfully elaborate, and the "Anna Held Chorus" has the reputation of being the handsomest in the world. The cast seen here will be the original one as seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, and includes Joseph W. Herkert, Arthur Laurence, Frank Rushworth, Henry Bergman, Franz Ebert, Fletcher Norton, Billy Norton, and others.

## In Three Roles Next Week.

"Hedda Gabler," as presented at the Grand Opera House, is declared by one critic to be "the great performance of the twentieth century," and Mrs. Fiske is called "the real Hedda." She will finish the week with that play, and next week will be seen in three different rôles. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings she will present the Sardou comedy, "Divorçons," preceded by Mrs. Oscar Beringer's playlet, "A Bit of Old Chelsea." In the first-named she has the rôle of Cyprienne, the foolish young wife, and in the other she plays the part of a London flower-girl, a waif of the streets. On Friday, Saturday, and Saturday matinee, Ihsen's "A Doll's House" will be substituted for "Divorçons," while "A Bit of Old Chelsea" will continue the curtain-raiser. Of equal interest and power with "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House" deals with another phase of life, and shows again how vividly Ihsen pictures human nature.

## Farce at the Alcazar.

"Parsifal" will have its last performance at the Alcazar Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday night "On the Quiet" will be put on at the old prices. This farce comedy is the one in which William Collier made a great success. James Durkin will have the part of the young collegian who was secretly married, while Adele Block will be the heroine of the piece. Juliet Crosby will have the rôle of the Duchess of Carbondale, while Fred J. Butler will appear as McGeechy, the hookmaker. The cast includes all the Alcazar favorites. Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy" will be put on April 11th, and Clyde Fitch's "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," is scheduled for an early presentation.

## To Close for Repairs.

Richard F. Carroll, the comedian at Fischer's Theatre, is a playwright as well as an actor, and has a leading part this week in one of his own comedies, "Kismet," which

seems to be winning public approval. It is a hodge-podge of music and comedy, with plenty of pretty girls in the chorus, and some brilliant stage effects. The Sultan of Turkey's palace is the scene of most of the fun, which is of various kinds. Carroll, Kennedy, John Peachey, Ben Dillon, Helen Russell, Nellie Lynch, and Lizzie Derious Daly, a newcomer, all have well-fitting parts. "Kismet" will run until April 10th, then the theatre will close down for two weeks for extensive alterations.

## A Favorite Revived.

A great scenic and spectacular drama, "Around the World in Eighty Days," will be put on at the Central Theatre, beginning Monday evening. This Jules Verne play will have a cast of one hundred people. A "Champagne Ballet" and a "Persian Scarf Dance" will be among the specialties introduced, and there will be songs and choruses in plenty. The play demands wonderful scenic effects, and the Central's corps of artists have been working hard to do the piece full justice. The management promises that the spectacular display will excel anything heretofore put on at the Central.

## At the Orpheum.

"Blind Tom," the famous negro pianist, who was last heard in this city ten years ago, will be at the Orpheum this coming week. He literally does not know one note from another, so far as the printed score is concerned, yet he plays the compositions of the great masters. The four Welsons, European aerial artists, who give an exhibition on looped ropes, after the style of flying rings, will make their first San Francisco appearance. Ahhas Ben Omar and Margina will also be new here, presenting their spectacular dancing novelty, entitled "An Evening in Persia." Omar, who is known as "The Human Top," gained his title by his performance of the dance of the whirling Dervishes. The stage setting which he uses is gorgeous in its Eastern splendor. For her third and last week in San Francisco, La Belle Guerrero, the Spanish actress and pantomimist, will produce a new sketch, "La Gitana." The five Mowats, expert jugglers; Mazuz and Mazett, "The Brakeman and the Tramp"; Coakley and McBride, the up-to-date comedians; Wesson, Walters, and Wesson, in their farce, "Hotel Repose"; James H. Cullen, the singer and talker; and the Orpheum motion pictures, will complete the programme.

## German Performance.

The advance sale of seats for the performance to be given at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night by the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble is very large. The comedy is of a most laughter-provoking quality, and is called "Das Opferlamm" ("The Scapegoat"). It is the work of Oscar Walther and Leo Stein, and from all accounts the cast on the coming occasion will find opportunity to shine with great brilliancy, as there are some excellent characters for portrayal. There is a goodly amount of farcical comedy in the piece, and not a laugh will be lost in the transmission of the writers' work to the audience by the ensemble. In the cast of "Das Opferlamm" will appear, among others, Max Horwinski, Jr., Theo. Salting, Johanne Strauss, Emile Kahler, Josephine Lafontaine-Neckhaus, Frieda Shanley, Charlotte Schwerin, Josephine Schwerin, and others.

Two-year-olds (now yearlings) will have an opportunity to capture a big stake at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) in the fourth race, the Gebhard Handicap. Two thousand dollars is added to the entrance and forfeit money. There will be many other interesting contests.

Robert Burdette, the humorist, and his wife, the noted clubwoman, celebrated their golden wedding at their Pasadena home Saturday, entertaining a large number of guests at luncheon.

## A Day and a Night in a Doll Shop.

Mrs. Barrie McKaye and Miss Jean Logan are preparing an interesting programme to be given at Lyric Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening, April 9th. It will consist of singing, dancing, and dramatic specialties, and is under the patronage of a number of well-known ladies, including Mrs. James Govey, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. J. E. Cutten, Miss Sarah Hamlin, Mrs. W. A. Martin, Mrs. J. W. Wright, Mrs. H. Morrison, Mrs. Alfred Clark, Mrs. J. G. Sabin, Mrs. Isahel Vail, Mrs. A. L. Yerrington, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, Mrs. Eugene Bress, Mrs. California Newton, Mrs. George Gales, Mrs. W. W. Grissum, Mrs. A. J. Jones, Mrs. G. W. Turner, Mrs. Philip G. Galpin, Mrs. John Landers, and Mrs. Martin Regansburg. Among the striking features of the programme will be Mrs. McKaye's curtain-raiser, "An American Girl," in which the writer will take a prominent part; living pictures, taken from famous paintings; a garden scene, in which Miss Logan will introduce her beautiful Greek dance, consisting of various poses; also another of her creations entitled "The Dance of Judith." Tickets may now be secured at Miss Logan's studio, 1805 Devisadero Street, or at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after April 7th.

At Adelaide, Australia, the mayor of the town forbade John Alexander Dowie the use of the town hall, or any other corporation building, because of things that Dowie said derogatory to King Edward. Dowie's offensive remarks were to the effect that the king hadn't any religion to spare, and would get into heaven only by the skin of his teeth.

Dr. Leopold Neumann, a cluhman and retired dentist, died Sunday, at the age of forty-seven years. He was a native of Berlin, Germany, and a brother of Rudolph Neumann, who met accidental death in Alaska three years ago.

Annie Russell was married in Detroit on Sunday to her leading man, Oswald Yorke. In 1894, she married her then stage-manager, Eugene W. Preshrey, but was divorced from him in 1897.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

## No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM COREIN

Secretary and General Manager.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAI; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOFFLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

5332 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Asst. Presdts.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....1,196,132.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK .....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR. ....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY .....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, F. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy .....President  
Arthur Legallat .....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz .....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weil, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rent.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. MONTAGUE & Co., President; CHARLES R. RISHOR, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PERRETT SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Phoenix Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.  
CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 Market Street (Upstairs)  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Post Office.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

## The Millinery Menu.

[Spring bonnets are to be trimmed with small fruits; flowers will appear in the summer designs. This is done to prevent the women from wearing the spring hats all summer.—*Millinery edict.*]

A few potatoes on the brim,  
Arranged in some artistic plan.  
Will put the wearer in the swim.  
But only through the month of Jan.

Some early lettuce, torn to shreds  
And woven in a dainty web,  
Will nod upon the stylish heads  
That know what is the mode for Feb.

Young onions of the palest green,  
Arranged to form a swaying arch  
Of tossing tops, will soon be seen  
As quite the only thing for March.

Strawberries, with a net of lace  
That simulates the light whipped cream,  
Will form a finish for the face  
That April's styles will cause to gleam.

A bunch of cherries, and green peas,  
And little apples, too, will sway  
Upon the bonnets that will please  
The fashionable folk in May.

A wreath of roses—bear in mind  
That they must not come in too soon.  
You're out of style if we should find  
You wearing them preceding June.

The morning-glory hat will be  
The idol of each woman's eye.  
When garnished with skyrockets, she  
Will see it flourish in July.

The poppy hat—now, do not let  
Your recollection slip a cog.  
To be in fashion, don't forget  
You must wear poppy hats in Aug.

The golden wheat and rye, through which  
The zephyrs of the summer creep,  
Will make a bonnet rare and rich  
And rule the thirty days of Sept.

If you should wear chrysanthemums,  
Your friends would be extremely shocked  
Should you forget that bonnet comes  
Upon the fashion stage in Oct.

A turkey wing and pumpkin shell  
Are millinery's treasure trove—  
You'll find that they'll do very well  
To show you up to date in Nov.

A Christmas-tree, with ornaments  
Of tinsel balls and candle grease,  
Will make a hat that represents  
The nobbiest design of Dec.

—Chicago Tribune.

A determined effort is being made by the big steamship lines to keep professional gamblers off their boats. Hitherto the most they have been able to do has been to post a notice in the smoking-room when any were on board warning the passengers that professional gamblers were on the vessel. The White Star Line now refuses to sell a passage to a professional gambler. When the *Cedric* last sailed from Liverpool, two notorious professional gamblers tried to engage passage. The manager of the office learned the identity of one of them, and refused to sell a passage. One of the men had obtained a ticket, but his money was returned. The two men sailed from this country a few weeks ago on the *Cedric*, and were discovered on board by detectives just before she left port. They told the officers, who took care that neither man had a chance to part any passenger from his money.

Is there an aristocracy of the theatrical profession? Adolph Klauher answers the question in the affirmative, averring that there is in the theatre a set that corresponds to the Four Hundred. The players' social set is extremely limited, and members of it are to-day free to come and go in any and all circles of society. The actor has ceased to be the pariah in society that he once was. Doors that once were shut in his face now swing open at his approach, and wherever culture and intelligence are looked upon as badges of respectability the actor is made at home. "It is a peculiar fact," says Mr. Klauher, "that when one speaks of actors or actresses who 'go into society' the name of Drew at once suggests itself. And, incidentally, one thinks, too, of Ethel Barrymore, who is niece of the present John Drew, and the fifth in descent of a notable theatrical family. Partly, no doubt, because of her distinguished ancestry, but more by reason of her own attractive personality, Miss Barrymore has found the doors of society swung open freely at her approach. Few American actresses have been so welcomed in exclusive sets. John Drew has always been known as a 'society actor,' and he is one of the few of the profession to whom New York clubs and Newport drawing-rooms alike have been open. It was quite natural, therefore, that his daughter, Louise, should take her place among the aristocrats of the theatre. When she finished school, Mr. Drew rented a house on Twenty First Street, and there he and his wife arranged to introduce their daughter into the social set where they had long been welcome. The Drews have several times been entertained by the Dowager Duchess of Manchester (Consuelo Yznaga) and Lady Dorothy Nevill, one of the fairest women in the London smart set. Maude Adams has never been projected as essentially a society actress of the smart set. Yet she, too, entered the entrée into fashionable drawing-rooms when she cares to avail herself of that

privilege. That is not often. Her hobby is her farm at Ronkonkoma, L. I., and there much of their leisure is spent. Mrs. Richard Mansfield, though no longer active on the stage as she was under the name of Beatrice Cameron, was always a welcome visitor in circles not ordinarily entered by the professionals. Indeed, it was at the summer home of Miss Georgia Gibbs, daughter of the late Edwin S. Gibbs, that Richard Mansfield courted and won her. The actor was then living at Portchester, and the Gibbs home was at Rye, only a short distance away. A more or less unconventional exchange of social amenities is almost always on between the Mansfields and the George Goulds, the Clarence Mackays, the Douglas Robinsons, the Henry Howlands, and others of their set. The Mansfields have a superbly appointed home on Riverside Drive, where the eight-o'clock Sunday evening dinners and the ten-o'clock 'at homes' are famous. Their entertainments more nearly represent a *salon* than anything else we have. Here are gathered leading representatives of the *beau-monde*, the arts, literature, drama, music, the diplomatic service, and the army and navy, both American and foreign. Mr. Mansfield owns one of the fleetest yachts afloat, the *Amorita*, and is a member of the Royal Channel Yacht Club of England, which privileges him to fly the blue burgee, and gives him all dock privileges enjoyed by the British navy. Mr. Mansfield is a member of comparatively few town clubs, but he is affiliated with a number of the yacht, driving, and country clubs on Long Island and between New York and New London. Julia Marlowe's leanings have been rather toward the literary and artistic set than that of so-called smart society. She likes to have about her people who have brains, although she has occasionally sipped tea and exchanged the commonplaces of polite society when it was necessary."

"There are two or three kinds of drawing-rooms that literally set the teeth on edge and cause the souls of artistic people to shudder within them," says the *Queen*; "one is the room where everything is in pairs; there are pairs of vases, pairs of photograph frames, pairs of pictures, pairs of footstools, pairs of everything. It is impossible to prevent the thought flashing across the mind that if pairing originated with the flood, one can only wish that Noah had taken the animals into the ark one by one."

London society people, chiefly women, seem to have hailed with something like enthusiasm the idea of having their portraits carved on ivory medallions, the king having set the example by having one executed in uniform. Bond Street photographers, who have been experimenting on this new style of miniature in ivory bas-relief, are reported as saying that they borrowed the idea from the Japanese; but the difficulty is to get artists who can perform such delicate work, for the finest details of hair, eyes, expression, and features can be produced perfectly on ivory.

The divinity that doth hedge a king expresses itself in some curious ways, and to people who are not accustomed to associating with these exalted personages, royal etiquette is in many points very puzzling. To those who meet Queen Alexandra constantly it probably does not seem strange to address her as "ma'am," but to unaccustomed ears this monosyllable does not sound quite respectful. Yet, according to the *Ladies' Field*, the queen is addressed as "ma'am" by all the members of the upper classes, the term "your majesty" being rarely used except on formal occasions, while the Princess of Wales and all the princesses of the blood royal of England are addressed in the same way. The king, the Prince of Wales, and all the other English princes are addressed as "sir." Yet foreign princes and princesses bearing the title of serene highness must not be addressed as sir or ma'am, but as prince and princess. A letter to the sovereign must begin thus: "His majesty the king," and below the single word, "sir." The conclusion of the letter would be worded somewhat as follows: "I have the honor to submit myself, your majesty's most humble and devoted servant," etc.

Another curious bit of royal etiquette provides that when members of the royal family are present at a dinner finger-glasses must be supplied for their use at dessert, but not for the other guests. When the king and queen play bridge or any other round game, money fresh from the mint must be provided. Invitations from the sovereign are commands, and must be treated as such. Only the death of a near relative, serious illness, or compulsory absence from England can be given as reasons for non-acceptance. A previous engagement can never be pleaded as an excuse. Answers to royal invitations should be written in the third person. Communications with royalty are usually made through the controller of the household; it is entirely incorrect to write to the royal personage himself—that is to say, in ordinary circumstances, for the rights of friendship and affection override even the observances of a court. Introductions to royal personages are made only at their request. When the presentation is

made, the lady presented should make a low but quick courtesy—a sort of "bob"—and a man gives a deep, respectful bow. The royal personages usually shake hands and begin a conversation at once; the person presented must on no account speak first, nor offer to shake hands. The initiative is always taken by royalty. The actual introduction is made thus: "Lady Blank, your majesty"; "Mrs. West, sir"; "Miss Joan West, ma'am."

## Indignant Californians.

According to a dispatch from Sicily, a number of American tourists complain that they have been badly treated by the Hamburg-American Line. They objected to a transfer from a first to a second rate steamer while on a trip. The dispatch says: "Messina, March 27.—Three hundred and twenty-two Americans, including several Californians, on board the Hamburg-American Line steamer *Auguste Victoria*, arrived here this morning, and left to-night for Naples. On receiving a notification that they must transfer at Naples to the second-rate steamer *Columbia*, they held an indignation meeting, asserting that the company had violated its contract. The meeting appointed a committee to take legal measures against the company. The following Californians are passengers on the *Auguste Victoria*: Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, L. S. Thompson, Mrs. M. S. Tourjee, Mrs. L. C. Sheldon, Mrs. J. M. Shotwell, Mrs. Dutard, and Mrs. George L. Bradley, all of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bishop and Miss Florence Jones, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. West, of Stockton."

Easily acquired: *Hyker* (reading)—"A physiognomist says that men who are impulsive and aggressive usually have black eyes." *Piker*—"That's right. They are reasonably sure to get 'em sooner or later."—*Chicago News*.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 30, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	Bonds.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	9,900	@ 106%	106%	107%
Cal. Central G. E.	10,000	@ 88	88%	89%
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	2,000	@ 100	99%	100%
Los An. Ry 5%	5,000	@ 113%	113%	114
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%	2,000	@ 102	102	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000	@ 119	118%	119%
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	10,000	@ 123	123%	124%
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	34,000	@ 105 1/4-105 1/2	104 1/2	105 1/2
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100%
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	6,000	@ 119	118%	119
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	3,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	107%
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905, S. A. ....	3,000	@ 105	104%	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Std.....	10,000	@ 109 1/2	109	110
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 104 1/2-104 1/2	104	105

	Shares.	Bonds.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Contra Costa.....	40	@ 38	36	40
S. V. Water.....	221	@ 38 1/2-39	38 1/2	39
Banks.				
Bank of California.	80	@ 42 1/2	42 1/2	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	450	@ 49 1/2-50 1/2	50 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	115	@ 12 1/2-12 3/4	12 1/2	12 3/4
Hutchinson.....	340	@ 8 1/2-8 3/4	9	
Kilauea S. Co.....	210	@ 3	3	
Pauahua S. Co.....	100	@ 13 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	5	@ 8 1/2	8 1/2	10
S. F. Gas & El'ric.	475	@ 59-59 1/2	58 1/2	59
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	130	@ 142-145	145	146
Cal. Fruit Cannery.	50	@ 96 1/2-97	97	100
Cal. Wine Assn.....	150	@ 9 1/2	9 1/2	

The sugars have been active, and on sales of 1,125 shares made gains of from one-quarter to two and one-quarter points. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up to 50 1/2; Hutchinson to 8 3/4; Pauahua Sugar Company, 13 1/2.

Spring Valley Water sold off three-quarters of a point to 38 1/2 on sales of 220 shares, closing at 38 1/2 bid, 39 asked.

Bank of California was quoted at 42 1/2, 80 shares changing hands at that figure.

Alaska Packers was strong, selling up four and one-quarter points to 145, closing in good demand at 145 bid, 146 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weaker, and on sales of 475 shares sold down to 59, a loss of one-half point, closing at 58 1/2 bid, 59 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

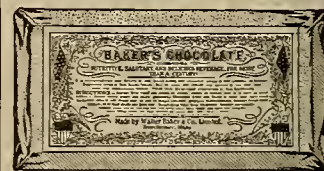
A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## Look at the Brand!

# Walter Baker's

## Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.  
MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.  
Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge.  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## REMINGTON

### Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25



## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Kemble, the artist, while sketching in the mountains of Georgia recently, employed an angular "cracker" as a model. The native, when asked what his bour's work was worth, told Kemble that he thought a dime would be about right. The artist showed him the sketches, and asked what he thought of them. "Wall," was the drawing reply, "seems to me it's mighty puddin' business for a man to be in, but you must be makin' suthin' out of it or you couldn't afford to throw away money like this fer jest gettin' a man to stand around doin' nothin'."

"Rube" Waddell, the baseball pitcher, conceived the idea that he would like to put in the spring months playing on a college team, and asked a friend what course of study he would better take. "Shooting and fishing," said his friend, with all evidence of seriousness. "Great," said Waddell; "I could pass that easy," and he sat down and wrote to the dean of one of the Southern institutions, in regard to taking a "shooting and fishing" course at his college. He was pained later at receiving a stern note from the dean, who thought that Waddell was making fun of him.

An old Scottish crofter who wanted a reduction in rent appeared before the commission in Glasgow. It was pointed out to him that, from the number of cattle that were on his farm, he must be doing rather well. "Och," replied the old fellow, "you should see the bit beasts. They're as lean, sir, as Pharaoh's kine." "How lean was that?" asked a member of the commission, doubtless thinking that he had cornered the applicant. Like a flash came back the answer: "So lean, sir, that they could only be seen in a vision."

Mark Twain and W. D. Howells were one day lunching in a café in New York. Two overdressed young men entered, and the first said in a loud voice: "Waiter, bring me some bisque of lobster, a bottle of white wine, and a chop. Just mention my name to the cook, too, so that everything will be done to my liking." The second young man said: "Bring me some sole with peas, and tell the cook who it's for." Mr. Twain gave his order a moment later. He said, with a wink at his companion: "Bring me a half-dozen oysters, and mention my name to each of them."

William Bourke Cockran, Mayor McClellan's successor for the twelfth district of New York, took his seat in Congress on the day that the House went into turmoil over the special report on post-office affairs. "I suppose it looks like old times to you, Cockran," said Representative Williams, who, with others, had crowded around to welcome him back. Just then such epithets as "Coward," "Knaves," "Scoundrel," and "Liar" burst across the chamber. "Well, I can't say it looks much like old times," replied Cockran; "too many new faces for that. But it sounds just like 'em."

Senator Tillman was expounding on the efficacy of mildness in a debate, and to illustrate his views told of a man who turned to a stranger in a theatre and raised a violent row because the other had sat on his silk hat and ruined it. The offender looked at the hat, which was truly a wreck, and said: "I am sorry. This is too bad. But," he added, "it might have been worse." "How might it have been worse?" exclaimed the first man, with an oath. "Well," was the unexpected answer, given so mildly that it placated the owner of the tile, "I might have sat on my own hat."

A farmer once came into a Connecticut tavern with eggs to sell. The transaction took place in the bar-room of the establishment. The proprietor agreed to take two dozen, and when the farmer came to count over the contents of his basket, he found that he had twenty-five eggs. The proprietor wanted the extra egg thrown in for good measure. The farmer didn't see it that way, and they argued the matter. At last the proprietor said he'd take the twenty-five eggs, give the man a drink, and call it square. The farmer agreed, and pocketed his money. "Now, what'll you have?" asked the proprietor. The Yankee farmer was ready with his reply. "Sberry and egg," said he.

Lord Brampton, the famous English cross-examiner, once won a case in which he had no apparent chance by baving the magistrate's clerk put on the stand. He made him admit that he had been in the room when the magistrate was discussing the case on trial; then, suddenly, he asked him: "You were in the room, sir, and did you not hear the learned judge say there was not a rag of a case against my unhappy client?" The prosecuting counsel objected, and it was ruled out. But the jurors had heard it, and had heard the answer stopped. The dissatisfaction thus aduced in their minds made them acquit the prisoner. Leaving the court that

day, the prosecuting attorney indignantly told Brampton that he should not have put the question, and that he must have known that it would not be allowed. "Yes, I did," was the answer; "but I knew you, too, and felt sure that you would object at the right time. But you should have waited for the answer, as it would have been 'No!'"

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the ambassador from England, is as diplomatic in ordinary as well as in political conversation. At a dinner, not long ago, a lady asked him why there was such bad blood between the English and the Irish. Durand affirmed that there was less enmity between them than most people thought, and that the Irish were among his warmest friends. "Then," said the lady, "why do the Irish sympathize so warmly with Russia? Why do they pray for General Kuropatkin's success?" "That," said Sir Henry, "is probably because they believe he has Irish blood in his veins. Did you ever notice the way he spells the third syllable of his name?"

## Specially Made War News.

VLADIVOSTOCK, March 5th.—Persistent rumors are afloat of a serious engagement between 10,000 Russians and 700 Japanese on the shores of Bumlung Bay, near the point where it receives the Ainpan River. The Japanese met the attack of the superior force with great courage and coolness, the thermometer registering sixty-six below zero, Fahrenheit. After four hours' desperate fighting, the small but intrepid band of Japanese forced the enormous body of Russians back into Bumlung Bay, which was coated with ice, apparently of great thickness. The ice, however, proved unequal to the sudden strain put upon it by 90,000 horse and foot, the sole survivors of the original 150,000, and with a crash like thunder it suddenly gave way. The ill-fated Russians began sinking, but, so intense was the cold, the water almost instantly congealed into fresh ice, catching the victims in the neck, and so checking their downward progress that their heads remained above the ice while their bodies were below it. The Russians keenly felt the awkwardness of their situation, which left them powerless to cut sufficient ice to extricate themselves. Owing to the fact that submarine monsters in great variety and profusion began to gnaw upon their limbs and vitals, the death of many was peculiarly painful and distressing. Colonel Hiya Ginfuzz, of the Japanese, stood on the bank and addressed a sea of upturned faces on the issues of the day.—*Anaconda Standard*.

The judge—"And did you see the prisoner commit any overt act?" The witness—"No, sir, I didn't. All I seen him do was to bust a couple o' front windows an' smash Patsey Breen over th' head with a bung starter."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A resemblance: "What do you think of my historic novel?" "It resembles some of the most successful works of its kind," answered Miss Cayenne. "In what respect?" "In being neither novel nor historic."—*Washington Star*.

Quite reasonable: "So you're living in the country now. Do you find it a great saving?" "Yes, indeed! You can run your motor car over a whole family out there for a couple of sovereigns."—*Illustrated News*.

## A. P. Hotaling &amp; Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Urbs in Rupe.

I'm glad you city people  
Love the city as you do;  
For if you should desert it,  
You would spoil the country, too.  
—*The Whim*.

Wiju.

"Are you wid us or agin us?"  
Of Corea asks Japan.  
"We're Wiju," says Corea,  
"We're Wiju to a man."  
"That's very friendly of you,"  
Says Japan, with smiling face;  
"And since the matter's settled,  
We'll take Wiju for a base."  
—*Toronto Star*.

## A City Idyl.

'Tis night. A gnomon on the city's dial—  
The skyscraper points upward. Strains of  
rag;  
Time come from places where the hours ne'er  
drag  
And revelers wink at the law's espial.  
The citizen, in glorious self-denial,  
Along the sidewalk shapes his course zig-  
zag,  
Accompanied by a large, luxuriant jag,  
Unmindful of the coming curtain trial.  
Above, the splendid silence of the stars,  
Agitter on the calm cerulean floor;  
Below the city's fevered pulses leap,  
And, heedless of the clanging trolley-cars,  
Against a sheltering roccoco door  
The weary "copper" takes a standing  
sleep.—*Eugene Geary in Judge*.

## The Norsk Nightingale on Being Kind.

Be kind to your fader—he han purty old,  
But still he han bigger sum yu,  
And ef yu get gay, he might yah yu with left,  
And making yure eye black and blue.  
Be kind to yure brother—he han a small kid,  
But some day he ant han so small;  
And ef yu ban gude, ven yu ask him for loan  
Perhaps he skol give yu no stall.

Be kind to yure sister, verever yu han;  
Dis har ban gude practice for yu;  
Ven oder man's sister yu happen to meet,  
Den yu can be kind to her, tu!  
Be kind to yure moder-in-law, yust because  
Dar ban lots of funny old hokes  
Who mak lots of trouble for moder-in-laws  
By writing some purty punk yokes.

Be kind to the preacher—he ban a gude man,  
Who try to make people du right;  
But ven he com round with a paper to sign  
Ay s'pose yu can keep out of sight.

Be kind to the widows—their husbands ban  
dead,  
And so is ban purty gude plan  
To guiding the footsteps of widows—yu het  
Ay du it so gude sum ay can!

Be kind all the time—it han better by far  
Dan using dis slave driver's lash!  
And ef yu ban kind all the days of yure life  
Yu ant always have to pay cash!  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

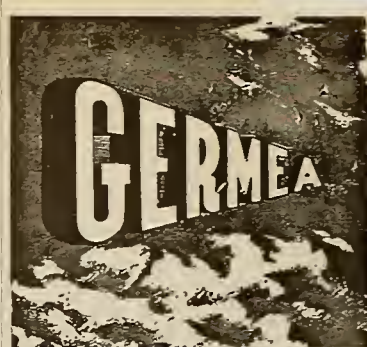
## Why Modify Milk

for infant feeding in the uncertain ways of the novice when you can have always with you a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect oow's milk from herds of native breeds, the perfection of infant food? Use it for tea and coffee.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
March 24th.....	50	42	.30	Clear
" 25th.....	52	42	.00	Cloudy
" 26th.....	52	48	.01	Cloudy
" 27th.....	60	48	.22	Rain
" 28th.....	58	54	.70	Rain
" 29th.....	52	48	.07	Clear
" 30th.....	56	46	.00	Clear



FOR BREAKFAST.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHEROUBURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
Vaderla'd. April 9, 10:30 am | Philadelphia..... April 23  
St. Paul..... April 16 | St. Louis..... April 30  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Noordland..... April 9, 10 am | Western'd. April 23, 10 am  
Merion..... April 16, 10 am | Haverford April 30, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Marquette..... April 9, 9 am  
Minnehaha..... April 16, 6 am  
Minneapolis..... April 23, noon  
Mesaha..... April 30, 9 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Portland—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Cambroman..... April 9 | Kensington..... April 23  
Canada..... April 16

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Potsdam..... April 5 | Ryndam..... April 19  
Rotterdam..... April 12 | Noordam..... April 26  
\*Will call at Plymouth.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Vaderland..... April 9 | Zealand..... April 23  
Kroonland..... April 16 | Finland..... April 30

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Oceanic..... April 6, 10 am | Cedric..... April 29, 8 am  
Teutonic..... April 13, 10 am | Majestic..... April 27, 10 am  
Celtic..... April 15, 5 pm | Arabic..... April 29, 5 pm  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric..... April 5 | Liverpool..... June 16  
Republic (new)..... April 30, June 9, June 16  
Cretic..... May 5, June 2, June 30

## Mediterranean Direct

BOZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic..... April 9, May 14, June 18  
Canopic..... April 23, May 28, July 2  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Cnptic (Calling at Manila)..... Saturday, April 2  
Gaelic..... Tuesday, April 26  
Doric..... Wednesday, June 1  
Cnptic..... Wednesday, June 22  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, April 2, at 11  
A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, April 14, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street: Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine  
section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There  
are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers,  
on topics of interest to everybody.  
THE PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY  
CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and  
are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art  
store. All this in addition to a superior news service,  
both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents  
per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition,  
\$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.  
JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager, Proprietor.

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE  
IN NEWSPAPERS  
ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME  
Call on or Write  
E. C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY  
124 Sansome Street  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Doyle, daughter of Mrs. Henry Doyle, of Burlingame, to Lieutenant William Montrose Parker, U. S. A. The wedding will take place soon after Easter.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Eckart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Eckart, to Mr. Edward Hume, will take place on Monday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 3014 Clay Street. The ceremony will be performed at half after eight o'clock by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Mrs. Benjamin Thomas will be matron of honor, and Miss Mabel Donaldson and Miss Georgie Spieker will be bridesmaids. Mr. William Hume will be best man, and Mr. Hewitt Davenport, Mr. Covington Pringle, Mr. Hugh Goodfellow, and Mr. James Kenna will be ushers.

The wedding of Miss Annie Laurie Wooster, daughter of Mrs. A. H. Small, to Mr. Frank Glass, son of Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., took place on Sunday at Redwood City. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Marshall.

The wedding of Miss Frances Harris, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis, to Mr. Ernest Albert Stent, will take place on Wednesday, April 6th, at the residence of the bride's aunt and uncle, 835 California Street. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Miss Fanny Arques, of San José, will be bridesmaid, and Mr. Ferdinand Reis will be best man.

Miss Linda Hamilton and Miss Minerva Hamilton gave a luncheon at Hazel Mount, Sausalito, on Saturday, in honor of Miss Frances Harris. Others at table were Miss Mabel Watkins, Miss Anna Sperry, Miss Julia Sprague, Miss Belle Harmes, Miss Louise Howland, Miss Zella Tiffany, Miss Anita Bertheau, Miss Grace Thompson, and Miss Edith Muir.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will give a luncheon to-day (Saturday).

Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, 1898 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood gave a theatre-party at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Miss Jennie Flood, and Mrs. Otis.

A reception in honor of Rev. David Evans, the new pastor of Grace Church, will be given by the vestry of the church on Wednesday, April 6th.

Baron and Baroness von Horst gave a theatre-party at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, followed by supper at the St. Francis. Their guests were Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Whitely, Miss Fern, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mr. Howard Huntington, Mr. Philip Paschal, Dr. Dunbar, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. Charles Ross, and Dr. Voorhies.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Peter D. Martin gave a luncheon on Tuesday, at which they entertained Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Norris Davis, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss May Colburn, Mrs. Shafter Howard, and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr.

Mrs. Horace Hill gave a luncheon recently at her residence, 2101 Laguna Street, in honor of Mrs. Clarence A. Postley, of New York.

Mrs. Thomas Waterman Huntington and Mrs. Wallace Irving Terry will be "at home" the second and third Fridays in April, at 2629 Pacific Avenue.

Commander Frank H. Holmes, of the

United States steamer *Mohican*, and Mrs. Holmes, gave a dinner on board that boat on Tuesday in honor of Miss Christine Pomerooy and Miss Lucy Coleman.

The officers and ladies of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will give an informal hop on Monday evening, April 4th.

## Wills and Successions.

Francis Lloyd Lowndes has filed for probate the will of his mother, Mrs. Frances Hoff Lowndes, who died in England on January 1, 1904. Her estate here amounts to about \$25,000. The decedent's three other children—Douglas Victor Lowndes, Gertrude L. Morrissey, and Theodora Edith Findlay—reside in London. Mrs. Lowndes said in her will that her two daughters had received legacies of \$50,000 each from their aunt, Cynthia Hoff Shillaber, and so she directed that her two sons be first paid \$50,000 each, in order to equalize the properties of her four children. On the payment of these bequests the remainder of the large estate is to be divided equally among the four children. The share of Mrs. Theodora Edith Findlay is to be held in trust for her during the life of her husband, Francis Findlay, she to be paid the income during that time.

After being in the courts for years, the De Laveaga estate is now in the hands of the two sisters and brother of José de Laveaga, the founder of the estate, a decree of distribution having been signed by Judge Coffey. Maria J. de Cehrian and Maria C. de Laveaga, sisters of the deceased, and Miguel de Laveaga, his brother, as a result of the order, will receive a fortune estimated to be worth eight hundred thousand dollars. Anselmo de Laveaga, the natural son of the deceased, will receive nothing.

The trout season opened yesterday (Friday), and the streams in the neighboring hills are lined with eager fishermen. Among the best streams near at hand are the Paper Mill, Lagunitas, Little and Big Carson, Olema, and Fairfax, in Marin County; Piela, Big and Little Sulphur, and Sonoma and its tributaries, in Sonoma County; the Austin, Willow, Howard, Jennie Gulch, Old Bridge, Kid, Freezeout, and other tributaries of Russian River. In San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties there is generally good fishing in the Purissima, San Gregorio, Pescadero, and their tributaries; and, further afield, on the Los Gatos, Bowlder, La Honda, Lohitas, Pompano, and Coyote. The tributaries of San Lorenzo River can generally be depended upon.

Edward Howard Griggs, formerly of the faculty at Stanford, but now of Chicago, will give three lectures here under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary Club. They are as follows: "Pierre Loti: The Sensational Dreamer as Child and Man," Friday afternoon, April 8th, at three-thirty; "Marie Bashkiersheff: A Modern Woman's Problem," Saturday morning, April 16th, at ten-thirty; "Ravenna: The Light that Failed," Monday afternoon, April 18th, at three-thirty. Course tickets will be \$1.00, single admissions, 50 cents.

Charles W. Strine, of New York, has been engaged as assistant to W. L. Leahy in the management of the Tivoli Opera House. He will look after the front of the house, and will be Mr. Leahy's chief adviser in the production of grand opera. Mr. Strine has been in California before, once as manager of a Sousa tour, and once with Melba under his charge.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Schumann-Heink Concerts.

An event of the coming week will be the series of concerts at the Alhambra Theatre by the famous contralto, Mme. Schumann-Heink. The concerts will be on Tuesday and Thursday nights and Saturday afternoon. At the first concert the programme will consist of the aria from Rossi's opera, "Mitrane"; a group of Schubert songs, "Wohin," "Du bist die Ruh," and "Der Wanderer"; three songs from the cycle, "Trumpeter of Sackingen," by Riedl; and three from Schumann's "Dichter Liehe"; a Hugo Wolf song, and the great prison scene from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." The Thursday programme includes the aria from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" (sung in English); the aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah"; and many others. At the Saturday matinée, "Die Altmacht," by Schubert, Schumann's cycle of eight songs, "Frauenliebe und Lehen," and the recitative and aria from Wagner's "Rienzi," will be the special features. Complete programmes for the entire three concerts may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats is now in progress. Prices for this engagement are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

## Seats to Be Auctioned.

"His Royal Nibs," the musical comedy by W. H. Clifford and Shafter Howard, will be given at the Alhambra Theatre on the evenings of Thursday, April 21st, and Friday, April 22d. Great interest is being taken in this presentation, which is under the auspices of the California Woman's Hospital board, for the benefit of that institution. On account of the many inquiries for seats for the two evenings, it has been decided to hold an auction sale of the boxes and orchestra seats on the evening of Thursday, April 14th, at eight-thirty, in the Alhambra Theatre. Mr. William Greer Harrison and others will conduct the auction. A musical programme will be rendered by some of our best local singers, and Mr. Watson will do some of his inimitable vaudeville specialties. This affair will, of course, be free and open to the public. On and after April 15th, seats for these events will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, and Kohler & Chase's. "His Royal Nibs" will be given in Oakland at the Macdonough Theatre on the evening of April 29th. This event is in charge of the directors of the Ladies' Relief Society and the Social Settlement Club.

## The Loring Club Concert.

The third concert of the twenty-seventh season of the Loring Club is announced for Native Sons' Hall on the evening of Easter Monday, April 4th. One of the principal features of the programme is scene fourth from Max Bruch's "Frithjof," for a quartet of soloists and chorus, while a prominent place on the programme is assigned to "The Haunted Mill," for tenor solo and chorus, by Templeton Strong. The tenor solo in this composition will be sung by Dr. J. F. Smith, while the soloists in the "Frithjof" scene will be Messrs. A. A. Macurda, J. S. Murdoch, G. Brenner, and W. Nielsen. Esser's "A Gallant Hero is the Spring" will be sung by Messrs. Lawrence, David, McCurrie, and Kneiss, and chorus. The programme also includes John Hyatt Brewer's "Sing, Sing, Music was Given" (which will have the composer's full accompaniment of solo violin, solo violoncello, organ, and piano), the club also having the assistance of a string quartet. Miss Ruth Loring will be the pianist, and the concert will be under the direction of the club's director, Mr. David W. Loring.

## Easter Music at St. Dominic's.

The following music, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, will be rendered on Easter Sunday, April 3d, at St. Dominic's Church, at High Mass, 11 A. M.: "Vidi Aquam," Stewart; "Kyrie, Gloria in Excelsis," Credo; "Sanctus and Agnus Dei," from Rossini's mass in D-minor; "Benedictus," from Gounod's "Messe Solennelle"; for the sequence, "Victimae Paschali Laudes," Stewart; offertory, "O Salutaris," Rossini. The mass will be sung by the regular choir of the church. Soloists: Mrs. B. Apple, soprano; Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto; Messrs. A. A. Mesmer and T. G. Elliott, tenors; Messrs. J. J. Rosborough and C. B. Stone, basses; violin, Mr. John Marquardt; violoncello, Mr. A. Guttererson; harp, Mrs. John Marquardt.

The farewell appearance of the violinist, Otto Spamer, will take place at Lyric Hall Thursday night, April 14th, and will be in conjunction with the debut of the Brahms Quartet, an organization for the rendering of the great works in vocal ensemble. Spamer will play the Italian suite by Paganini-Wilhelmj, and other important works. The seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday, April 13th.

## Mill Valley.

To let, furnished, to a responsible party, completely furnished house of fourteen rooms with all modern improvements. Extensive grounds, with stable and cottage. Address Box 65, this office.

## Pears'

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

Established over 100 years.



TRADE MARK

Established 1852.

The purity, grace, and style of

**Dorflinger Glassware**

commend it to careful purchasers as peculiarly appropriate for wedding presentation.

*Glassware*

**GEO. GOODMAN**  
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF  
**ARTIFICIAL STONE** Schillinger's Patent.  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Sidewalk and Garden-Walk a Specialty.  
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

**REHNSTROM & HAGBOM**  
FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON  
**TAILORS**  
Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3  
Telephone Main 5357. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For  
**PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,** and all affections of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

## Schæffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**  
126 Geary Street.

**There is no Substitute for**



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

**It is a Matter of Health**



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling have postponed their trip abroad on account of the ill-health of their son-in-law, Dr. Morton Grinnell, and are staying in New London, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have taken the Julius Kruttschnitt house for a few months.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has returned from her visit to New York, where she was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wallace have gone to Santiago de Cuba for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen, Miss Ruth Allen, and Miss Elizabeth Allen will spend the summer at their country place near San Mateo.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low went to Del Monte early in the week to remain some time.

Mr. Thomas Driscoll will pass the month of April in Santa Barbara.

Miss Charlotte Elianwood has returned from a two weeks' visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman (*née* Drown) returned from their wedding journey to the Hawaiian Islands on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda*.

Mrs. William M. Elkins (*née* Felton) is expected to arrive from the East in a couple of weeks, and will spend the summer in California with her father, Mr. Charles N. Felton.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Bates and family are occupying their bungalow at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve leave town to-day (Saturday) for their cottage at San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Baldwin, and Miss Elizabeth Cole will spend the Easter holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Miss Parrott are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nutall were among the recent visitors at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Katherine Herrin left on Tuesday for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Miss Louise Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. James Leonard, of Nevada, have been the guests during the past two weeks of Dr. and Mrs. Earle Brownelle.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Constance de Young were in Los Angeles this week.

Miss Harriet Duffy and Miss Constance Duffy, who have been guests of Miss Mabel Toy, have returned to their home in Buffalo, N. Y., being called back by their father's serious illness.

Mrs. Clarence A. Postley has returned to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg, left on Monday for their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Sacramento, sailed from New York last week for Naples.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, left on Monday for an extended Eastern trip, and later will go abroad.

Miss Nannie Langhorne and her niece, Miss Julia Langhorne, who have spent the winter with relatives here, left for the East last Monday.

Mr. Horace G. Platt spent last Saturday and Sunday at Del Monte.

Mr. George William Lewis will soon go to Europe for a visit of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer are at Del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud will occupy Major John A. Darling's country place at Napa during the absence of Major Darling and Mrs. Darling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin have returned from Del Monte.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Sr., Miss Ida Bourn, and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker will spend the summer at the Bourns' country place near St. Helena.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has returned from Paso Robles.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding has taken apartments at 1770 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Mary Robson and Miss Helen Robson have arrived from Europe, and are the guests of Mrs. Robson's mother, Mrs. Buckley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick will spend the next few days at their country place near Pleasanton.

Mrs. T. Luis de Onativia has recently returned to New York from a visit to her niece, Mrs. Morton Grinnell, at Millford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton H. Catherwood are at Denver, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank James and Mrs. A. J. Lewis leave on April 8th for a six months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Du Val intend to leave for the East in a few days.

Mrs. Christian Reis will spend the summer at San Mateo.

Baron and Baroness von Horst will leave soon for Europe, spending a few days at New York on the way.

Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager for the Associated Press, who spent a few days the early part of the week in San Francisco, has gone to Pasadena, where Mrs. Stone and Miss Stone passed the winter during his absence in Europe.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern

of Tamalpais were Mrs. Edward Morris, of New York, Mr. Victor Pellet, of Paris, Mr. Charles Horne, of Liege, Mr. and Mrs. A. McFarland, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Weborn, Mrs. Albert S. Wilson, Miss Marietta Havens, Mr. E. E. Hutchinson, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. John R. Roshman, and Mr. William S. Barnes.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. W. E. Davis, of Boston, Mr. R. H. Parmelee, of Bloomington, Mr. Clarence Woodman, of New York, Mr. T. J. Hanahan, of Sacramento, Mr. Harold S. Gay, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Mendell Welcker, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hirschfelder, Mrs. A. B. Gaines, Miss Dagmar Gaines, and Mr. H. A. Hunsaker.

## Army and Navy News.

Commander G. L. Dyer, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Albatross* at Guam, and ordered to duty as governor of Guam, with additional duty as commander of the *Supply*.

Commander James H. Bull, U. S. N., stationed at Mare Island, has gone on a short trip to Washington, D. C.

Dr. Henry S. Kierstedt, U. S. A., will leave shortly for Fort Meyer, Va., to which post he has recently been assigned.

Mrs. Breckenridge, wife of Lieutenant E. L. Breckenridge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hanna, wife of Lieutenant James G. Hanna, U. S. A., have gone on a visit East.

Mrs. Glass, wife of Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., is now in Southern California.

Mrs. Gale, wife of Major George H. Gale, U. S. A., and her daughter, Miss Polly Gale, have returned from the Philippines, and have taken apartments at 915 Leavenworth Street.

General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired, came up from Bakersfield during the week for a short stay.

Mrs. Wood, wife of General Leonard Wood, who arrived from Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, sailed on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines, where she will join her husband.

General Rodney and Mrs. Rodney will spend the summer at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Major Frank de L. Carrington, U. S. A., upon his arrival at St. Louis with the Philippine Scouts, will turn his command over to Captain William H. Johnston, U. S. A., and will report by letter to the adjutant-general.

Lieutenant B. F. Hutchinson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and ordered to the hospital at Mare Island for treatment.

Major William A. Glassford, Signal Corps, U. S. A., now en route home from the Philippines, will go to Atlanta, Ga., for duty.

Major Webster Vinson, Pay Department, U. S. A., who recently arrived from the Philippines, left for Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Captain William C. Davis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to San Francisco for staff duty.

Captain Winfield S. Overton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., at present on duty at the Presidio, has been ordered to Fort Williams, Me.

Pay Inspector E. B. Rogers, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Asiatic station for duty as fleet paymaster and pay officer on the flagship of the commander-in-chief, sailing from San Francisco on May 7th.

Commander J. H. Bull, U. S. N., will be detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island on April 13th, and on April 15th will take command of the *Solace*.

Commander Frederick Singer will be detached from the command of the *Solace* on April 15th, and will await orders.

The United States training ship *Mohican* has gone south on a three months' cruise.

General R. H. Warfield has given up the management of the California Hotel, and on Thursday it was transferred to Carlton C. Crane and Albert Bettens, the latter of whom will be manager. General Warfield has conducted the California for ten years, and gives it up only on account of the press of other interests. The new manager is an experienced man in that line. Many improvements will be made in the hotel.

A twelve-story building, to cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, will be erected on the east side of Kearny Street, next to the Chronicle Building. The lot on which it is to be built will have a frontage of sixty-six feet, and an almost uniform depth of seventy-five feet. The building will be of steel and stone.

## Summer Cottage at Ross.

For sale—lucrative renting property, consisting of lot 100 x 135 feet, set out with flourishing young fruit and shade trees, and containing four-room shingled cottage. Choice neighborhood; five minutes from station; always rented. If preferred, purchaser can buy only the 50 feet containing cottage. Address H. P., Argonaut office.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Mimeographing  
121 Phelan Building. Phone, John 2311.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Spring Exhibition of the Art Association.

There are about one hundred and fifty oil paintings in the exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute this year, and some thirty or more casts, bronzes, and marbles, besides a small collection of water-colors and miniatures. The standard of the work shown by the association, which has steadily trended upward during the last few years, is still further raised by this display. While there is no one painting perhaps which challenges admiration beyond the others in point of merit, the general excellence gives the exhibition a character most creditable to the art of the State. The Mary Frances Searles Gallery, which the association has, through the liberality of Mr Searles, been enabled to partially remodel, has been rendered so attractive that it is in itself worth a visit. The attendance at the Thursday evening concert was quite large, the following programme being rendered under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman:

Organ, "Gavotte" in B-flat, Handel, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, "The Sentinel Asleep," Von Tizner, Mr. Arthur M. Prince; Sonata, No. 4, for violin and piano, Mozart, Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Augenblick; vocal, recit. and aria from "Trovatore," "D'amor, sull'ali roseo," Verdi, Miss Vive Hickey; organ (a) Berceuse, "Jocelyn," Godard, (b) "May Morning," Mrs. Joseph Robinson, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, "Thursday," Molloy, Mr. Arthur M. Prince; violin solo, "Sixth Air Varie," De Beriot, Mr. Samuel Augenblick; vocal: (a) "The Letter," Caro Roma, (b) "Vainka's Song," Whishau, Miss Vive Hickey; organ, "Graceful Dance," Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

In the year 1900, the Santa Fé carried 813 passengers to the Grand Cañon of Arizona; in 1903, the number is given as 12,704—a remarkable increase, partly due to better transportation and hotel facilities. When the new \$100,000 hotel at Bright Angel (now building) is ready, another big jump in the visitors' total may be looked for. Evidently other Americans than President Roosevelt are finding out that the Grand Cañon is "the one great sight which every American should see." In the early days of the stage line from Flagstaff, it is said that three out of every four tourists came from foreign lands; to-day patriotic Americans outnumber the uitlanders a hundred to one.

Three Shakespeare recitals will be given at Steinway Hall, 223 Sutter Street, by Mr. Marshall Darrach, of New York. The first recital, on the evening of April 4th, will be on "Hamlet." "Macbeth" will be the subject of the second recital, to be given on the evening of April 11th; while the third recital, on the afternoon of April 16th, will have as its theme "The Tempest." Course tickets will be \$2.00, students' course tickets \$1.50, and single admissions 75 cents. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Mr. Darrach is a notable Shakespearean, and has been greeted all over the East by immense audiences. The list of patronesses under whose auspices he is to appear guarantees the success of the venture.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

—A FRENCH TEACHER DESIRES A LIMITED number of pupils. Best references. Mlle. Gabrielle Mercey, 1012 Greenwich Street, San Francisco.

## Dr. H. W. Hunsaker

has removed his offices from the Parrott Building to rooms 630 to 634, Starr King Building, 121 Geary St.

## "Knnx" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

## A Wedding

is not complete without a wedding book. CUPID'S PROVERBS is the only suitable book published for fine weddings. \$3.00 to \$50.00. All good booksellers have it. Circular mailed free by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## SOZODONT

## BETTER THAN GOLD

for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.

## SAVES YOUR TEETH

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## Now Is the Time for Carpets.

Next week at PATTOSIEN'S, cor. Sixteenth and Mission Streets, the following prices in Carpets will be offered: The celebrated \$1.40 Roxbury Carpet, sewed and layed, \$1.05. Bigelow Axminster Rugs, down-town price, \$47.50; our price, \$29.50; Smith's Axminster Carpet, sewed and layed, \$1.10; down-town price, \$1.40. DON'T MISS THESE BARGAINS.

## PATTOSIEN COMPANY.

## WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

PIANOS  
308-314 Post St.  
San Francisco.







# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1413.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 11, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breau Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2391.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Are Americans Commonplace?—Senator Hoar's Accusation—A Kindly Man, But Mistaken—Benevolent Assimilation in Tibet—Natives Who Could Not Understand—Taxes Which Never Come Back—San Francisco Pays, But Receives No Return—Mr. Bryan and His Money—His Fight for a Burden of Gold—What Makes a Great City?—Corruption and Socialism the Twin Evils—How to Encourage Capital—Chicago and San Francisco—Hearst Down, Parker Up—Editor's Boom Gets a Bad Setback—Parker's Nomination Now Said to Be Probable—Labor Troubles in San Francisco—Car-Men's Strike Threatened—A Dull Week in the War—Battle of Railway Giants	225-228
THE POETS AND THE WAR: "A Meeting on the Yalu," by J. A.; "The Torpedo," by Edward Sydney Tylee; "Pro Russia-Pro Pace," by Edith M. Thomas	228
THE PATCH OF ALKALI: The Story of a Cowboy's Love. By Bert M. Bower	229
GOUGHAM'S POOR LADIES: Keeping Up Appearances in New York—Cold, Dismal Flats and Fine Dresses—A Morning Walk Down the Avenue—Grafting a Luncheon—A Judiciously Selected Course Dinner. By Geraldine Bonner	230
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World	230
THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE: One Woman's Ideas Expressed in a Novel—"He That Eateth Bread With Me"—A Rather Strong Book—Subject Handled Without Gloves	231
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	232-233
DRAMA: "Mam'selle Napoleon" at the Columbia. By Josephine Hart Phelps	234
STAGE GOSSIP	235
VANITY FAIR: The Origin of Kissing—Not Known in Some Countries—Danger in the Salute—"Love" as a Disease—The Remedy—Divorce Bill Defeated in Italy—Dancing Defended—Brings a Man Near to Paradise—Women in Journalism—Must Stand Hard Knocks—Never Become High-Class Reporters—Guides to Bohemia—A Unique New York Business—Girl Escorts Furnished Lonely Young Men	236
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—The Deacon's Excuse—Dr. Vaughan's Lesson in Spelling—Knowledge of Dr. Hale a Recommendation—Good Customer for the Doctors—The Newsboy's Suspicions—President Butler's Poisoned Milk—Regardless of Expense—Judge Gray and the Clergyman's Son—Tolstoy's Ancestor's Quick Wit—A School-Teacher's Embarrassing Blunder	237
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Easter Harmony"; "Czech-Mated," by T. Ybarra; "They Are Sixty-Seven"; "The Retort Court-teous"	237
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News	238-239
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	240

Senator Hoar has written the story of his life under the title "Autobiography of Seventy Years." The work is in two volumes, of which the first is the better. The second volume is good, but much of it is taken up with the doings of very commonplace Massachusetts men. They are commonplace certainly out of Massachusetts, and very probably there, too.

It is odd that Senator Hoar should have failed to note the lack of interest attaching to the doings of some of these commonplace Massachusetts men, for on one page of his book he says:

"Matthew Arnold says in one of his essays that Americans lack distinction. I have a huge liking for Matthew Arnold. He had a wonderful intellectual vision. But Mr. Arnold has never seemed to me to be fortunate in his judgment about

Americans. He allows this quality of distinction to Grant, but denies it, for all the world, to Abraham Lincoln. The trouble with Mr. Arnold is that he never traveled in the United States, when on this side of the Atlantic. He spent his time with a few friends who had little love for things American. He visited a great city or two, but never made himself acquainted with the American people. He never knew the sources of our power, or the spirit of our people.

"Yet there is a good deal of truth in what he says of the Americans of our time. The newspaper, and the telegraph, and the telephone, and the constant dissemination of news, the public library and the common school, mix us all up together and tend to make us, with some rare and delightful exceptions, eminently commonplace. Certainly the men who are sent to Congress do not escape this wearying quality. I know men who have been in public office for more than a generation, who have had enormous power and responsibility, to whom the country is indebted for safety and happiness, who never said a foolish thing, and rarely ever when they had the chance failed to do a wise one, who are utterly commonplace. You could not read the story of their public career without going to sleep. They never said anything worth quoting, and never did anything that any other equally good and sensible man would not have done in their place. I have a huge respect for them. I can never myself attain to their excellence. Yet I would as lief spend my life as an omnibus horse as live theirs."

Few Americans will read this without taking issue with Senator Hoar. What! We Americans "eminently commonplace"? Does Senator Hoar know what he is saying? Can that eminent person really mean that we are "eminently commonplace"?

Yet it can not be denied that the senator's dictum will cause a slight doubt to arise in the minds of thoughtful Americans. Senator Hoar has spent much of his life in Washington. He was elected to Congress as a Representative while a very young man, and he has served Massachusetts ever since, either in Senate or House. He is full of years and honors. He has declined exalted positions, among them that of minister to England. He has more than once declined a Cabinet position. He has gone abroad as a commissioner representing the United States. He has also gone abroad frequently as a private citizen traveling for pleasure. He has met the public men of England and France in official consultation; he has also met them around the social board. Yet Senator Hoar, with these unusual opportunities for comparison, finds Americans "eminently commonplace."

Can it be that Senator Hoar, with advancing years, has grown atrabilarious and sour? This is not so. The senator is one of the most kindly of men. Although a pronounced partisan, he has never been a bitter one. He caused the refounding of William and Mary College, destroyed by the Union army. He has done many kindly things for the South during and after the Civil War. Reading the book which chronicles his long political life, one finds no bitterness toward his political enemies—with the possible exception of General B. F. Butler, and for this the Recording Angel can easily pardon him. In short, the book is the life-record of a high-minded, public-spirited, patriotic, and kindly hearted citizen. Therefore, when such a man—himself a stalwart American of Yankee blood—says that Americans are "eminently commonplace," his remarks are deserving of thoughtful consideration.

Who among us, however, can believe that Senator Hoar is right? Does the reader think so? Probably not. Yet the reader may have spent his life in some sparsely settled State, like California, while Senator Hoar has spent his in the capital city of eighty millions of people. These eighty millions send to their capital as representatives their best. Whatever strangers may think of those representatives, they are our elect. Senator Hoar has been meeting these men for half a century. He has known Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Speakers, and Cabinet officials. He has been meeting the heads of bureaus, the chiefs of the army and navy, the staff officers detailed for special duty there, the heads of the learned institutions affiliated with the government—in short, the most popular, most learned, and most wise among civilians, and presumably the

best and the bravest of the military arm of the government. Yet after half a century's experience in the capital of the American people, Senator Hoar deliberately avers that Americans are "eminently commonplace." What in heaven's name would he have said of them had he lived for half a century in Springfield, Illinois? In Columbus, Ohio? In Jefferson City, Missouri? In Baton Rouge, Louisiana? In Des Moines, Iowa? In Little Rock, Arkansas? In Lincoln, Nebraska? In S-c-r-n-to, C-l-f-n-a? Yet we have no doubt that the dwellers in these capitals would repel with indignation Senator Hoar's charge that they and we their fellow-citizens are "eminently commonplace."

We have great respect for Senator Hoar, but we are forced to conclude that he is in error. In traveling through this great country one is struck by the number of notable men and brilliant women to be found in each city, judging from the society columns of the local prints. We have many such in San Francisco. There are orators here who easily rival those of the effete East. There are women here who in beauty, tact, and conversational brilliancy outshine the titled ladies of the decaying despotisms of the Old World. Senator Hoar surely can not believe that these our people are "eminently commonplace." We in San Francisco know that we are not.

The only thing that could weaken this belief is that we have observed a similar pride concerning other cities, set forth in other organs of American opinion, such as the Kankakee *Clarian* and the Podunk *Pewee*.

But surely Senator Hoar is wrong. He must be wrong. We know it. We feel it in our bones.

When, three years ago, Premier Waldeck-Rousseau inaugurated his crusade against the religious orders of France, there were many who shook their heads and predicted that Catholic France would not support him in a course essentially anti-Catholic. But, since that time, Waldeck-Rousseau and his successor, M. Combes, have pressed through the Chamber of Deputies and Senate measure after measure, law after law, directed at the congregations, each more rigorous than the last, and France has loyally supported them. A general election has been held, but there was no rebuff for the government in the results. Not only urban France, but the provinces, seem content that the reactionary, monarchical, aristocratic orders shall no longer warp the minds of the youth of republican France.

On March 28th, this long and bitterly fought campaign of Premier Combes reached its culmination in the passage through the Deputies of a bill for the suppression of all forms of teaching by the religious orders. The vote was decisive, 316 to 269, and no difficulty whatsoever is expected in the Senate. The first law of Waldeck-Rousseau suppressed the unauthorized teaching orders; this last law sweeps away the whole structure of religious schools, and puts in its place schools supported and controlled by the state.

One clause of the law now in force provides for the removal of religious emblems from the courts of justice in France. The assurance of the government that it has the cordial support of the people is shown by its action in ordering their removal in the week preceding Easter. In the Paris Palais de Justice alone, it is reported, twenty-five crucifixes and paintings were removed. And furthermore, it is stated to be the government's intention to close the famous "healing" shrine at Lourdes.

And it seems possible that the movement against the Catholic church in France will not end here. Premier Combes has invited the Pope to "denounce" the Concordat. If the Pope does not, it may be that France will. This would indeed be a radical step—one



reaching importance. The Concordat has stood for more than a century—has stood amid the wreck and rise of empires and republics. Its annulment now would be a significant evidence of the weakening hold of the Vatican on the republic.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan is irrepressible. He could not be President of the United States, so he went to Europe and hobnobbed with kings and tasted the sweets of aristocracy. But Mr. Bryan came back from Europe unsatisfied. He felt that he had missed something. He felt in his pocket; the Presidency was not there. Then he remembered. There flitted across his mind the phantom of a cross of gold. It had been a telling phrase; but he had never borne that cross. "I may not be in the White House," murmured Mr. Bryan; "but I will bear my cross like a man." Therefore Mr. Bryan has been storming the courts of three States trying to get his burden, a fifty-thousand-dollar burden, of which he would relieve the estate of the late Philo S. Bennett.

This benefactor of the untamable Nebraskan was careful of the beneficiary's modesty. He did not expose the gift in his public testament, but hid it in a sealed letter. The letter was opened, and Mr. Bryan was for immediately transferring its contents into his empty pocket, when Mrs. Bennett intervened. And the end of the matter is that the former Presidential candidate has suffered grievous aspersion of character. He has been said to be "hiding behind a subterfuge" by learned counsel, and he has been rebuked by a Connecticut judge for trying to set himself right at the wrong time, and informed that he was "butting in."

Public sympathy will be with Mr. Bryan in his hour of trial, and the tears of the populace will strive to dissolve the gum on that sealed letter in order that he may bear his cross of gold. And yet Mrs. Bennett seems to have a claim on the public bosom. Mr. Bryan was Mr. Bennett's friend, and Mrs. Bennett was only his wife. His attitude is inexcusable till we look deeper. She may need the money; she may have earned it by darning the socks of the deceased and lighting the kitchen fire in the morning. Further, she may even have a tender consideration for Mr. Bryan, and through the loftiest of motives be striving to save him from his much-sought penance. Possibly her action does not insinuate that the Nebraskan is impertinent; it is within the bounds of likelihood that she does not consider him an interloper.

Human hearts are axiomatically difficult to read and human desires impossible to define. But Mr. Bryan's crusade seems to have gone far enough and his claims to have reached the ultimate heights. He may now with dignity sit down in a back pew and reflect upon the fact that he did his best. One can fancy that he may have a rankling sense of judicial injustice, and feel that his endeavors to carry out the wishes of Mr. Bennett met with unmerited rebuff. But at least he is relieved of what must have been a nightmare to him—the thought that he must join the ranks of capital, sent to the Bastille of plutocracy by a *lettre de cachet*. It was mean of the judge to rebuke him, however.

The facts essential to a clear understanding of the present controversy between the United Railroads and their men are these:

Previous to April, 1902, the wage paid carmen in this city generally was twenty-two cents an hour, with a bonus for long service.

During that month a successful strike for a raise in wages to twenty-five cents an hour occurred.

In the following March, the carmen, representing that the cost of living had increased, made demands for a minimum wage of thirty-three and a third cents an hour.

These demands were submitted to arbitration, the arbiters being: one a representative of the unions, one a representative of the railways, and one, Oscar Straus, of New York, neutral. He made an award of a slight advance in wages, on a sliding scale, so that the oldest employees of the railway received a wage of twenty-seven and a half cents per hour, and others in proportion.

The period during which this award is effective ends May 1, 1904. In anticipation of the lapse of the present agreement, the carmen are demanding higher wages and other concessions. The company has refused to grant the demand for higher wages, and has refused to grant most of the other demands.

So far, the carmen are quite within their rights. It is perfectly proper for them to ask for higher wages. It is in nowise incumbent on them to preserve that "industrial peace" hoped for by Arbitrator Straus, if they believe that they are working for too small wages and by a strike can secure higher wages. It may inconvenience the public, it may entail loss to the railway, but, nevertheless, the men may not justly be

blamed for striking for more wages, shorter hours, or other privileges which they think are their right.

But the carmen's demands extend beyond questions of wages, hours, and privileges. For section eight of the proposed agreement reads as follows:

The company will not require members of the union to work with non-union men employed in work over which the union exercises jurisdiction by reason of its constitution and laws; provided, that all men employed after the date of this agreement and during the life thereof shall be granted sixty (60) days within which to become members of the union.

If this means anything, it means that the company, at the union's dictation, must either discharge its employees not members of the union, or else compel them to join that organization. Such a demand is unjust. It is tyrannical. No man or body of men has the right to demand that any other man or body of men shall join a labor union before he or they shall have the right to work. To grant the right of a union to say that, in order for a man to secure employment, he must belong to a secular organization, is equivalent to granting the right of the members of one religious creed to demand the discharge of workmen of another creed. It is every man's right to belong to a labor union. It is every man's right not to belong to a labor union. The demand of the carmen that the United Railroads coerce their employees into joining a labor union on penalty of discharge is an intolerable invasion of personal rights. The framers of the Declaration of Independence held it "to be self-evident that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For the unions to deny a man the right to work is to deny him a right to liberty. It is no more just a demand than that the Citizens' Alliance should permit no man to work unless a member of their organization. In section eight of their demands the carmen make reference to their constitution and laws. There are other laws and a greater constitution. "No person," says the Constitution of the United States, "shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." To deprive a workman of the right to work is to deprive him of a measure of his liberty. The demand of the union is essentially a demand that the railways should come to its support in violating the Constitution of the United States.

It is, however, not alone the employees who are at fault in their attitude. Study of all the statements that have been made, of the allegations of the men, and, in particular, of what purports to be an authentic copy of a blank form of agreement which, it is alleged, the railway company has required its recent employees to sign, inclines to the belief that an attempt has been made by the United Railroads to restrain employees from joining the union. Such a course, if it has been pursued, is quite as open to objection as any act of the unions themselves. An employer of labor has no right to dictate to employees regarding their membership or non-membership in any organization, secular or religious.

These are the real issues in the controversy. The public would like to see the men receive as high wages as it is possible to pay them. They would be glad to see the working day reduced in length. They would like to see the carmen given the right to ride free on all the lines. These things are matters of expediency and policy. They are matters for a reasonable discussion. They are matters for arbitration. But the matter of open shop or closed shop, of the right to join or refrain from joining, any organization are matters of law. They affect the basic principles on which this government is founded. They are not matters for arbitration. As well arbitrate the Ten Commandments as arbitrate the right of men to work; the right of men to join lawful organizations; the right of men to refrain from joining any organization!

The Parker boom grows apace. If the statements and predictions of New York newspapers may be believed, the New York delegation to the Democratic National Convention will be positively instructed in his favor. In instructing its delegation New York will only be following an almost invariable precedent. Not since 1884 has a New York Democratic delegation gone to the national convention uninstructed.

The popular movement toward Judge Parker, observable throughout the South and elsewhere, is a singular phenomenon. The man is almost unknown. Bryan calls him "a human interrogation point." He has been denominated "a colorless candidate," "a man without convictions," "a mere puppet in the hands of Hill." He has been spoken of as "the unquotable and the unmagnetic." "Nowhere else in the world," exclaims the Springfield Republican, "do great political parties choose as their candidates men who have been dead as mummies, so far as politics is concerned, for two decades before their elevation to the leadership." Yet his political strength is manifestly greater

than that of any other candidate at this moment. The movement toward him is only comparable to the rush of wind toward a vacuum.

The reasons, however, are clear—there is no other available conservative candidate! Even Cleveland's strongest newspaper admirer—the New York World—admits that the action of the New Jersey Democratic State Committee in favor of an uninstructed delegation "must be accepted as the final proof that Mr. Cleveland is no longer to be considered for the Presidential nomination." Judge Gray's vacillating course in the Philippine matter has destroyed any chance he may have had. Massachusetts is for Olney, but his non-enforcement of the Sherman Act is a thing that can be urged against him with overwhelming force. The sentiment regarding Gorman seems to be that he is an astute politician rather than a great statesman. And so conservative Democracy, in terror at the horrendous boom of Mr. Hearst, has turned and fled pellmell, helter-skelter, into the Parker camp. We find such political experts as Walter Wellman saying: "As the South and many other States are swinging into line for Judge Parker, there is now little, if any, doubt of his nomination." The New York Globe says: "It is all over with the Hearst boom." Senator Bacon, of Georgia, is reported to have written a letter to a friend in Augusta in which he says that not only is he himself for Parker, but that Senator Gorman agrees with him that the conservative element in the party should unite for the New Yorker. The New York Times says: "The very great probability that Judge Parker will be the candidate of his party now forces itself upon the mind." The New York Evening Post says, in its own picturesque way: "It is already a great triumph for decency. For the Hearst candidacy is obviously fallen back into the ooze where it was spawned." Of course, newspaper jealousy should be taken into account in weighing these opinions, but even so, there appears no valid reason for believing them far astray from solid fact.

All efforts, so far, have failed to draw from Judge Parker the slightest expression of opinion. One of his fellow-justices on the bench of the New York Court of Appeals says, with unconscious humor, that "when we mention the subject a frown comes on his face and he turns away." Senator Hill says that "he does not take enough interest in what his friends are doing for him to ask any questions as to how we are getting on." To campaign for office or to discuss politics is not, in the (supposed) opinion of Judge Parker, in accord with the dignity of the judicial ermine. It is not unlikely, however, that if the New York delegation instructs for him in its convention on April 18th, he will resign his place on the bench, so that he may be free to explain to the country his position on momentous public questions.

In this State, the fight between the Hearst and the anti-Hearst factions of Democracy continues with unabated vigor. The Bulletin, which is supposedly not indifferent to the opinion on things political of Mr. James D. Phelan, leads the opposition, seconded by Barry, of the weekly Star. It is understood that Franklin K. Lane is anti-Hearst, as also Representative Bell, and E. E. Leake. Prominent Democrats who are for Hearst are Caminetti, B. D. Murphy, T. J. Geary, M. F. Jeter, Mayor Snyder, J. H. Budd, and ex-Congressman Maguire. The State convention will consist of seven hundred and twenty-three delegates, and will meet at Santa Cruz on May 15th, and there will be fought to a finish the contest which began with a Hearst victory in the State committee. A factor in the situation is undoubtedly the Vice-Presidential aspirations of Phelan. And Franklin K. Lane has also been "mentioned."

The British are trying to convert the Thibetans to their doctrines of trade and reciprocity. It looks very much as if they would succeed, as the last battle, almost resulting in disaster to the English "mission," was finally turned against the Thibetans with a loss to them of some fifteen hundred, including the Lhasa general, the military commander of Phari, and the Lama of the Golden Monastery. According to the British journals, this is a lesson to the unregenerate that English trade will not be stopped in its progress.

For some fifteen years the English Government has been endeavoring to enforce the rules and regulations of a treaty made with China as suzerain of Thibet, and for fifteen years the Thibetans have refused to accede to the demands of the trafficker and the drummer from Europe. Back of this desire to make the treaty effective has been England's fear of Russian predominance in India, a fear almost incarnate in Lord Curzon, the viceroy of India.

Naturally even British patience gave out at last, and naturally also a military mission was organized under Colonel Younghusband. He was instructed to get speech with the Thibetans and impress upon them, peacefully, of course, the enormity of their offense in not hearkening to the voice of John Bull. So Colonel Younghusband got together his expedition, composed it of old fighters,



and received graciously some war-correspondents sent from London to watch the peace proceedings. Since that time the story has been one of continuous advance into Thibetan territory, and continuous delay in coming to any conference. At last the Thibetans stated their desires for negotiations at Yotang. The British commander naturally refused to budge an inch, and when the Thibetans became ugly, and one of them fired a shot at a member of the expedition, he assumed the offensive, and proclaimed peace by shooting with as much accuracy as possible at ten yards. Fifteen hundred killed is a sort of compendium of the battle which lasted but a few minutes.

Now the British war office is looking into the matter, and the British papers are talking of what excellent peace the empire is attaining. But somehow the wires back of it all seem to show. We hear a little murmur of Russia and her long-cherished plan of including Thibet under her suzerainty. We catch a glimpse of Lord Curzon in his viceregal robes telling the loyal citizens and the army that England never withdraws her flag, and of the ministers in London reading their dispatches with a constant reference to secret maps and tables. A king's messenger flies across to St. Petersburg, and there is a stir in Threadneedle Street. But as we look the vision fades again. After all, it was only a fight between a peaceful mission bent on establishing trade relations and a band of obstreperous natives who could not understand. It is very reassuring to learn that the Russian papers take it all very calmly and have no fears of any collision. The only people not heard from, except in a perfectly informal way, have been the Thibetans. There is some doubt as to their attitude.

The story is told of Senator Foster, of Washington, that the distinction between the State of his domicile and the city of his political labors was defined to him as, respectively, "tax-eatin' Washington" and "tax-payin' Washington." The fardels which San Francisco and California bear are not lightened by any such word-play. The money which we dig from the jeans of industry does not even send us back the echo of our name: we do not address it to San Francisco, D. C.; it is not put in the bank payable to our order. In fact, we never see it again.

But whether it be the sunshine of our climate or a natural buoyancy inherited from ancestors, who regarded government as an expensive but highly commendable luxury, we persist in expecting some sort of return from our tax-paying. Our senators make us up budgets and our congressmen speak as in a vision of what we shall attain at the beneficent hand of the generous government. But somehow we don't get it. We have the satisfaction of viewing what California money has built when we go East, but the journey is long and there isn't half as much pleasure in knowing that the quarantine station at New Orleans was built by us as there might be in strutting before the new immigration station we all thought we were going to have here. To be sure, we are solaced with an eight-thousand-dollar mortuary for the marine hospital, and the San Francisco Débris Commission has fifteen thousand dollars. But we wanted that immigration station. They tell us they need the money for other things. In fact, California, they say in Washington, is getting too d—d impudent. Not content with being allowed to pay taxes and be enrolled among the States, she must cry for buildings like other States. Outrageous! The idea!! When we must send reindeer to Alaska!!!

The dismantling of the giant Northern Securities Merger appears to be a big and complicated task. Question has arisen how the stock of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway shall be distributed to the original owners. Indeed, Mr. Harriman has brought suit in the United States court to compel the return to the petitioners of the Northern Pacific common stock originally exchanged by them. The interest in this complex legal struggle lies in the fact that it seems to be indicative of a contest between those industrial giants—E. H. Harriman and J. J. Hill—for the control of the Northern Pacific. On the ninth of May, 1901, it will be remembered, a battle for control of this stock precipitated a panic which was probably one of the worst in the history of the New York Stock Exchange.

"Credit to him to whom credit is due" ought to be the motto of the press of the United States, of whatever party or faction, in discussing the ruling of the Supreme Court in what is known as the Anthracite Coal Case. It was W. R. Hearst who filed with the Attorney-General evidence tending to show that the coal-carrying roads violated the law; it was Hearst who hired lawyers and

vigorously pressed the case before the Interstate Commerce Commission up to the point where Judge Lacombe refused to sustain the demand that the books of the railways be presented in evidence; and it is, as a matter of fact, Hearst's victory now that the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that the books and papers demanded must be presented by the railways in evidence before the courts. If the railways have, in fact, violated the law it would appear that the way is now open for pressure of the case to a point where a verdict against the railways may be secured. If such a verdict is secured, Mr. Hearst may justly claim the credit for it.

A correspondent of the *Argonaut* asks us a hard question. "Why," he says, "are you so hard on King Leopold of Belgium for permitting the slave-traffic in Africa, when Uncle Sam permits it on our soil in Asia"? Alas and alack! Why will people ask such questions? We feel like the bishop who, when asked point-blank by a Sunday-school scholar why God made mosquitoes, blandly inquired: "Now what little girl would like to answer this question"? It seems as if we American editors were never going to be permitted to feel downright virtuous any more! Do we rise and point a denunciatory finger at a reprobate like Leopold—somebody, in an obscure corner, lifts a thin voice, and says: "What about Sulu?" Do we grow righteously wrathful about the Kishineff barbarities—somebody pops up, and asks: "What about negro-burning in Mississippi?" Do we thunder at the Russian for pilfering Manchuria—somebody is sure to inquire, "How about Panama?" Alas, it is a sad, bad world—and Leopold, O Leopold, we implore your august pardon. Leopold, we forgot!

The war news for the week?—well, there isn't any. Correspondents who hid them so gayly to the Far East are reduced to writing about each other. Jack London sends a graphic and picturesque account of how he learned to ride an unemasculated Korean pony. All is quiet along the Yalu, though there is a vague rumor that the Russians have retired to the further bank, leaving Korea in possession of the Japs. Admiral Makaroff doesn't seem greatly frightened, for he is reported cruising about the Gulf of Pechili looking for Jap warships. Dense mystery shrouds the whereabouts of Togo. He seems to have made no further attack upon Port Arthur or Russian vessels. The logical necessity for a speedy capture of the place before the Baltic fleet can reach Eastern waters—as pointed out in these columns last week—is made singularly evident by late authentic revelations of the plans of the Russian Government along those lines. The only really exciting event of the week was the capture of two war-correspondents by the Russians. This opens up a new field of newspaper enterprise. If there is no news the correspondents can just let themselves be killed, which will furnish the other fellows with a spicy item. Why not?

Is it destiny, luck, or location that establishes and sustains a great city on a given spot? The subject is not without interest—not without grave local importance. In the final analysis what really makes a really great city is a question meriting the careful consideration of the thoughtful urbanite wherever located.

This much is elementary: if there is but one harbor on a long stretch of sea coast, but one available port of shipment for a great producing interior territory, then there must inevitably grow at that point a city large enough to care for the outgoing and the incoming commerce of the zone naturally tributary to it.

This much of growth is certain—inevitable.

Given a monopoly of natural advantages, and a city will, without any particular display of enterprise, grow up to a given point. There it stops. Without special effort it will keep pace with the demands and necessities of the tributary territory, but without special effort it will proceed no further. How much more important—commercially or industrially—the city may become rests very largely with the wealth, the enterprise, and wisdom of the community itself.

The monopolistic municipality that rests in complacent, self-satisfied security will not, in the nature of things, grow beyond the actual necessities of its immediate environment. If, in another locality, on the same coast, lacking in equal natural advantages perhaps, but bubbling over with sane, healthy energy, there springs up a rival city that inaugurates a vigorous, systematic campaign for the inland and export trade of the older metropolis, it is high time for the somnolent municipality to stick a pin in that portion of its anatomy best calculated to dispel all tendencies toward slumber. If the older city remains dormant, the younger rival will eventually strip away the larger part of her trade. If both evince only the same energy, the older city must

suffer, for the younger will, as a result of local pride, monopolize the trade immediately surrounding it.

Cities are given over to maladies very much as are individuals. They have their dull seasons, and their bright days; they are afflicted with spasms of virtue and fits of maladministration; they go into declines, and take on vigor and strength in varying degrees.

It must not be lost to view that mere bigness and the possession of superior natural advantages do not of themselves insure continued commercial supremacy. The man who possesses the constitution of iron may be more prodigal of nerves and tissues than his more delicate and therefore more careful neighbor; he may "go the pace" and experience no more harmful effects, apparently, than a "bad feeling" the next morning, but eventually and too early he comes upon a time when there is singing at his house that he does not hear, and the thin neighbor is one of the pallbearers.

Prior to 1830, Philadelphia was larger than New York, but since that time New York has far outdistanced her. In 1900, New York was credited with a population of 3,437,202, and Philadelphia with a population of 1,293,697.

At one time, Cincinnati was larger than St. Louis; to-day the former city numbers 325,902 inhabitants, and the latter 575,238. Not a great many years ago St. Louis boasted of a greater population than Chicago, but the census of 1900 credits Chicago with a population of 1,698,575.

Within the memory of men yet young, Los Angeles was a straggling Mexican village, a land of cigarettes and *siestas*; and the majority of its population dwelt in adobe houses. The architectural show-place of the town was the now-neglected and obscure Pico House, while its present magnificent business streets were dusty country roads, leading out to dry, unprofitable farms, now fragrant with orange-blossoms. Seattle, but a span of time ago, was hardly worthy of a place upon the maps. The last census rates the population of Seattle at 80,671. Tacoma, another Sound city, boasts of a population of 37,714, while Los Angeles' population reaches the magnificent figure of 102,479. Wonders have been performed to the north and to the south. Los Angeles will soon be for all practical purposes a seaboard city, and doubtless will then take on a quickened growth that will equal that of "boom times." But after all, no rival harbor, no rival port, no rival city, can for a moment compare in natural advantages with San Francisco. Alarmists have from time to time indulged in gloomy forebodings concerning our future, and in frankness it must be said that from time to time prospects looked dubious for this city.

As a community we have been too prodigal of nerve and tissue; we have "gone the pace" at times, and have been made to suffer for the error of our ways. We have permitted the festering sores of corruption and agitation to deface the body politic. We have toyed with socialism, winked at boodling, and rather encouraged the noisy demagogue in his denunciations of rich men merely because they were rich. We have indulged in the tittle of cheap sensationalism, and ought to feel the reaction.

While San Francisco stands without a dangerous rival she must not deceive herself. The *Chronicle* recently devoted several columns to arguments and statistics denying and disproving a claim that the Puget Sound ports were outstripping San Francisco in exports and imports. The mere fact that any one would seriously urge, and a leading newspaper take the trouble to seriously deny, such a claim is, in itself, significant.

But a few years ago the falsity of such a pretension would have provoked ridicule—not serious discussion; it would have been laughed down, not argued down.

The *Argonaut* holds fast to a complete and abiding faith in the destiny of San Francisco, but it is mindful also of the dangers that threaten, and would therefore point them out.

Ever since the Spanish-American War the world has agreed that out here on the Pacific Coast there must grow up a seaport metropolis second only to the great cities on the Atlantic seaboard. Naturally, San Francisco lays first claim to this honor. She is entitled to it. Every factor that goes to make up a great city is here, and in the matter of harbor and municipal development, she is far and away ahead of all rivals. But Philadelphia could have made this same argument against New York at one time. It is an argument, but it is not conclusive.

To-day, while it may not be said the population of Chicago is growing smaller, it can be said, and it is a fact recognized by thoughtful men, that Chicago is losing thousands of population and millions of capital because it has taken on a character that stamps it as "unsafe."

A long-time resident of Chicago recently said to the writer: "I have lived here practically all of my life



All my means have been invested here, but gradually I have been closing up my Chicago affairs, and, by this time next year, thank God, I will not have a dollar invested in Chicago." A New York banker, having had submitted to him an opportunity to enter Chicago, in a financial way, in an undertaking of legitimate promise, declared: "I would not invest such a sum of money in Chicago if I felt assured that at the end of a year the profits would net a million dollars. I simply would not take the risk or endure the strain of having money invested in that city."

At the down-town Chicago clubs, at Kinsleys, or Rectors, during the lunch hour, where business men gather for a noonday meal and a cigar, you can hear this sort of talk.

Such is the reputation Chicago is taking on, and she is paying the penalty. One Chicagoan, after bitterly denouncing the powers responsible for Chicago's misfortune, turned to the writer, declaring: "You people out in San Francisco seem to be playing a pretty good second," and then he discussed our recent campaign for municipal ownership of street railways and our "modern" charter that pledges the city to municipal socialism.

It may be here set down—and it can not be stated too emphatically or too impressively—that a bad reputation is the only—and you may underscore only—thing that can obstruct San Francisco's supremacy, the only thing that can divert capital from making investment here, the only factor that can obstruct the enlarging of our field of industrials, and creating a demand for labor.

Outside capital must be enlisted to foster our foreign commerce, which, when compared with our possibilities, is as nothing. The discovery of oil has removed the stumbling-block of high-cost fuel, and gives hope of cheaper power and more extensive manufacturing. There are in process of incubation a round half-dozen plans for bringing cheap electric power into this city, but it will require a heavy outlay, of outside capital, presumably, to bring these enterprises into actual existence. A catalogue of dormant enterprises unending in length and variety might be made up to give point to this argument, but every man of affairs knows the facts.

How to induce capital to enter here and how to prevent it going to the development of our rivals, are things well worth careful consideration, and subjects important enough to merit not one but many articles.

How may capital be induced to exploit our latent possibilities and so contribute to our growth, and insure to us the destiny that nature itself marked out for us? Manifestly, the first desideratum is to have something worth undertaking. If our possibilities are exhausted, then as a city we are in a sorry plight, and have proceeded in the matter of growth to our nethermost limits. Such an assumption would be bald nonsense. One need but mention the west coast of South America, with its immense commercial opportunities, and at once there is opened up a vista of trade possibilities that in the perspective culminate in factories of a character that outside competition would probably never disturb. We should be gathering up the raw material from all that rich stretch of country that borders on the Pacific, and be returning thereto the manufactures they need, which, in many instances, would be their own raw material, worked up into merchantable goods. We should be bringing in their hides and returning them shoes, gathering their ivory nuts and returning them buttons, buying their tallow and returning them soap and candles; their cochineal, their cocoa, coffee, and nitre are all staples, and, under our very noses, this trade is being diverted elsewhere. But this is not all; there are opportunities, purely local, rich with promise, waiting only for capital to breathe life under ribs that have so far fattened on hope alone.

It is not difficult to outline the course of capital. The man of money is moved by business instincts and not by sentiment. Put yourself in the place of such a man—a plan is laid upon you involving an outlay and permanent investment of a large sum of money. The scheme is feasible and reasonably certain to yield adequate profits, all other things being equal. But, after some experience, the man of money has learned to inquire beyond the mere business details of the investment. Imagine if you will a capitalist inquiring into a local investment while the city is in the throes of a campaign for municipal socialism, where, if the movement be successful, his property will be mortgaged, against his will, to pay for something he does not want; imagine him finding the daily papers teeming with attacks on local enterprises. And, on the theory always apologetically advanced by yellow journalism that the papers are no worse than the community sustaining them, what would he be forced to believe of our people if he accept that ingenious and apologetic lie that the press only publish what the people want? Then let our interesting friend submit our city charter to his attorney, as he must in the days of "modern" charters. He

will find the city pledged annually to investigate all quasi-public corporations with a view to purchasing and operating them. He will find us without municipal ownership, but will nevertheless find us solemnly pledged in the instrument that constitutes our fundamental law to municipal socialism. True, the disease has not yet broken out, but we are as thoroughly and completely committed to socialism as is tax-ridden Glasgow or Birmingham, where municipal trading has gone riot. Let him look further and he will find tens of thousands of dollars of the taxpayers' money diverted from legitimate purposes, and spent annually in exploiting some form of municipal suicide in the shape of socialism. He has been given fair warning, and then if he invests his money he is taking a risk that he need not take in any rival city that presumes to set up its claims against our own. He will find municipal growth strangled by nonsensical charter provisions that practically prohibit the construction of new railway lines in outlying districts not now so served. The present owner of such outlying land, who should be reaping the profits of our present municipal expansion, may congratulate himself that the "valuable franchises" of the city are being so well protected that nobody wants to build a railway out his way, and take such comfort as he may from the fact that it is easier to get from the business district of San Francisco to the resident district of San Mateo, twenty-one miles away, than it is to reach almost any point in the Richmond District, not three miles from the City Hall.

This sort of municipal progress may suit the man who goes hungry while his land is stocked with food which is fast approaching a state of decay, but there is something out of order with the mental equipment that runs to this sort of nonsense.

Chicago is passing through a period of threatened socialism, and it is paying the penalty. If it were possible for that city to take over its street-railway system, and if it were possible for it to float the city bonds necessary so to do—which is very doubtful—the first result of that step would be to drive millions of taxable property out of the shadow of the City Hall, out of reach of the socialistic tax gatherer, and into some environment where sane government had taken permanent lodgment.

There is but one way by which our growth may be retarded, and that of our rivals encouraged. Our growth must come from without; our danger lives within. Our rivals can neither belittle our natural advantages, nor without at the same time decrying their own possibilities can they attack ours. There is but one sore spot, but one weak point. They may cry, "Unsafe," and, like at that most dreadful cry that goes up from the lepers at the gates of the holy city, "unclean, unclean," the stranger may swerve to one side and hurriedly pass us by to avoid contamination. In all such discussions as this, where the distemper is not acute and the mischief not presently painful, the complaisant citizen is inclined to shrug his fat shoulders and express his "doubts" and his "guesses." The complaisant, apathetic, self-satisfied citizen is a blessed ass in public affairs; in trade he is successful because his father was—or because his manager is not complaisant. He is as much an enemy to the republic as the wretch who brandishes the red flag of anarchy before his listeners and breathes fiery denunciation of all government.

San Francisco has boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and a long list of snug, comfortable associations born of trade and social instincts, and among their members are many of the really big men of our little world. So far as these gentlemen go, no public statement of their views has ever come to light on the question of municipal socialism. Suppose the president of the Merchants' Association, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, or Mr. Newhall, of the Chamber of Commerce, or Mr. Watkins, of the Board of Trade, commence the inquiry that may lead to future discussion. Let either one of these gentlemen write to the most independent and best-informed man on such affairs he may know in all America, and ask and his views, and then make the reply of this gentleman the basis for future discussion. Let them join in a letter, for instance, to Charles Francis Adams, than whom there is no truer American, no abler publicist, and no better-informed man on this and kindred matters at home or abroad.

Let them ask Mr. Adams his opinion of municipal socialism in the abstract; his impressions of what he has seen of it abroad; and then bluntly ask him the question whether, with a rival to the south and a rival to the north straining with every bone and sinew to usurp our place as the metropolis of the West, we can afford to stand committed to municipal socialism, and let them quote the socialistic provisions of our city charter, and ask his views on them.

Municipal socialism is a distinct form of municipal disease. Its various phenomena have been carefully studied, and its symptoms and after effects are clearly defined.

## THE POETS AND THE WAR.

### A Meeting on the Yalu.

"Thou shalt not kill," hear Buddha speak,  
Protecting even vermin—  
The Christ Child's "Turn the other cheek"  
Shines out like gold on ermine.

Yet cannon, brand, and bayonet  
Foreboding awful slaughter,  
Are massed 'neath rival banners, set  
Along the Yalu water!

The Buddhist, pitying a fly,  
His murderous shell is firing;  
The Christian's altruism high  
Thinks never of retiring.

Forgotten now each message sweet,  
Forgotten as the Giver;  
Yet Buddha and the Christ Child meet  
Upon the Yalu River.

—J. A. in the Brooklyn Eagle.

### The Torpedo.

By seven tall consorts circled round  
The careless cruiser lay,  
Watched by the dwarfish forts that crowned  
The hills above the Bay—  
The great guns frowning from the height;  
The stately ships below—  
And still toward them in the night  
Come on the hidden foe.

For through the salt, sweet dark I crept,  
Nigher and ever nigher;  
Through round the restless searchlight swept  
Its shifting fan of fire.  
The sentries stared from ship and land:  
Their eyes were strong and keen—  
Too late the treacherous wave they scanned,  
Where I had passed unseen.

Till, with a sudden awful roar,  
Beneath their armored keel,  
As one may rend a scroll, I tore  
That wall of tempered steel.  
Steel plate and oaken beam were cleft  
By one fierce holt of flame;  
And through the gaping wound it left  
The invading hillo came.

And the great warship shuddering sprang  
Even as the hison springs,  
When to his throat with claw and fang  
The thirsty leopard clings.  
So did my noble quarry leap  
Upon the seething wave:  
Then headlong in the cloven deep  
Plunged to her ocean grave.

The sea closed o'er her where she sank,  
And not a bubbling breath  
Told of the hundred souls that drank  
The cup of bitter death.  
The outer waters were not stirred,  
Where crouched beside his gun  
The foe that far off thunder heard,  
And knew my task was done.

For to one cunning master true,  
I serve and never tire.  
Man's fingers made me, and I do  
The bidding of my sire.  
He speeds me o'er the midnight wave:  
And on that path untrod,  
The slave of His more mighty slave,  
I work the will of God.  
—Edward Sydney Tylee in London Spectator.

### Pro Russia—Pro Peace.

Realm of the icy thresholds, thou of the northmost world!  
Slow to arouse, but, the wings of thine eagles now unfurled,  
Dread, to the conflict thou movest—invincible, thou, as of  
old;  
And they that have feared thee, or hated, thy triumphing  
arms shall behold!

For lo! thou hadst Peace in thy heart; her altar with honors  
had drest;  
Thy Prince, as her servant, had sought in her name through  
the East and the West;  
The Nations responded, confirming their faith with pledges  
and prayers.  
Thine was the sword in sheath—thy hosom no knowledge of  
perfidy hears;  
Covertly struck thy foe, ere yet was the watchword, "War!"

Hostile wert thou but to strife—ungirded, unready there-  
for!

Ay, all incredulous thou—abiding with Peace—till, at last,  
Waking to Grief and to Anger vast as thy heart is vast,  
To thy sister nations (confessing with thee the One Great  
Name)

Thou criest, "Wherefore do ye their hosts and their arms  
acclaim,  
Who know not the conquering sign that Constantine saw in  
the sky?"

Wherefore, aliened from us, in strange hands doth your  
fealty lie?  
Is it hatred, bred of a fear?—Look to that fear increased,  
If the staff of sovereignty pass, in this fray, from the West  
to the East!"

Realm of the icy thresholds, seeking a path to the sea—  
Melting or cleaving thy path! Yet Peace cometh only  
through thee!  
Heart of the northmost world! Now sure and now swift  
be thy blows,  
Ere in blind combat abhorrent Nations with Nations shall  
close!—Edith M. Thomas in New York Sun.

Rev. William Sheak, of Peru, Ind., who went on a  
season's cruise about the country as chaplain to a  
circus because he heard that circus people were very  
bad, now asserts that it is all false, and that they are as  
religious as any other class. He didn't have to Christian-  
ize his associates. They were good enough people  
as they were.

As the Polish language is placed under restriction in  
German Poland, Paderewski has forbidden the perfor-  
mance of his new opera, "Manru," in any German the-  
atre. He says that if the Polish language is not good  
enough to be used in Germany, the Polish music might  
jar upon Prussian ears.



## THE PATCH OF ALKALI.

A Story of a Cowboy's Love.

The Singer glanced sidelong at the dusty little figure beside him. "Are you going?" he asked, as one who knows—or thinks he knows—what the answer will be. "I d' no." The girl twitched the pinto's reins impatiently; the furtive glances of the Singer always fretted her. "Jack said part of the round-up might have t' pull out for the reservation with some cattle the company contracted t' the government. He said he might have t' go along, though Harvey promised t' let him off for the dance if they aint too short-handed. Taint settled yet."

The Singer eased himself in the saddle, and wished he had not engaged Annie Pilgreen.

"You better go anyway," he said, after an instant's hesitation. "One cowpuncher more or less don't cut any ice at a dance. Dances don't come so thick this time of year that you can afford t' miss one—just for a little thing like that."

The girl frowned. She did not consider it a little thing that Jack might not be there. The Singer, reading his blunder in her lowered brows, hastened to add, "Can't you go with Bill's folks?"

"Bill's folks aint going," returned the girl, sharply. "Bill's uncle died, and they aint dancing this summer."

The Singer was silent, wondering if there was any possibility of stirring Annie Pilgreen's sluggish nature to the quarreling point, that he might release himself. Annie Pilgreen seemed incapable of doing anything which required independence of thought or action—still, the Singer clung to the idea hopefully.

The horses steadily climbed the hill. The girl toyed absently with the romal on the braided bridle rein over which Jack had toiled so patiently the winter before. She was exceedingly proud of the bridle, with its gay tassels of green horsehair. The eyes of the Singer wandered from the girl's pink ear to her gloved hands, resting upon the reins.

"That's a fine piece of work," said he, bending over, glad of an excuse to draw nearer. "Who done it?"

"Jack."

The Singer straightened in the saddle. His lips curled. "Oh. I suppose he learned how when he—" "Shut up!" The girl turned fiercely. "You know as well as any one that is was self-defense—and if there'd been justice done—and there's plenty more would be learning in the same school if they got their dues—and they'd have a good, long time t' learn in!"

The Singer flushed and drew a quick breath, then he laughed. "Meaning me?"

"Suit yourself about that," snapped the girl. "There are some folks," she went on, tempestuously, "that aint man enough t' come out t' Jack's face with their sneers and slurs—and such folks aint fit fer Jack t' wipe his boots on!"

"Wh-e-e-w!" The Singer refused to take offense. "Don't claw my eyes out, Miss Josie; I didn't mean anything against Jack—you ought to know that. I'm glad you'll stand up for your friends. There aint many that will—and I know Jack didn't deserve what he got. We're good friends, Jack and me."

The girl's face cleared perceptibly at the words, and she forgot to wonder why Jack had never spoken of his friendship with the Singer. The Singer, covertly watching her, resolved to quarrel with Annie Pilgreen whether she would or no.

"Say!" He leaned over to slap a fly off the neck of his horse. "Supposing Jack can't get in, will you go with me?" The Singer's voice and manner could be very persuasive when he wished to have them so. Before she could answer him, he added, hurriedly: "You mustn't miss that new music that's coming; they play the smoothest three-step I ever heard in my life. It starts in—ta da-da-da—ta—" The Singer slid sideways in the saddle and trilled, melodiously.

"Aint that pretty?" cried the girl, enthusiastically, when he had finished.

"They play some waltzes that are simply out of sight, too," went on the Singer, artfully. "I'll tell you—I've got t' ride over t' camp, and I'll see Jack and ask him if he's coming."

"Oh, I wish you would! And see if—ask him—"

"If he'll mind your going with me?" finished the Singer, understandingly. "All right—but he won't care, I know. Jack aint so narrow-minded—specially with his friends. Well, my trail turns off here. I'll ride over and let you know, soon as I see Jack. So long." Even while lifting his hat the Singer's spurred heels swung backward and the horse sprang into a long, tireless lope along the brow of the hill. Before he was quite out of sight the man turned and waved his hand at the girl. She raised hers in answer, then the coulee received him in its sunny, yellow depths, and the girl rode on alone.

A hot chinook wind blew over the grass-land, raking the hilltops and swooping into the coulees, lifting the sand-like yellow meal and sweeping pebbles before. Climbing slowly a long slope, six hundred cattle ground the crisp prairie grass beneath their feet and the wind seized greedily upon the dry soil and flung clouds of yellow dust high in air. Behind the herd rode the cowboys—four of them. At either side, when the dust-clouds lifted, other figures could be seen driving in the stragglers and keeping the leaders in motion. One of the four stopped his horse while he rolled a

cigarette, swearing mildly the while at the heat, the dust, and the wind. Another drew rein beside him and untying the white silk handkerchief from around his neck, shook it free of dust and voiced his opinion of this particular phase of cowpunching; and this drew the attention of the man with the cigarette.

"It's that lady-killin' Singer sent you on this trip," he remarked, and passed the free edge of the cigarette paper lightly across his tongue.

"Singer nothing," retorted the other. "He aint running the outfit."

"He's old Harvey's brother-in-law—and he stands in pretty well, if anybody should ask yuh! I heard him tellin' old Harvey t' send yuh on this trip—and he made mention of Josie Farlow an' the dance."

"Hell!"

"F I was you I'd punch his face fer 'im when I got back. He aint got no license t' come here an' sneak every fellow's girl away from him like he does. Look at the dirt he done Missou' about Annie Pilgreen. Nobody else was grudgin' Missou' his girl—but the Singer had t' buy in just because he's a natural born sneak."

"He's going t' take Annie t' the dance," began Jack, argumentatively.

"Don't you ever think he is! Him an' Annie had a scrap the other day. He worked up a quarrel over some darn thing, an' they don't speak, so Cal told me—he just come from there. It's Josie Farlow he's got his weather eye on now."

Two days later the reservation was reached, and when the cattle had been counted and turned over to the agent, and the boys were gathered at camp, Jack Baker walked quietly over to where Jim Cummiil lolled in the shade of the mess-wagon.

"I guess I'll quit yuh here, Jim," he announced, without preface. "I'm due at Dry Lake to-morrow night; I'll join the round-up from there."

"Dry Lake?" Jim raised to an elbow and stared. "I guess you've forgot Dry Lake's ninety-seven miles from here. How yuh going? Fly?"

"Going t' ride."

"Don't yuh go t' killin' off no horses—s' long as 'taint a matter of life or death—an' I guess it aint. T'morrow night's that dance."

"I'm going t' take Toad," said Jack, turning away. "He belongs t' me."

"Oh, well, go ahead then. It's yer own funeral." Jim lay down again and pulled his hat over his eyes for a nap.

In five minutes Jack was clattering away into the glory of the sunset, and the boys in camp were telling one another sagely how foolish love makes a man, and wondering if Flaxie, which had been reported strayed two days before, was not staked and waiting for Jack in some grassy spot.

The next afternoon at six o'clock Jack sighted the Dry Lake flat. Ten minutes later he sighted something still more interesting—the fast trotting blacks of old Sim Whitley.

"I'll bet that's the Singer coming out after Josie," he mused, rising in his stirrups that he might see the better. "Glad I met him 'fore he got there."

Jack took a sudden resolve. Half way between them a lane branched off to Farlow's, and for this both were heading—the Singer blissfully unconscious of impending trouble. Jack struck his spurs deep, and Flaxie, tired as he was, darted forward at a run. Two rods before the other he stopped at the lane, half hidden in a swirl of dust thrown up by Flaxie's hoofs.

The Singer flashed up in his borrowed finery, and stared.

"Hello," greeted Jack, with ominous cheerfulness.

"Hello," responded the Singer, blankly, and then involuntarily, "I thought you was at the reservation."

Jack grinned. "I know yuh did," he said, grimly, "but cowpunchers aint in the habit of growin' fast t' one spot. I'm here now. That's a fine layout you're drivin'—it's a wonder old Sim d' stake yuh to it. How'd yuh manage t' work him for it?"

"Five dollars looked good t' the old devil—that's how." The Singer gathered up the reins, suggestively, but Flaxie became surprisingly restless—for a horse that had done his sixty miles under a broiling sun: he circled backward until he barred the way, and his master gave no apparent heed, though it is possible Flaxie thought different.

Jack took a cigarette book from his pocket, and leisurely extracted a leaf, and the Singer, fuming inwardly at the delay, said, smoothly: "You're in for the dance, of course; yuh must have rode hard t' make it."

"That's what," assented Jack. "Where 'r you bound for? This aint the road t' Pilgreen's."

The Singer grew first red, then defiant. "I'm going t' take Miss Farlow," he said, challengingly.

"Yuh dead sure of that?" Jack calmly licked his cigarette into shape.

"She's lookin' for me right now," retorted the other. "She'll look a long time then."

Jack pinched out the blaze of his match, and drew a long, luxurious whiff of smoke into his lungs and out his nostrils. His very deliberation near maddened the Singer.

"I don't know as she'll have t' look more than twenty minutes or so." The Singer reached for the whip, but Jack whirled square across the road.

"Git out o' my way, damn you," shouted the Singer, throwing caution to the winds.

"Not on your life!" Jack's heavy-lidded eyes glimmered with reckless enjoyment. "I hate t' be making any gun-play, but you aint traveling this lane t'-night—I tell yuh those."

The Singer, his eyes on Jack's big forty-five, fumbled the whip into its socket. "If I'd a know I'd meet a coyote on the road, I'd a brought my gun," he fleered.

For answer Jack displayed a mouthful of excellent teeth, and the Singer, mindful of the other's peculiarity of disposition—in that smiles frequently spelled danger—fidgeted in the seat, and was silent.

"Aint them horses gittin' kinda restless standin'?" queried Jack, suggestively, after two minutes of eying each other.

"None of yer damn business!" snapped the other. "I'm driving 'em."

"Gee! Yuh don't appear t' be makin' much headway. What's the matter with turnin' round and tryin' it in the other direction?"

"Go t' hell!" snorted the Singer—and in his voice there was no melody.

"Can't. I'm due at Farlow's. Seein' you aint in no hurry, I'll just try a shot er two—fer luck." Jack raised his gun deliberately. "Oh, I aint going t' kill yuh"—as the Singer ducked—"there aint any bounty on such varmints—more's the pity. I'll just take off an ear t' remember the day by; the left one, I guess—that stands out a little further 'n the other—they both make pretty good handles."

"What do yuh want me t' do?" asked the Singer, sullenly, admitting his defeat.

"I want yuh t' turn around and git out of this lane, that's what. Yuh better not be long a-doing it, neither."

The Singer suddenly took heart. "If that's all, I don't mind humoring yuh. I guess I c'n get t' Farlow's by cutting across." Once more he gathered up the reins and prepared to start.

Jack looked sharply out from the shelter of his gray hat-brim. Reassured of something, he laughed. "Sure thing! If you want t' go bad enough t' cut across, I won't stop yuh. It's rough traveling, though; I couldn't advise yuh t' go that way."

"I aint asking your advice." The Singer swung round to the right, where a wire gate let into a four-hundred-acre field of hay land. At the far side was another gate through which one might pass to Farlow's.

Jack, watchful and weary-eyed, stood waiting until the Singer had put up the gate after him and climbed into the buggy, then rode across to the fence. "Seems t' me you're acting kinda pig-headed about this deal," he began. "Josie's going with me, because we're going t' be married—Yuh better look out for alkali." This last was shouted after the retreating man as a sop to Jack's conscience.

"Be just like the pin-headed fool t' run into that place—" he turned and galloped off down the lane.

"Gee, he's driving a few," he murmured as he watched the blacks speed over the grass-land. "Old Sim Whitley d' go straight up if he saw the way he's punishing them buggy springs. He's hoping t' beat me t' the ranch—but the shortest way aint always the quickest."

At the mouth of the lane Jack observed that the Singer was already through the second gate. "Oh, you're just a-burning the earth now, aint yuh?" he cried, derisively. Then the road dodged a hill, and Jack's view of the Singer was blocked for a mile. As he neared the ranch he began to look for fresh buggy tracks along the road, but there were none, and on the next rise he turned Flaxie's reluctant head from the trail that he might scan the flat. What he saw made him forget his aching muscles and parched throat. He galloped down to the edge of the alkali patch and called out, cheerfully: "Stuck? Why in thunder didn't yuh shy around that place? Don't yuh know alkali when yuh see it? Oh, doctor, but you're in a nice mess now! Old Sim Whitley 'll want t' walk all over yuh when he sees that rig and them horses."

The Singer's reply hurtled back through the shuddering atmosphere, but its mildest phrase would be unfit to print.

"Git some poles and shove under the horses before they go clean out of sight—the buggy 'll stay where she's at. And yuh needn't be afraid t' git out—the horses won't run away. Kinda taking the shine off 'n' yer dancing-pumps, aint it? That cussed alkali's sure a fright."

More words tore across the treacherous bosom of the earth. Jack listened, and laughed. "That's all right. Any time you do have that wicked little pop-gun handy, I'll sure stand up and let yuh aim my way. I aint nervous with such toys. What? Uh-huh, I knew that spot 'd bog a mosquito—there aint another man in the country would be fool enough t' tackle it—What's that? Oh, yes, I'll send some one t' help—I'll send Sim Whitley."

The Singer's reply must have been remarkably venomous, for the cowboy grew darkly red with anger. What he said need not matter.

That night when the dance began, Jack suspended his first waltz with Josie long enough to greet a red-whiskered man in the corner by the water bucket. "Hello, Sim. Did the Singer get out of the mud yet?"

The red-whiskered man bounced clear of the hench. "My rig in the mud? Where's he at?"

"Can't say for sure—the last I saw of him he was bogged down in the alkali back of old Kirkenbaum's place. I guess it's safe t' say he's there yet. I met him at the mouth of the lane and he made up his mind he'd cut across." He drew Josie tenderly into the hollow of his arm, and vanished in the swirl of dancing figures.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1904. BERT M. BOWER.



## GOTHAM'S POOR LADIES.

Keeping Up Appearances in New York—Cold, Dismal Flats and Fine Dresses—A Morning Walk Down the Avenue—"Grafting" a Luncheon—A Judiciously Selected Course Dinner.

Has any one ever studied the Poor Ladies of New York—the women who have engrafted on traditions of good birth and breeding the habits of money, the love of luxury—the women who crave for things their means will not compass, and who act the comedy of "Keeping up Appearances," with their heads high and their eyes bright?

Who, for example, would imagine that the two gentlemen—evidently mother and daughter—one so often seen shopping on Twenty-Third Street of a morning, and sauntering down the Avenue of an afternoon, were really a pair of Poor Ladies with very lean purses and horizons unbrightened by anything more brilliant than the chance of getting a pass to the theatre from a press friend, or an invitation to a dollar and a half *table-d'hôte* dinner?

The girl is marked by that subtle suggestion of elegance and finish that we call style, and that the French allude to as *chic* and *chicness*. She is not quite pretty, but has that serviceable, attractive type of looks generally alluded to as "ladylike." She has a long neck and a small head crowned with glossy dark brown hair, drawn back from her forehead in loose, undulating locks. Her black skirt and velvet jacket are augmented on cold days by a stole and muff of Siberian squirrel, and her winter hat has taken the form of a large tray-like creation of gray beaver, wreathed by a garland of pale green grapes and their notched and dusty leaves. Sometimes a little puff of white tulle, sheer and crisp, is pinned beneath her chin, which sets on it like a rounded piece of ivory on a waft of sea-foam.

Should you happen to be behind her and her companion as they enter one of the great shops on Twenty-Third Street, you will see them pass lingeringly from counter to counter, eying the wares displayed, pausing to talk over their suitability for certain purposes, but buying nothing. They stop before costly materials, and price them with the air of hesitating purchasers. A length of yellow brocade, hung up for special view, arrests them, and they study it, demand the cost, and finger it thoughtfully, but pass on without buying an ell of it. They go upstairs and survey silk petticoats and order out tea-gowns, which they look at and shake their heads over, invariably finding them wanting in some essential particular. They take a look at the hats through the glass show-cases, and say to the inquiring saleslady: "No, no hats to-day, thank you." Finally they go down stairs again, and buy one spool of thread and a paper of hairpins, conceal the parcels in the young lady's muff, and pass through the glass doors into the streets.

When they go home—far up on the West Side—it is nearly dark. The roar of the Elevated is somewhere near at hand; overhead trains go snorting by, causing a sudden vibration of the earth and spattering the sides of houses with broken lights. There is an icy edge of cold in the air which comes from the river, and as the women walk forward with their chins in their fur collars, a glimpse of the steely breast of the Hudson, with a faint gleam of sunset still lingering on it, comes and goes between the houses.

Finally they stop at a door above which soars a bulwark of wall pieced with rows of lit windows—one of the cheaper West Side blocks. The mother fumbles in her purse and produces a latch key. They enter into a narrow hall with a light burning and impregnated with an odor of a present dinner and many past dinners, in which cabbage soup appears to have played a prominent part. And then they go upstairs; a great many flights, during which they pass out of the friendly zone of warmth and dinner odors into a zone of intense, still cold, and very feeble gas jets, just turned on enough to let one see how faint and frightened a tiny flame can look trembling on a tip of a burner.

A bare chamber on the top floor is their chrysalis, whence they emerge resplendent. In the morning, drawn close to a gas stove, they are hard at work sewing. One would hardly recognize the daughter, for the undulations of her dark hair are all pinned down into moist, serpentine waves with small hairpins, and her charming figure is hidden in the folds of a flannel wrapper. They are working on her new dress, for the newspaper man on the floor below, who is understood to admire her greatly, has given them tickets for John Drew that evening. They will work all day, and at a quarter to nine—they are always a little late for theatres—will rustle languidly into the parquette, the daughter in her pale gray dress, just brightened by the bunch of violets the newspaper man has sent her, sweeping down the aisle with her most regal air. Everybody looks at her. No one in the theatre, except the newspaper man, who has dropped in for a moment to admire her from the foyer, would believe you if you said she was the daughter of a head clerk in a broker's office, who, when he died, left his widow just a hundred dollars a month income and the memory of his unassuming respectability.

Some distance below the region of boarding-houses, where the head clerk's widow and her only child reside, is another region of small flats. The locality is honeycombed with them. They contain from five to seven rooms, and one pays for them what a New Yorker calls a small price, and what any one else calls

an extortionate sum. In one of these lives a tall, handsome young woman—she looks twenty-five, but is really thirty-two—who, as all the fashionable world knows, has an acknowledged position in society, bears a well-known patronymic, and was left by her father the income of forty thousand dollars, safely invested, to live on. As she pays sixty for the flat, fifteen for the raw Irish girl she employs as a maid of all work, has to feed herself and the elderly spinster cousin who chaperons her, and dress in a manner befitting her name and station, it is an unending struggle to make both ends meet; and they very seldom do so, most of the time hardly coming in sight.

The young woman is very good-looking, and of a sunny morning, seeing her on the Avenue, one would not imagine the woes of the Poor Lady had ever caused a fold on that white brow. Her tailor-suit has just the right effect of a silky hairiness of texture and a tight limpsness of skirt. Her muff is one of the largest to be seen in a morning's promenade, and her toque of the same fur, with a long, white feather sweeping back over her hair, suggests an origin, if not directly from Paris, then undoubtedly from Fifth Avenue. Yet this blooming creature, the admired of many whose movements are reported in society columns, whose picture adorns Sunday supplements, is at that moment wondering where she is going to get lunch.

On her morning's walk she met several people, and one of them asked her to dinner on Friday, and another to the *matinée* on Saturday, but no one had filled the vacancy for to-day. She walked slowly up the Avenue—for she had done her shopping and was coming back—and the clock near the Waldorf showed her it was past one. In the little silver-link purse in her muff there were three dimes, and in her inner man was a great desire for something choice and toothsome to eat. She walked slowly on, and then turned into the entrance of the great hostelry, trailed her silky haired skirts through several crowded anterooms, and with an appetizing smell of lunch in her nostrils, stood in the entrance of the restaurant looking about.

Presently she espied a familiar face and a familiar back. Two of her friends had just seated themselves, and were drawing off their gloves as they bent their heads over the menu. The waiter had set down the crusty rolls and the pats of pale yellow butter. How good they looked! With graceful deliberation she moved forward among the close-set tables. The friends were roused from their epicurean indecision by a greeting in a sweet voice, and with a rustle of rich millinery a young lady in a silky-haired tailor-suit and a fur toque dropped into the vacant seat at the table. Of course, they were glad to see her, and bid her to lunch. At first she expressed some uncertainty as to her being able to accept, she had only stopped for a second to say "How d'y'e do." But by and by her objections were overruled, and as she tasted the rest of the cherrystone oysters, she thought of the three chops and the warmed-over potatoes in the flat on the West Side, and heaved a sigh of thanks that all the land was not so lean.

There is an exhibition of paintings to be seen, a visit or two to pay, before the hour of early night when she will sweep superbly into a thronged reception. After a few words to her flushed hostess, she will gently but resolutely push her way through a crush of women to where a congestion of the crowd reveals the dining-room. Here, firmly inserting herself into the mass, she squeezes through to a front place and secures a waiter or an admiring male guest, who provides her with such fare as she requests. Judiciously selected and partaken of in courses, it makes an excellent dinner—a cup of bouillon, oysters à la poêlée, sweetbread patties, a salad and a slice of pâté, an ice with cakes, and a cup of black coffee, the whole cheered and comforted by a glass or two of champagne. On her way out she is the recipient of an invitation to dine and go to the opera on the following day, and thus, with a glad heart, she makes her way homeward. When she enters the flat the elderly cousin is just sitting down to ten cents worth of ham and a plate of potato salad, bought at the delicatessen shop round the corner, for it is half-past six, and on reception days the chatelaine never dines at home.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1904.

The Simplon Tunnel is rapidly approaching completion. Its total length will be a little over twelve miles, of which distance six and upward have been penetrated on the north, or Brigue, side, and four and upward on the south, or Italian, side, leaving only a fraction over one mile yet to be completed. No sickness exists among the men; the use of the Brandt drill immediately suppresses all dust, and there has not been a single case of miner's phthisis, although some three thousand men have been at work for five years.

A suit for damages has been filed by one W. J. Davis, of Denver, against Harper & Brothers, of New York, for ten thousand dollars damages because of the alleged mutilation of a story written by him and published in *Harper's Weekly*. The mutilation alleged is the cutting down of a ten-thousand-word story to four thousand words, the excisions being made "without regard for the feelings or the reputation of the author, and without his consent."

It is one of "life's little ironies" that a periodical, devoted to the exploitation of the careers of successful American business men, should have as the leading subject for portraiture in its current number the dethroned cotton king, Daniel J. Sully.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the great Vienna surgeon, who came from Austria to this country to receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the Jefferson Medical College at its commencement exercises next month.

Time brings its revenges. Gérôme, the famous French artist, strongly opposed for years the election of Carolus Duran to the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. Gérôme died recently, and, the other day, Duran was elected to the seat made vacant by the passing away of his venerable adversary.

Senator Platt is now so feeble that he has to be helped into and out of his carriage. When he goes to open a door, he has to grope for the knob. When he rises from a chair, he totters and sways, and patters with his feet till he can get his balance, as it is not safe till then to put one foot out in front of another. When he walks it is with the short, shuffling step of a very infirm man, of eighty-five, though he is only seventy years old. Nothing but a will which overcomes great obstacles has kept him up thus far; even that can not be trusted to work miracles.

Within a few weeks a Von Moltke will again figure as head of the general staff of the Prussian army. Von Moltke the Second is the nephew of the great strategist of the later nineteenth century, to whom for long years he acted as aid-de-camp, and will consequently be no stranger to the palatial quarters of the Königsplatz, when he enters them as chief. Count Helmuth, who bears the Christian name of his great kinsman, is fifty-six years old, and has passed the whole of his military career in staff and court employments. He never commanded a brigade or a division, much less a corps. On the day of Count von Moltke's death he became aid-de-camp to the emperor.

Señor Manuel Garcia, the celebrated teacher of singing, and the man to whom belongs the credit of the invention of the laryngoscope, entered upon his hundredth year on March 17th. The *British Medical Journal* records that he was born at Madrid in 1805. When he was still a child, his family was driven from Spain by the Peninsular War, and for a time settled in Naples. There the elder Garcia studied the art of voice production, of which his son was to become so distinguished a professor. He was trained for the operatic stage, and made his first appearance in New York, but retired from the stage in 1829 because his "physique was not equal to the strain." For several years after the date of Garcia's paper, published in 1855, the laryngoscope was treated by superior persons as a "physiological toy." Its scientific and practical possibilities were brought home to the profession by Czermak, of Buda-Pesth.

Who is Edward Elgar? A London musical critic says he is to England what Strauss is to Germany, Tchaikowsky to Russia, and Greig to Norway. "While smaller native composers have sought originality in dishing up the dregs of morbid Continental sentiment," he remarks, "Elgar has stuck to the sweetness, vigor and tunefulness in which the originality of English music must always lie." One of Elgar's most notable pieces is his "Cockaigne" overture—London describes in music—the whole story told in sound. "It murmurs," says a critic, "of London's vast spaces, of its morning solitudes, when the city is alone with itself in the gray light; it roars of the noonday crowds which overrun it, smother it. There is the comic touch in the boisterous humor of the coster and the cabbie, the pathos of the submerged, while through all runs the eternal tramp of feet—London's pulse—that pounds, fiercely by day, drops to a feeble beat by early morning; yet never halts or ceases while the city stands." Another of Elgar's works—said to be the most popular—is his "Dream of Gerontius," the story of the passing of a soul from earth to the beyond after death. A musical festival—at Covent Garden—in honor of Elgar has just been held. And we are told that "the renaissance of English music is coming."

King Menelik the Second of Abyssinia is one of the most remarkable of sovereigns. His official relations with foreigners have invariably made a favorable impression. He is not striking in his outward personality, for he is of only medium height, stout enough to appear dumpy, and his black face is heavy and scarred by smallpox; but intelligence and usually good humor illumine his features. The great boon that Menelik has conferred upon his country is peace. An unlettered native of Africa, he has done for Abyssinia practically what many civilized governments are doing for their colonies. About six months ago Menelik issued a decree against the slave trade, which is said to have had decisive results. "Now beware," he said; "you who are caught enslaving—Gallas will not merely be fined. But I shall punish you in your own persons. You will be subjected to the penalty of mutilation." When the herds of Abyssinia were nearly exterminated by rinderpest, Menelik toiled with his soldiers in the fields and distributed the fruits of their labors to the hungry. He said he worked with the men to impress the people with the fact that they must look more to the soil for their food. It is said that for three years he ate no beef. "Why should I enjoy plenty," he said, "while my people are in want?" He has introduced small coins into the country, and the increase of the foreign trade from eighty thousand dollars to several millions is attributed directly to his influence.



## THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE.

One Woman's Ideas Expressed in a Novel—"He That Eateth Bread With Me" a Rather Strong Book—Subject Handled Without Gloves.

When Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays's novel, "He That Eateth Bread With Me" begins, we find Clifford Mackemer, an upright, well-respected Chicago lawyer, under the spell of the wife of another man. He himself has been married seven or eight years. They have a son, Whitney, who is six years old. The wife, Mrs. Mackemer, is a woman of delicacy, refinement, and ideals. She is beautiful—tall, dark, and queenly—a devoted mother, a tender wife, but without warmth or passion. "As she moved about the room," we read at the beginning, "Mackemer seemed almost to feel the faint perfume which was as much a part of her as her smile. But that was just it—it was all so faint. He was tired of pastel tints—he wanted color, flame, the glow of the red rose in his life. Lord, how tired he was of ideals! He and she had married on them, and she had kept it up ever since."

So it happens that when Isabel Durance, a woman of quite a different type, falls passionately in love with the tall, handsome lawyer, with the magnetic voice, her conquest is not difficult. We read:

How well she remembered that night when she had gone up to her room in the summer hotel, with her fierce heart on fire; how she had leaned out of her window listening to his voice on the piazza below, and had whispered to him in the hot breath-beats he could not hear, but which she meant to force him to feel: "You shall love me; you shall love me!" . . . And the next day she had sauntered across the piazza, and, standing at the top of the steps, had raised her finger and beckoned him from his wife's side. He came to her, and together they strolled across the sands to the edge of the sea, and she kept him there that long, long afternoon. She laughed loud in her heart at his proud, unprotesting wife.

Of course, with a man of Mackemer's pseudo-upright temperament, open intrigue is intolerable, and he decides upon divorce. His wife half suspects the truth, and when, one night, he brings home to her a bunch of white roses, with one red rose, she determines that she will then and there know the worst. They have been sitting silent in the library together, he reading, she trying to find courage to speak. At last she does:

"Clifford!" To her terrified ears her voice sounded like the whisper of a spirit long smothered in forgotten dust; she laid her hand on the back of his chair with an unconsciously pathetic feeling that he must help her—he, Clifford, always so sympathetic, so tender over the smallest thing alive in pain. "Clifford, you do love me?" Why of all questions did that one slip uncalled from her lips? She could have screamed with fear of it. "Clifford, Clifford, don't you love me?" There it was again, the eternal clamor of her heart voicing itself to him in hideous defiance of her delicate reserve.

Mackemer turned slowly in his chair as if to look at her, but his eyes remained far away in the glowing depths of the fire. For there, enhaled by the red splendor of the flame, he saw a face—Isabel's.

"Clifford!" Still he paused, but at last he looked full at her, and in that strange, cruel moment of contrast his whole soul flashed into fire. "Love you!" he echoed, "no, before God I don't, Katharine, and I'm sorry for it, but I don't, and there's no use lying."

So he goes away. It is hardest for him to leave his son:

He had been the child of ecstasy, of life's subtlest emotion, and he showed it in every line and curve of his lithe young figure; in every expression of his sweet, frank face. He was the idol of his parents' hearts, and in turn he looked upon them as little less than god and goddess.

Isabel Durance gets her divorce, and Mackemer's his on the ground of desertion, since his wife, to escape curious eyes, goes away to a little seaside resort with her boy. After a while, she sees the announcement of their marriage "copied from a San Francisco paper." For a time, her mind struggles in confusion with the terrible fact which confronts her that "Clifford is no longer her husband," but at last she evolves a philosophy which sustains. She tells it thus to a friend:

"Perhaps you don't altogether understand me. You think that I accept it all, and that I intend now to live my own life without further heed to my husband. Oh, no!" She drew herself up. "I accept nothing. I deny that divorce. Clifford is still my husband. No law can alter that fact. Law can not one day make him mine until death, and the next day give what is mine to another until death. When it does that it becomes a mere travesty of right and justice. He is still mine, and do you know what I think?"—he was struck by the sudden loveliness of her face, the tenderness of her mouth, the illumined deeps of her dark, steadfast eyes—"I think that perhaps there have been moments since he left me when he has been nearer to me than ever before. Day and night, night and day, I shall call to him, and some day he will hear me and listen. Clifford has broken his vows to me, but I have not broken mine to him, and so my marriage to him remains intact."

In another place she says:

"We all believe in the inviolability of marriage. You do, I do, the laboring man does, and the working girl. Then if marriage is

what in our hearts we admit it to be, it must be strong enough to bear every wrench, to endure all things, to hope all things, if we will only trust our ideal of it. It is not for just the joy of to-day or to-morrow. If our conception of it is noble we will accept sorrow, we will bear without murmur even—"

Meanwhile, Mackemer is living a life of joy without alloy with Isabel, his wife in the eyes of church and law. We have this picture of marital felicity:

When Mackemer reached home that evening he found Isabel waiting for him in the dusk, an effectively sombre frame for the brilliance of the picture she made kneeling in the glow of the red fire.

"Ah, I was listening for my lord's step," she cried, "and I never heard it." She turned her face to him with an enchanting gesture, and when he had kissed her he held her away from him, his deep blue eyes alight.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" he murmured; "darling, you are new to me every day." She lifted her face to him again like a flower seeking the sun, and again he kissed her, on her white, drooping eyelids, her hair, and last, a touch of his lips to her fair shoulder.

A faint breath of perfume yielded its sweetness to the air as she stirred in his arms; it seemed but the very fragrance of her beauty. Oh, it was divine, this luxury of full abandonment to her, the abandonment of the man to the woman. Love? She had discovered it for him; with her, marriage had been a series of sacraments in the scented temple of their home. And he might have missed it all! Time and again, with her loveliness languid in his arms, he thought of that.

Here is a description of this woman who had charmed him away:

She was very tall, and carried herself with a confident demand for the right of way which was so invariably granted to her. The perfection of her coloring was that which allies itself only with the hair whose gold is tinged with red; it was the enchanting pink and white of a dimpled cherub. Her forehead was low and broad and smooth, without a line to compromise its whiteness, and beneath it gleamed the narrow hazel eyes which, once looked into, left a memory not soon to be forgotten. The thin, straight eyebrows were darker than her hair, and added strength to a face which lacked it nowhere, even in the mouth, that close scarlet line so often called sweet. Her firm chin curved slightly upward, giving her at times a charmingly piquant expression, but in that curve was expressed all the recklessness of her nature.

But Mackemer's life with Isabel is too sweet to last. Besides there is in him "a streak of righteousness, of spirituality, which makes him sometimes almost hate the carnal life he is living." One night she sat singing at the piano:

He watched her with dreaming eyes, following the curve of her throat as it melted into the long sweeping lines of a figure which now, save for the rising and falling of her warm breath, might have been the masterpiece of a Phidias so enchanting was her pose. She seemed to have forgotten him, but presently she slightly turned her head, and swept his face with her eyes. And in doing so she unconsciously fashioned of herself a startling reproduction of the Lorelei which hung upon the wall behind her—the Lorelei lovely with the allurements of death in her heart.

About this time the yearning to see and have his son, Whitney, grows strong in Mackemer. One day he meets him in a restaurant:

"Whit, are you well?" he exclaimed. "Are you bappy?" It was like the cry of a violin under a master touch.

Whitney buttoned his coat carefully. "Yes," he answered, without a glance at his father. "I'm well, thank you; and I'm happy. But mother isn't." Then he looked up—a flame of defiance in his sweet eyes.

Mackemer caught the boy's hand. "Don't ever forget me, Whit. I'm always thinking of you. Some day, perhaps—"

"But there's mother," said Whitney. "And why don't you come home?" His voice was pitiless; he stepped back from his father. Mackemer flushed deeply.

The love for the boy and disgust at his own selfishness grows. Looking back into his life, the figure of Katharine seems pure and fine and noble. And then Whitney falls desperately ill, Katharine notifies him of the fact, and he goes to them at once. Through a long night, when the boy struggles for breath, they sit by his bedside, alone, together. "Why was it," he then asks himself, "that faded, weary, worn to a shadow with anxiety and grief, she expressed to him all that was divinest in his thought of woman." Once, without thought, he spoke of her to the doctor as his "wife," and so she seemed, indeed. The other woman, Isabel, seemed to belong to his worse and lesser nature. Even after the night had passed, and the boy was saved, Katharine's influence continued to abide with him. We read:

And as he saw her then so she remained forever after in his most enduring memory of her, when that memory had become alike the most precious and the most cruel treasure of his heart. There came to him rare mystical moments, in the heat of legal debate, in the hushed loneliness of the night, in the sudden flush of the sky into sunset flame, when he saw her beloved and lost face again, there, close to him, humanly near, with the breath of life unquenched upon her lips, and the light of enduring love in her steadfast eyes.

The crisis soon comes. Mackemer demands of Katharine that she take him back, but she, after a struggle, refuses; and he sees that she is right. Isabel has in the meantime

borne him a daughter (hated by her from its birth, and who soon dies) and he realizes that whatever Isabel may be morally, she is legally his wife. He fights the matter out with himself thus:

Why, she was a wife of his. She had been the mother of a child of his. He repeated that, over and over again to himself, insistently, cruelly. At this crisis he was no shirk. It was his duty to keep her true. He sickened at the thought of further sin for her, depths beyond anything into which she had fallen with him. She loved him, but it would not be in her nature to love him, indifferent, in the face of the next man's volcanic devotion. Now, for the first time, he felt himself strangely, terribly, charged with her salvation. Of all men—he!

And over against all this—the unwearied cry of his soul, day and night, night and day, for Katharine—Katharine with her unstained soul looking upward out of pure eyes. Oh, God, how he needed her! His heart was black with deilement, and only she could cleanse it. Was his own salvation of no account? In his despair he had sometimes a vision of her, far away, eternally removed from him in the unfathomable immensity of heaven, her blessed face the only point of light for him in a universe of darkness. And now he saw himself eternally linked with Isabel, forever fighting to reach that far-off heaven, and forever failing because of her. Because of her? Because of himself. At any cost let him be honest. He had no right to a heaven denied to Isabel.

So, while Mackemer feels that Katharine is the true mate of his better nature, he is held to Isabel by considerations of loyalty to her who, without him, will sink to lower depths. He compromises by visiting his son at Katharine's home each week, but at last Isabel finds him out and, magnificent in stormy rage, hursts in upon Katharine, and showers her with scorn. Before she leaves the house she is humiliated to the very dust by seeing Mackemer come in and hurry to Katharine's side (she was ill), with tense anxiety written on his face. Isabel, crushed and dazed, goes out only to be conveniently killed (it is, indeed, a touch of bathos) by a passing train. And so, the reader is left to infer that Katharine and Mackemer begin life over again. The author evidently holds very strongly to the belief that a really good woman, if her husband sins, will yet remain true to him; will, for her part, demand no divorce or separation; and will, in many cases, win back her husband's love.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

## A FAMOUS OLD PLAY REVIVED.

'The Two Orphans' Again Seen in New York—A Noteworthy Cast—The Drama Put on Elaborately—Some Comparisons.

The old-timer has been having his innings this week, A. M. Palmer's long-projected all-star revival of "The Two Orphans" having set the whole theatre-going contingent to talking, and reminiscences have been flowing in like spring floods. Thirty years ago, A. M. Palmer's play-reader, Hart Jackson, upon receiving "The Two Orphans" from D'Ennery, its French author, condemned it as a Bowery drama unsuited to the methods of Palmer's Union Square Company. After it was translated into English, however, the manager himself read it, and at once recognizing it as an extraordinarily powerful and moving melodrama, took steps to arrange for an immediate production, giving it a cast that has since become historical in stage annals. The New York run began in December, 1874, and the piece held the boards at the old Union Square Theatre continuously for six months, since which time it has made many fortunes for its backers, helped to build up permanent reputations for its players, and held its place to an extraordinary degree in the enthusiastic recollections of those who witnessed it in the days of its primal glory.

And now, in this epoch of realism and dramatic suppression, A. M. Palmer has had the courage of his earlier convictions, and he has not hesitated to try the veteran melodrama upon a fashionable and up-to-date audience. It was announced that no changes or cuttings were to be allowed in soliloquies or asides, the original stage business was to stand, the costumes were to be costly and elaborate reproductions of those used in the historic run of 1874, and the scenery was to be modeled upon that set up for the first performance at the Union Square.

A record-breaking audience assembled at that theatre on Monday night, and tense expectation was in the air. The audience, for some reason, was almost as excited as the players. It was felt to be a notable occasion. Many who were present were of the old guard, who had witnessed the piece during its early runs. Some had acted in it. Kate Claxton, the celebrated Henriette of the original cast, and whose name and fame are almost interchangeable with that of the old French melodrama, was present in a box. I saw Pierpont Morgan there; the Henry S. Lehrs, the Howard Goulds, Daniel Frohman, Francis Crowninshield, and an enormous contingent of the Four Hundred. But I will venture to say that to the eyes surveying the splendid house through the peep-hole in the curtain, little Kate Claxton, her head stored with memories appro-

priate to the hour, was, for the time being, the biggest and most dominant personality there. Grace George, who was billed for Claxton's old rôle of Henriette, wept with stage fright when she saw her predecessor in the rôle, and was threatened with an attack of nerves.

Margaret Illington, the handsome young actress who recently became Daniel Frohman's bride, is attractive in the rôle of Louise, the blind sister; Kryle Bellew is a handsome, courtly, and aristocratic cavalier. Even some of the old-timers, while still loyal to Charles Thorn, the original cavalier, admit that the romantic chivalry of the part is particularly well suited to Mr. Bellew. James O'Neil, a trifle too robust in method perhaps for the character of Pierre, the cripple, is still dramatically effective, and Charles Warner gives the brutal characteristics of Jacques all the emphasis necessary to stamp the contrast between the two brothers. Annie Irish, with the memory of that pearl of *grandes dames*, Fanny Morant, to contend against, makes a stately Countess de Linieres, even if the old-time theatricalism of the countess' lines is too difficult a medium in which to render the voice of nature. Elita Proctor Otis is the villainous old hag, Mère Frochard, whose cruelty, as given by Marie Wilkins in the old days, sometimes impelled emotional young spectators to cry out in shocked remonstrance.

Clara Morris made a notable reappearance in the rôle of Sister Genevieve, matron of the Hospital of La Salpêtrière. It is a small part, but the welcome of the audience was so electric and compelling that the actress was obliged to step out of her rôle, and with streaming eyes and extended arms, thank them in pantomime for the fidelity of regard that had stood firm through so many years of absence.

Mr. Palmer, too, received an ovation, and, encompassed in the dignity of his white hairs, thanked the audience with stately brevity for their favorable reception of both play and players. The occasion was a peculiar one in a way. Sentiment ruled the hour, and no old friend in the cast was permitted to feel him or herself overlooked. People tingled with generous enthusiasm, flung restraint aside, abandoning themselves to outbursts of cordial welcome and delighted response with an ardor that was unusual as it was inspiring.

New favorites were not overlooked, for the prevailing cordiality and general good will gathered in all who had a justifiable claim upon it. But the veteran players were those toward whom the liveliest testimonials of regard were manifested. Clara Morris was obliged to make a brief flitting from the stage to escape an emotional breakdown. James O'Neil, when the performance was over, expressed himself as being amazed and warmed to the heart to find that he was remembered so well, and with such hearty friendship. Kryle Bellew's salvos of welcome lasted so long as to amount to an ovation. Other members of the cast whom I have not as yet mentioned are Frederick Perry, Frank Roberts, Stanley Hawkins, Henry J. Hadfield, and Clara Blandick.

Oddly enough, in spite of the vociferous welcome and constant applause extended to the players, there was an apparent desire to critically estimate and compare. Mature spectators were trying to keep their heads cool and judiciously weigh the relative merits of two performances thirty years apart. Their younger *confrères* wanted to experience themselves all the thrills and weeps which the old guard had so often boasted "The Two Orphans" could inspire. The newer generations, during vehement *entr'acte* discussions in a congested foyer, were obliged to admit the truth of what had been claimed. In spite of its antiquated form and its frankly theatrical dialogue, the sound and fury of the old classic has a vitality of appeal that grips the emotions, and brings tears to the eyes. The older generation, on their side, handsomely admitted that, barring some individual preferences that each felt for some player in past performances, the piece had, generally speaking, full justice done to it by its present interpreters. From my own personal judgment, I think it impossible to compare. We can not revive the passionate partisanship of youth. Players who thrilled us then might easily fail to move us in calmer maturity. And, on the other hand, the methods of modern actors, set in the rolling rhetoric of old-school plays, often seem finicky and inexpressive.

Criticism is difficult, almost impossible, in such an atmosphere as prevailed on Monday night. Both the old and the new school was represented, and the old school was more at ease. Put representatives of it in a Pinero play, and they are heavy-handed; too unwieldy for its sinuous complexities of dialogue. On his part, the modern player, when tackling a mouthful of old-school rhetoric, lacks the sonorosity of delivery that formerly gave it an appropriate setting. Jameson Lee Finney, for instance, a most clever character actor, was quite unremarkable as the Marquis de Presles. The two young girls, who formed such a touching picture of youth and innocent courage in the past, interpreted by modern players, have lost some of their pathetic charm. And yet the antiquated style of the piece scarcely affects its ability to interest, move, and excite the feelings even of a critical audience.

FLANUER.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1904.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Twelve Books by California Writers.

California literature must be looking up, we think, when, from among the new books, twelve can be found from the pen of California writers. Some of them, it is true, are really old books in new dress, and some of them are of slight importance; yet among the twelve there are a few worth while.

No one can look through the new "Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller" without being impressed with its windy strength, its boundless enthusiasm, its virility. Take, for example, that poem called "Columbus":

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores:  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r! speak; what shall I say?'  
'Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grew mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak.  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
'What shall I say, brave Adm'r! say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'  
'Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanching mate said:  
'Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Adm'r! speak and say—  
He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
'This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Adm'r! say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?'  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

The new edition of the poet's works (Whitaker & Ray) is illustrated from photographs from California scenes, is well printed, and handsomely bound.

Another California veteran, who, however, now sends forth his first book, is Galen Clark, who writes on "Indians of Yosemite Valley and Vicinity: Their History, Customs, and Traditions." Mr. Clark is now ninety years of age. For twenty-four years he was the guardian of the Yosemite. He is the discoverer of the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. Perhaps no man living has a better first-hand knowledge of the curious Indian customs connected with the Valley. Not only does the text of the book give many odd, little-known facts about the Indians, but a number of excellent half-tones from photographs, and drawings by Chris Jorgenson enhance its interest. There is, besides, an appendix containing invaluable hints to Yosemite visitors. Altogether, it is a very interesting little book. It is published by Galen Clark, Yosemite Valley, California; price, cloth, \$1.00.

Another book about the red man is George Wharton James's "Indians of the Painted Desert Region" (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00), an ambitious, authoritative, readable, and handsomely illustrated volume. For twenty years Mr. James has lived and worked among the Hopis, Navahoes, Wallapais, and Havasupais—tribes which inhabit "el pintado desierto." "I have," he says, "been almost frozen in its piercing snowstorms; choked with sand in its whirling sandstorms; wet through ere I could dismount from my horse in its fierce rainstorms; almost sunstruck by the scorching power of the sun in its desolate confines." Yet he loves the strange, wild land, and writes of it and its people with contagious enthusiasm and vigor. He tells many curious stories of the Indians—here is one of a "medicine man":

The ways of the Havasupai medicine men are similar to those of fakirs in all lands and ages. I have seen Rock Jones, after examining a patient, jump up and excitedly exclaim: "I can see into your head and all through your brains; down your throat and into your stomach, through your kidneys, bladder, intestines, and you are sick, very sick, very heap sick. But I am a good medicine man. I can cure you sure, I can cure you quick. But you must promise to give me five dollars. Don't forget I must have five dollars."

The sixty or seventy full-page illustrations from photographs are an attractive feature of "Indians of the Painted Desert Region."

A bit brutal in spots, perhaps, but yet strong, sure, and often humorous, are the stories in Chester Bailey Fernald's "Under the Jack-Staff" (The Century Company). They are stories of the sea; they introduce the same rusty-crusty sailors again and again, and they are reminiscent of Kipling, though there is no suspicion of imitation. All of them, we believe, have at various times appeared in the Century. But they are well worth reading once again.

Another of the younger school of California writers is Wallace Irwin, who, like Fernald, is a journalist who makes periodical excursions into "literature." He now is trying to outdo his "Sonnets of a Hoodlum" and "Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám, Jr." with "Fairy Tales Up to Now." The volume, as specimen of book-making, is unique. It is set in genuine matrix boards, which have been used in a newspaper office. No

two covers are alike. Each poem is furnished with amusing yellow scare-heads, as this:

## HE HYPNOTIZED HER!

WALKING DELEGATE'S STRANGE CONTROL  
OVER SLEEPING BEAUTY.

In a Trance Forty Days—Marriage Follows.

Here are a few verses from one of these amusing perversions of fairy-tales:

"The parents of Red Riding Hood  
Were sharks for scientific food,  
And members of a hygiene club  
That lived on predigested grub.

"When Mrs. Hood was touched with grace  
She thought of heaven as a place  
Where all is antiseptized  
And even the harps are sterilized.

"It chanced one day that Grandma Hood,  
Who lived alone within a wood,  
Of Bunco Biscuits ate her fill  
And fell quite seriously ill.

"Then Mother said to Riding Hood,  
'Take this assorted breakfast food  
To Grandma, and the Wolf, beware,  
For germs are lurking in his hair.'

"So Riding Hood she skipped along  
And hummed an artless, childish song,  
Her thoughts reverting as she went  
On Health and Self-Development."

Not a newspaper man but a newspaper woman is the author of that very clever, amusing novel, "The Bishop's Carriage." It is the story of a female crook, Nance Olden, a girl of pluck and spirit, with a pug nose, not vicious, but a lover of the excitement that lies in grafting for a living, and who is led into the paths of easy virtue by the genuine kindness of Tom Dorgan, the hurglar. After many a narrow escape and shrewd adventure, she reforms (to our great regret), and through the medium of the stage (*mirabile dictu!*) becomes a "respectable married woman." But in the earlier chapters the book is full of dash and spirit, swift of action, and peppered with surprises. Miriam Michelson, the author, is very well known in San Francisco, and was at one time dramatic critic of the Argonaut.

Theodore S. Van Dyke, the noted Southern California nimrod, has had republished through the Macmillan Company (\$1.75) his book, "The Still-Hunter," which first appeared over twenty years ago, and has always been a standard authority on hunting the wary deer. The new edition is, however, rendered still more valuable by a series of drawings made by the author, or under his direction by Carl Rungius. The book is handsomely printed and bound.

Another new edition is of Lieutenant George H. Derhy's "Phoenixiana" (D. Appleton & Co.)—a book well known to Californians. In his introduction, John Kendrick Bangs says that he is impressed with the perennial qualities of the book's satire, and that "just as the human nature of Shakespeare is equally the human nature of our own time, so does the satire of John Phoenix ring true in our own time." E. W. Kemble has drawn a lot of pictures for the old book, and has been particularly happy in illustrating that immortal passage where John Phoenix says: "We held 'the judge' down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose), and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and with the 'sheep's foot' brandished above our head, shouted to him, 'say Waldo.'"

Minor products of California pens are Louis J. Stellmann's "Said the Observer" (Whitaker & Ray; 75 cents), a book of sketches on various topics from "The Influence of the Pipe" to "The Telephone Face"; Lorenzo Sossio's "Proverbs of the People" (A. M. Robertson), in which he cleverly rhymes some ancient gems of truth; and an essay by Dr. David Starr Jordan, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* some six years ago, and now reprinted, together with a descriptive article, entitled "The Alps of the King-Kern Divide," in a thin volume under the title "California and the Californians." The book contains a number of illustrations, both from drawings and from photographs.

"Consolatio" (Paul Elder) "an ode in memory of those members of the class of nineteen hundred and three of Stanford University who died during the month of their graduation," is a poem having elements of dignity and beauty. Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" is manifestly very familiar to the writer, Raymond MacDonald Alden, for the spirit of it is there, and even certain turns of phrases are more than reminiscent. The brochure containing the ode has been very beautifully printed and bound. The judicious will regret such lines as

"Caught embryo glimpses of their coming strength,"

but

"Your Mother lifts her gates in high solemnity"

must have been a line impressive in dignity and pathos when it was spoken.

So far as years go, Charles H. Haswell is undoubtedly the dean of American authors. He is now in his ninety-sixth year, but still in active life. His publishers have in preparation the seventieth edition of his well-known "Mechanics and Engineers' Pocket Book," of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Hedda Gabler," by Hendrik Ibsen.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
4. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
2. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
3. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson.
2. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
3. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.
4. "Jewel of Seven Stars," by Bram Stoker.
5. "Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy.

## New Publications.

"Woman's Work in Music," by Arthur Elson. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co.

"Introduction to Dante's Inferno," by Adolphus Ennis. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"Merchant of Venice," edited with notes, by Felix E. Schelling. The American Book Company.

"Forty Songs by Johannes Brahms." Edited by James Huneker. Frontispiece. Oliver Ditson Company.

"The Peril of the Sword," by Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt. Frontispiece. H. M. Caldwell Company.

"Sea Scamps: Three Adventures of the East," by Henry C. Rowland. McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Easter Story," by Hannah Warner. Frontispiece and page decorations. Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

"The Manual of Statistics Supplement—March, 1904." The Manual of Statistics Company; 50 cents.

"Joan of the Alley," by Frederick Orin Bartlett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a story of tenement life.

"The Making of English," by Henry Bradley, Hon. M. A. Oxon, Hon. Ph. D., Heidelberg. The Macmillan Company; \$1.00.

"Russia at the Bar of the American People: a Memorial of Kishineff," by Isidore Singer. The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"The Great Companion," by Lyman Ahcott. The Outlook Company; \$1.00—a handsomely printed volume of essays on religious topics.

"The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West," by Robert E. Anderson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.; 35 cents—a small hut excellent work.

"Handy Andy: A Tale of Irish Life," by Samuel Lover, Esq. A new edition. With twenty-four illustrations by the author. D. Appleton & Co.

"Advanced Bridge: The Higher Principles of the Game Analyzed and Explained, and their Application Illustrated, by Hands Taken from Actual Play," by J. B. Elwell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

"Liberty and a Living: Being the Record of an Attempt to Secure Bread and Butter, Sunshine and Content, by Gardening, Fishing, and Hunting," by Philip G. Hubert. Second edition. New preface. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time to have their glasses re-adjusted.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Spain in 1903

Two Argonauts in Spain  
By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.

Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F.

## Pen-Sketches on the Iberian Peninsula

AUTOGRAPH  
LETTERS

Publisher of "The Collector," a monthly magazine for autograph collectors. \$1 per year.

OF FAMOUS PERSONS  
Bought and Sold.  
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,  
1125 Broadway, New York.  
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

BEDELIA, PRETTY LITTLE DINAH JONES  
Laughing Water, Hiawatha, Anona, Navajo, and 100 other popular songs, with one sheet of music, post-paid for 10c. Address, ALBERT L. D. BROOKS, 2146 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, or any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## ANDREW LANG ON GEORGE ADE!

Finds Him "Incomparably Tedious!"—Can't Understand the Slang—Doesn't See the Point—A Very Droll Critique.

"The English tourist was holding his head." This is quoted from a work in two volumes, entitled "Fables in Slang," by George Ade, published by Messrs. Stone & Co. in that centre of culture, Chicago. The book was presented to me by a scholar of more than European reputation, and was to fill a gap in my philological knowledge. Having read the "Fables in Slang," I do not wonder that the English tourist held his head. For the volumes are almost certainly written with a conscientious and laudable desire to be humorous, and yet, in the English mind, they produce a black melancholy. Is humor, like morals, an affair of climate and environment? Are things funny in Chicago which are saddening in Great Britain and Ireland? It may be so. . . .

Beginning with the adventure of the English tourist, we learn that "the clothes he wore were evidently had been cut from a steamer rug by his mother, or some other aged relative suffering from astigmatism." The nature of a steamer rug is not obvious, for perhaps "steamer" is American for some entity not known here by that name, just as a commercial traveler is called a "drummer." The clothes of Mr. Matthew Arnold were severely criticised when he lectured in America, yet on this side of the water they seemed in no way remarkable. Perhaps all our clothes are fashioned out of what Mr. Ade calls steamer rugs, even our "Tuxedos" and Prince "Alberts," whatever these vestments may be. But we, too, have our peculiarities; we usually wear evening dress at public dinners, and we do not march down Piccadilly in round felt hats and frock-coats. In the course of this humorous narrative a native tells a girl who waits at table that "the blending under the left ear is poor, and if you are not careful some one will sign you as a spotted girl." What is "the blending," and why are spotted girls signed? They may know in Chicago. Presently a boy enters, and says, "Feed me everything with one in the light to come along. If any of the cockroaches ask for me, tell them I'm for all night with the yellow rattlers, and laid out at Winona." Here the reader, if a native of Chicago, may hold his sides, but it was at this point that "the English tourist was holding his head." We need not pity him; why did he go to Chicago *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere?* The next word of unknown connotation is "joshing." The term has been applied to myself in a comic contemporary, and I have wondered what it meant. In Mr. Ade's book it is applied to an "advance agent." Can I be an "advance agent," as Theophile Gautier is said to have been a Christian without knowing it? The only way to interpret "joshing" is to compare the various contexts in which it occurs. Perhaps it is only a synonym for "human being." The final jest is the statement of the joshing that the girl who waited at table was his sister. Possibly she was; quite as possibly there were no ties of consanguinity between the young woman and the joshing.

"The Englishman was deeply perplexed." Out of Chicago who is not? And in Chicago perhaps the learned are puzzled by "Wee Macgregor," a book apparently couched in the Pictish language. Among other philological puzzles we note "is the graft played out?" "a rangy person," "a cinch," "a one-night stand," "a rube town," "a jay town," "a four-flush drummer," "a rooter from the days of underhand pitching." Pitching is the term for howling at baseball (if it is howling, a matter for the umpire's decision), but is a "rooter" equivalent to a daisy cropper? The following phrase appears to refer to the terms of some manly pastime: "She could get away with any topic that was hatted up to her, and then slam it over to second in time to head off the runner." There seems to be a combination here of cricket and Rugby football, but "the Englishman is deeply perplexed." "Don't renig" may be excellent advice, but clamors for a translator. We may renig without knowing that it is wrong. "Clarence stood in with the toughest push in town, he learned to shoot craps and rush the can." The last phrase may mean to push about the bottle, but to say what kind of bird or heast the crap is, and what kind of education the craps shooter needs, demands an education more extensive and peculiar, if not more liberal, than that of the present joshing. "Guff," I think, from the context, is equivalent to what we call "pulpit oratory." "The lookout" certainly means the "pulpit," a "squah" is a young man, a "yap" is an old man. Walt Whitman sings (as far as he can he said to sing) of "a harharic yap." "Oodles" means "plenty" or "abundance," as in "oodles of slang." To "make a horrible heef" is to express discontent. The nature of "a burgoo picnic" defies investigation. "A jimmy little tuxedo" is an article of male attire. "The free and untrammelled souls in the Spaghetti joint" are perplexing, nor is it obvious whether Spaghetti is an Italian surgeon of renown, who has made this joint his peculiar study, or whether, perhaps, he keeps a restaurant where the joints are excellent.

If so the free and untrammelled souls may frequent Spaghetti's house of entertainment. "We shall know when we are dead," said an Australian philosopher, and, if we go to Chicago when we die, we shall know.

It is not my design to go to Chicago in this present state of being, and, if I know myself, only a powerful medium indeed could summon me thither from the next world. One learns with regret that brandy and alcohol are "paraphernalia," which means that which a bride brings over and above her dower. Why should a bride bring not only alcohol but brandy also? No light is thrown by my reading on the nature and properties of "a dinky gavel," or on the process described as "doing a steve brodie," or on the nature of "a niftiness," or on "staking a person to a meal ticket," or "putting on a pair of pneumatic sneakers," or "giving the rowdy hee ho." Perhaps it was not a comic paper at all, it may have been *Punch*; it is the only epigram which I can discover in the two volumes of this Western humorist, and it is adapted from the English. An unpatriotic American (a purely imaginary monster, surely) is represented as saying, "In this heastly country the imitation article always passes as the real thing." But "if and while" these fables in slang are intended to pass for humor they can hardly do so in the country of Mark Twain.

It has cost me some fever of the brow and much toilsome reading to pick out the philological gems from this incomparably tedious pair of volumes. To "play shirtwaist man" is one of these mysterious phrases. Looking at the whole compilation, one feels as one does in presence of a Hittite or Iherian or Aztec inscription. It may be full of interesting matter, but nobody can decipher it. And so there may, after all, be humor in those passages of Mr. Ade's books, which convey no meaning at all to persons not educated in the State of Illinois. A work named "The Montrose Humorist" has often been cited as cryptic in its wit, but a Caledonian, perhaps, might pick a few plums out of the mass. In the same way "Fables in Slang" may entertain the dwellers in Chicago, and it takes all sorts to appreciate jokes.—Andrew Lang in *London Daily News*.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gertrude Atherton, now in London, has completed the revising of the proof sheets of her new international novel, "Rulers of Kings," which will be brought out about the middle of April. It is said Mrs. Atherton has refused tempting offers for the serial publication of her story.

D. Appleton & Co. have just given a second binding order for their little manual entitled "Of the Making of a Book," the first edition having been brought out only ten days previously. Although originally intended as an aid to their own authors, the publishers have found much demand for it from other authors, editors, and publishers. It was prepared with a view to its being of service to any publishing house, the directions given being those which are generally accepted in the manufacture of books, including the preparation of the manuscript and reading of proofs.

New York publishers have in preparation A. Savage Landon's new volume, "The Gems of the East," to be published during the spring. The book is described as "a revelation of the Philippine Islands." Mr. Landon traveled alone into remote and little known islands of the Malay archipelago, and the book is the result of his travels and observations.

Herbert W. Furlong, of the University of California, has written "The Story of the Soil," a supplementary text-book on geology to be used in the public schools. It will be published in the fall.

An English literary critic, described in the *Morning Post* as being "of some note," is quoted in that journal as declaring that Mark Twain is "one of the two greatest literary forces that the Americans possess." The other is Walt Whitman. Mark Twain and Walt Whitman!—there's a pair for you.

Mr. Hewlett's romance of Mary Stuart, "The Queen's Quair," will be brought out by the Macmillans in May.

Joseph Conrad, whose new novel, "Nos-tomo," is to be published in book-form before long, is reported to have undertaken the composition of a series of essays dealing in anecdotal fashion with the sea and the author's experience with ships and sailors.

In the current number of the *Athenaeum* five or six hitherto unpublished letters written by Thomas Moore to his friend Joseph Strutt are printed. In a postscript to one of them his contempt for the Prince Regent is thus interestingly illustrated: "I must tell you a little triumph I have had. Wilkie & Murray are about to publish an edition of Sheridan's works complete, and they applied to me to write a poem on his life and graces to be prefixed, at the same time sending me the first proof-sheet as a specimen of the typography. This proof-sheet was no less than a dedication from the publishers to the Prince Regent, in pursuance, as they expressed thereto, of Sheridan's own wish. I instantly said I could have nothing to do with the undertak-

ing, as such a life as I should write of Sheridan could not possibly be placed beside a dedication to the P. R.—in consequence of which, after a little deliberation, they sacrificed his R. H. to me, and I am to write the essay, for which they give me £500, about £3 a page. This (I mean about the dedication) is *entre-nous*."

It is peculiarly appropriate that Mr. Swinburne should dedicate to Theodore Watts-Dunton the forthcoming edition in eleven volumes of his poetical works. It is nearly twenty years since Watts-Dunton and Swinburne put up their tents together. They live in a little house at the foot of Putney Hill, its small apartments crowded with miscellaneous furniture, some of artistic value. Unhappily Swinburne is almost stone deaf, an infirmity that makes conversation impossible save with his familiar friend. Each of these strangely assorted companions has his private study where he lives and works. Swinburne goes on writing, but has not published anything since, five years ago, he presented "Rosamund" to the world. He is putting the finishing touches to a volume of new poems, which will probably see the light with the roses in the spring. He finds his out-of-door recreation in walking and swimming. The poet in a letter conveying the dedication to Watts-Dunton of the new edition, which will appear in the earliest volume, surveys his own career from the publication of "The Queen Mother" to that of "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards."

Onoto Watanna's new book, "Daughters of Nijo," will be illustrated in colors, and will contain many decorative drawings in the text. The book will be published next week.

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Toledo Blade:

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, describes the incidents and sights of a tour through Spain. This series of sketches first appeared in the *Argonaut*, a bright weekly published in San Francisco. Mr. Hart was warned against going to Spain by people who had been there, but he persisted in his intention, and, though prepared for the worst, found the country much better than he expected.

He relates his adventures in a jocular way, appropriate to his stories of the surface life of the country and of the show places always visited by tourists. He was impressed by the mixture of antiquity and modernity which met his gaze on every side. Some light is shed on the character of the Spanish people, he says, by the story of their giving a hull-fight for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

While the sketches were not intended to result in a serious work on Spain and the Spaniards, they really give a very good idea of the country, and make an interesting hook of travel, which appeals to that vast majority, the general reader.

## Burlington Hawkeye:

This is a handsome duodecimo volume of nearly three hundred pages. It discusses Spanish railways, hotels, theatres, operas, circuses, hull-fights, and Spanish amusements generally. Not a little space is devoted to the cigarette habit in Spain, and to its effect on the Spaniards. The writer seems to believe that their physical and mental degeneration is largely due to the abuse of the cigarette. Considerable space is given to Spanish heggary. Other subjects of interest to travelers are interestingly considered.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.



The culmination of progressive enterprise

Western Department, Chicago, Ill. Two-Speed Gear, Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn. Coaster Brake

CHAINLESS BICYCLES

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores or any one catalogue mailed on receipt of acent stamp.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## HOW TO LIVE LONG!

Practical Advice from a Man of 82

## DIET IN RELATION TO AGE AND ACTIVITY

With hints concerning habits conducive to longevity. By Sir Henry Thompson, F. R. C. S. (London), Etc. 12mo, \$1.00.

A BOOK THAT YOU OUGHT TO READ.

"Probably a more practical, as it is certainly a more suggestive, health manual than any of the numerous ambitious volumes that have been issued on this subject."—The Independent, N.Y. \*\*Of all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of One Dollar by

F. WARNE & CO., 36 E. 23d St. New York.

## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

## TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## HOT AND HANDY

TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. 202 Third St. 1735 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge

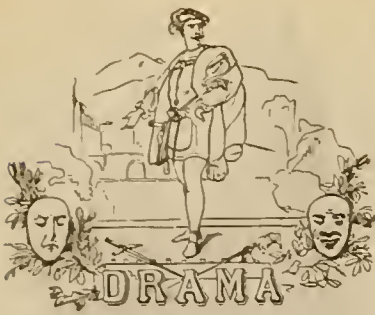
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

"Time is the soul of business" and the  
**ELGIN**  
WATCH  
the business man's timekeeper

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.





Manager Henry W. Savage, of New York, the man who, besides having already noted as an expert real-estate manipulator, has recently taken up the business of theatrical management on a large scale, has expressed his views concerning the abiding drawing power of musical comedies. He laughs at the idea of attractions of that class being overdone or played out, and expresses his conviction that good musical comedies will always appeal to the American public. Mr. Savage backs up his assertion by pointing to the success of his own organizations. The extraordinary run of "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Broadway Theatre is now being followed up by that of "The Yankee Consul."

The new musical piece by George Ade and Gustav Luders, called "The Shogun," after being tried on the Chicago dog during the coming summer, is, if successful, billed for a later season in New York. And, contemporaneously, Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders' new opera, "Woodland," is to be produced in Boston. All these moves on Mr. Savage's theatrical checkboard, being so carefully planned out in advance by a hard-headed business man of his type, show that there's money in musical comedy, and lots of it.

It is true that money must be spent, and spent liberally, in order to gather it in again. But the taste of the great public sets toward musical comedy, and no matter how thoroughly the musicians and writers apply exhaust pumps to their brains, and how completely the managers scan the horizon for new and ingenious ideas, the sense of satiety in the public taste does not even seem to threaten. For this reason managers lavish fortunes on the specialties that are so freely patronized by the public. Figures have been quoted somewhere about the expense incurred in producing the popular spectacular piece known as the "Sleeping Beauty" that would make the hair of a timid financier stand erect. It was said of it that the original outlay at Drury Lane, in London, was one hundred thousand dollars. When the piece was brought over to New York, there was an additional expenditure of fifty thousand dollars. After the New York run was concluded, the imported crystal palace used in the production could neither be sold nor given away; so, as they story runs, they smashed the seven tons of glass composing it into bits, packed the fragments in boxes, and shipped them out of the country again to save the customs tax. It is the most common of happenings in the experience of musical-comedy managers to find expensive trappings of the kind on their hands at the close of a run. They are frequently unable to give away gorgeous adjuncts to the spectacle, the original cost of which represents many thousands of dollars. Then there is the salary expense; an enormous roll, when one counts the number of people that figure on the boards even in an ordinary spectacular musical piece. The pay of the chorus-girls ranges anywhere from fourteen to forty dollars a week, and some authority has estimated that from forty to fifty thousand dollars is paid out weekly in the United States for the salary of these bewitching stage butterflies. When it comes to the principals, however, there is too great a variation to permit of any figuring.

In the matter of costumes, with all their appurtenances of garnitures, wigs, tights, foot-gear, and stage jewels, the expense is heavy and continuous. These things must be kept in order and repair. It would take an expert to figure all these various items up and calculate what sized financial outlay is made for a single musical spectacle of the "Mam'selle Napoleon" class. But it requires no expert to draw the deduction. The public likes, and therefore must have, stage entertainment that includes lovely women in quantity, spirited singing of cheerful, sentimental, and humorous ditties, gorgeous spectacle, and a liberal proportion of jokes and clowning. Any one of these things alone will not do, but unite them into one entertainment and you have a sure thing. I have seen the rear rows of the auditorium of the Grand Opera House and the Alcazar empty during the Fiske engagement and the "Parisian" run, but "Mam'selle Napoleon" is filling the Columbia to the doors.

Although Jean Richien, a Parisian of Parisians, is the author of this piece; although, too, the first act transpires in the artists' foyer of the Comédie-Française, and the rôle of the famous Parisian actress, Mlle. Mire, is played by a Frenchwoman with an accent as clinging as a burr, the piece seemed at first wholly to belong to the category of the average American musical comedy. There were the white-shouldered show-girls switch-

ing their trains, the male dummies extending automatically unfolding arms, the brief-skirted sirens dancing violently, and a good-looking young man in uniform singing in a damaged tenor something about love's flame that burned his heart. It all seemed very familiar, the only foreign note struck being Anna Held's French accent, which I found myself suspecting of being exaggerated for commercial reasons.

Anna's first entry, by the way, is in knee breeches, and I strongly advise the lady to stick to petticoats. It brings out that physical defect, so frequently noticeable in small women, of being disproportionately large about the head, and is further emphasized in Miss Held's case by her curious mode of dressing her hair, added to which her mincing swagger needs to be followed up by a long and glittering train to give it due effect.

She has the same irritating trick of dilating her eyes in such a meaningless way that one finally begins to look for it with a sort of nervous fascination. I noticed in the second act, by the way, when the dances and trimmings were abruptly dropped and drama ruled the scene, that this trick almost disappeared. Here Miss Held really began to act, and did it not badly. Her little Gallic ways and inflections began to seem more like nature, and less like an emphasized affectation. The scene with Napoleon really gathered interest, as well it might, for it is the only one in the piece that amounts to anything more significant than the merest interlude between the last song and the next dance.

The third act represents the opera ball in progress at the Grand Opera House in Paris. This is the big scene of the play, an idea being very effectively given of the constant whirl of pleasure and gaiety that should prevail. A painted auditorium, in which are represented loges filled with countless figures costumed in all kinds of striking and picturesque styles, makes a gay and effective background, while in the foreground one group after another, arrayed in a multiplicity of costly and elaborate costumes, sings, dances, and goes through all kinds of gay, animated pantomime. It is in this scene that the *à la mode* girls come to the fore. I should say of these damsels that they are bired by the hulk. So many pounds weight of smooth, white flesh is required as an effective moving background upon which to display the most costly and sumptuous specimens of the dress-maker's art. Beautiful arms, necks, and shoulders are a desideratum. No collar bones need apply. All the *à la mode* girls are tall and amply proportioned. It may be said that slenderness and sharp elbows are generally concomitants of girlhood. I should imagine that all of these houris are well out of their teens, and some of them comfortably started on their way in the early 'thirties.

Some of them are pretty, and all hut one or two are decidedly good-looking. The gowns which set off this bevy of beauties are so extremely costly, so magnificent in fabric, and so delicately splendid in decoration, that they are apt to inspire sensations that approximate the devout in the bosom of the worshiper of dress. One by one these stately, deep-bosomed charmers pass solemnly across the centre of the stage, trailing clouds of glory after them. One by one they unite to form a tremendous efflorescence of feminine charm. They spread out their lengths of rich array, strike attitudes, wave arms, turn the full effulgence of their broad, beautiful backs upon the audience, and wreath their draperies gracefully about their swaying bodies.

Needless to say, ladies selected for their shape can not be expected to be unexceptionable vocalists. There are some peacock notes somewhere in the chorus, although the singing has the careful drilling that is an essential element of these musical shape-shows.

Anna Held, in spite of her squeaky little squawk, is the chief female vocalist. She relies greatly upon her caressing inflections, and helps out her notes liberally with her eyes and eyebrows. One song, the duet with the tenor, entitled "I'll Love You Then and Now," she actually rendered with some approach to sensuous charm. Mr. Rushworth is rather imperturbable for a tenor, and has a habit of ascending into a candid falsetto with the utmost sang-froid, but he is a useful young man in his rôle of ornamental lover.

The pink girl with the twinkling feet, who calls herself Billie Norton, was with Miss Held on her last visit. She was a red girl then. Her name will probably be remembered by the admirers of fleshly beauty.

A perfect shoal of men filled minute parts,

with big names such as Talma, David, etc., in acceptable style. The most important male rôles, aside from that of a mediocre comedian, were those of Napoleon and Fouché, both very well acted. Emperors, dukes, and duchesses, viscounts and maréchaux, are sprinkled freely through the cast, but the matter of their discourse is of such small moment that they have no individuality. Each forms an insignificant unit in a glittering multitude.

The piece closes with the grand tableau "On to Paris." The stage is packed with humanity, the crowded effect of which is heightened by a paper army of horses and men in the background, and to the sound of a swelling military chorus, the curtain falls, and all this unsubstantial pageant faded leaves not a thought behind.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Seats for "His Royal Nihs" at Auction.

Boxes and some of the seats for the coming production of "His Royal Nihs," a musical comedy by W. H. Clifford and Shafter Howard, which is to take place at the Alhambra Theatre on the evenings of April 21st and 22d, are to be sold at auction at the Alhambra Theatre on the evening of April 14th, with William Greer Harrison and J. D. Pbel as auctioneers. Vaudeville specialties will be given, which are to be contributed by some of the singers in the show and others. The composer is very popular, and the author is a well-known local writer, with a host of friends. Add to this fact that the list of patronesses of the California Woman's Hospital, for which institution the affair is to be given, contains some of the best names in town, and some idea may be gathered of the interest that is being taken in the outcome. The play has been cast with ladies and gentlemen who are considered the very best of California's amateur talent, and a chorus of sixty voices will be in attendance. New scenery has been painted, and new costumes made especially for the occasion. A full orchestra has been engaged, and everything is being done to make the advent of "His Royal Nihs" one of the best things ever offered outside of a professional production.

"Vacation," the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding mineral spring resorts, choice camping spots, country homes, and farms where summer hoarders are taken, is out for 1904. It is issued annually by the California Northwestern Railway, and this year's edition contains one hundred and fifty pages, beautifully illustrated. It is complete in its information. It is to be had in response to a mail request, or at ticket-offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

M. H. de Young is the purchaser of the Josephs property, on Kearny Street, adjoining the Chronicle Building. The frontage owned by Mr. de Young on Kearny Street is now one hundred and twelve feet. The purchase price was three hundred thousand dollars. The Chronicle Building will be extended to cover the lot on Kearny Street.

The first race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) is a selling race for four hundred dollars, for three-year-olds and upward which have not won four races since November 13th. The fourth race is a good one, a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of six hundred dollars.

#### LYRIC HALL 121 Eddy Street.

### MINETTI STRING QUARTET

(Eighth season in San Francisco)

#### MISS FRANCES ROCK, Pianiste

NEXT FRIDAY

At 3:15 p. m.

#### Second Concert of the Season.

Tickets, \$1.00. Admission, 50c.

#### Diamonds and Pearls

#### Wedding Stationery Wedding Presents

SHREVE & COMPANY  
Post and Market Sts.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Beginning Monday evening, April 12th, a sumptuous Tivoli production of Milleoer's comic-opera masterpiece,

#### THE BEGGAR STUDENT

Interpreted by a magnificent cast and produced under the general direction of Wm. H. Leahy.

Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box and mezzanine seats, \$1.00.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-night, Sunday night, and for one more week only, matinee Saturday, F. Zeigfeld, Jr., presents

#### ANNA HELD

In her most successful musical comedy,  
**MAM'SELLE NAPOLEON**  
The handsomest and best-dressed chorus in the world. Last time, Sunday, April 11th.

April 15th—The Four Cohans.

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, April 12th, first time at the Alcazar of the famous play by

#### ARISTOCRACY

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, April 12th—Clyde Fitch's brilliant comedy, **The Frisky Mrs. Johnson.**

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Next week last of MRS. FISKE. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, and Saturday matinee, Ibsen's,

#### A DOLL'S HOUSE

And A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA.

#### HEDDA GABLER

Saturday night, farewell performance, special mixed bill.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Beginning Monday, April 12th, the powerful sensational melodrama,

#### IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Next—The White Squadron.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, April 10th. A big banner bill! The Four Mortons; Edmund Day and Company; Ellis-Nowlan Trio; Flo Adler; Four Welsons; Omar and Margina; James H. Cullen; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Blind Tom.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

#### Fischers THEATRE

It has never failed.

#### KISMET

Declared by the theatre-goers to be the finest of all funny musical successes. The "all-star" cast. The chorus who could be stars. The scenery and costumes that excel. The music and specialties that have not been equaled.

Return to pure fun Monday, April 12th, Chow Chow, an uproariously funny burlesque.

## RACING

### New California Jockey Club OAKLAND TRACK

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.

6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

#### LYRIC HALL 121 Eddy Street.

A DAY AND A NIGHT IN A DOLL SHOP

Singing, Dancing, and Dramatic Specialties

— UNDER THE AUSPICES OF —

Mrs. Barrie McKaye and Miss Jean Logan

TO-DAY, Saturday, April 9, 1904

Matinee, 2:30; Evening, 8:15.

Adult Tickets, 50c.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Mrs. Fiske's Last Week.

Mrs. Fiske's engagement at the Grand Opera House will conclude next week. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoon Mrs. Fiske will appear in another Ibsen rôle—that of Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," probably the best-known and most frequently presented of any of the Ibsen dramas. Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of Nora in this play is declared the most truthful yet disclosed in English. "A Bit of Old Chelsea" will be continued as a curtain-raiser. On Friday evening "Hedda Gabler" will be repeated, and on Saturday evening a special mixed bill, embracing selections from Mrs. Fiske's repertoire, will be given as the farewell performance of the engagement.

## Another Week of Anoa Held.

There is a big advance sale of seats for the second and last week of Anna Held's engagement at the Columbia, which comes to a close with the performance on Sunday night, April 17th. Matinees are given on Saturday only. The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be the Four Cohans and a company of sixty people in the musical farce, "Running for Office." The play was written by George M. Cohan, and gives ample opportunity for the large company to distinguish itself. It is described as a farce, not "stuffed up" with riff-raff and hip-burrah, but clean, neat fun, forcibly presented, creating laughter that one may think about after it is all over. The Rogers Brothers, Richard Mansfield, and Maude Adams are early Columbia Theatre attractions.

## Songs in Plenty.

"Kismet," the musical comedy at Fischer's, has more songs than any piece ever put on at this house. Among them being "Just One Kiss," "The Man Behind," "Sing Hoi," "Why am I Not Like the Rest of Us Girls," "The Prayer," "Physical Culture," "Tutti-Frutti," "The Dancing Girls," "In Potpourri," "Se Seran Rose," and "The Stories Adam Told to Eve." The theatre will return to burlesque April 18th, "Chow-Chow" being the bill.

## Song, Comedy, and Acrobatics.

The four Mortons—Sam, Kittie, Clara, and Paul—better known than any other family of fun-makers before the public, will appear at the Orpheum this coming week. Edmund Day, a writer of clever sketches, will appear for the first time in this city, supported by a competent company, in his latest comedy, "Shipmates," the action of which takes place on the deck of a stranded whaler. The Ellis-Nowlan trio of comedy acrobats, composed of a young woman and two men, will also be new to San Francisco. Their work is described as being both finished and novel. Flo Adler, a cantatrice of renown, will be heard in the latest popular songs. Blind Tom, the negro pianist, will, for his second and last week, change his selections. James H. Cullen will have a complete change of specialty, and the four Welsons, European rope performers; Omar and Margina, presenting "An Evening in Persia"; and the Orpheum moving pictures, will complete the programme.

## Sensational Melodrama.

At the Central Theatre the spectacular success, "Around the World in Eighty Days," will be followed on Monday evening by the sensational melodrama, "In the Hands of the Enemy." This play deals with the life of an American in the mountains of Bolivia. He is a mining engineer, and he succeeds in finding rich deposits of gold in the South American Republic. His amazing good fortune arouses the cupidity of government officials, and his gallantry in a love-affair causes him to be further assailed by envy and jealousy, and imprisoned. The American triumphs after exciting adventures, and makes his enemies pay for their injustice and cowardice. A vein of comedy runs through the play, giving relief to the serious features.

## Society Comedy.

The Alcazar's offering for next week will be Bronson Howard's comedy, "Aristocracy," which deals with the inner workings of society. The opening scene is in San Francisco. The second act shows the characters at the world's metropolis, London, during the gayeties following one of the queen's receptions. New York with the swiftness of its Four Hundred is the locale of the last two acts. The theme of the play is that wealth in the United States does not, as in England, give its possessors immediate *entré* to fashionable society. The management promises some charming stage pictures, and the opportunities for rich and modish gowning will not be disregarded. Mr. Durkin and Miss Block have the rôles created by Wilton Lackaye and Viola Allen. To follow, April 18th, will come "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

## Revival of the "Beggars Student."

"The Beggar Student," which has not been seen in San Francisco in a number of years, will be revived at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, April 11th. The Tivoli ex-

cels in the production of comic opera pure and simple. This the "Beggars Student" unquestionably is. Not only will the company he well cast in this Millocker opera, but the production will be of a character fully in keeping with the best Tivoli traditions. The cast in part is as follows: Caro Roma as Laura, Domenico Russo as Symon, Wallace Brownlow as Jan, Ferris Hartman as General Ollendorf, Esther Kerr as Lieutenant Popenberg, Arthur Cunningham as Count Bogomil Potofsky, Edward Wehls as Enterich, Bessie Tannehill as Countess Palmatica, Dora de Fillippe as Bronislava, Nettie Deglow as Eva, Countess Potofsky.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Schumann-Heink Concerts.

This (Saturday) afternoon Schumann-Heink will give her third concert at the Alhambra Theatre at half after two o'clock. The programme includes Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Die Allmacht"; Schumann's complete song cycle, "Woman's Love and Life," consisting of eight numbers; songs by Richard Strauss, Brahms, Spengler, and others; and the recitative and aria from Wagner's "Rienzi." Manager Greenbaum has secured the services of Schumann-Heink for one extra concert, which will be given on Sunday afternoon, the seventeenth, and at which an entirely new programme will be given. A scale of popular prices will be arranged, which will be announced during the week.

## Last Appearance of Spamer.

Otto Spamer, the violinist, will give his final concert at Lyric Hall next Thursday night in conjunction with the Brahms Vocal Quartet. He will play Wiazowski's "Faust Fantasie," Ernst's "Otello" fantasia, and a number of Wilhelm's transcriptions, including the Paganini Italian suite. The numbers by the quartet will be Brahms's Gypsy Songs and Oscar Weill's "In Maytime." Seats are \$1.00 and 50 cents, and can be secured Wednesday and Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## Two Attractive Numbers.

A feature of the second chamber music recital by the Minetti Quartet and Miss Frances Rock, which will take place at Lyric Hall Friday afternoon, April 15th, will be the Bach Chaconne, the violin bravura piece, to be executed by Giulio Minetti. Another important number will be the Smetana piano trio, in which Miss Rock will assume the piano part. This pianist has established for herself a flattering reputation as an ensemble player.

Those who appeared at the concert given on Thursday evening in connection with the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art's spring exhibition were Miss Alice Breeze, Miss Elfreda Brooks, Miss Charlotte Hucks, Miss Grace Roberts, Miss Alfreda Tibbets, Miss Frances Van Reynegom (violiniste), Mrs. Stelle F. Campbell (accompanist), and Mr. Otto Fleissner (organist). These concerts are under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, and the next one will be given on Thursday evening, April 14th.

An automobile which had just been sold by E. Mohrig, and on which first payment had been made, blew up on Fell Street, near Stanyan, Tuesday evening. The occupants, Mohrig's son and the purchaser, who were in the vehicle, were thrown out, but were not seriously hurt. The machine was a total wreck.

Thomas Nelson Page, the author, is in Pasadena.

## Corner Cottage at Ross.

For sale—lucrative renting property, consisting of lot 100 x 135 feet, set out with flourishing young fruit and shade trees, and containing four-room shingled cottage. Choice neighborhood; five minutes from station; always rented. If preferred, purchaser can buy only the 50 feet containing cottage. Address H. P., Argonaut office.

## A Charming Show for Children.

Every youngster in town ought to have an opportunity to attend the entertaining performances which Mrs. Barrie McKaye and Miss Jean Logan have arranged for this (Saturday) afternoon and evening at Lyric Hall. In addition to the charming little sketch, "A Day and Night in a Doll Shop," adapted from the German "Die Puppen Fie," in which a number of precocious little folk will appear as dainty dollies of all nations, the programme will be liberally sprinkled with singing, dancing, and dramatic specialties that will especially appeal to children. A notable feature will be Shafter Howard's composition, "Jemima Green," with words by William Clifford. Grown folks will enjoy the classic dances of Miss Logan, and Mrs. McKaye's clever curtain-raiser, "The American Girl Abroad," in which the author will appear as the Duchess of Middlesex, Garner S. Stenhouse as Lord Algenon, and Florence Cloke as Louise Day. Miss Cloke is said to do some real fine comedy work as the vivacious American girl, especially in the scene where, arrayed in dashing cowboy dress, she describes an imaginary buffalo hunt on one of the principal thoroughfares of a populous Western city. The performance closes with a series of beautiful living pictures taken from famous paintings.

The claims of one hundred thousand dollars for each firm, submitted by Lloyd & Wood and Knight & Heggerty, against the estate of Charles S. Fair for legal services rendered during a period of nearly two years, have been cut down by Judge Cook to seventy-five thousand dollars for each firm. Attorney Knight said that the reduction would be accepted without contest, and that he thought he voiced the sentiments of both firms in saying this.

Charles S. Fee, who has been appointed to succeed E. O. McCormick in the position of passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Company, has entered on the duties of his new office. Mr. McCormick is still here transferring the affairs of the passenger department to Mr. Fee, and will leave for Chicago next week.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## THE TRADERS

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets.....\$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 3710.

## OUR POLICY:

- 1st—Reliable and definite policy contracts.
- 2d—Superb indemnity—FIRE PROOF INSURANCE.
- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN

Secretary and General Manager.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godard, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Baker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

As one of the most successful journalists in the United States, Miss Ida M. Tarbell is certainly qualified to speak interestingly on "Women in Journalism." "Nearly all women who escape matrimony and the school-room try for journalism," said Miss Tarbell recently; "I have a profound respect for the woman who succeeds in it. If she can endure the first six months of brutalizing experiences, she is apt to succeed. There is no other sphere in life where the fact that you are a woman counts for nothing. There is not a good and wholesome woman in the world who does not want consideration because she is a woman. When a woman enters the office of a great daily she is painfully conscious that she is a woman—just a woman. She can not at first grasp the idea that the great daily is a wonderful and almost perfect machine, that makes what she terms cruel demands. That daily paper is a wonderful creation, and all who serve it become a part of the machinery, and not individuals. It takes a woman some time to realize this. She goes into the office, receives her first assignment, does her best on it, and next morning finds that not a word of it is used. She takes her next assignment, and perhaps two of the ten inches she wrote is used. Finally she goes to the busy man with the glasses at the night desk and asks why. She is coldly informed that her first articles were 'rot.' She thinks it is brutal and hard, and does not understand why the men ignore the fact that she is a woman. Then she wants to quit. In lots of cases she does quit. Women, newspaper women, have to get over that habit of quitting—it's fatal. And she mustn't cry—if she belongs to that class she will probably be asked to quit. Tears may be a forceful weapon in matrimony, but never in an editorial-room. Women never become high-class reporters. Women never get the big assignments. But women have a great chance in sensations."

The scientists are giving up the consideration of the sanitary aspects of kissing to discuss its origin. Professor Lombroso would refer the demonstrative affection of all modern kissing to maternal origin. M. Péré looks upon kissing as a manifestation of sentiment, as well as a means of eliciting and exalting it. The New York Medical Journal has a learned editorial on the custom, in which it says: "To the average healthy citizen the practice of kissing includes danger of insidious bacterial infection. When the mucocutaneous investment of the lips presents one or more breaches of continuity, the danger is, of course, indefinitely increased. But to such dangers there is superadded, in the case of the neuropath, that of a shock highly injurious to the nervous system. It has long been known to ethnologists that among many primitive tribes and races the practice of kissing was unknown. Among the Lapps and the Maoris, rubbing of noses occupied its place. The average native of Japan, a country which promises to take so important a place in the making of future history, still knows nothing of the practice of kissing. The practice of lip to lip salutation was especially characteristic of English social life in Tudor times. Its universal employment was one of the things noticed by Erasmus during his sojourn in England, and is thus commented on in one of his 'Epistolæ': 'Here are girls with angels' faces, so kind and obliging that you would prefer them to all your Muses. Besides, there is a custom here never to be sufficiently commended. Whenever you come you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave, you are dismissed with kisses; you return, kisses are repeated. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, you kiss them all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance; in fine, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses.' The Medical Journal concludes its article with these convincing words: "For our own part, we are disposed to adhere to our older form of belief—that the evolution of specially sensitive nerve endings in the mucocutaneous labial margin has largely contributed to the widespread popularity of osculation."

The complaints of several tenants of the Flatiron Building, New York, at the presence in the building of the "Ladies' Guide to Bohemia" establishment (alleging it would lower the tone of the building), have served to bring out the fact that the proprietress of this unique establishment had furnished the manager of the building with "the very best of references," representing that she merely intended to start in New York an agency to "furnish respectable lady guides for lonely gentlemen." But still New York is suspicious of the scheme which has been advertised in the papers of the West and South thus: "A new way to see New York—Eight charming, refined young ladies will act as guides to gentlemen and ladies visiting New York. Bohemia, with its fascinating gayeties, petit dinners, and a peep into places seldom visited, will be shown. Bohemia's Guides Society." The scheme is thus explained by the matronly proprietress: "We have eight young women, of whom have mothers also on our staff, gentlemen around New York, espe-

cially through Bohemia. When a gentleman comes to this city alone, after he has transacted his business, he naturally needs companionship in the evenings. In what better way can he enjoy himself than putting himself in charge of one of our pretty young women, who can go out to supper with him, and then show him all the points of a great city that a respectable man has a right to see? But there's one thing I shall guard against, and that is fresh young men. This is strictly business. Not one of my guides will drink anything more potent than soda-water. They will go to dinner with the stranger, and just be a sort of sister for the evening. In every case the client and guide must be properly introduced by me. There will be no exception to that rule. Most of the guides I already have are married. The gentleman pays me five dollars and foots all the bills while the young lady is taking him to supper, to the theatre, etc., from 6 P. M. to midnight, and he must agree to deliver the young lady guide safely to her door by twelve o'clock at night. I advertised in out-of-town papers, and we much prefer the trade of out-of-town gentlemen. We gladly send a young lady along with an out-of-town husband to aid him in shopping for his wife. We think a young lady can get better bargains for him than a man guide could, and his wife would be better satisfied." A New York reporter, who impersonated a "lonely out-of-town gentleman," declares that "it was certainly a ladylike 'Bohemia.'"

"Dancing with good and appropriate music, and when you feel like it, brings a man as near to Paradise, so it seems to me, as he is likely to get," Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clarke University, said in a lecture recently on "Rhythm and Dancing." "I wish that some one would start a dancing-school," Dr. Hall continued, "that would have in it the faith of the prophets. It would be religion, poetry, education; it would be health, because it would be happiness, whereas work is muscular activity without interest. Dancing has meant a great deal to the world. The more I see of life the more I think it ought to have a place in our system of education. We ought to get over this narrow, wretched, bigoted prejudice that proscribes it. If we ever reach a golden age, I think dancing will be a more universal language than language itself. I believe it is even more expressive than either music or language. The dance cadences the soul. There is more nervous control to be obtained by dancing than in any other way. If a person is under a tense strain, give him a slow dance like the minuet. For one who is inactive, a dance of more rapid movement should be prescribed. Life itself is the spirit of the dance, and that is why it is a cure for disease."

The bill allowing divorce in Italy has been defeated with such decisiveness that the question is looked upon as for the present settled. "The country is not prepared for it," as the champions of divorce describe the situation. The contest was in the main a test of strength between the Clerical party and its opponents, but not entirely. If some other test had been presented, the Liberals might have made a better showing, for the agitation in favor of divorce brought out a large amount of feeling that was quite independent of the church. Thousands of virtuous and contented Italians were shocked or depressed by the proposal to permit divorce, merely on the side of their sentiments, without any reference to their creed.

Dr. Bernard Hollander, a British physician, recently delivered an amusing address before a semi-scientific gathering on "Love as a Disease." The grand passion, he said, was an unwarrantable predilection of the patient for one object, despite the existence of others equally attractive. The symptoms were languid tendencies, a circulatory trouble causing suffusion of the countenance, a confusion of thought and language, a breathing with a sighing quality, loss of appetite, and insomnia. Some of the most acute cases were marked by attempts at poetry. It was infectious; a touch of the hand had been known to communicate it. Disinfectants were useless. A curious feature of the disease was that in the patient's mind the whole world fell into two unequal divisions. (1) The place where he or she was. (2) The places where he or she was not. "Love, like rheumatism," the lecturer said, "can not be believed in unless you have had it." The acute form usually lasted six weeks. As to treatment, Dr. Hollander recommended several expedients. One was change of climate. Another that the patient should fall in love with two equally attractive women. But there was a better plan still. There was one great cure for love which had never been known to fail. It was—marriage.

The London Lady's Pictorial is worried at the size of the modern woman. "Whereas," it says, "a decade since the average size in women's shoes was three, five being accounted specially large, seven and eight are now commonly asked for, while the average size has become five. The little glove has likewise grown into a good-sized hand-shoe. My lady's hosiery has become bigger at the same time—

in short, the average girl of 1904 could not wear any article of apparel that fitted the girl of 1874. And where, one now tremblingly asks, is this to end?"

The diamond, despite its present high price, is not the most fashionable stone. The emerald enjoys that distinction, but the colored stone must have a few diamonds "to throw it up." "When I was a youngster," says a famous jeweler, "emeralds were \$20.00 a carat. To-day a fine stone is worth \$2,000. A twenty-grain pearl I used to sell at \$400. To-day it would be worth \$3,000. Rubies and sapphires have gone up also, but not so much in proportion. During my long experience some stones have come in and gone out of favor—the cat's-eye, for example. Settings are lighter than they used to be. The fashion is to set precious stones in platinum, as platinum never tarnishes. I don't think with platinum we get as much brilliancy out of the stone as with silver, but silver in foggy weather goes black. Never buy a diamond set in gold. If you see one in a gold mount you may be suspicious. A yellow stone painted with black ink looks white and it is then set in gold. That is the way in which many pawnbrokers in the North have been taken in."

## A. P. Hotaling &amp; Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
March 31st.....	62	46	..	Clear
April 1st.....	66	50	..	Cloudy
" 2d.....	58	50	Tr.	Cloudy
" 3d.....	54	48	..	Clear
" 4th.....	63	46	..	Clear
" 5th.....	66	50	..	Clear
" 6th.....	64	50	..	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 6, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	6,000 @ 101		101 1/4	
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5% .....	2,000 @ 85-86 1/2		76 1/4	80
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	1,000 @ 100			
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5% .....	1,000 @ 100 1/2		100	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5% .....	13,000 @ 114		113 3/4	114 1/4
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000 @ 119		117	
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5% .....	1,000 @ 102		101 1/2	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	71,000 @ 105-105 1/2		104 3/4	
Park C. H. Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 105		104 3/4	105 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5% .....	4,000 @ 116-116 1/2		116 1/4	117 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909 .....	4,000 @ 107		107	107 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910 .....	3,000 @ 107 1/2		107 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%	2,000 @ 100		100	
S. V. Water 4% 3d	1,000 @ 99 1/2		99	100
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	50 @ 35-36		35	
S. V. Water.....	340 @ 38 1/2-39 1/2		39 1/2	39 3/4
	POWERS.			
Giant Con.....	25 @ 61		60	61
Vigorit.....	50 @ 43		42	43
	SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. S.....	280 @ 50-50 1/2		50	51
Honokaa S. Co.....	300 @ 12 1/2-12 3/4		12 1/2	13
Hutchinson.....	200 @ 9-9 1/2		9 1/2	10
Kilauea S. Co.....	25 @ 3 1/2		3 1/2	
Papaehaui S. Co.....	235 @ 13 1/2-13 3/4		13 1/2	14
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Pacific Lighting.....	25 @ 56 1/2		56 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric	930 @ 57 1/2-59 1/2		59 1/2	60
	MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers.....	120 @ 145-146		145 1/2	
Cal. Fruit Cannery.....	10 @ 98		98 1/2	100
Cal. Wine Assn.....	165 @ 92-92 1/2		91 3/4	92 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	150 @ 4-4 1/2		4 1/2	
Pac. Coast Borax.....	36 @ 168-170		170	

Spring Valley Water was in better demand, selling up to 39 1/2, closing 39 1/2 bid, 39 3/4 asked.

Contra Costa Water was quoted at 35-36 on sales of 50 shares.

The Sugars were quiet with the exception of Hutchinson, 200 shares being traded in at from 9 to 9 1/2, a gain of three-quarters of a point.

Alaska Packers has been fairly active, and on sales of 120 shares sold up to 146, closing at 145 1/2 asked.

There has been a very good demand for San Francisco Gas and Electric, 930 shares being traded in at 57 1/2-59 1/2, and closing strong at 59 1/2 bid, 60 asked. The company paid a quarterly dividend of \$1.25 per share on March 31st.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

**HARTSHORN**  
Shade Roller.  
Look on the label for the signature. Get the improved Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

## MULTISCOPE &amp; FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## Market Street Lot

Fifty by One Hundred and Forty-Five Feet, to Alley in Rear. Alongside of One of the Most Prominent Firms in San Francisco.

## OWNER WILL BUILD TO SUIT TENANT.

## ADDRESS

**MADISON & BURKE**  
30 Montgomery Street

## THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYTELLERS.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old deacon, a sanctified-looking old fellow, who lived in a country town and occasionally visited the city "on business," was found "bucking the tiger" in a St. Louis gambling house with an energy of purpose that was admirable. "What," exclaimed the young man who found him, starting backward, "deacon, is it possible you are here?" "Oh, yes," calmly rejoined the old sinner; "I am bound to break up this evil institution."

A frightened boy named Dodd, charged with some dire scholastic offense, was once brought before Dr. Vaughan, for many years headmaster at Harrow. "What is your name?" asked the master, with due severity. "Dodd, sir," answered the trembling boy. "Dodd! Do you spell it with one d, or with two?" "No, sir, three," answered the boy. The doctor let him off with a warning, and acknowledged that he had never before received so good a lesson in spelling.

Congressman John Sharp Williams tells of a man in Mississippi who is a hypochondriac of the first order. This man was one day telling a friend of his efforts to regain his old-time health. He ran over the list of doctors whom he had consulted. Whereupon the friend remarked: "Well, old man, I must say that you appear to have lots of faith in doctors." "Certainly I have," replied the sick man; "don't you think the doctors would be foolish to let a good customer like me die?"

An Oregon newspaper man in Washington is telling a good story about Dr. Hale. He says he was once traveling in the back country of Oregon, and, going to a little inn for lodging, was surprised to see a large picture of Dr. Hale on the wall. The woman of the house explained it thus: "Well, you see, a good many strangers come here and want me to keep 'em, and I don't know anything about 'em, but if they know Edward Everett Hale's picture I know they're good for something, and I let 'em stay."

This happened in Scotland: The last editions of the newspapers, with the result of the great Perth walk, had been sold out, and the boys were calculating their takings. "Hullo," said Jimmy, in alarm, "I'm a 'apenny short!'" "Well, what's the use of 'arpin' on it?" growled Dick, as the calmly cracked a nut; "you don't think I took it, do you?" "No, I don't say you 'ave," said Jimmy, slowly—"I don't say you 'ave. But there it is. I'm a 'apenny short, and you're a-eating nuts, yer know!"

When President Nicholas Murray Butler was at college, certain freshmen of his time made no scruple of stealing a pail of milk which a dairyman daily placed outside the door of Mr. Butler's room while the occupant was in class. In order to foil the marauders, the future president of Columbia composed, one day, a formidable legend, which he printed in very deep letters, and placed over the pail. It read: "I have poisoned this milk with arsenic." Upon his return he found the milk intact, but added to his notice were these appalling words: "So have we."

There was once an early day miner who, after many years, made his pile, and, coming down to San Francisco, looked about for the most splendid restaurant he could find. He wanted to make up to himself in one glorious night for all his privations and hardships of many years. When he found his restaurant, and the waiter handed him the bill of fare, he found it was in a language that is not commonly spoken in mining camps, and that he could not make out anything but the prices, which were extremely high. So he turned to the waiter with, "Bring me one hundred dollars worth of hams and eggs."

Judge E. H. Gray, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Trust, has a favorite story of a bright eight-year-old boy, a clergyman's son. Judge Gray was dining with the family once, and during dinner said to the boy: "Look here, Joe, I have a question to ask you about your father." The boy looked gravely at him. "All right; I'll answer your question," he said. "Well," said the judge, "I want to know if your father doesn't preach the same sermon twice sometimes." "Yes, I think he does," said Joe, "but the second time he always hollers in different places from what he did the first time."

Tolstoy told Isabel Hapgood, who has translated many of his books, a good story of one of his ancestors, an army officer, who was an excellent mimic. One day, he was impersonating the Emperor Paul to a group of his friends, when Paul himself entered, and for some moments looked on, unperceived, at the antics of the young man. Tolstoy finally turned, and, beholding the emperor, bowed his head, and was silent. "Go on, sir," said Paul; "continue the performance."

ance." The young man hesitated a moment, and then, folding his arms and imitating every gesture and intonation of his sovereign, he said: "Tolstoy, you deserve to be degraded, but I remember the thoughtlessness of youth, and you are pardoned." The Czar smiled slightly at this speech. "Well, be it so," he said.

A couple of teachers entered a San Francisco car lately, and fell into a chat concerning the accomplishments and shortcomings of their pupils, whom they termed, in regular teacher style, "Your children" and "My children." One of them, looking up presently, bestowed a decorous bow upon a gentleman in the car, a salute which the latter acknowledged somewhat grudgingly. Some five minutes later the fair pedagogues started to leave the car, but on the way out the one whose greeting had been snubbed, passed in front of the snubber, and said, distinctly: "I must apologize for bowing to you just now. I thought I recognized you as the father of one of my children." Exit pedagogues. Tableau!

## Decidedly Unusual.

"We have a most extraordinary singer this year," explained the manager, "and we wish you to exploit her in an unusual way." "That's good," returned the press-agent. "What are the facts?" "Well, she has no diamonds to be stolen." "That's played out, anyway." "That knocks out also elaborate descriptions of the way her gems are guarded." "Of course." "Then she does not come of an aristocratic family that would be humiliated to see the family name on the playbills." "That has become tiresome, too." "And she was not rescued from the slums by some one who was captivated by her beautiful voice."

The press-agent began to look a little troubled. "She has no wealthy patron who has watched her from childhood and defrayed the expenses of her musical education from humanitarian motives in order that the great public might not be deprived of the joy of her magnificent voice."

The press-agent began to frown. "She did not show her indomitable will by getting a musical education under the most adverse conditions, and none of her relatives starved themselves or in other ways showed extraordinary self-sacrifice to furnish the necessary money."

The press-agent breathed heavily. "None of the great masters of Europe considered her future of such promise that he took her as his personal pupil and refused to accept any compensation other than the satisfaction of giving her to the world."

The press-agent gasped. "She has endured no hardships; she won't demand eight rooms at every hotel, and insist that they shall all be refurnished to harmonize with her complexion; she never has refused to sing because some one in the audience sneezed at a critical moment; she gets no fabulous salary; she isn't supporting a widowed mother and paying for the education of four sisters; she doesn't have to be managed with the diplomacy of a courtier."

"Enough! Enough!" cried the press-agent.

"I told you she was unusual," said the manager.

"Unusual!" wailed the press-agent; "she's impossible from a press-agent's point of view."

"And last!" said the manager, "she did not move an entire audience to tears the first time she sang."

But this was too much. The press-agent had collapsed.—Chicago Post.

## The Perfection

of a pure, rich, unsweetened condensed milk is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is always available for every use to which raw milk or cream is devoted and is far superior to the average quality of either. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Gastric Harmony.

I dine to-day on ox-tail soup,  
And calves' brains, nice and sweet.  
No difficulty thus have I  
In making both ends meet.  
—Philadelphia Record.

## Czech-Mated!

You know that Keats won't rhyme with  
Yeats.

That Cowper should be Cooper,  
For b in Lamb who gives a d—h  
But some misguided trooper?  
Though foreign names assert their claims  
To paralyze your thorax,  
Each one you'll kill with ease until  
You're up against Dvůrák's!

You see no hitch in Sienkiewicz,  
Nor think Tschaiakowsky spooky,  
You're never off in Gortschakoff,  
You toy with Dolgorouki;  
In Thackeray you find a way  
To Frenchify De Florac—  
But any name is weak and tame  
When up against Dvůrák!

Though oft you roam away from home  
To some far distant nation  
Where tongues are met whose alphabet  
Precludes pronunciation;  
Though East and West you've lain to rest  
In palace, cabin (or shack),  
How can you tell what they spell  
Dvůrák is Dvorshak?

—T. Ybarra in New York Sun.

## They Are Sixty-Seven.

I met a little Mormon girl;  
She was just eighteen, she said.  
Her hair was dressed with one big curl  
That dangled from her head.

She had a simple way, and bland;  
Her speech was soft and cool,  
And in her bonest, widespread hand  
She bore a milking stool.

"How many children, little maid,  
Are in your family?"  
"How many? Sixty-seven," she said,  
And shyly looked at me.

Her hazel eyes to mine she raised,  
And then she cast them down.  
"I did not ask," I said, amazed,  
"The census of your town."

"How many children 'round your door  
Disport in childish glee?"  
"Just sixty-seven," she said, once more,  
And smiled again at me.

"Forty of us at Provo dwell;  
At Ogden there are nine;  
The good ship Jane, they sail her well—  
Twelve brothers, dear, of mine."

"I see at last. Your meaning's clear,"  
Said I, with laughter merry;  
"Is it an orphanage, my dear,  
Or a female seminary?"

"With father dear we dwell at peace;  
Our mothers are eleven;  
'Round every door there's room for more,  
And we are sixty-seven."

And then I left in dumb dismay  
The maid with eyes like heaven;  
But as I left I heard her say,  
"And I'm the oldest, by the way,  
Of all the sixty-seven."

—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

## The Retort Courteous.

For years she heard her husband say,  
"Can't we have pigs like mother used to bake?"  
At last she cried, "Why, sure we can,  
If you make dough like papa used to make."  
—Chaparral.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## SOZODONT

## Pretty Teeth In a Good Mouth

are like jewels well set. Our best men  
and women have made Sozonont the  
Standard.

## BEST FOR YOUR TEETH

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....April 23 | Germanic.....May 7  
St. Louis.....April 30 | St. Paul.....May 14

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Western Id. April 23, 10 am | Friesland.....May 7, 10 am  
Haverford. April 30, 10 am | Nordland.....May 14, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

## NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....April 23, noon  
Mesaba.....April 30, 9 am  
Minnetonka.....May 7, 11:30 am  
Minnehaha.....May 14, 4 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Kensington.....April 30 | Southwark.....May 14  
Dominion.....May 7 | Canada.....May 21

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Noordam.....April 26 | Rotterdam.....May 17  
Potsdam.....May 10 | Ryndam.....May 24

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Zeeland.....April 30 | Vaderland.....May 7  
Finland.....May 10 | Kroonland.....May 14

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic.....April 27, 10 am | Teutonic.....May 11, 10 am  
Arabic.....April 29, 5 pm | Celtic.....May 13, 4 pm  
Oceanic.....May 4, 9 am | Cedric.....May 18, 7 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....April 21, May 19, June 16  
Republic (new).....April 30, May 9, June 7  
Cretic.....May 5, June 2, June 30

## Mediterranean Direct

CAZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Canopic.....April 23, May 28, July 2  
Romanic.....May 14, June 18, July 30  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 22  
Gaelic.....Thursday, July 14

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, April 14, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, April 23, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine  
section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There  
are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers,  
on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY  
CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and  
are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art  
store. All this in addition to a superior news service,  
both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents  
per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition,  
\$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.  
JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager, Proprietor.

## NEW YORK

## LONDON

THE MANHATTAN  
PRESS-CLIPPING BUREAU

ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor

KNICKERBOCKER BUILDING

Cor. 5th Ave. and 14th St., New York

Will supply you with all personal reference  
and clippings on any subject from all the papers and  
periodicals published here and abroad. Our large  
staff of readers can gather for you more valuable  
material on any current subject than you can get in  
a lifetime.

## SUBSCRIBE NOW

TERMS { 100 clippings, \$5.00; 250 clippings, \$12.00;  
500 clippings, \$20.00; 1,000 clippings, \$35.00

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its  
real worth apart from the quality of the materials  
which enter into its construction, and the artistic  
beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympa-  
thetic tone*, in the possession of which it stands alone.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## SOCIETY.

## The Stent-Harris Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Frances Harris, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis, to Mr. Ernest Albert Stent, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's aunt and uncle, 835 California Street. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Miss Fanny Arques, of San José, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Ferdinand Reis was best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Stent have gone on an extended wedding journey, during which they will visit different points of interest in the United States, then go to Europe for some months.

## The Hume-Eckart Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Eckart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Eckart, to Mr. Charles Edwin Hume, took place on Monday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 3014 Clay Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Mrs. Benjamin Thompson was matron of honor, Miss Georgie Spicker and Miss Mabel Donaldson were bridesmaids, Mr. William Hume was best man, and Mr. Huett Davenport, Mr. Covington Pringle, Mr. James Kenna, and Mr. Hugh Goodfellow were ushers. A supper followed the ceremony. On their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Hume will live on Franklin Street, near Green Street.

## The Miller-Burdge Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Anna Mae Burdge, ward of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, to Mr. Bernard Miller, took place on Monday at the Smith residence, "Arbor Villa," Oakland. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. J. K. McLean. Miss Winifred Burdge was maid of honor, and Miss Marion Smith, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Marion Goodfellow, Miss May Baker, Miss May Coogan, and Miss Carolyn Oliver acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Clay Gooding was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Roland Oliver, Mr. Will Gorrill, Mr. Ralph Jones, Mr. Harold Havens, Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, Mr. Hartley Peart, Mr. Taylor Bell, and Mr. Joseph King. The ceremony was followed by a reception and supper. Mr. and Mrs. Miller have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in Oakland.

## The Allen-Kent Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Martin Kent, to Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, U. S. A., took place Wednesday evening at Grace Church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Right Rev. William Ford Nichols. Mrs. Malcolm Graham was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Kathleen Kent, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Louise Hall, Miss Mattie Milton, and Miss Jane Wilshire. Captain George W. Helms, U. S. A., was best man, and Lieutenant Edward Shinkle, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. H. Bradford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Berkeley Enoch, U. S. A., Lieutenant Richard Wetherill, U. S. A., and Dr. Louis J. Brechemin, Jr., U. S. N., were ushers. Lieutenant Allen and Mrs. Allen have gone south on their wedding journey.

## The Bachelor Ball.

The Bachelors' Ball took place at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening. Mrs. James Allen, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Carter Pit-

kin Pomeroy, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Jonathan G. Kittle, Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, Mrs. John M. Parrott, add Mrs. Russell J. Wilson were the patronesses and chaperons, and the hosts were Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. Will Denman, Mr. William Goldsborough, Mr. Otis Burrage, Mr. Wilbur Burnett, Mr. Thomas Berry, Count Grimani, Mr. Edward Howard, Mr. Philip Baker, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Norman Livermore, Mr. Harvey Lindsay, Mr. Allen Kittle, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Percy King, Dr. William Lyster, Mr. Brockway Metcalf, Mr. Almer Newhall, Mr. John Young, Mr. Allen Wright, Mr. Coppee Thurston, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. Sidney Salisbury, Mr. Harry Stetson, Lieutenant H. H. Rousseau, U. S. N., Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Sidney Pringle, and Mr. William Page.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susan Blanding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, to Mr. Knox Maddox.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, to the Rev. William James Cuthbert of Japan. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Miss Helen Pettigrew gave an informal tea yesterday (Friday), at which announcement was made of the engagements of Miss Georgie Butler, daughter of Mr. A. B. Butler, of Fresno, to Captain John W. Joyes, U. S. A.; and of Miss Helen Pettigrew to Mr. William T. Lemman. The wedding of Miss Butler and Captain Joyes will take place in London early in June.

The wedding of Miss Florence Callaghan, daughter of Mrs. Daniel Callaghan, to Mr. Vincent de Laveaga, will take place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 1900 Washington Street. The ceremony will be performed at half after eight by Archbishop Riordan, who, on account of the illness of Mrs. Callaghan, has consented to the wedding taking place at her residence instead of a church. Miss Mabel Hogg will be bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward de Laveaga will be best man. The ceremony will be followed by a reception to a few friends. Mr. de Laveaga and his bride will go on an extended wedding journey, and after their return will live in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Catherine Louise Hamlet, daughter of Captain O. C. Hamlet, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hamlet, to Mr. William A. Boole, took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. E. Wellington, on Baker Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Kirk Guthrie. Mrs. Wellington was matron of honor, and Miss Mattie Wellington was maid of honor. Mr. Percy Burr was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Boole have gone to Catalina Island on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Bessie G. Yard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Yard, to Mr. C. Chapel Judson, took place on Saturday last at the East Oakland residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Eli McClish, and was followed by an informal wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, after a short wedding journey, will live in Oakland.

Mr. Charles Edward Hume gave a farewell bachelor dinner on Saturday evening. Others at table were Mr. William Hume, Mr. Huett Davenport, Mr. Hugh Goodfellow, Mr. James Kenna, Mr. Carlton Burke, Mr. Covington Pringle, and Mr. Wilder Wright.

Mr. Harry Holbrook gave a theatre-party at the Columbia on Monday night, followed

by a supper at the St. Francis. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Mr. Duplessis Beylard, and Mr. Frank Owen.

Mrs. John Wilson Shiels gave a tea on Thursday afternoon at her residence, 1550 Page Street, in honor of Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, of Oakland. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. George Franklin Shiels, Mrs. Ernest Kinloch Johnstone, Mrs. George B. Sperry, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. William Gerstle, and Mrs. Martin Regensberger.

Mr. Marvin R. Higgins gave a farewell luncheon on Monday to Mr. E. O. McCormick. Others at table were Mr. G. F. Richardson, Mr. F. G. Sanborn, and Mr. Orrin Peck.

Rev. David Evans, the new rector of Grace Episcopal Church, was the guest of honor at a reception tendered by the vestrymen of that parish Tuesday evening at the Century Club house. The reception committee included Mr. William Mintzer, Mr. Thomas P. Woodward, Mr. L. M. Ringwalt, Mr. Herbert Folger, Mr. Kirkham Wright, Mrs. Mintzer, Mrs. Ringwalt, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Gwin, Miss Harvey Anthony, Miss May Colburn, Miss Ethel Woodward, Miss Marie Wright, Miss Jeannette Wright, Miss Gussie Foute, Miss Eva Maynard, Miss Sallie Maynard, the Misses Gibbs, and Right Rev. William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols. A buffet supper was served during the evening.

Mr. Ernest A. Stent was given a farewell bachelor dinner at the Cosmos Club on Saturday evening. Others at table were Mr. W. B. Bradford, Mr. B. C. Clark, Mr. George F. Beveridge, Mr. E. C. Voorhies, Mr. W. G. Dodd, Mr. C. H. Maddox, Mr. F. Reis, Jr., Mr. E. de Conlon, Mr. George S. Folsom, Mr. F. M. Clark, Mr. C. F. Taylor, and Mr. W. G. Richardson.

## Cafe-Chantant at Miss Phelan's Residence.

This (Saturday) afternoon, from two-thirty to five-thirty, the grounds surrounding the residence of Miss Phelan at Valencia and Seventeenth Streets will be in gala dress for the garden-party to be given by the ladies connected with the St. Ignatius Training School. Elaborate preparations are being made, and an open-air vaudeville programme of rare merit will be presented by Miss Ethyl Hager, chairman of the entertainment committee. The League of the Cross Cadets Band of forty pieces has volunteered its services, and will render an open-air concert, beginning at two-thirty o'clock. Admission has been fixed at fifty cents.

There was a serious automobile accident on the public road near San Leandro on the night of March 31st. A machine, occupied by George Whittell, "Billy" Otts, two ladies, and a chauffeur, ran into a buggy driven by the Misses Neal, of Elmhurst. The machine struck the rear of the buggy, upsetting it, and turned completely over. The ladies in the automobile were badly hurt, one of them very seriously, and the Misses Neal received painful injuries, including a broken shoulder. Mr. Otts, in speaking of the accident, said that the automobile was not going more than fifteen or eighteen miles an hour, on account of the darkness, though the machine was capable of a mile a minute gait. It is stated that the Misses Neal will bring suit for damages against Mr. Whittell.

The Doctors' Daughters request that the person holding ticket 605, which entitles the holder to the cart and pony disposed of at the horse show, will present the same to Mrs. Frederick Tallant, south-west corner Washington and Buchanan Streets. Number 20 was the ticket that won the Yorkshire terrier, which found a home at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mr. C. H. Markham, successor to Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, has assumed his duties as general manager here of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Markham will have control of all the lines of the Southern Pacific Company west of El Paso, Tex., and Wadsworth, Nev., and south of Ashland, Or.

In this pleasant outing weather, nothing more delightful can be imagined than a journey, over the crookedest railway in the world, to the top of Mt. Tamalpais. The panoramic views from the Tavern and summit beggar description.

—THE SALES DURING THE YEAR 1903 OF MOET & Chandon White Seal were 4,013,684 bottles, a figure never before reached by any other champagne house. White Seal is the champagne of the day.

## Furnished Flat to Rent.

New Western Addition flat, newly furnished, beautifully located. To rent for four or five months, from May 1st. Rent \$75.00 per month. Apply Box 81, Argonaut office.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 805 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## A. Hirschman.

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be. It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do.

It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free, alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

Established over 100 years.



that is not at its best is sadly out of place at a wedding. See to it that the pieces you buy have the trade-mark of

**Dorflinger**

*Glassware*

## Berkeley Home For Sale

A magnificent and modern residence of fourteen rooms in choicest locality near State University. Address H. W. KNOLL, 425 Montgomery St. SAN FRANCISCO.



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

## PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

**There is no Substitute for**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**It is a Matter of Health**



# VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. N. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marian Huntington will leave soon for New York, where they will pay Mrs. Huntington's daughter, Mrs. Perkins, a short visit. Later they will go to Europe.

Mr. Walter Dean has gone to New York, where he will join Mrs. Dean and Miss Helen Dean. They expect to leave on April 20th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott have gone to Burlingame to spend the summer with Mrs. Joseph Crockett.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and family will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. James Denman, who left for Indianapolis last Sunday, will spend the summer with her son-in-law and daughter, Major Cheatham and Mrs. Cheatham.

Dr. Reginald Smith and Mrs. Smith are again occupying their residence, 2600 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Bessie Mills are again occupying their residence on Jackson Street.

Miss Lily O'Connor, who has been spending some weeks at Paso Robles, stopped over last Saturday and Sunday at Del Monte.

Mrs. Charles B. Stone and her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Darragh, have taken the Goodloe residence on Broderick Street for the summer months.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low left last week for Del Monte, where they will spend the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin will occupy the cottage of Mr. Joseph Tohin at Burlingame this summer instead of going abroad.

Mrs. J. C. Stuhls and Miss Helen Stuhls, who have been passing the last few weeks in Arizona, arrived on Tuesday for a brief visit.

Mr. Thomas Rohins, of Philadelphia, was a guest at Del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. William H. Howard, of San Rafael, has been at the Hotel Richelieu during the past ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Land, from New York, drove down to San José last Friday in Mr. Lent's new automobile, and from there took the train for Del Monte, where they stayed over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, who have been spending some weeks in Santa Barbara, are now at Del Monte.

Mr. J. W. Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Irvine, are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin have gone to Burlingame, where they have taken the Kruttschnitt house for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Constance de Young have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacDonough are sojourning at the Hotel del Monte. Mr. MacDonough was in town for a few days recently to attend to the releasing of the California Hotel property.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey, and Miss Genevieve Harvey are expected home early in May.

Mrs. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Miss Marie Louise Parrott have gone to Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were among recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. John S. Merrill, Miss Ruth Merrill, and Miss Hammond have returned from their six weeks' trip to Hawaii.

Mrs. Charles G. Hooker spent a few days at Del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. John Barton, who has been passing the winter with Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuyler Smith at their home, 61 East Seventy-Second Street, New York, will sail for Europe May 17th, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuyler Smith. After an extended tour, Mrs. Barton will return to San Francisco in the fall.

Mrs. Mastick and her daughter, Mrs. George B. McAneny, went down to Del Monte early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mrs. Leland Stanford, and Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Lester recently left Cairo for Italy.

Mrs. George H. Howard will go to her home in San Mateo as soon as she fully recovers from her recent serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young spent a week in Egypt recently, and during part of the time were in Cairo, the guests of Mr. Jeremiah Lynch.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. Charles A. McNulty are at Santa Barbara, where they have been for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood have taken a flat at the corner of Pacific Avenue and Baker Street.

Mr. Louis Bruguère has arrived from New York for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla have taken Mr. Walter S. Martin's country home at San Mateo for the summer.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Luit, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Reed, Mrs. George Steele, Mrs. G. H. Mason, Miss Alice Kirk, Mr. Malcolm Steele, Mr. Julius R. Weher, and Mr. William H. Layman.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Kendall, Mrs.

C. F. Gahde and Miss A. Thode, of New York, Mrs. R. McLillie, of Baltic, Miss M. Haywood and Miss E. Haywood, of Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. W. Beckwell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Levy, Mr. B. M. Gunn, Mr. Richard C. Harrison, and Mr. F. Gilmore.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain William C. Rivers, U. S. A., at his own request, is relieved from further duty as a member of the general staff corps at headquarters of the Philippine Division at Manila, and will report to the governor of the Philippines for duty.

Lieutenant A. N. Mitchell, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Albatross* to Mare Island on April 14th, for examination for promotion, and will then proceed to his home and await orders.

Colonel Alfred C. Girard, U. S. A., and Mrs. Girard have taken a flat on Van Ness Avenue, near Lombard Street.

Major John R. Williams, assistant adjutant-general, has been relieved from duty at headquarters of the Department of California, and will report to the commanding-general of the Philippine Division for duty.

Captain H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Roosevelt are expected to arrive on the transport *Sheridan* next week, en route to Washington, D. C., where Captain Roosevelt will be stationed for the next two years.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the office of the adjutant-general at Washington, and will report to the commanding-general of the Department of California for duty as adjutant-general in that department.

Lieutenant D. C. Hanrahan, U. S. N., has been detailed from duty at Goat Island, and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Commander C. F. Pond, U. S. N., has been detached from the United States steamer *Pensacola*, and ordered as executive officer of the United States steamer *Supply*.

Colonel E. A. Godwin, U. S. A., arrived last Friday to take command of the third squadron of the Ninth Cavalry at the Presidio.

Major Albert Todd, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio during the past year, has been ordered to Washington, D. C., for duty in the adjutant-general's department there.

Lieutenant Edward W. Robinson, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Robinson are now occupying quarters at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Lester W. Cornish, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., left for Manila Sunday on the transport *Logan*.

Assessor Dodge has sent notices to over four hundred owners of automobiles regarding assessment of the machines. They will be assessed at one-half their value, and the total amount added to the rolls in that way will be about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The wedding of Miss Natalie Schenck, the much he-paraphrased Newport belle, to Captain Glen Collins, of the English army, took place at Del Monte on Thursday. There were no attendants.

—MOET & CHANDON WHITE SEAL IS THE requisite of all smart functions nowadays. This brand now leads all others in importation.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

### Wanted, to Rent,

for summer month, well-furnished suburban home, about ten rooms, with some grounds, not over one hour's ride from San Francisco. Will pay good rental. Address Box 75, this office.

### Mill Valley.

To let, furnished, to a responsible party, completely furnished house of fourteen rooms with all modern improvements. Extensive grounds, with stable and cottage. Address Box 65, this office.

### "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT-waists designed by Kent, "Shin Tailor," 121 Post St.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

### Educational.

Oregon. Portland.

### St. Helen's Hall

Home and Day School for Girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic college preparation and special courses. Music, Elocution, Art in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. All departments open September 14, 1903.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.



### Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.



BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.

# Schæffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO

At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents

126 Geary Street.

# RUBBER

LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation  
Company  
713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.









# The Argonaut.

Vol. LIV. No. 1414.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The *Argonaut* (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 320 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The *Argonaut* may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors *Argonaut*, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The *Argonaut* Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The *Argonaut* Publishing Company." The *Argonaut* can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Racked and Rent Democracy—The "World" Supports Parker—So Does Cleveland—Parker's Enemies—The South and the Presidency—Anxious for a President, but Willing to Wait—Why Capital is Afraid—Plenty of Money, but no Capitalists—Socialistic Ventures Here and Elsewhere—Their Effect on Chicago—The Journalistic Conquest of the Sea—No Peace for Voyages—Russia's Greatest Crime—Why Cotton Planters Condemn Her—The Question of Pure Milk—The Kind We Drink. 241-243	COMMUNICATIONS: "What's Wrong With California?" By A. C. H. 243
FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION: A Story of Indian Revenge. By Marguerite Stabler. 244	WAR-TIME IN TOKIO: Days of Preparation—Sewing for the Soldiers—The War Dominates Everything—Unexampled Courtesy—Dramatic Incidents. By Helen Hyde. 245
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World. 245	JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER: Career of a Presidential Possibility—Son of a Farmer—Now Judge and Farmer—His Delight in Country Life—A Hard, Conscientious Worker. By "Flaneur". 246
THE LAST OF THE GEORGES: The Late Duke of Cambridge—Peculiar Character—A Great Swearer—Never Saw Service—Germanizing the British Army—His Magnificent Funeral. By "Cockaigne". 246	THE HUMORS OF CONGRESS: Amusing Incidents of the Present Session—How Congress Differs from Other Legislative Bodies—Tillman's Boracic Acid—Senators Playing "Jai Alai"—Williams's Tariff Poem. 247
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications. 248-249	DRAMA: Mme. Schumann-Heink at the Alhambra—"The Doll's House," at the Grand Opera House. By Josephine Hart Phelps. 250
STAGE GOSSIP. 251	VANITY FAIR: The Countess Cassini's Lawn Fête—Washington Society Divided Over It—Hurry-Up Travelers—Huge Dressmaking Bills—Fashionables Elected Aldermen in Chicago—"Sizer"—The Name Applies to Certain Commuters—Their Skill in Shopping for Their Wives—How the Sales-girls Puff Them Up—Golf in Egypt—A Lace Exhibit in Paris. 252
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—An Excellent Judge—Belasco's Bad English—Bishop Potter Sheds Light—The Czar Snubs the Kaiser—General Miles and the Photographer—A Bad Beginning—Extremely Absent-Minded—Hawthorne's Jail Experience—Still Angry—Introducing Senator Spooner—His Last Pint—The Reporter's Request. 253	THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Happy Springtime"; "Stranger to Her"; "A Solemn Thought"; "Barbarowski Fritchevitz," by F. P. Pitzer. 253
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News. 254-255	THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dis-mal Wits of the Day. 256

The New York *World* is one of the most influential Democratic newspapers in the United States. For nearly a year past it has been a thick-and-thin admirer of Grover Cleveland, and a consistent advocate of his nomination to the Presidency by the Democratic party. Some two weeks ago the *World* definitely abandoned its advocacy of Cleveland's cause and, in an editorial distinguished for lucidity and good logic, announced that it firmly believed that Judge Alton B. Parker was the man whom the Democracy should nominate this year to the Presidency. Not only this, but, after a rather exhaustive poll of all the States,

the *World* is now convinced that Parker is the only man who can be nominated. In a recent issue it confidently sets forth this belief:

Parker is the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Many things in politics are uncertain, but there are a few certainties, and one of them is that Alton B. Parker will be nominated by the choice of delegates long before the St. Louis convention meets. He is practically nominated now. Never before has there been such a marvelous development of public opinion within a week. The political sky, so recently overcast with the clouds of uncertainty, is absolutely clear, and against it stands sharply defined the figure of the farmer-jurist of Esopus. The opinion expressed here is that which prevails throughout the United States. It is reverberating and echoing from frontier to frontier. Thanks to the telegraph and the press, the exchange of sentiments that once dragged through months is now almost instantaneous. The public opinion that was inchoate last week is settled and irrevocable now. The St. Louis convention will be merely a ratification meeting.

Very likely the *World* is right. Parker is evidently to-day the strongest candidate before the people. But that devoutly wished-for harmony that Parker was to bring to the poor old racked and rent Democratic party is not going to materialize. He may be nominated, but not amid perfect peace. He may have votes and to spare in the convention, but it is already clear as daylight that even Parker the neutral, Parker the silent, Parker the alkaline acid and the acid alkali, is not going to cause the lion of radicalism and the lamb of conservatism to lie peacefully down together.

That, of course, was the programme. Parker's career in a general way marks him as a conservative man. But in 1896 and 1900, Parker voted for Bryan. Therefore, with one foot planted on his conservative, judicial record, and the other on his party regularity, it was hoped—oh, so wistfully—that he would bestride like a new political Colossus of Rhodes the whole Democratic situation. But he can't; his legs are too short, the breach too wide. That is the sad, sad truth that has, in the last few days, become all too apparent.

That there now comes the little rift within the lute is largely the fault of Mr. Cleveland. On April 5th, he dictated to the newspaper representatives a statement in which he said:

The recent movement looking to a concentration upon Mr. Parker's candidacy afforded me the greatest possible relief and satisfaction, not only so far as my personal comfort is concerned, but as a Democrat anxious for my party's supremacy and delighted with the prospect of its return to sanity and patriotic effort. I do not see how any one professing to be a real, intelligent Democrat can hesitate to accept Mr. Parker, if he should be nominated, as a fit representative of safe and conservative Democratic principles entitled to hearty and unreserved Democratic support.

This interview was received by Cleveland Democrats with acclaim. By Democrats of the Bryan stripe it was received with something akin to anger. It was bitterly, though picturesquely, referred to as "putting on Parker the Cleveland brand." "In my opinion," Representative Burleson, of Texas, is reported as saying, "it weakens Judge Parker by fully twenty-five per cent. in the South and West, and strengthens Hearst by just that much." Representative Smith, of Kentucky, said, according to the *Herald*, that it would not help Parker in Kentucky. Cassingham, of Ohio, said it would intensify anti-Cleveland sentiment there. Lind, of Minnesota, said that Cleveland's indorsement of Parker would not be favorably received by Democratic States in the North-West. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, said: "There has been a growing Parker sentiment in Nebraska, but I am afraid Mr. Cleveland's indorsement will injure Parker's chances." Slayden, of Texas, said: "Mr. Cleveland will do the party a greater service if he will only keep quiet." Kitchen, of North Carolina, declared it "the most injurious thing that could have happened to the cause of Judge Parker." Harmony, indeed! The two wings of the Democracy flap together

no better than the diptera of Professor Langley's mud-lark.

But even if Mr. Cleveland had not roiled the waters of harmony just when he did, the situation would have been little improved. Bryan, before the Cleveland interview was published, had already penned an article for his *Commoner*, and headed it with his swift and scorching pen, "Parker Not Available." There he set forth in characteristic style that Cleveland's "nomination is out of the question"; that Olney "has removed himself by his advocacy of Mr. Cleveland's nomination"; that Mr. Gorman's chances "seem reduced to a minus quantity"; that "Mr. Hill is not a possibility." Then he proceeds to "examine" Judge Parker. The mere fact that Parker is Hill's candidate is, he affirms, enough to "raise a suspicion," for Mr. Hill "stands for everything bad that Mr. Cleveland stands for, and lacks his brutal frankness." *Ergo*, since Parker is Hill's man, and Hill is bad, Parker is bad. "Democracy's contest with plutocracy," cries Mr. Bryan, "is not a sham battle or a make-believe fight; it is a terribly earnest struggle." And so he calls upon good Democrats everywhere to join to avert the danger, through Parker's nomination, of "plutocratic domination."

More harmony! Gaze on the picture: a man is found whose opinions are utterly unknown; who is resolutely dumb; who is both conservative and radical—and yet the poor old Democracy can not agree upon him. No wonder Mr. Cleveland says: "Our platform should be short." The Democrats can't agree on a platform as short as the decalogue, let alone a long one. They can't agree on a radical like Hearst, they can't agree on a conservative like Cleveland, they can't agree on a political hermaphrodite like Parker. Poor old Democracy!

It was two weeks ago that the *Argonaut* animadverted gently upon the attitude of the Southern cotton planters toward Chinese exclusion. It seemed hasty in them to demand of the country the right to import any amount of contract labor. But apologies are due. We did not know of the terrible outrages that have driven the cotton grower wild. We had not heard. It is Russia again. She has proved her title as a cruel, unreasonable, and voracious despot. She has injured the greatest industry of the South and ripped open with indelicate claw the purse of prosperity of the New England manufacturer. She is ousting our cotton from the marts of Manchuria and China at the rate of eight millions of dollars in the last year. Our calicoes are imitated in the mills of Muscovy, and our "prints" have successful rivals in textiles made by unrighteous and unjustified foreigners.

It was posited long ago in the theology of America that it was all right for us to shut out absolutely any manufactures of France or Italy or England or Germany that we thought we could supply ourselves. If we didn't think we were getting a fair price for our cutlery made in New York, we hasted away to Congress and had it all fixed up for the Sheffield manufacturer to help pay our taxes or keep out. We taxed the French wine-maker, and promptly sold good California wines all over the country and other countries under French labels and names for stiff American prices. Just as soon as we had perfected a method of duplicating German toys, we put a tariff on Noah's arks and rocking-horses, which forced fond papas to buy home-made delights for their precocious offspring. When it was discovered that there was profit in sardines conserved in France, we assessed this diminutive picnic accessory so much to come in from parts foreign that he instantly transferred his habitat to the estuaries of the Atlantic Coast, where he had never



known, and ever since we eat an American sardine put up in American oil in an American can at an American price. It is all right for us to keep out foreign manufactures.

But for other countries to keep out our goods is unorthodox, inexcusable, and provocative of diplomatic profanity. And to shut out cotton goods is infamous. We were selling China and Manchuria twelve millions of dollars worth of cotton stuffs a year in 1902; in 1903, we sold in that market but twenty per cent. of this amount. Russian manufacturers imitated our goods, and sold the imitations at ridiculously low prices, owing to government preferential. They even went so far in their vile fraud as to name these spurious products by Yankee and popular designations. China, according to the statistics of the Treasury Department, had been taking fifty per cent. of the entire quantity of American-exported cotton goods.

Such wickedness on Russia's part almost makes us willing to accede to the South's demand for coolie labor in order that we may compete with the new trade power. But not quite. Let the Southerners take out their spleen in praying for the success of Japan. And besides, we have a fair field in the Philippines for shirts and pocket handkerchiefs and Mother Hubbards. There's no necessity for starting a Manchuria of our own in Alabama. If Russia wishes to be selfish and violate the laws of decency by promoting her own manufactures, let her do it and be hanged to her!

Just because Judge Parker has apparently a long lead in the contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination, Mr. Hearst is by no means giving up the fight. It was so reported a week ago, being averred that Hearst sent a telegram from Chicago to his representative in Indiana, reading: "Let the damned Hoosiers go. Kansas no good. We better stick to journalism. Close up everything at once. Get to work on newspaper." The genuineness of this telegram, however, Mr. Hearst denies, declaring with pardonable heat that it is a forgery. As to Kansas, it is clear that "no good" is not an accurate description from Mr. Hearst's viewpoint.

The Hearst-hating newspapers of this city to the contrary notwithstanding, the result in Kansas may accurately be described as a modified victory for him. The New York's *Sun's* dispatch says that twelve delegates of the twenty delegates, all uninstructed, have signed an agreement to support Hearst, and two others are on the fence. Fourteen out of twenty is doing fairly well, and the resolution commending Hearst was couched in terms so strong that the *Chronicle*, the *Call*, and the *Bulletin* failed to print it in full. In Massachusetts, the Associated Press reports that Olney has the majority of the delegates to the State convention. Mr. Hearst's managers there now deny this, declaring that they will have a clean majority in the convention. In Connecticut, Mr. Hearst has evidently a good show to capture the convention, having won out easily in New Haven. In this State the fight between the factions is very warm, and the result doubtful. Madera County sends an uninstructed delegation to the convention, and a resolution indorsing Hearst was voted down. In Contra Costa County, the anti-Hearst faction is reported to have been in control at the meeting of the Democratic Central Committee. Nevertheless we find political observers like Chapman, editor of the *Los Angeles Herald* (Republican), saying that there is little doubt that California will send to St. Louis a delegation pledged to Hearst. It is interesting to note that, according to Walter Wellman, Hearst is making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of his delegates and supporters at St. Louis. He tried to rent the whole big Planters' Hotel, but was able to rent only three floors—one hundred and fifty rooms. At the New Jefferson, Hearst's agent wanted five entire floors, but finally got two and a half. It is estimated that Hearst's hotel bill will amount to thirty-five hundred dollars a day. His total expenditure during the campaign is estimated, in the correspondence of Mr. Wellman, at no less a figure than two millions of dollars. If he has one hundred delegates in the convention, they will have cost him twenty thousand dollars apiece.

"Save the Bands and Get a Gold Watch"—that, or something like it, is the dazzling legend that must have obtruded itself upon the consciousness of even the most unservant and thereby hangs a little legislative tale. There is—as cigar dealers know—some of them to their sorrow—a Tobacco Trust. The Trust gives all sorts of prizes and premiums for bands and labels. There are also a number of manufacturers outside the Trust who call themselves "the Independents." They do not, or, rather, did not—give all sorts of prizes and premiums for bands and labels. On the contrary, they hold, or, rather, held—it o be demoralizing, deplorable, contemptible—yes, disastrous to the morals of smokers

and chawers—to give prizes and premiums in exchange for cigar bands and labels. In some mysterious fashion, these views, highly creditable to the gentlemen concerned, were communicated, last year, to a congressman. The congressman introduced a bill to prohibit the giving of prizes and premiums for bands and labels, thereby corrupting the minds of the young. The bill went through the Ways and Means Committee like the traditional greased lightning. It was reported to the House almost unanimously. The House, recognizing how vastly the bill would weigh in the interests of morality—and the Independents—passed it promptly with only seventeen dissenting votes. But the Senate did not reach the bill on the calendar last session. This year, the same bill was introduced. Did it again get unanimously reported from the committee? By no means; it has been struggling nearly five months to get out; party lines have broken on the question; friction has developed where last year all was harmony. Mr. Payne now says that there will be no more meetings of the Ways and Means Committee, and that the bill will not be reported this session. "Why?" asks Little Peterkin, and we are constrained in honesty to reply, though in a whisper: Because the Independents—their one-time virtuous indignation forgotten, their moral ardor cooled—are going into the prize-and-premium business themselves! Thus we see how work the wires which jiggle congressmen about. Nice little boys in blue jackets, with their faces all clean, learn all about how Congress operates from their Civil Government, written by Professor Peascod, of Umatilla University—yes?

Suppose that, ten days after the Battle of Manila was fought, when the country was ringing with the name of Dewey, the news had suddenly been flashed across the wires

A GRAVE  
DISASTER  
FOR RUSSIA.

that his ship had struck a sunken mine in Manila Harbor, and he and all his men had met a fearful death. How keen would have been the sorrow of the country, how poignant the regret. Only, perhaps, by making such a comparison, can we appreciate how deep is the gloom that to-day envelops Russia because of the death of her brave admiral, Makaroff, and his seven hundred men. And not only in Russia is his death deplored. In this country, every one who has kept a finger on the pulse of war, whether his general sympathies are with the Russians or with the Japs, must have grown to admire Makaroff for the bravery and strategic skill he has exhibited on several occasions since he seized the reins of control in the beleaguered city. It brings the realities of war nearer home to us when we read how the Czar grew pale and did not speak for several minutes when he read the news; how the empress wept, and of the great crowds which thronged the ministry of marine anxiously waiting for further news of the disaster. The little added touch which completes the picture is furnished by the statement that the admiral leaves, besides his widow, a daughter, Lillie, aged nineteen, who is the belle of Cronstadt.

The news of the destruction of the battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* and the death of her crew comes after ten days of apparent inactivity. A few perfectly unimportant skirmishes near the Yalu River, about which reports are vague and conflicting, have constituted the greater part of the news. It seems probable, also, that the Russians have now retired from the Yalu, preferring to fight in Manchuria rather than in the passes and defiles of the Hermit Kingdom. The last engagement at Port Arthur occurred on March 27th. Since that time, the Russian vessels have several times ventured forth to reconnoitre, and Japanese vessels have been sighted in the vicinity, but there has apparently been no fighting.

In the early hours of Wednesday, April 13th, the fleet of Japanese torpedo-boats, supported by two first-class and four second-class cruisers, appear to have ventured to the attack on Port Arthur. Admiral Makaroff, on board the fourteen-thousand-ton, heavily armored *Petropavlovsk* appears to have left the harbor with other ships of his squadron to repel the attack. In returning shortly thereafter, in retreat from the approaching Japanese main squadron, the vessel touched a submerged mine which not only blew a great hole in her bottom, but caused her to turn turtle. She sank in two and a half minutes. The Grand Duke Cyril, who is a good swimmer and an athlete, leaped into the sea, and was saved, together with five officers and thirty-two men, all of whom were more or less injured. Admiral Makaroff, Admiral Molas, and seven hundred men were drowned. The other Russian vessels, with one exception, appear to have found safety in the harbor, and the Japanese fleet appears to have retired until about ten o'clock in the morning. Some time during the morning, however, the Russian torpedo-boat destroyer, the *Bezrashni*, which had lagged behind the other vessels, was discovered by the

Japanese creeping along the coast, cut off, and sunk. The *Pobieda*, also, was damaged by a mine while entering the harbor, but managed to make her moorings without assistance. At ten o'clock, accompanied by the remainder of the Japanese fleet, consisting of six battle-ships, numerous cruisers and torpedo-boats, the attack was renewed, but the fire was desultory. The correspondent of the *London Times*, who sends his dispatches from on board his own vessel, by wireless, to Wei-Hai-Wei, says that the Japanese battle-ships *Kasagi* and *Nissin* appeared with the fleet for the first time, and that, counting torpedo-boats, the fleet numbered forty vessels. "It was," he says, "a magnificent force, the most powerful individual fleet, indeed, which ever sailed the Eastern seas." About noon, Admiral Togo retired to the south.

The *Petropavlovsk* is the third Russian vessel to be destroyed by Russian mines. The others were the *Yenesei* and the *Boyarin*. The *Yenesei* was engaged in planting mines when she was blown up, and probably the mines she placed, all record of the position of which went down with the ship, are those now doing such fearful havoc. In addition to the disasters due to mines, it has just become known that the battle-ship *Sevastopol* rammed a hole in the battle-ship *Poltava* during recent manœuvres. In Port Arthur, terror reigns.

The sea has been ravished at last of its consummate virtue. The man who embarks for shores unknown or longed for or bewitching or no shores at all can no

more escape the thrall of the land. He can not suddenly, as the blue of the receding continent fades into the seeline, pass out of the world of things that happen by the clock into a sphere where nobody holds a stopwatch on God. The tired professional man can no longer drop out of his usual and wearying existence to come back after months of ocean repose; the plague has spotted the Atlantic, and it is only a matter of time till the Pacific will know, at 1:33 P. M., that Harold Scriggs, aged twelve, bit the finger of Thomas Guttin, son of T. Guttin, of Guttin & Sons, Guttinsburg, Pa., shortly before noon to-day, and the victim will recover. A company has been formed and all plans made to publish a daily newspaper on each of the big Atlantic liners—news to come by wireless. If Neptune still has his trident he had better impale the brazen editor who has thought out this calamity. If the whale that swallowed Jonah is still between degrees of mundane latitude, he will do well to rid the world of this new and self-appointed prophet. Are we no longer to look up from our dinners, replete and blissful, and see the sun setting on the rim of the tossing sea we glimpse through the open port? Is the breakfast hour, when we grow acquainted with our kind, to be surrendered to a base, informing, litigious, plaguey sheet of misdeeds of people we never knew, never heard of, and can thank heaven we never shall? Man wants a little hell below, and (from all evidences) wants that little long. He will get his desire when he travels on an ocean steamer with a three-edition daily sold in the smoking-room. But some of us will still prefer the boats where the subject of the delinquencies of the bath-room steward are more than many wars spread upon paper even unto the third and fourth extra.

Most people will accept the interpretation that Attorney-General Knox puts on the Chinese exclusion law in preference to the opinion on the subject of Senator

MR. LIVERNASH,  
MR. KNOX, AND  
JOHN CHINAMAN.

Patterson, or even of Congressman Livernash. These two gentlemen contend that, the present Chinese treaty having been denounced by the Chinese Government, a certain provision of the present law, when the treaty expires December 7th, will bring again into effect the Burlingame treaty of 1868, which permitted unlimited immigration of Chinese. Senator Patterson, in particular, grows quite dithyrambic in contemplating the picture which his imagination conjures up of a vast yellow horde invading this country. But Attorney-General Knox reassures us. He is credibly reported as saying that the present exclusion law is perfectly valid, even though the treaty lapses on December 7th next. Within a few days he will make public a written opinion on the subject, which will set at rest the disturbed minds of Senator Patterson and Congressman Livernash. But, nevertheless, there still remains a very real danger that the exclusion barriers will be broken down. It lies not in any invalidation of the law by the expiration of the present treaty, but in the fact that the Chinese minister at Washington, who is now negotiating a new treaty with Secretary Hay, may prevail upon the Secretary to agree to such favorable provisions that the present effective barrier would be no longer so. If such a treaty results from the secret conferences now in progress, the West will evidently have a fight on its hands to defeat the treaty when it

SECRET SPRINGS  
OF LEGISLATIVE  
ACTION.



comes up in the Senate for ratification. Already a campaign appears to be in progress, directed by the fine Asiatic hand of Minister Cheng, to prepare the public for a "liberal" treaty. He has, for example, protested to the State Department against the harsh treatment here at San Francisco of some delegates to the St. Louis convention. The *Chronicle* made a thorough investigation, and found that the delegates were "subjected to no mistreatment or humiliation on which the slightest ground for complaint can be justly based." Unfortunately, however, the *Chronicle's* refutation of Cheng's charge will never quite catch up with the original misrepresentation, and he will gain something by his unfounded protest. Such are the wily ways and foxy schemes of the heathen Chinese. About the same time Cheng was making his protest, Washington was receiving information from the Mexican border of the discovery of a scheme whereby for years Chinese have been bucoing Uncle Sam out of steamer tickets to China. Chinese residents of Mexico who, having made their pile, want to go back to their dearly beloved Canton filth, have, it seems, systematically got themselves arrested by the immigration inspectors for attempting to smuggle themselves into the United States. Then, under the law, they were in due course deported to just where they wanted to go. One Chinese was found who had had four free rides across the Pacific at the expense of Uncle Samuel. No! we do not want any less rigid exclusion law. We of the West have quite difficulties enough with the Chinese as it is, thank you. For fifty years we in California have been learning about John Chinaman; we like him less the more we know. And we know all we want to. The East does not know about the Chinese; it only believes. May it never learn in that hard, harsh school that Experience keeps!

Signs are not wanting that the South desires a President from its own confines, and these signs have not escaped the eyes of the Democratic politicians. They confess that material for a candidate is somehow lacking; that the Democracy looks toward no one prophet in this season when the land of promise seems to them near; they speak but two names, both of New York, and one almost an impossibility if tradition is to hold sway. And in their meditation on these things the party seers have suddenly remembered the stronghold of Democracy—the Solid South. It is recalled that this section in forty years has been unrepresented in the Presidency, and emphasis is laid on the fact that the Southern loyalty to the party deserves recognition and reward. But the question is, Has the time come?

The Atlanta *Constitution* boldly affirms that the Southerner is hereafter "available." It proclaims that "the whirligig of time has left the political ghoul of the dead past no issue or prejudice, based on the half-forgotten struggle of the sections, that can influence the result of a national election. The better reason of the republic has asserted itself, and the unity of American citizenship is complete. The Southern Democracy is, therefore, hereafter done with this political self-abasement, and is to stand on equal ground with other sections of our common country in the matter of Presidential 'availability.' It will merely ask that its public men be taken on their intrinsic merits, without historical or geographical prejudice." So the Savannah *Nexus* and the Macon *Telegraph*. So a baker's dozen of the strong men of the Democratic party in Congress. Congressman Champ Clark says "the barring out of Southern men from Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominations is arrant nonsense." Maynard, of Virginia, says "the time is ripe for giving a Southern man recognition on the Presidential ticket." Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, thinks it would not hurt the party's chances, and John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, is held up as a good example of the sort of timber the South could provide.

But there is still a large conservative element among the Southern statesmen. They are willing to say, with the Atlanta *Constitution*, that the South demands its rights, but they also say with that journal, "The South will not demand it this year, but let the whole reunited country be put on notice that the forty years' embargo is ended with the ides of next November, and that thereafter no point of 'availability' is to be raised against the strongest men of the nation simply because they happen to hail from the Southern States." Congressman Little, of Arkansas, thinks "we can wait a little longer for the national recognition which will eventually come to us." Two Northern representatives—Schober, of New York, and Thayer, of Massachusetts—think the time is not ripe; personally, they favor the notion, but they fear the loss of doubtful States.

Yet after all, thirteen out of twenty-five prominent Democrats interviewed by the New York *Herald*, speak out boldly for a Southern nominee. They say there is weakness to be overcome, and that there is no

candidate in the North who is able to strengthen his party as it must be strengthened to win this year. Asserting that the echoes of the Civil War have ceased to keep sectional feeling awake, they contend that the South, known as the Solid, is the natural place for a riven party to turn to be reunited. Upon the Pelion of their argument, they pile the Ossa of complaint. Since the war, the Democrats have nominated only two men from the South for Vice-President, and not a solitary man for the chief office. As a matter of pride they would like to have a candidate all their own. They feel that it is their right, and they call upon the future to justify their demands by crowning the campaign with success. And yet, with all their asking and arguing, these men said, purely in an aside, that they suppose Parker will be the candidate, and they will gladly support him. All of which goes to show that there will be no bitterness if the South does not get her desire this time. But it is also perfectly certain that she has not spoken unheard or unheeded.

A reader of the *Argonaut* affects to believe that San Francisco needs no assistance from outside capital. He says: "Our banks are glutted with money sufficient to exploit our resources. All we need to do is to awaken the local man of wealth." A strange condition of affairs, certainly. Banks "glutted" with money belonging to the "wealthy," while local enterprises of magnitude are palsied for want of it. In a community where such money refuses to emerge from the shadow of the safe-deposit vaults there is something wrong. If our critic is right, either one of two conditions exist: We have no safe opportunities for local investment, or investors are afraid. Such a condition, if it exists, is not natural. There must be a reason for it. What is it? Fear, distrust, or lack of legitimate investments? Local capital asleep? Nonsense. The man of money works his dollar overtime. If the Goddess of Liberty can find a moment to snatch her cap from her head, wipe the moisture from her brow, and rearrange her tumbled back hair, it is as much as she can do when in the hands of the capitalist. Awaken slumbering local capital, indeed. We have no present fault to find with our local capitalists—except they are too few in number. The money our reader refers to is not, probably, the property of capitalists. It is not the property of the banks nor of large depositors. It represents the savings of many, deposited for safe keeping in the hands of a few. It is the sort of money that finds employment in the way of time-loans on real property or loans on mercantile paper running sixty or ninety days. Its owners may, in a small way, invest it in large established enterprises, but it never will and never can be used to initiate large undertakings. The capital that undertakes this sort of work is another and a different character of capital, of which, as a community, we are somewhat shy.

The money that gluts our banks is indicative of a prosperous, frugal community. We have, as a city, an opportunity now such as we never had before. Chicago is helping us to that opportunity. The socialistic element has the upper hand there, and much Chicago capital is looking elsewhere for investment. We want that capital, and we want transplanted here some of the enterprise that has made Chicago, but we can not get it by holding up a threat of the very thing that Chicago capital is seeking to avoid—municipal socialism. If we could in truth offer immunity from this sort of tommy rot—if we could obliterate from this "modern" charter of ours all of its socialistic tendencies—the *Argonaut* would be willing to contribute its share toward drawing the attention of all the capitalistic world to our opportunities. But we are not willing to deceive ourselves, or attempt to mislead others. We can not coax capital in while masking a weapon with which to paralyze it. Nor is this community ready for the searching scrutiny that such capital must bestow upon us before entering here.

The basic principle of socialism is robbery. "Expropriation" is the polite word used in socialistic literature, but analysis of the word and the acts which it defines reduces its significance to plain Anglo-Saxon "theft." The inevitable result of municipal socialism is high—extraordinarily high—taxes. Its advocates may mislead themselves, as did a local paper recently, which held up Birmingham as a splendid example of municipal ownership of tramways. It included amounts deposited in a railway sinking fund as part of the municipal profits. Money deposited in a sinking fund is money deducted from profits to pay a debt. It represents the cost of the road, not its value at the termination of the debt.

In the Liverpool case, the debt represented the original cost of the road, not its value. The Liverpool tramways are capitalized at £1,150,000. It represents

\$8,750,000 lifted from the taxable property of the city. British tram-owning municipalities charge street work along railway lines to street fund. A private corporation would be obliged to do that work itself, and so save it to the city. When the debt is terminated the profit will be represented by the road itself—less the loss to the city of millions of taxable property. If maintenance, betterments, and depreciation funds have not been kept up, the profit of the city will be two streaks of rust and some antiquated vehicles, such as the local railways have abandoned after a few years service, and that may now be bought at about ten dollars apiece.

#### WHAT'S WRONG WITH SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA?

CLEVELAND, O., March 30, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The return of the Eastern tourist from his annual flight Westward, and his invidious comment upon things Californian, urge upon me to put into material form an open letter to the *Argonaut*, which I have had in mind for one year; but lest what follows be mistaken for the captious criticism of a disgruntled traveler, let me open my letter with the statement that, though not a native-born Californian, I am a loyal friend and supporter of a State where many happy years of my life have been spent, and that the object of this communication is to make Californians, and notably Southern Californians, realize the harm they do to our Golden State. Last year, just at this season, I returned to California as a visitor seeing the State for the first time, with the Eastern eye of my fellow-travelers from less fortunate climes. We put up at the best hotels—I mention this to save misunderstanding—namely, the Van Nuys and Angelus in Los Angeles, the Green and Raymond in Pasadena, the Riverside (newly opened) at Riverside, the Hotel del Coronado, the Potter Hotel at Santa Barbara, and at none of these hostleries did we find an orange that was not sour, nor olive oil that was not in various and ever cumulative stages of rancidity. I began to see, as I had, to my great indignation, observed on repeated visits East, why, whenever a sour orange was served at hotel or private table, the partaker, after composing his acid-contorted features, remarked: "That must be a California orange"; till, to the Eastern mind, "sweet" and "Florida," "sour" and "California" have become relatively synonymous terms. Why not? In Florida, local pride is so great that the fruit for the large hotels passes through many hands before reaching the consumer; in California, the best oranges are either shipped away, or sold in our markets for sixty cents per dozen, while mine hotel host buys large quantities of inferior or sour fruit with which to stimulate the salivary glands of his guest. While he and our newspapers prate about the riches of the State, he deals it a death-blow in every dish of fruit on every table at each hotel by denying the State's best products to the visiting stranger. At Riverside, in a grove which we visited, we did get the handsomest, the best, and the most lusciously sweet oranges which I have ever seen or tasted. I asked one of the men who was picking the fruit to what point their oranges were shipped, and he gave me the indefinite reply, "East." Yet East, where I live and keep house, within but a few hours' travel of Chicago, the great central fruit distributing mart of the United States, search as I will I can procure but an inferior California orange, marked "Redlands," and costing forty-five cents per dozen here. Now where do the good California oranges "shipped East" go?

One day, in Los Angeles, I found some fine alligator pears at a fruiterer's, and, wishing to initiate some of my Eastern friends into their delights, I set out, irrespective of price, to buy some olive oil that was not rancid. I had spent some weeks in Southern California, denying myself my daily course of salad, because of the vile-smelling and tasting oils served at the first-class hotels. At home, in San Francisco, I had always bought and found satisfaction in the Sierra Madre and Cooper oils. Imagine my surprise as I toured from shop to shop on Spring Street and Broadway in Los Angeles, only to be told that they did not keep Sierra Madre or Cooper oil. Later, the same day, I walked the length of Colorado Street in Pasadena, situated in the very heart of the Sierra Madre Valley, again to be told that there is no Sierra Madre oil to be had in that same valley. At last, I bought, for the sum of one dollar, an oil that the merchant "could highly recommend," to go home and find it to be as reeking and rancid as all the rest!

So with the flowers. The Eastern traveler hears of California, reads attractive folders sent out by hotel and railway companies, dreams of a land of milk and honey and profuse vegetation and a tangle of flowers. He arrives to find his dream realized: for there are the houses lost in a jungle of foliage and bloom, festoons of heliotrope, bunches of magenta-hued bougainvillea, the glorious gold of the begonia, and all the hundred-hued blossoms which are the State's greatest glory. But the longing for possession seizes him—where is he to get them? Ah, there is where Southern California fails the tourist! He may "look to admire, but not to desire"; for, as he travels from florist to florist and finds exhibited for sale specimens of flowers, poor even from an Eastern standpoint, his disillusionment comes. And why? Because Southern California, through exaggerated pride, lives up to a climate which she has not. She sets herself the standard that her flowers must be grown out of doors, regardless of weather and temperature, and that a green-house is a blot on a semi-tropical landscape, masquerading in the guise of a tropical one. I tried repeatedly to find good roses or carnations to send to my friends, finding on all occasions buds far inferior to those sold in your street flower market at the Chronicle Building in San Francisco, the support and maintenance of which attractive city feature, I note with satisfaction, your journal has so valiantly taken up. Once I journeyed as far as Redlands from Pasadena to find the open-air acreage of the Redondo carnation garden bare of blossoms because of frosts. Then I became discouraged and ceased to protest when adverse criticisms were heaped upon the State of my adoption. How could I hope to convince them that better oil, sweeter oranges, and finer flowers were to be had in Northern California when the southern dailies rang with invidious comparisons between the northern and southern sections of our State? One day, however, quite by accident, I saw some wonderful carnations in a Pasadena florist's window, and I rushed in to secure my long-sought prize. Naturally, I asked where they were raised, and, to my utter amazement, received the reply that they were shipped to them, semi-weekly, from San Francisco! Strange spectacle! That poor, much-abused San Francisco, whose boreal winds, frigid temperatures, and other climatic disadvantages and discomforts were daily set forth by the gall-dipped pen of General Harrison Gray Otis in his enterprising daily paper, should be shipping to her more favored southern sister the flowers which are the pride and glory of Southern California. The sooner that Southern California realizes that she must have flowers, whether grown out of doors or under glass—on the "put money in thy purse" theory—not for show in the well-cared gardens of princely individuals, but for sale, and for sale at reasonable prices; the sooner she realizes that the visitor must not know that a flower is grown or a drop of inferior olive oil or wine is manufactured within the border line of her State, the sooner will she realize the dream of the traveler within her gates, and reap the rich harvest of winter travel, and deserve her reputation as one of the foremost winter resorts of the world.

Very truly yours, A. C. P.



## FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

A Story of Indian Revenge.

There was no death-dance, no loud wailing, no burning. Of the five survivors of the horrible massacre, Sikra was the only one unscathed. When the first ray of daylight thinned the blackness around her sufficiently to give her her bearings, she crept out of her covert, back to the scene. The white men were gone, but their work had been well done. The grasses were dabbled with blood, the pools were clotted and red, there were still faint groans from the dying and mocking grins on the mottled faces of the dead.

In the midst of the mangled bodies, Black Wing lay dead. Sikra was only a squaw; she did not know how to swoon and drip tears, but the sun was high before she moved a muscle or drew a deep breath. When, at last, however, she trudged over the sand, slipped into her canoe, and paddled slowly down the bay there was not one hideous detail of the massacre of Indian Island not seared deep into her soul.

The government was held responsible for the massacre by outsiders, and the overt acts of hostility on the part of some of the chiefs was cited as the cause by those more closely initiated. The perpetrators, perhaps citizens of Eureka, although suspected, were never charged with the crime, but as time went on it was generally conceded to be the work of private individuals, who had their own object in view.

As time went on and the Indians were herded onto the Hoopa Reservation, the story of the massacre was buried beneath other debris of its kind—treachery on the part of the redskin and bad faith of the whites—until the stronger race had gotten all the power into its hands and driven the Indian, his wrongs and his rights, out of the path of progress.

But the lapse of time that accomplished this condition did not wipe out the injustice of Black Wing's death from Sikra's memory. Grown haggard and old in the interim, she had not lost one detail of the Island scene from her mind. The boy she bore a few months after the massacre was nursed and cradled in the hope of revenge. His lullabies were the death-groans of the wounded warriors and the wailings of the women and children who fell in the struggle. His first lisping words were a vow of vengeance for Black Wing's blood. He knew the gruesome story glibly before he was old enough to understand it, and by the time he was able to grasp the meaning of his early training, Revenge was written large in the very fibre of his being.

"He is like Black Wing," Sikra said, as each year his straight young limbs grew longer, his lithe young frame stronger, and she saw a hope of her life's object being realized. Mrs. Howe, who lived in the big white house, often asked, when the old squaw came to do the weekly washing: "Why don't you make the boy work, Sikra?" But she straightened her old, bent back, and grunted: "Well-a I not raise him for that."

Meantime the boy fished up and down the streams, content to bask in the sunshine, or roamed through the forests and mountain solitudes, idle but thinking, always brooding, plotting, thinking.

"You will spoil the boy, Sikra, if you do not make him work," the kind woman of the white house said again, one afternoon, while a pile of snowy linen grew under the knotted hands of the old laundress. "Idleness will get him into mischief," she added, as the stalwart figure of the young buck swung along the roadside, stopped at the driveway, and sauntered up to the back porch, where his mother was working. No one else could have said this much to Sikra, for her boy was the one raw spot in her nature. She never permitted the kind-hearted Mrs. Howe's advice to bother her, however, and only mumbled to herself as the big fellow slumped down on the cellar door, his keen eyes following the chickens preparing to roost in the cedar-trees.

But while the soapsuds splashed and the water streamed and dripped over the floor, the thrifty housewife busied herself at tidying things on the porch, for a glance at the young buck made her realize the propriety of her presence on the scene. "I'll do what I have always intended to do with this game-bag," she said, half aloud. "It has hung here long enough collecting trash. This is a good time to overhaul it and throw the rubbish away."

The game-bag was a ponderous leather thing, and its capacity apparently unlimited. Old fishhooks and tackle came first, rusted and rotten from long disuse. Then hatchets, horseshoes, gopher traps, doorknobs, coils of wire, shot pouches, fly boxes, empty shells, a whisky-flask, old pipes, rubber gloves—everything, in short, that a catch all of such sort collects in the course of twenty years. The last thing brought up was an old hunting knife—an ugly-looking weapon, broad and short, with a rude deer-horn handle. The blade was rusted, and looked as if not cleaned after its last thrust.

The white hands touched it gingerly. "I don't know what to do with all these things after all," the woman said, looking up into the quizzical eyes of the tall young fellow, who came singing "Bonnie Doon" through the house, whistled the dogs over from the stable, stirred the drowsy canary into a flood of song, and sent the cats scampering away from the neighborhood of the meat-safe. "They were your father's things, Hal, when he wasn't much older than you," she explained, in the subdued tones in which one instinctively refers to the dead. But the duty on hand was temporarily dropped when the boy announced that a book agent

was in the front hall, and the contents of the game-bag were left in a heap on the floor.

Sikra still bent low over her tubs, but now her eyes were wild, and every nerve in her body tingled with excitement. The back of her benefactress was scarcely turned when the hunting knife was swept into her hands and stealthily concealed under her apron. Her boy did not follow her actions, but sat idly in the sunshine, watching the lower branches of the cedar filling with its tenants for the night. Meanwhile the pile of clean clothes grew with surprising rapidity. A wonderful energy was at work rubbing, rinsing, wringing, and soon the work was completed, and the squaw departed with her son.

The next week's washing was accomplished with the same degree of unwonted energy. Sikra stood upright, no longer bent and decrepit. Her hour of triumph was come. The knife still hung at her belt—the knife she had watched Black Wing make from the horn of the deer she had seen him kill. At last Sikra had found a trace of one of her man's murderers. This fact worked itself slowly into her darkened mind, for the knife in the game-bag cried out Howe's implication in the crime.

But now, at the very moment of her impending triumph, a shadow fell athwart her gleam of hope. The boy, nurtured into stalwart manhood for one end, looked at her listlessly when, with dilated eyes and hushed voice, she told him the story of her discovery. He did not seem to even hear her tale. After a sleepless night, she went to rouse him and try again to wake the vengeance in his blood, but he did not know her.

Wild with apprehension, the old squaw's first thought was of Mrs. Howe, her never-failing source of succor. The kind eyes up at the white house grew large with sympathy and dread. "It's only a fever, Sikra," young Hal came forward to assure her, and catching up his hat he followed the distraught mother to her little hut.

The wild, black eyes that met his, as he entered, startled him with their ferocity, and the wilder words held him on the threshold. But Sikra's dumb look of appeal prompted him to enter the room. The calm presence, and the cool, firm hands of the white boy seemed to lay the fever-devils. And the thought that the fever might be contagious was overbalanced in his mind by the grief of the squaw mother.

"He must not die; he must not die," she wailed. "I raise him for now! For just now!"

The weeks that followed were a grim struggle with the fever-devils that filled the Indian boy's frame. When his wild ravings and threats of vengeance rose to shrieks and threatened to exhaust the flickering flame of life, nothing but the cool, strong hands that had first quieted him had any power to calm him. So day after day the struggle with the Destroyer was waged.

"Poor old Sikra's heart seems set on his accomplishing something before he dies," young Howe explained, one day, to his mother. "It is pitiful to see her hopelessness whenever the symptoms are discouraging." And when others said: "Let the good-for-nothing redskin die; he is a menace to the neighborhood," the boy's blue eyes flashed his scorn at their sentiments. "He is all she has," he answered.

When at last they were able to say to Sikra, "He will live," it was at young Howe's feet she flung herself, for it was Hal whose presence, she declared, had saved her boy.

In time the old conditions of the two households were reestablished. Mrs. Howe tried to be more considerate of the old squaw. Her selfless devotion to her boy during those high-pressure weeks had awakened a sympathetic feeling in the mother-heart of the other woman. But Sikra was more stolid and glum than ever before—much to the surprise of the kindly lady of the white house, who had been Sikra's one friend. When she had fled from the scene of the massacre, hunted and helpless, it was Mrs. Howe who had taken her in and given her shelter and employment. When she had fallen ill, it was Mrs. Howe's cool, white hands that had ministered to her, saving her and her child's life. Then in the dark hour, when the great aim of her life's struggle seemed about to be torn from her, it was Hal who had come to her assistance. She, like the poor squaw, had only this one son, the light of her eyes. A troop of such thoughts came in sluggish train through Sikra's mind as the suds flew high, frightening the canary from his perch by their rising tide; and she wondered if she could have raised this boy for the purpose of vengeance without this woman's help.

The bonnie blue skies smiled blandly on the summer world, and the air hung heavy with a stillness and peace that brought a certain lethargy to her determination. Young Howe's voice, whistling or singing, came floating through the woof of her fancies and recalled the hours he had sat patiently in her fever-ridden little hut in his effort to save her son. For what?

As Hal dashed out of the pantry, a moment later, he caught a look in her eyes as guilty as his own, which prompted him to count the pies to see if she had been stealing, too.

"Here's one for you," he said, finding the number even and slipping her a turn-over. As he perched on the bin to munch his plunder, his hat fell back. His face was very fair, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's. But in his laughing blue eyes shone the image of the elder Howe. The hideous grin of Black Wing's upturned face mocked her from the seething suds. A stifled groan seemed to rise from the hissing steam. The warm stream that trickled down her arm was only water, but the red, clotted pools were still

vivid in her memory. Howe had killed Black Wing. Was she this white woman's slave, or was she Black Wing's squaw? Before nightfall the question was definitely settled in her mind. The victuals always left for her to take home to warm over were tied into her apron, under which the rusted knife still hung.

The Indian boy grew stronger each day with the recuperative power of a wild thing. Day in and day out he loitered idly around the white house, and sometimes a doubt arose in the mind of the white-house woman as to the effects of this ill-assorted friendship between the two boys. Once, as she saw her son turn and fling his arm across the broad shoulders of the Indian lad in evident affection, she flinched instinctively. Since their babyhood they had tumbled over the porch together, squabbled, fought, and played like brothers—this blue-eyed, rollicking young Saxon and the swart, lithe aborigine.

There were many new squirrel traps devised, new schemes for spearing fish and snaring small creatures in the forest, and enthusiastic preparations for a deer hunt in the mountains before the young fellow's vacation should end.

"We'll leave all these things just as they are till we get back from our trip to Redwood Creek," Hal said, one day, as he planned his outing with the Indian, "and finish them when we have more time." The Indian did not answer. The moon was bright, and the young fellow's blue eyes shone with the light of future hopes and plans.

The hunting trip was prolonged from one week to two; then three. At the end of that time, Hal's mother began to grow uneasy. At the expiration of the fourth week, when the Indian returned without young Howe, consternation spread throughout the town. Ragged, gaunt, barefooted, half starved, the Indian had arrived in the village, telling of a fierce storm, separation from his comrade, and weeks of search and danger to find him in the impenetrable forest. Search-parties were quickly formed, and the mountains and lagoons scoured in the hope of finding the boy.

"I can't believe anything has happened to him," Hal's mother repeated day after day, when the searchers reported failure at every turn. She would not let her lips form the word "dead." "I can't. Oh, I can't!"

Sikra knew the pangs of this woman's soul. She had learned that tone and look when Black Wing lay dead before her. But she regarded the white, stricken face in stoic silence.

It was now late in the summer. All search for young Howe had proved fruitless. His mother, suddenly old and feeble from grief and suspense, stood, one day, looking toward the bay in a blind hope. The Indian came swinging slowly toward her. The boy had been found. It was on Indian Island. A knife-wound gaped in his breast, his wide blue eyes were upturned in a mocking grin, and the grass around him was clotted and red.

Again there was no swooning, no overt demonstration of grief. Weeks of suspense had taught the family in the white house stoic endurance.

Sikra came every week to do the washing as usual, while her son loitered near the cedar trees. One evening he brought the heartbroken woman what he considered a rare present, a melon of prodigious size. The Indian sat down silently, and slowly and carefully he cut it. It was a trifle over-ripe, the rich, red heart gleaming as with blood. The knife with which he dexterously sliced the melon was ugly looking, broad and flat, and the deer-horn handle broken, as if by a desperate struggle when last wielded.

The woman did not recognize it. "You are a good boy," she said absently to the Indian, "to do these little kindnesses to Hal's mother."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1904.

Professor Haman, who recently made a rough census of the Jews of the world, concludes that there are now nearly 11,000,000 in Europe and 8,000,000 outside of Europe. The United States, he estimates, contains 1,000,000. In Europe, Russia has 5,500,000, Austria-Hungary 1,860,000, Germany 568,000, Roumania 300,000, Great Britain 200,000, Turkey 120,000, Holland 97,000, France 77,000, Italy 50,000, Bulgaria 31,000, Switzerland 12,000, Greece 6,000, Servia 5,000, Denmark 4,000, Sweden 3,500, Belgium 3,000, Spain 2,500. Portugal has only 300 Jewish residents.

Some of the prominent men of Japan are Christians. To this creed belong one member of the imperial Cabinet, two judges of the supreme court, two presidents of the lower house of parliament, three vice-ministers of state. In the present parliament the president and thirteen members in a total membership of three hundred are Christians. In the army there are one hundred and fifty-five Christian officers, or three per cent. of all, and the two largest battle-ships are commanded by Christians. In Tokio three of the daily papers have Christian editors.

Dr. William A. Harroun, of Denver, has refused a fortune of one million eight hundred thousand dollars. It was left to him, but he decided he did not want it, and so has given it to his sister, Mrs. J. M. Lewis, of Portland, Me. Dr. Harroun sent the following telegram to Mrs. Lewis recently: "I will not accept one cent of the money. It is all yours. This is final." The property consists of a large estate in Ireland with a plentiful supply of cash.



## WAR-TIME IN TOKIO.

Days of Preparation—Sewing For the Soldiers—The War Dominates Everything—Unexampled Courtesy—Some Dramatic Incidents—Woe of a Rejected One.

Gone are the days of elegant leisure in Tokio. No longer do we sit with folded hands in friendly chat. Are we invited out to dinner, probably at the foot of the note will be, "Bring your thimble." If we go to tiffin, we carry along bags or ungainly packages of fussy material to be made into caps or belts. Some one rushes in for a minute on the way to a musicale, and bright knitting needles peep out of the dainty, figured reticule, while one's callers establish themselves comfortably and are busy with the universal long gray sock by the time one appears.

Only four different things are accepted by the army and navy authorities for their men—socks in unlimited numbers, tabi, cholera belts, and white caps, with ear-tabs and scarlet crosses on the band, intended for the wounded to distinguish them as non-combatants on the field. With a dark face underneath, these caps are strangely picturesque and becoming, reminding one of the crusaders of old.

In the home and out in the world of affairs everything gives way to the army and to the war. The shoemaker down the street will not stop for ten minutes to sew up a rip in my slipper. "My time now belongs to the government," he says. As I turn from our little street into the great one, I pass a shop wherein the people used to sit with care-free mien and gossip. All that is changed. There is a busy whirr of sewing-machines, and they are hardly visible for the piles of gray shirting and stacks of completed garments. We must wait for our little bowls and ornament pots to be silver and gold-plated. The men are working over-time on the soldier's equipments; while they say there is hardly a knife or a short sword left for sale in all the city!

Passing by the little armorer's shop, the other day, I saw the old fellow on his knees, reverentially holding a short sword in his hands for the inspection of a young soldier. "To-day I went into a shop," said my cook, "and the place was full of the imperial guards. They were buying knives and trying edges with their thumbs. They paid thirty-five sen for them, and each soldier bought one. They carry them hidden in their breasts, and if disarmed by the enemy they may still be able to cut down a few before killing themselves. For they do not wish to be taken prisoner by those people," finishes Uchiyama, with a shudder. And only the other day, a Japanese scout used his knife with effect, and freed his spirit from the force of surrounding Russians.

As the war progresses, hearts grow stouter and moral muscles harden. And while the first soldiers were often sent away with tears, those now leaving are now waved off with smiles and great shouts of "*banzai*." One of the prominent Japanese women of Tokio said of a friend: "She has four sons at the front; isn't she lucky?" Another *grande dame* said: "I have five sons in the war. No, I'm not troubled for their safety. I only hope they may have the opportunity to give their lives for their emperor." I am not so stout-hearted; it was hard enough to lose my Kuru Yamy, and now there is the dread of losing my cook, my faithful servant for four years.

"Do you think you will have to go?" I query, anxiously.

"Perhaps," says he, briskly.

"Would you want to go?"

"Want to go for the emperor?" he asks, looking up in surprise at such a question. "Why, of course. It would only be a little earlier, perhaps, and after thirty that doesn't matter."

Last week more reserves were called out, among them a young soldier we have long known as a curio dealer in the mountains. Visitors were present, one day, when I noticed Uchiyama come noiselessly through the paper walls, and, standing screened from their sight by the *fusuma*, beckoned to me, urgently.

"Well," said I.

"Sparrowsan has come to say good-by."

"But I can't see him now."

Uchiyama looked at me reproachfully. "But he may never come again."

"Do go," said the caller. "The army comes first."

But Japanese visits are long, and after every one had departed Sparrowsan was still in the house, and came in and sat in a silvery silken heap on the *tatami*, and told me of many things in connection with the fight, while I went on with the caps. He seemed much amazed and touched to find foreign women working for the Japanese soldiers.

"Oh," he said, "to see you do that; it is so sorry and so kindly."

The soldiers all wear in a band around their bodies charms of various kinds—pictures of the gods, lucky sayings, and emblems. They seem much delighted with our four-leaved clovers, considering them something mysterious and foreign. And three soldiers I know of wear them sewed into a band high on their left arms, there to stay through the fight, they say.

All the way down to Tsukiji, the other day, the street was gay with fluttering flags of the rising sun, and all along its length, and down through every street and lane leading to it, came the reserves on the way to the barracks—never alone, and rarely only two soldiers together. But each man was accompanied by his father, if possible, and brothers and friends. Not a woman or

a child was in the whole procession. The men were older than those first called out, and many of them were decorated, showing them to be veterans. All were in uniform, but the footgear was varied: some wore the regulation soldier's boot; some wore clogs, high or low; and some wore the dark blue running *tabi* of the *kurumaya*.

An hour or two later, that day, I came back by the same route, and met the same procession; but this time shorn of the bravery of the scarlet and yellow—shorn, too, of the inspiring presence of the soldier boys, the faces of the returning relatives were heavy and sad.

This call to arms has brought to the city many quaint old "parties"—come to say good-by to their boys. One apple-faced old fellow was in royal purple, from the top of his tam o'shanter cap to the thin, purple clad, old legs. And a cheery spot of color in the cold, wind-swept streets, was another father or grandfather. He stepped briskly along in the scarlet cap and muffatic; a brown kimono was tucked up over scarlet nether-garments.

Two days after I had said good-by to Sparrowsan, my little maid said one evening: "An unsuspected honorable guest had arrived." And past her slipped, to my amazement, Sparrowsan. He sank dejectedly to his knees.

"They wouldn't take me," said he, with a sigh, "and my reputation is gone."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing, it was my teeth."

"Your teeth?"

"Yes," said he, warming with indignation, "I am healthy from head to foot, and strong, and yet they would not take me because of my teeth. I said to the doctor: 'Why do you not let me go, because only of my teeth?' And the doctor made answer, and said: 'Because many nights you must sleep by the roadside with no fires to cook with, many days you must eat uncooked rice grains, and if your teeth can not do proper work, soon your body will grow weak and useless.' I went straight to the dentist; he say he can not make my teeth so strong. I went to my captain, and he tell me to wait. Five of us sent back. It is very bad—no reputation." And he huddled down in an attitude of the deepest dejection. "Oh, yes," he said, in answer to my query, "my father and mother are very happy," but still he mourned because of the country and his "reputation."

"Never mind, Sparrowsan," said I. "If your country really needs you, it will call you."

He perked up a bit. "Yes," he said, "they know I am not a coward, for I served two years before, and have been many times under fire."

Another feature of the war is the opening of important go-downs, and the selling of beautiful, choice old things. Lovely old blue has come upon the market, old fine costumes and brocades, toys of little noblemen and women long since passed away, archery games set in silver, miniature sets of furniture in fine gold lacquer, beautiful dolls dressed in marvelous old brocades. To all the curio-dealers, the war-correspondents bottled up in Tokio (after dramatic rushes across land and ocean to be here in time) have been, with their families and friends, a great boon in the otherwise somewhat visitor-free country.

Letters from home and abroad pour in upon the residents, urging them to flee before the dangers to come. My boy, when asked his opinion concerning the situation, said, scornfully: "We are not *Chinese*! Before, in Peking, it was all the fault of that first-class, very bad old woman. First-class, *very* bad old woman," reiterated he with emphasis.

In the bazaars and toy-shops flags have broken out in gay array—American and English, and, of course, Japanese. The children wave groups of the three amid their "*bangais*" to the departing soldiers. The picturesque coolies, calling extras, have their tiny flags of the two English-speaking countries sometimes mingled with their own on their caps.

A little adventure of my own may perhaps make the lack of anti-foreign feeling more evident. I was out almost beyond the city limits, one sunny day, and had just walked up a hill, when several hundred of the imperial guard turned up our street and defiled past as I was being again tucked into my tiny carriage. Every man of them—or boy, rather—gazed at me with friendly curiosity and kindly smiles. So embarrassing did this become that it was with a sigh of relief that I saw at length only the backs of the sturdy marching throng. The *kurumaya* gave a grunt of dissatisfaction as he saw the road was now completely blocked, and we resigned ourselves to ambling slowly in the rear. Suddenly they all stopped, crowded to one side of the road, leaving a lane, and turned again as one man, and smiled at me. "Hurry!" said I to the *kurumaya*, quailing before a second review. In dead silence we passed. Not a word, a jest, or a jeer—the only sound was the soft rustling of the waving bamboos on either side. I thought they had stopped to rest, and looked back, but they were marching on again, and then it flashed across me that they had stopped solely to let me pass.

And as we wandered on through narrow country lanes, I thought over all the other lands whose soldiers I had seen. And where, I asked, in all the world but in Japan, could a solitary woman, in a country road, pass two hundred common soldiers with only sergeants in charge, and pass in silence? Not even in our own chivalrous America could it have happened. And my heart warmed toward the brave but gentle soldier boy of Dai Nippon.

HELEN HYDE.

TOKIO, March 20, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Khedive of Egypt, it is reported, will visit the United States for the St. Louis Exposition.

The Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has held many high positions in the English Government, the last having been the post of chancellor of the exchequer, announces that he will retire from the House of Commons at the end of the present Parliament.

King Christian of Denmark last week celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in excellent health. United States Minister Swenson conveyed to the king a greeting and felicitations from President Roosevelt. Congratulatory telegrams were received from all the sovereigns. Enormous crowds thronged the vicinity of the palace, cheering the venerable monarch, who, with the King and Queen of England, appeared on the balcony of the palace. Telegrams of congratulation were also received from Danes in the United States.

Santos-Dumont, the aeronaut, has been made chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Santos-Dumont, it is said, is a very modest man, notwithstanding all the notoriety which has been thrust upon him on account of his success in aerial navigation. In society and at the club one would never know that he was a celebrity. He never talks of himself or of his inventions, unless the subject is pressed upon him. He is rather small and dark, and a typical South American in appearance, but with extremely polished manners. He is very well read, and talks cleverly and intelligently on all manner of subjects. In his charities—and he is very generous—he is most practical.

Ex-Queen Maria Isabella Louisa of Spain, who died at Paris on Saturday, April 9th, of influenza, was born at Madrid, October 30, 1830. Her father, Ferdinand the Seventh, revoked the Salic law, and at his death Isabella, then only three years of age, was made queen under the regency of her mother. Civil war ensued, which lasted until the Cortes proclaimed Isabella the rightful heir, and exiled Don Carlos. In 1843, Isabella took her place as ruler of Spain. In 1846, the young queen married Don Francisco d'Assisi. The union was a most unhappy one. In 1868, a revolution broke out, and her majesty took refuge in Paris. In 1870, she renounced her claims to the throne in favor of her son Alfonso. She was the mother of five children—Infanta Marie Isabella, Alfonso the Twelfth, Marie del Pilar, Infanta Maria del Paz, and Infanta Marie Eulalie. For several years before her death the former queen resided in Paris. In her old age she still had about her a coterie of Spanish noblemen of uncertain connections, and to the last maintained the semblance of a court.

"It will be the irony of fate," remarks a London paragrapher, "if Louise Michel shall die in her bed of congestion of the lungs." For nearly forty years she has been opposing organized government in all forms, and a violent death would have been a fitting end to a life of violence and of advocacy of violence. Victor Hugo was an early believer in Louise Michel, whose poetical and musical talents were encouraged by him. Her literary works were, however, not successful. In 1860, when only twenty-one, Louise Michel opened a school at Montmartre, Paris, and there became an ardent socialist of the most advanced type. Assassination as a means of reform was her pet idea; and she used to declare that she failed to kill Napoleon the Third only because luck was against her. The breaking out of the Commune in Paris brought Louise Michel to the front. She took an active part in its horrible doings, leading the women who set fire to the chief buildings, and gaining for them the name of "Petroleuses," and for herself that of "Red Virgin," a title of which she was intensely proud. She was captured by the Versailles troops, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death, but the sentence was later commuted to imprisonment. Of late she has appeared from time to time publicly, always upholding communism and the Commune, but her activity has been vocal rather than manual.

It is officially announced that Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, viceroy of India, has been appointed lord warden of the Cinque Ports, in succession to the late Marquis of Salisbury. No severe responsible duties attach nowadays to the wardenship of the Cinque Ports. The wardenship has long been an honorary post, and is by custom conferred on some prominent British statesmen as a special mark of distinction. The old-time cannon are still mounted on the ramparts, but the place is really a pleasant country house, with a splendid sea outlook. Pitt dried the moat, which was thirty to forty feet deep, and turned it into a tropical garden. There is but one room at Walmer Castle which the new lord warden will be compelled to leave untouched. It is the bedroom in which the first Duke of Wellington died. It remains to this day just as it was at the time of his death, spare of furniture, but filled with relics, the most conspicuous object being, of course, the little iron camp bedstead, on which the old soldier breathed his last. The grounds at the rear of the castle are not of large extent, but with their beautiful green turf and trees make an ideal summer resting place, where Lord and Lady Curzon (the American-born Miss Leiter) and their children will be well able to recuperate from the enervating atmosphere of Calcutta. Mrs. Curzon, by the way, recently gave birth to a daughter. All three children are girls.



## JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER.

Career of a Presidential Possibility—Son of a Farmer—Now Judge and Farmer—His Delight in Country Life—A Hard, Conscientious Worker.

A few weeks ago, except to those who keep in close touch with everything political, Judge Alton B. Parker, chief justice of the New York court of appeals, was almost as unknown as Bryan was before he made his "Cross of Gold" speech. Now he is rapidly acquiring national fame, although not through any utterances of his own. He is to-day the strongest hope of the Democratic party, and the man who, from present indications, will be nominated for President at the St. Louis convention in July. His own silence as to his views and ambitions piques curiosity and interest, and makes the public, that recently knew him not, eager to hear what manner of man he is.

Judge Parker's comparative obscurity is not due to lack of talent or ability, but to his idea of the dignity of his position. He is rare in holding that a wearer of the ermine should not discuss politics, and he consistently carries out this belief. Not a word can be got out of him regarding his candidacy. Work for him is going on, but without his support or help. He is chief justice of the court of appeals of the State of New York, and is going calmly on with his duties, working hard as he has always done. He is entirely in the hands of his friends.

Judge Parker's career has been neither sensational nor meteoric. He was born on a farm near Cortland, N. Y., on May 14, 1852, and consequently is nearly fifty-two years of age. He came from excellent, sturdy stock on both sides. His boyhood life was that of tens of thousands of farmer boys. When he was sixteen years of age, he became a school-teacher. His pupils were large and rough, but young Parker established discipline by knocking down the bully of the school. He taught for four years, then entered a law firm at Kingston. He attended the Albany law school, was admitted to the bar, and opened an office at Kingston, with a partner named Kenyon. He practiced his profession with success, and, in 1877, was elected surrogate for Ulster County, serving two terms. Then Judge Schoonmaker, in whose office Parker had studied, was "thrown down" by his party. Parker went into the campaign, and restored the judge to popular favor. In 1885, he became chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, managing the campaign in which David B. Hill was elected governor of New York. Hill appointed him a judge on the State supreme court bench when Justice Westbrook died. When his term expired he was unanimously nominated for the same office by the Democrats, and the Republicans paid him the compliment of not nominating an opponent. He was only thirty-three when he took his seat, and he served until 1897. Then he was elected to his present position by a plurality of about sixty thousand votes. He has been on the bench for nineteen years.

Such is the career of Judge Alton B. Parker. He has been offered other positions, but has refused them. In 1883 and 1885, he declined the nomination for the lieutenant-governorship, and in 1891, was offered the candidacy for governor, but would not take it. He could have been candidate for United States senator after Hill's election had he so chosen. In 1895, President Cleveland, who was a warm personal friend of Judge Parker, telegraphed him to come to Washington, and offered him the position of assistant postmaster-general, which he also declined. With all this, though, he has taken the strongest interest in politics, keeping close track of every move. He is a strong partisan, having voted for Bryan in 1896 and 1900, although not a believer in free silver. He is said to be a tariff-reformer, but not a free-trader. His views on the trusts, Philippines, Panama, etc., are not known.

The personality behind this career is an interesting one. Judge Parker is a striking man in many ways. He is nearly six feet in height, and weighs about two hundred pounds. He is as straight as an arrow, and strong as an athlete. All his life he has taken good care of himself, and, in the prime of his years, is also in the prime of his manhood. It is said that when he is out riding he throws his arms about in the excess of his vigor. His face is strong, full of color, his eyes are large and brown. His hair and large mustache are tawny, almost red. His jaws are formidable, his chin round, firm, and strong. His nose is aquiline, his cheek bones high, his forehead broad, lofty, full, smooth, and unwrinkled. His gaze is straightforward and penetrating, and he carries himself with dignity; although, off the bench and at his home, he is a charming conversationalist. He is a man of exceptional courtesy. One of the remarkable facts about Judge Parker, considering how little attention the majority of great men pay to external appearances, is that he is a careful and fashionable dresser, donning a riding suit for his morning carter, a business suit for his daily duties, and invariably, whether at Albany or on his farm, putting on evening dress for dinner.

Judge Parker's chief delight is in his country life. He has three farms—one of one hundred and fifty acres at Cortland, another of the same area at Accord, and a third of ninety acres at Esopus. It is at the latter that he makes his home at each week end and during his summer vacation. Here he leads a regular farmer's life when his judicial work will permit. He arises

early, takes a plunge in the Hudson if the weather is warm enough, and a horseback ride regardless of weather. All the time he can spare he puts in with his cattle and horses, of which he is very proud. His house is a comfortable wooden structure, part of which dates from Colonial times. It is on a slope, commanding an extensive view of the Hudson. It has a spacious dining-room, a well-stocked library, and is comfortable, cheery, and hospitable looking. In the house, as all over the farm, thrift and orderliness mark everything. His wife and mother, his daughter, his son-in-law (Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, rector of the Episcopal Church at Kingston), and his two grandchildren share his home. He delights in hospitality, and is happy when at the head of his long mahogany table, with a goodly company gathered. He lives simply, and rarely drinks, although wine is sometimes served when he has guests. He smokes very little, then only after dinner. His life at Albany is as simple and unassuming as on the farm.

The amount of work that Judge Parker can do is prodigious. His methodical habits and perfect health make him capable of great tasks. Nothing is slighted. He goes over every decision carefully and conscientiously. When he makes a decision he does it without waste of words—and it stands. His associates say that he does everything in his power to save them unnecessary work, and he is the only member of the court of appeals who is always present when the court is open.

Although not ostentatiously religious, Judge Parker attends service in his son-in-law's church at Kingston, nine miles from Esopus, every Sunday. His servants are Roman Catholics, and he has them driven to their own church regularly. His tastes in reading run to the best magazines, and Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott are his favorite novelists. Jefferson is his best-liked political writer, and he especially delights in any good work on farming and cattle raising. He likes simple music, and sometimes sings. His daughter is an accomplished pianist. His instincts are neighborly, and he takes a keen and active interest in all local affairs. He is a vestryman in the Kingston church, and helps along with its sewing and cooking and physical culture classes, its boys' gymnasium, and other adjuncts. He is a contributor to the orphan asylum, and one of the managers of the Kingston County hospital. He is freight agent for a steamship company, so that the private dock on his farm may be used for the convenience of the community.

Judge Parker's private fortune is estimated at about thirty thousand dollars. He has never speculated, his worldly goods consisting of his farms, the profits from them, and what he saves of his salary. He is said to have no ambition for wealth.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1904.

Four Americans and three Filipinos make up the supreme court of the Philippines. The chief justice, C. Arellano, is fifty-seven years old, a native of the province of Bataan. He was educated at the Royal College of San Juan de Letran and at the University of St. Thomas, of Manila. Under the Spanish régime he held a judgeship. For two years he was justice of the territorial supreme court at Manila, and then became professor of civil law at St. Thomas, a position he held for sixteen years. Associate Justice Florentino Torres is sixty, a St. Thomas graduate, and a specialist in criminal law. Two of his sons are now in the United States, studying at Washington. Justice Victorino Mapa, a native of the province of Capiz, who was born in 1854, is, like his two native associates, a graduate of St. Thomas, and a Manila lawyer.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has vetoed the use of a union label on a proposed pamphlet containing one of his addresses. It had been suggested by President Eliot that his speech to the Boston Central Labor Union and the answer from the trade-union point of view by Frank K. Foster, be printed together in pamphlet form. The pamphlet will not be printed.

Editors play no prominent part in the world of crime. Not a trade or profession has escaped prison except that of the editor. In neither England nor the United States is there an editor "doing time" for a felony, according to the *Journalist*. It may be more a matter of good luck than natural tendencies.

The Chicago *Journal* has been purchased by John C. Eastman, who has been business manager of Hearst's *American* since its inauguration. The sale of the property was arranged by Charles M. Palmer. The *Journal* is the oldest daily newspaper in Illinois, having been established in 1844.

In an interview with Count Tolstoy on the subject of the war, he is reported as saying: "To be quite sincere, I am not entirely freed from the notion of patriotism, and I feel that it persists despite myself, owing to atavism and education."

Judge Noyes, of Riverside, Cal., has sued the Los Angeles *Times* for libel. Damages in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars are asked. The judge bases his action on an editorial which appeared in the *Times* on March 14th.

## THE LAST OF THE GEORGES.

The Late Duke of Cambridge a Peculiar Character—A Great Swearer—Never Saw Service—Germanizing the British Army—His Magnificent Funeral.

The death and funeral of the aged Duke of Cambridge—the man who would have been King of England if there had been a salic law—has this week cast a gloom over court circles. But, like all matters of a royal nature, the effect will be as transitory as possible, so formal are all the proceedings of state, and so really artificial are all the tokens of sorrow by which the proceedings are surrounded. The poor old man has been ailing for some time, and, just lately, his condition became such as to prepare his friends and relatives for the final result. He really never was a great man in any sense, save the one of his exalted position by birth, his rank being that known as a "royal" duke. That is to say, he was really a prince of the blood royal, and in his youth, ere he succeeded his father in the dukedom, was known as Prince George of Cambridge.

The duke was a popular old chap in his way, though brusque and ill-mannered as the proverbial "boor," when in the mood, which latterly was pretty often, as he suffered much from gout. His language, at times, was of the swashbuckling trooper order. It was a treat, to people who liked that sort of thing, to hear him swear. He was never so happy as when indulging his peculiar propensity during the evolutions and manoeuvres of a sham fight among the hills and valleys of Aldershot. Woe betide the troops whose belts were not pipe-clayed or buttons brightened to suit him. He was a soldier, because he was a field-marshal in the army, and was, for close upon forty years, the commander-in-chief. But he never saw active service once during all that time—indeed, never at all, if the truth must be told. He went out with the guards to the Crimea in 1854, and—well "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" admonishes me. After the first battle, Alma, he was invalided home. I won't say more than that. But everybody knew, for it has ever been an open secret, why. It would have ended the career of any other man but a royal duke. It doesn't seem right, but there you are.

Ever since, he has been prominent in military affairs, and after his accession to the post of commander-in-chief, virtually did what he liked with the army for nearly half a century. But his efforts and achievements all lay in the direction of Germanizing in dress and drill the English army. The German army was his model. It was a lucky day for the army when he at length retired in favor of Lord Wolseley, a man who had fought his way to the top in a dozen successful campaigns. He did all he could to un-Germanize the army, taking as his model the army of the United States, which he has said, on more than one occasion, he considered, for its size, the finest army in the world. It was a bad day for the English army when Lord Wolseley had to retire to make room for Lord Roberts when he came home from the Boer war, for Roberts has done next to nothing. However, he, too, has now been shelved.

As for the Duke of Cambridge, Wellington or Napoleon couldn't have had such a fuss made over him as he had at his funeral, to which the Kaiser sent a deputation of the Twenty-Eighth German Infantry Regiment. There was first a grand lying in state in Westminster Abbey, and then a magnificent military pageant in the ceremony that followed, the procession from there to Kensal-Green Cemetery comprising twenty-one state carriages. In the seventeenth carriage rode Major John Beacom, of the United States army, the military attaché of the United States embassy. One of his companions was Colonel de Manzanos, of the Spanish army. One couldn't help comparing all the pomp and glory of this stay-at-home marshal's funeral with the pitiful loneliness and state neglect of that of poor Hector Macdonald, "Fighting Mac," away up in Scotland a year ago. The old duke died enormously rich. Curiously enough, his son, Colonel Fitz George, was made a bankrupt a short time ago. One would have thought his father might have saved him from the disgrace. But that is not a way we have in England. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 30, 1904.

Teodolfo Ilaga, one of the ninety-four Filipino students who came to this country in charge of W. A. Sunderland, of the Philippine instruction department, and were placed in certain schools to complete their education, has been sent back to Manila because he has leprosy. When Ilaga was told what was the matter, he resigned himself to his condition, and told Mr. Sunderland that he would return to the Philippines and devote his life to educating the Filipinos belonging to the Philippine leper colony.

A French physician, Dr. Petit, has made experiments which show that eight drops of nicotine suffice to kill a horse. Snakes, frogs, and lizards can be killed by simply blowing tobacco smoke into their mouths, and he asserts that if the human mouth were cold the same fatal result would follow the introduction of smoke.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent English surgeon, recently delivered an address in which he took the view that the knife is used too hastily in many cases of appendicitis.



## THE HUMORS OF CONGRESS.

Amusing Incidents of the Present Session—How Congress Differs From Other Legislative Bodies—Tillman's Boracic Acid—Senators Playing Jai Alai—Williams's Tariff Poem.

*Biffins*—"He laheled that box 'dry-goods.'" *Miffins*—"What was in it?" *Biffins*—"A bound volume of the Congressional Record."

Probably this "alleged joke" fairly expresses the belief of the majority of people regarding the readable qualities of the record of the proceedings of Congress. But it is a belief not precisely correct. True, the *Record* is not a frivolous and irresponsible periodical; it has no fashion department; it gives scant attention to the "love interest"; it fathers no guessing contests; it is without a "Question Box." Still, it is a periodical publication which devotes considerable space to matters of "human interest"; its department of jokes is ably edited; its "storyette" department is unexcelled by any newspaper; and much space is given up in every issue to pure and unadulterated "fiction." To be quite serious, the dryness of the *Congressional Record* is, as a matter of fact, relieved by many a passage full of native wit and humor, such as the proceedings of no other great legislative body in the world can show.

This feature of Congressional proceedings was noted recently by Dr. Paul E. Herr, a learned Prussian judge, who was visiting this country to study our legislative system. While in the German Reichstag, he declares, the members are all very much in earnest, are liable to get angry and bitter in debate, are never, or scarcely ever, relaxed and thoroughly good-humored, in the American Congress the very reverse of these conditions prevail. Its members take things in casual and easy fashion. Debate is normally good-natured. It often, indeed, degenerates from debate into banter and mere persiflage. Dr. Herr likens the Reichstag discussions to disputes between aggrieved persons, each sure he is right, each contending for his point as if it were a matter of peculiar personal interest. The debates in Congress he likens to those between paid advocates, who argue ably, but without that personal feeling natural to a man who believes himself oppressed.

The tendency in the American Congress to indulge in that relaxing occupation expressively, though cryptically, described as horse-play, is said greatly to grieve such venerable members of the Senate as Hoar and Morgan and Frye. "Buffoonery," "childish triviality," "undignified conduct," are the terms in which they describe such affairs as that connected with the bottle Tillman carries in his hip-pocket. And it is for this reason, too, that you shall look in vain in the *Congressional Record* for the record of that delectable incident. The dignity of the Senate of the United States must and shall be preserved, and so, at the instance of Senator Allison, the colloquy that followed the pantomime was stricken out, and even the Associated Press toned down the story a bit. It actually happened thus: Senator Tillman was speaking; in his gyrations his hip-pocket was occasionally visible—especially to Senator Warren. At a favorable moment Senator Warren rose, tiptoed across the aisle, filched from Tillman's pocket a bottle containing a whitish fluid, and holding it up in full view of everybody except Tillman, who was deep in his theme, removed the cork, and gravely smelled the contents of the bottle. The galleries laughed; some senators were likewise audibly mirthful, but some looked grave. Tillman spoke on. Later he was told of the incident, when he rose, and said:

I do not want to magnify a trivial incident which, I am informed, occurred when I was in debate. I am told that a friend took this bottle [producing it] from my pocket, uncorked it and smelled it, and replaced it. That was something of a liberty, but such things are excusable among friends. But for the information of the few newspaper men—there are some of them who never could see any good in me—who might send out distorted accounts of this incident, which might injure me abroad—they couldn't hurt me at home—I wish to say that I have been suffering some days from an ulcerated throat, and I had this bottle filled with boracic acid [laughter] and have used it to gargle with. If I had known that the senator from Wyoming wanted a drink, I should have provided something strong, so that when he had smelled it it wouldn't have gone back to my pocket.

Whereupon Senator Warren rose and said that it was only a joke, and that as it had been said that a senator had smuggled a bottle, spirituous as to contents, into the chamber, he merely wished to establish the falsity of the allegation. "I know," he said, "that the senator never tastes nor handles—"

"Don't go too far," interrupted Tillman, amid laughter. "The senator does taste and handle, but he does not get drunk, except at banquets, and then not so drunk but he can find the way home. He never makes such a fool of himself that he has to be hauled home."

This was a body blow, for Senator Warren, only the night before, had given a big banquet. Warren paused, and grew red in the face. Senator Allison raised a protesting hand, and Frye banged the board with the gavel. Warren, with a reply evidently on his tongue, dropped in his seat, and the incident closed amid general embarrassment. All account of it was stricken from the record—that the dignity of the Senate might be preserved! But, as a New York newspaper remarked, "what is history going to do, and who can plaster the wounds of sociology, if the Senate is to appear, not as a knot of men subject occasionally to infirm tempers and mischievous propensities or belated puerilities, but a gallery of statues, heroic, calm,

austere—Mrs. Jarley's wax-works in frock coats?" Thus the *Record*, expurgated, would make them seem, while as a matter of fact, a hundred years from now. Mr. Warren, sniffing at Mr. Tillman's boracic-acid bottle, will be an inviting figure to the imagination.

Another little senatorial diversion, which did not get into the *Record*, was during consideration, in secret session, of the nomination of Wood to be major-general. This is the account of proceedings which "leaked out" in the usual way:

Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, sent out to his committee-room for several hand-rackets such as are used in the Cuban game. As Mr. Proctor had been in Cuba and had seen the game played, Mr. Quarles, of Wisconsin, asked him to demonstrate to the Senate how it was done. Mr. Proctor fitted the racket to his hand, the great racket-like affair stretching a foot or two beyond the ends of his fingers. Then he went through the motion of scooping up the ball and hurling it against a wall and catching it on the rebound.

"That's not exactly it," interposed Mr. Cockrell, of Missouri. "I have been down there and I'll show you."

He took a racket and, getting out in front of the president's desk, executed a swing in the style of the Spanish *jugadores*.

"It's more like that," he said.

"I beg the senator's pardon," piped up the junior senator from Alabama, Mr. Pettus, the oldest man in the Senate. "I think he will agree that the game, as explained to the committee by the experts, differed materially from his demonstration. If I may be allowed to illustrate my idea, it will be more clear to the senators."

Thereupon he took a racket, adjusted it with deliberation, and chose an open space. "You take the ball, so," he explained, "and then throw it forward and upward with force," suiting the action to the word. "Then you catch the ball on the rebound and immediately hurl it to the appointed place with precision and energy."

He turned, hurled the imaginary ball at an imaginary wall and deftly caught it in his mind. The knot of senators, smoking and sitting about in the careless manner of an executive session, laughed with glee as Senator Pettus demonstrated his ability to play *jai alai*.

The best joke of the session, which will soon end, is probably on Senator Stewart. When Senator Bacon, some weeks ago, assailed the character of Frederick the Great in discussing the acceptance from Emperor William of his great ancestor's statue, Senator Stewart replied with warmth. He told of personally visiting the places in Holland where Frederick had labored as a shipwright, fitting himself to command by learning to obey. He grew really eloquent, and neatly demolished Mr. Bacon. But later in the day he was wildly rushing round to make it right with the reporters. He had discovered that he had been making a speech about Peter the Great instead of Frederick the Great!

One of the most spirited and amusing verbal battles in the Senate during the session was perhaps that between Spooner and Tillman, during Spooner's impromptu speech on Panama. His resourcefulness in debate has seldom been equaled. Here is a brief extract from the duet during the opening "movements":

MR. TILLMAN—I want to get some information. I do not trust my memory these days.

MR. SPOONER—Why not?

MR. TILLMAN—Because it is simply treacherous.

MR. SPOONER—Oh, no. [Laughter.]

MR. TILLMAN—It remembers some things very acutely, and lets go of others.

MR. SPOONER—It remembers possibly what it ought to forget. [Laughter.]

Finally Spooner drove Tillman into a corner, and Tillman was led into saying that if he had been President he would have said to Colombia:

"You are a mangy lot; you are dickering with us and attempting to rob us and obstructing the progress of civilization and commerce; get off the face of the earth; we will take the Isthmus and build a canal and own the country."

MR. SPOONER—As a Republican, while not at all approving the language of the senator from South Carolina, I am grateful for his enthusiastic indorsement of the action of the President. [Laughter.]

MR. TILLMAN—Mr. President, it has taken the senator from Wisconsin several seconds to gather that idea.

MR. SPOONER—I will tell the senator why I was waiting.

MR. TILLMAN—I shall be glad to hear it.

MR. SPOONER—I will tell him. The senator recited what he would have said to Colombia had he been President, and I was waiting a few minutes to thank God in my own heart that we have a President who would not say any such thing in that way to any government under the bending sky.

When Senator Spooner declared that every step the President had taken was justified by the Constitution, Mr. Tillman broke in again:

MR. TILLMAN—Now, you are too provoking, my dear sir, for me to sit here and hear you dish out sophistries and all this special pleading and other—well, assertions, that are contrary to my knowledge of the facts, and I can not promise to remain quiet.

MR. SPOONER—I am talking about the law.

MR. TILLMAN—You Cyclops undertake to knock me over because I am an ignorant farmer, with no knowledge of the law. It is pitiful for you to do it. But I have some little recollection of the Constitution of the United States.

MR. SPOONER—A man might read the Constitution and commit it to memory, and yet not understand it.

Then Tillman sank voiceless into his seat.

Another amusing and thoroughly good-humored debate was over the vastly important question where, on the Great Lakes, a new two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar naval training-school should be located. Lake Bluff, Ill., was chosen by the board, and Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana grew thereat sore and sarcastic, and other senators "chipped in."

Senator Quarles said he was informed that the odor in that vicinity "is only equaled by a tanyard or a sauerkraut factory." He handed about photographs disrespectful to Lake Bluff. "Where is the harbor?" asked Mr. Foraker. "There is no harbor," answered Mr. Quarles. Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, asked his honored friend from Wisconsin if these photographs were not taken by a Racine photographer. Yes, but "the sun paints for a Racine photographer quite as faithfully as for a Chicago artist." Mr. Foraker said that

he saw in the photographs plenty of hills, plenty of ravines, and some breakwaters. Lake Bluff is harborless, and "we do not want web-footed sailors." In the course of an able speech in celebration of the merits of Lake Bluff, Mr. Hopkins averred that "Pettibones Creek, that runs down there, furnishes a natural harbor." Besides, the young men would have only "a small amount of exercise with rowboats and sailboats." Mr. Spooner said:

Look at this ravine at Lake Bluff [exhibiting photograph]—a pocket. It would hardly do for a duck pond, unless you dredge and cut through the hills back of it. [Laughter.]

MR. HOPKINS—That was taken by a Wisconsin photographer.

MR. SPOONER—I think a Wisconsin photographer would take a very handsome picture of the senator from Illinois. [Laughter.]

MR. HOPKINS—Judging from that, I would not want him to try it. [Laughter.]

MR. SPOONER—If you stood on Lake Bluff when the picture was taken, I do not think you would.

MR. HOPKINS—I do not think anybody would recognize it, if that photograph is a fair sample of their work.

MR. SPOONER—The senator from Tennessee [Mr. CARMACK] is looking at the picture. I will ask him what he thinks of it as to harbor facilities.

MR. CARMACK—There is no water there.

MR. SPOONER—That does not make any difference. [Laughter.]

MR. CARMACK—If it was macadamized it might do [Laughter.]

In the House, by all odds, the greatest mirth-maker of the session has been John Sharp Williams, the man who has transformed the Democratic minority from a disorderly mob into an efficient and solid army of opposition, and who is to-day recognized as almost, if not quite, Presidential size. Williams is not an impressive man to look at; in fact, he is homely in face and careless in dress. A tangled mass of matted hair grows down to a point not far from his eyes. A straggling mustache covers a mouth of generous size and irregular outline. His manners are easy. He is a famous story-teller, and he likes to write verses.

In the present session, Williams brought down the House with some verses on the tariff, satirizing Senator Quarles for a speech he delivered at Boston. We quote from the *Record*:

Another Republican reciprocity policy has been announced by a distinguished North-Western senator in a speech made in Boston. I quote from his speech: "Let no fear of foreign frowns, no temptation to experiment in the field of legislation, lead to surrender the greatest heritage of American statesmanship," that is, protection. "Did you ever think if every inhabitant of China should place an order for one cotton shirt, we haven't mills enough to fill the order in a year?" Now, in connection with this speech, I found this morning the advance sheets of a great poetical epic—a great Republican epic—and I propose to read it to the House. The name of the poet I will not yet make public. I want to hold it in reserve yet a few days until he has had opportunity to have this great epic copyrighted and published in due form. This is the way it reads:

Senator Quarles went to Boston Town—

(God save The Tariff!)

With the bankers and merchants to sit him down

To feast and speak and win renown.

(Watch out for the Sacred Tariff!)

Senator Quarles rose up and spoke—

(Heaven guard The Tariff!)

Said the Chamberlain scheme was a kind of joke

Which need not alarm the American folk—

(So long as they loved The Tariff!)

He begged them remember the Chinaman's shirt—

(Stand fast for The Tariff!)

And the trade of the Orient, rich as dirt,

Which Chamberlain couldn't possibly hurt.

(Bow low to the Golden Tariff.)

[Laughter.]

"The greatest heritage," says he,

(Glasses 'round to The Tariff!)

"Of American statesmanship must be

Protection; on this we will all agree,"

(Hurrah for the Glorious Tariff!)

"In England," quoth Quarles with a noble scorn—

(Three cheers for The Tariff!)

"The staple food of the poor is corn.

We own it all, just as sure as you're born."

(Thanks be to our Hallowed Tariff.)

"On corn no ministry duties dare lay"—

(Here's to The Tariff!)

"So there's really no reason to feel dismay,

In fact, we should all of us grow very gay,"

(If fizz wasn't taxed by The Tariff.)

[Laughter.]

His well-bred hearers suppressed their grins—

(Grins may be named in The Tariff.)

In Boston bad manners are rated as sins;

Still, under the board, there was kicking of shins.

("Tis treason to kick on The Tariff.")

[Laughter.]

Thus Senator Quarles won a measureless fame—

(Sing hey! for The Tariff!)

And great is the glory attached to his name

For breaking up Chamberlain's bad little game.

(By the aid of the Splendid Tariff.)

Far and wide has the story spread—

(Chant praise to The Tariff.)

How a senator learned and wise has said

That the English use maize for their daily bread.

(Shout, shout for a Higher Tariff!)

Then this epic at the close breaks into a triumphal anthem; it becomes an anthem in rhythm as well as in thought. These are the last lines:

The Tariff, the Tariff, Inviolable, Grand;

It has saved from destruction our dear native land.

It has summoned the sunshine, the rain, and the snow,

It has made the fields fruitful and caused wheat to grow,

It has saved us from bankruptcy, fighting, and snarls,

But the best of its blessings is Senator Quarles!

[Loud laughter.]

Amid the shouts of laughter which greeted the conclusion of this, Mr. Dalzell earnestly asked whether "my friend from Mississippi is not the author of that poem?"

"The man who wrote this poem," said Mr. Williams, "has adopted a *nom de plume*, and when the gentleman from Pennsylvania hears that *nom de plume* he will know that it can not be I. The *nom de plume* is 'Lusty Lyre.'" Then the voracious *Record* says there was "great laughter."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Who Is the Greatest Living American Poet?

William Morton Payne will celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday next February. He is the author of five books. He has served as lecturer on English literature at the University of Wisconsin. And for sixteen years has Mr. Payne been editor of a noted literary publication of the city of Chicago, the *Dial*. Therefore, when Mr. Payne, clothed in so many years and such authority, speaks with no uncertain voice on the matter of primacy among American poets, it behooves all younger and lesser critics to pause and reverentially listen. Thus speaks Mr. Payne:

Of the American poets now living, George Edward Woodberry is probably the most distinguished. We think of but one other, William Vaughn Moody, who might fairly dispute the claim for this primacy, and if quality alone were to be taken into account, we should be inclined to award the palm to the author [Mr. Moody] of "The Masque of Judgment" and "An Ode in Time of Hesitation."

There's certainty for you! Woodberry and Moody (this is not disrespect; you always speak of great poets that way; you say, not Mr. Tennyson, but Tennyson; not Mr. Poe, but Poe) Woodberry and Moody stand at the head of American poets. The long line of native lyrists which began with Freneau and continued with Poe and Emerson and Longfellow and Bryant and Harte and Whittier and Taylor and Holmes and Lanier and Whitman and Lowell, now culminates, says the *Dial's* distinguished editor, in Woodberry and Moody. Nor is he alone in his estimate. It is credibly said that no less honored a person than Dr. Henry Van Dyke did once, upon interrogation as to who were the greatest living American poets, specify Woodberry and Moody and no others. After this are there yet cavillers? Do any doubt? Do any fail to cry aloud: "I'll give George Edward Woodberry and William Moody!"

But the greatest service that Mr. Payne and Mr. Van Dyke have done the public, by disclosing to it the lyric greatness of Woodberry and Moody, is in preventing the debouchment upon it of the peevish and discordant criticisms of criticsasters. Now they all have their cue. All together they will laud the latest products of the pens of these two bards most excellent. Had it not been for Messrs. Payne and Van Dyke, even these columns might have been denuded by unorthodoxy. It might, for example, have here been said of Mr. Moody's new dramatic poem, "The Fire-Bringer" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) that, while distinguished by imagination, while daring in conception, it lacked the quality of interest which Matthew Arnold said "is demanded." It might have been said that the poem is essentially a product of the intellect, while a poem to be truly great must have its birth in feeling and emotion. It might even have been said that there is revealed in the poem no grasp on human life—that its creatures are creatures of the imagination; they do not stir us or rejoice us. It might further all innocently have been remarked that a poet who at this stirring moment in the world's history steers his bark back into the Brazen Age, and sings us of Stone Men and Earth Women, Prometheus, the stealer of fire, and Pandora, discloses in himself a certain moral cowardice. He evades the hour's issues, and sails on sterile seas. All this might unwittingly, ignorantly, have been said had timely revelation of Moody's greatness not been made. Doubtless indeed a passage relating to Prometheus would here have been quoted with the guileless remark that it was one of the best in a rather superior book by a minor poet. Now, indeed, it is quoted, but how different the eyes with which 'tis viewed:

"We saw him stoop and run upon the air,  
Shielding from region gnats the stolen flame;  
But from a steep cloud warping up the West  
A course of lightning came,  
With torturing neck and clutched breast  
He fell, a ruined star;  
And now the char  
Had quenched itself with hissing in the sea,  
But lo, again his soul flamed gloriously;  
The eagle tempest, gyring from its place,  
Sized him, and whirled,  
And hung him on the plunging prow of the world,  
To shed the anguish of his face  
Upon the reefs and shoals of space,  
To lighten with the splendor of his pain  
Earth's pathway through the main."

As for George Edward Woodberry, what egregious blunder might not have here been made, had not the hand upon the dial, severely pointing, set us right? Probably it would neo-classically have been said that George Edward is an able literary critic, gone astray in poetic paths. Probably it would have been asserted that Woodberry's verses are essentially artificial, labored, harsh, utterly lacking in singing quality, coldly intellectual, and rather pessimistic in tone. At times (it might have been said) Woodberry's verse degenerates into more than Wordsworthian insipidity. As, for example:

TO COLUMBIA, 1903.  
Twelve are the years Columbia gave to me;  
Twelve are the classes of happy memory;  
And 'twas the last of the twelve, and no more  
I can be.  
Oh, to say farewell and fond adieu!

Four years to me are dear, and dearer far to you;  
And the years that seemed so many are found  
too few.

I taught you the ways of life, as poets teach;  
Scott, Shelley, Tennyson, you heard me preach;  
Yet most through my own heart to your hearts  
I reach.

I taught you Shakespeare next, the infinite brain—  
Romeo, Hamlet, Lear—our life of pain;  
And by my art I turned this woe to gain.

I taught you Plato in his masterhood,  
Who, loving beauty, found therewith the good;  
Yet in myself nearer to you I stood;

And more received, giving my brain and heart,  
From whose exhausted springs new fountains  
start.

Because you made your lives of mine a part. . . .

The years of football your bright records grace;  
Game called, you saw me always in my place;  
I taught your Harold the famed Fennel Race;

And glad I saw him down the dazed fields skim  
In his first years; and much I honor him,  
Borne shoulder high, until my eyes grow dim.

Of course, now we know how far wrong we should have been in denominating this "insipid," since it is by America's "most distinguished" poet, and appears on page 184 of the new collected edition of his "Poems," of which Mr. Payne as truly as flatteringly says "there are almost three hundred pages of it altogether." We can only reprobate the attitude of a certain microcephalic newspaper person who says the above masterly poem reminds him of:

"Frank Dutton was as fine a lad  
As ever you wished to see,  
And he was drowned in Pine Island Lake—  
On earth no more will he be,  
His age was near fifteen years,  
And he was a motherless boy—  
He was living with his grandmother  
When he was drowned, poor boy."

Such scribblers ought to be muzzled.

Only one disturbing question arises in connection with the elevation to supremacy, by Mr. Payne's intellectual hydraulic jack, of Poet Woodberry and Poet Moody. It is: How will other supposed poets and their admirers take it? Now, for example, there are lots of folks, ignorant but sincere, who have supposed Thomas Bailey Aldrich one of our greater poets. These folks have a curious trick of remembering verses of his. They will recite to you:

"Have you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours?  
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet, like a star,  
Hung in the glistening depths of even—  
Its bridges running to and fro  
O'er which the white-winged angels go,  
Bearing the holy Deed to heaven.  
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,  
So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels,  
They fell like dew upon the flowers:  
Then all the air grew strangely sweet  
And thus came dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours."

And then, too, these same old-fashioned persons will perhaps tell you how for years they have remembered:

"In my nostrils the summer wind  
Blows the exquisite scent of the rose!  
O for the golden, golden wind,  
Breaking the buds as it goes,  
Breaking the buds and bending the grass,  
And spilling the scent of the rose!"

Or this:

"When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,  
And in a dream as in a fairy bark  
Drift on and through the enchanted dark  
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay  
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.  
We are clean quiet of it, as is a lark  
So high in heaven no human eye may mark  
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.  
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill.  
The resting heart shall not take up again  
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;  
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,  
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?"

Has Mr. Payne thought, it is only fair to ask, of how he is bruising the idols of many simple folk by suddenly erecting Moody on the highest altar and evicting Aldrich? And, besides, there is Stedman: the fat figure of Woodberry puts him likewise in sudden eclipse. Is it not too much to ask that, at such short notice, so many people should be required to embrace the poem of Woodberry's here-above printed, and retire into dense obscurity, perhaps Stedman's "The Undiscovered Country"?

"Could we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
Where he those happier hills and meadows  
low—  
Oh, if beyond the spirit's utmost cavil,  
Aught of that country could we surely know,  
Who would not go?

"Might we but hear  
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,  
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,  
One radiant vista of the realm before us—  
With one rapid moment given to see and hear,  
Oh, who would fear?

"Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were levelled only—  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure?"

Is it not hard on the old fogies to learn all at once that the poem of Stedman's which begins:

"Seven women loved him. When the wrinkled  
pall,"

or that which starts:

"Crouch no more by the ivied walls,"

or:

"Thou shalt have sun and shower from heaven  
above,"

is only the work of a second-rate poet? And if Stedman and Aldrich are crowded from their pedestals, what shall we say of James Whitcomb Riley, "the Burns of the Middle West," or even of Joaquin Miller, "the Poet of the Sierras"?

Yet, doubtless, 'tis true, as the poet hath it, that when half-gods go the gods arrive. These half-gods—our Stedmans and Aldriches and Rileys and Millers—why, after all, should worship be for them when George Edward Woodberry and William Moody, caroling like birds as though their very throats would burst, perch high on the boughs of fame? How could any one repine it only he listened? He who listens not thrills not. If he knows not Moody, if he loves not Woodberry, 'tis his own fault. They are Our Poetic Great. It has been so said. In the beautiful language of the printer, Stet!

H. A. L.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Oswald Fritz Bilse, the German ex-lieutenant, is now undergoing his six months' punishment for publishing the novel of army life, "The Little Garrison," which was reviewed in these columns some weeks ago.

Ignorance of the Bible seems to be increasing. President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, recently read to a class of eighty an editorial which alluded to the Ethiopian changing his skin and to the shadow moving backward on the dial. Of the eighty young gentlemen but one could identify the allusions.

The publication is announced of a new illustrated edition of the collection of essays by Robert Louis Stevenson.

The annual statement of the copyright office of the Library of Congress shows that the copyright business for 1903 was the largest in any one year in the history of the office. No less than 100,743 titles were received for registration. The number of articles deposited also exceeded the number in any previous year, totaling 180,527. Of the entries for the year there were 14,069 books and pamphlets, 4,568 booklets, leaflets, circulars, and cards, and 7,641 newspaper and magazine articles.

The new novel upon which Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison) has so long been at work is now definitely announced for publication this fall. It is understood that she will write of life in modern English society, and more particularly of the part played by the new rich. Her new story will be called "The Paradise of Dominic."

In the new volume of Carlyle letters he is found advising Browning to write his next book in prose. "Not," he says, "that I deny your poetic faculty; far, very far, from that. But unless poetic faculty mean a higher power of common understanding I know not what it means."

One regrets to learn that Miss Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and to Hold," is still in broken health. Her new romance, "Sir Mortimer," was completed in Bermuda, whither she had been ordered by her physician. One would never guess that it had been written by an invalid, who at times was permitted to work only one hour a day. Miss Johnston has now sailed for Sicily, to stay indefinitely.

President Roosevelt might almost be called a popular author. His regular publishers, who have nine of his books on their list, have sold forty thousand volumes of them during the last year.

In a communication to a New York newspaper, John Denison Champlin describes the manner in which the late Sir Edwin Arnold wrote his famous epic, "The Light of Asia." Sir Edwin once told Mr. Champlin that the poem was written on letter envelopes, the edges of newspapers, and other odd bits of paper, during his daily trips on the railway in and out of London. The several scraps recovered from his pockets at night were then transcribed into an ordinary paper-covered manuscript book. This book, the original copy of "The Light of Asia," was presented by Sir Edwin to Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Kipling has a new volume of stories in readiness, but it will not be published until autumn.

"The Silent Places," Stewart Edward White's new book, which is about to be brought out, is a story of the Hudson Bay country, about which Mr. White has already written in his "Conjuror's House." It is a tale of a great man-hunt, and tells of the experience of two Hudson Bay Company hunters who are sent out to capture a defaulting Indian trapper.

Do your glasses pinch?  
Step in and have them  
adjusted—no charge.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## SPAIN IN 1903

PEN-SKETCHES ON THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA

Two Argonauts in Spain  
By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers.  
Two hundred and seventy pages and  
Index. Sixteen full-page plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.  
Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter St., S. F.

# THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

THE PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager, Proprietor.

BEDELIA, PRETTY LITTLE DINAH JONES  
Laughing Water, Hiawatha, Anona, Navajo, and 100 other popular songs, with one sheet of music, post-paid for 10c. Address, ALBERT L. D. BROOKS, 2146 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

The Greatest Doctors  
in the world recommend

## Quina LAROCHÉ

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich  
Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for

Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia  
and Slow Convalescence.

E. POTCHERA & CO.,  
26-30 N. William St., N. Y.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, or any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,  
21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## "Dollars and Democracy."

Sir Philip Burne-Jones has written a book significantly entitled "Dollars and Democracy," in which he records his impressions of Americans and America, gained through a year's visit to this country. For the most part, the artist writes with pith and point. He tries to be fair, and though sometimes mistaken, he is always entertaining. And he has illustrated the volume with numerous rough but expressive pen-sketches.

From the title of the book, one would naturally expect to find a severe arraignment of our money-getting proclivities. We are not disappointed:

In snatches of conversation caught in the streets, the restaurants, and the cars, the continual cry is always "dollars—dollars—dollars!" You hear it on all sides perpetually, and money does truly here, as politics in England, seem to be an end in itself, instead of a means to an end.

What is there, one wonders, that these people can possibly gain from the acquisition of money in any way proportionate in their minds to the importance of the process of getting it? Indeed, it does seem as if the lives of most men in America had for their sole aim and object the making of money. It must be so, or otherwise so many of them would not go on toiling long after they have amassed huge fortunes. It must be the love of the game that keeps them at it; very often it certainly isn't necessity. They seem to have no time left—no ability to enjoy this money when it is made. Again and again one sees one hears of men in the prime of life breaking down in health or dying prematurely, as a direct result of this frantic application to business, and, as an onlooker, one can't help thinking, "Is the game worth the candle?" The women seem better able to cope with the situation, and find no difficulty in spending the money their fathers and husbands have spoiled their lives in acquiring. And, as a rule, the men are content that this should be so. There is something very remarkable, something a bit pathetic, about the attitude of American men to their womenfolk. They are so anxious for them to have a "good time"—the good time that they can not and will not arrange for themselves. Their chivalry and courtesy to women is very pretty, too.

The rush and hurry of New York life come in for some unflattering remarks:

One wondered again and again what could possibly be of such overwhelming importance as to justify this atrocious economy of time—at the expense of such tremendous nerve strain, of health, and often of life itself. What is there in the air of New York, different to that of other cities, which would explain this headlong stampede of its citizens? The children playing in the streets seem anxiously alert—babies in arms often look thoughtful and careworn, and glance sharply up at you, with fatigued, nervous eyes. The very cats appear distraught and preoccupied, and as though they were late for an appointment. Who ever would stop to say, "Puss, puss!" to an American cat? And the dogs are dreadfully busy, too. The popular expressions "to get a move on," "to hustle," "to step lively," and the more dignified allusions by the President himself to the "strenuous life," are all colloquial straws that show which way the national wind is blowing.

Chicago gets the hardest slams:

I don't suppose that even its own inhabitants would seriously make excuse for Chicago. It is an ugly, dirty, noisy, wind-swept city, if ever there was one. Of course, I saw it under the most disadvantageous and discouraging conditions, and at the very worst time of the year; still, nothing, not even the most brilliant sunshine, could have made it appear beautiful, and one would be a little exacting, perhaps, to expect that it should be so. The wonder is that the hideous place, so vast and populous as it is, should be in existence at all.

The street-cars here run in doubles, thus multiplying their horrors by two. The skyscrapers appear twice as high as those in New York. Its newspapers are twice as vulgar, and in tone of twice as deep a yellow. I naturally avoided the stock-yards, and if you don't visit these mammoth shambles, Chicago has little else to offer you as a public spectacle.

As to the charges of lax morality among those in fashionable society in New York, Sir Philip does not think they are true, for he writes:

My own observations would point to the fact that, childlike, they are fascinated by the idea of playing at being naughty and shocking people; but that in reality they are for the most part excellent citizens, at least averagely decently behaved in their family relations, and that though they may be foolish enough to like to pose as "gay dogs," "devils of fellows," and "wayward wives," yet in reality, to borrow again one of their own phrases, "there's nothing doing." And the worst that can be said of them morally is that their lives are very empty and very wasted, and don't seem to bring them much happiness "at that" (I quote them again).

Of the dress of New York women, Sir Philip has this to say:

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in New York is the extreme smartness of the women—all of the rich and poor, in their varying degrees—they are so well "set up," so excellently "turned out," so admirably "groomed." They hold themselves, too, beautifully, and in what we should call the lower middle classes—shop-girls, telephone-girls, etc.—there is none of the slouching and stooping we are accustomed to among

the similar orders at home, nor any flaunting colors or cheap imitation jewelry. In New York they all dress neatly and walk splendidly. The high average of neatness is very noticeable at once. One rarely comes across a really badly dressed woman in any rank of life. To dress well and make the very best of her resources seems a gift peculiar to the American woman. Her Parisian sister, to whom I suppose she would herself admit that she was occasionally indebted for ideas, is not her superior in this respect. I imagine a well-dressed American woman is the best dressed woman in the world.

Sir Philip spent a month at Oyster Bay with a family who impressed him with the singular happiness of the simpler American home life. Of President Roosevelt he writes:

He greeted me then as though I had been the one person in the world he was anxious to meet—surely the most gratifying form of courtesy, and one which touches us all most readily—and, though he had probably forgotten my existence the next minute, hurried along among the enthusiastic crowd of his old college companions, like some great, good-natured, overgrown boy, receiving and making a thousand salutations, full, as I thought, of a slightly accentuated *bonhomie*, yet the agreeable impression of his welcome remained.

It is matter for regret that Sir Philip did not come as far as San Francisco, and include us in his amusing book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson.
2. "Hedda Gabler," by Hendrik Ibsen.
3. "A Doll's House," by Hendrik Ibsen.
4. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
5. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," Anonymous.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin.
3. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
4. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.
5. "Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
2. "The Man Roosevelt," by Frances E. Leupp.
3. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
4. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson.
5. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," Anonymous.

## New Publications.

"Statistician and Economist—1903," Louis P. McCarty; 25 cents.

"The Yoeman: a Novel," by Charles Kennett Burrow. John Lane; \$1.50.

"The Jewel of Seven Stars," by Bram Stoker. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

"Hezekiah's Kortship," by Hezekiah Jones' Wife (Frank A. Van Denburg). Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"Charles Dudley Warner," by Mrs. James T. Fields. Contemporary Men of Letter Series. McClure, Phillips & Co.—a brief and appreciative biography.

"New England History in Ballads," by Edward Everett Hale and his children, with a few additions by other people. Profusely illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.

"Minute Marvels of Nature: Being some Revelations of the Microscope Exhibited by Photo-Micrographs," by John J. Ward. Profusely illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.60.

"Geology," by Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. In two volumes. Volume I: "Geological Processes and Their Results." Henry Holt & Co.

"The Corner in Coffee," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated by Gordon H. Grant. G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.50—a very ingenious, clever story by this, the most prolific of authors. It has already been dramatized. It will make a good play.

"An Ivory Trader in North Kenya: The Record of an Expedition through Kikuyu to Calla-Land in East Equatorial Africa with an Account of the Rendili and Burkeneji Tribes," by A. Arkell-Harwick, F. R. G. S. With twenty-three illustrations from photographs, and a map. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$5.00 net.

"The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898: Explorations by Early Navigators, Descriptions of the Islands and their Peoples, their History and Records of the Catholic Missions, as related in Contemporaneous Books and Manuscripts, showing the Political, Economic, Commercial, and Religious Conditions of those Islands from their Earliest Relations with European Nations to the Close of the Nineteenth Century." Translated from the originals. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with

historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. With maps, portraits, and other illustrations. Volume IX—1593-1597. The Arthur H. Clark Company; \$4.00 net.

## So Shaw Wrote "Hamlet"!

George Bernard Shaw now comes forward as the author of "Shakespeare"—this, however, it is only fair to state, merely to put to rout the scattering remnant of the Baconian forces. "If," Mr. Shaw says, "you take the titles of Shakespeare's plays—just a sufficient number for the purpose—and take the fourth letter from the end of the title, you will find that they spell Bernard Shaw." For example:

MacBeth.  
Julius Caesar.  
Comedy of Errors.  
Merchant of Venice.  
Antony and Cleopatra.  
Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
Merry Wives of Windsor.  
Troilus and Cressida.  
Timon of Athens.  
Antony and Cleopatra.  
All's Well That Ends Well

## "TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

## Opinions of the Press.

## Boston Beacon:

There is not a dull line in "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart. It does not pretend to be profound or exhaustive, but it conveys in a spirited way a great deal of information concerning the Spanish peninsula. It is preceded by some account of Southern France which is not in general circulation, and that is full of pertinent reflections well calculated to check our spirit of boasting concerning the superiority of American institutions. There is nothing concerning religion or politics in this book, but Spain, as she appears on the surface to the intelligent tourist, is described with apparent accuracy and a freedom from prejudice, showing there was no intention on the part of the author to condemn on merely hearsay evidence. He encountered none of the horrors against which he had been warned, but found his trip one that afforded pleasure and not pain, and he met with many surprises, particularly in Barcelona. A pleasanter book of travel than this one compiled from contributions to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, it would be difficult to imagine, for it does not weary the mind with statistics nor long-winded reflections "dry as the remainder biscuit after a sea voyage." It gives vivid impressions that remain fixed in the memory.

## The Critic:

An elegant illustrated reprint of letters to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, describing a rapid journey in "snap-shot" fashion, but showing the skill of the keen observer and the ready writer. The illustrations from photographs are of more than average quality.

## Milwaukee Sentinel:

"Two Argonauts in Spain" is a bright, breezy book of travel, by Jerome Hart, who gives his observations gathered on a flying trip. Mr. Hart writes with the freedom and shrewdness of a Yankee; he is no worshiper of mere traditions; he sees Spain as one sees a theatrical performance or a street parade. Coming from California and writing for a San Francisco newspaper, in which these letters were originally published, he assumes an interesting point of view. The sketches of Spanish life and Spaniards' foibles are vivid. The book is attractively printed and bound, and it contains good illustrations.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; price, \$2.00.



The culmination of progressive enterprise

Western Department, Chicago, Ill. Two-Speed Gear, Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn. Coaster Brake

CHAINLESS BICYCLES

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers stores or any one catalogue mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

## TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

There is no Beauty that can stand the disfigurement of bad teeth. Take care of your teeth. Only one way—

## SOZODONT

HOT  
AND  
HANDY

## TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

## TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. 202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St, between Howard and Folsom. ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympathetic tone*, in the possession of which it stands alone.

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.





It is quite unaccountable, when one comes to think of it, that "A Doll's House," one of the best-known and most frequently acted of Ibsen's plays, has, within the memory of man, been played only twice in San Francisco. In the East, it is, even to the taste of the classicists, almost too much of a chestnut; while out here it is an actual novelty. Blanche Bates is the only player that we have seen precede Mrs. Fiske in the rôle, and as the methods of the former actress are such as to merely intensify that which is most obvious in the traits of the character impersonated, we may almost assume that we have hitherto never met Nora Helmer in the flesh.

It has not heretofore been considered a safe financial undertaking to run Ibsen for a week. The Norwegian dramatist is the apostle of relentless logic; and humanity, in the aggregate, especially when it goes a-pleasuring, has a rooted objection to grim, unpalatable reason. It wants the unexpected, the unreasonable, the fairy-tale providential to happen; whereas in the Ibsen plays there is a swift, unswerving working out of certain conditions to a conclusion that is built on grim, cold logic. Or so it seems to those who, repelled by Ibsen's determined pessimism, fail to discern that the imaginative element is not entirely lacking. Gloom, logic, and a lack of beauty are the deterrents to Ibsenic popularity.

"A Doll's House" doubtless owes the fact that it is less withdrawn from public knowledge to the greater cheerfulness of its earlier scenes. They are, in reality, a preparation for the tragedy of sundered lives that followed; but the pretty Nora and her prettily uttered falsehoods, the coziness of the Helmer home, the gaiety of Helmer's "little squirrel" of a wife, and the indications of Torwald Helmer's growing prosperity, are all in themselves too intrinsically cheerful to foreshadow the outcome at once.

Mrs. Fiske fits into the scheme of things like a Nora born to the hearthstone. She looked younger than in any other of the rôles in which we have seen her in Nora's simple house garb, which was a combination of daintiness and matronliness. With her hair dressed low, her little scrap of an apron fluttering under the quick, restless touches of her hands, and her simple, dark-blue silk gown set off by a bit of lace finery at the neck and wrists, she flitted around a pleasing epitome of domestic happiness.

Not only Mrs. Fiske's physical type, but her mode of speech, are cast into such a fixed mold as to make them not easily adaptable. Well as she acts the part, it is difficult, nay, impossible, for her to look like Hardy's Tess, the simple, rustic beauty. Through the humble dress, and under the weird cockney bonnet of the flower-girl in "A Bit of Old Chelsea," we discern the lineaments, movements, and speech of a sophisticated woman of the polite world. It was in the characters of Becky Sharpe and Hedda Gabler that Mrs. Fiske was most truly at ease, and in accord with her own physical and mental peculiarities. And yet widely apart as are the characters of Becky, Hedda, and Nora, she contrives, by some subtle transmutation, to the secret of which we have not the clue, to adapt all, or nearly all, her peculiar, breathless, characteristic ways and mannerisms which fit so aptly on Becky, the adventurous, or Hedda, the undomestic, to Nora, the domestic.

She does not appear to be applying herself to acting at all in "A Doll's House." That which seemed indifference in "Mary Magdala," becomes, in the former play, the simple, matter-of-fact, practical demeanor of everyday life and conditions. In moments of depicting a condition of mental stress, when the ordinary actress rolls her eyes, clutches her heart and gasps, Mrs. Fiske has a curious way of becoming absolutely immovable in pose and inscrutable in expression. So Nora Helmer sat in dry-eyed apathy stonily reviewing life, love and the soul of her husband which, for the first time, she had just seen laid bare before her. And the audience, glued to their opera glasses, gazed, mazed, and responded with intensity to the full force of that silently suggestive play.

In spite of the absence of managers in undertaking to make the public acquainted with Ibsen's plays, I have yet to see the audience (always provided it can hear and understand) that fails to listen to them with profoundest attention. A fictional or dramatic handling of family relations which shows the effect of character upon character is always particularly interesting, and there is no relationship which provides such a wide field upon which to play the conciliatory and aggressive

tactics of man and woman as the matrimonial one.

Torwald is a familiar enough type of husband, but Nora is a new kind of wife. Perhaps the outcome of her newly acquired knowledge of the nature of her husband's love is scarcely credible, but it is none the less interesting. The "squirrel" is become a judge. All the pretty, soft, feminine fripperies of character fall away. This new being born of trouble is like a smiling little island stripped by some sudden storm of all its bloom and verdure, and standing like a rock of resistance in a waste of waters.

Max Fisman gave a particularly complete and comprehensive presentation of the husband, whose selfishness and egotism brought Nora to this pass. Not only were the more trilling indications of character cleverly done, but Mr. Fisman gave full expression to the stupefied non-comprehension of the egotist who is forced to plumb the shallows of his own soul. The acting of the remaining rôles, while sufficiently well done to sustain the interest, did not rise above conscientious mediocrity.

Mrs. Fiske is continuing the charming little curtain-raiser, "A Bit of Old Chelsea," this week. It is a brightly written episode, in which is celebrated man's facile susceptibility and woman's unconscious purity; that purity which can bloom, like a daffodil in a tomato can, in a noisome London slum. The little play gave Frank Gillmore well-merited opportunity to play the rôle of the artist hero; an attractive youth of the type whose heart is wax, whose hand is velvet, and whose voice is the voice of the wooer to every pretty girl that happens his way.

Mrs. Fiske is neither an ideal flower-girl nor a credible cockney, but again her art enables her to bridge the gap between her own personality and that of the character assumed. Her sharp, incisive style suggested the business-like abruptness of a girl who spent her life chaffering in the London streets, and the sentiment awakened in her breast by the chivalry of the artist was a quality in keeping, and quite remote from sentimentality. She was, for her, particularly distinct in the part. Less so, perhaps, in "A Doll's House," but I was out of the zone of suffering, and could hear and understand without difficulty. I felt as another Lazarus, conscious of the joys of Paradise as I looked from afar off at the place of torment, and wondered if those I sympathized with were not, like Dives, thirsting for the dew of pity and enlightenment.

Good things advertise themselves. From the date of her first concert, now over a week since, enthusiasts have been trumpet-tongued in celebrating Mme. Schumann-Heink's virtues as a concert singer. The climax came last Saturday; when an almost exclusively feminine, gauzily gowned multitude, disregarding the hot weather, struggled with difficulty into the crowded Alhambra, and for two hours listened to the first contralto of the world render, with unabated freshness of tone, and with scarcely a cessation beyond that caused by their own applause, a programme that was peculiarly complete and satisfying.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has, in the highest degree, the temperament of the true artist. The delight of expression is hers, the pleasure of giving pleasure, and with a fervor that has more than a touch of genius in it, she surrenders herself to the joy of interpreting emotion in song.

She has not lost a note since we last saw her. Rather she seems to have gained in freshness of feeling, and in the energy of soul which will not permit her to give the least phrase a blurred or mechanical delivery. Her method is superb. The study that she does at Berlin between seasons under Stockhausen's guidance tells continually, and in many ways; the crystalline purity of her upper notes, the flexibility and volume of her lower ones, the clean-cut perfection of her phrasing, the ease and poise with which she develops a mere thread of sweet, clear tone to a grand crescendo—these things declare a technique that is all but flawless.

What gives peculiar charm to Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing is the union of such perfect art with the warmth and depth of temperament that are hers.

The programme rendered at Saturday's concert was one that called upon the singer to sound almost every note in the gamut, from ballads, the simple pathos of which moistened the eyes, to an aria from Rienzi, ren-

dered with a grandeur of style that was a fitting accompaniment to the music.

The programme began with a glorious rendering of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Then the singer gave Schumann's song cycle, "Frauenliebe und Lehen"—that exquisite epitome in poetry and song of maidenhood, wifehood, and motherhood. There was comedy and laughter in the little encore, a selection chosen from Germany's popular pastoral poet. There was something by Richard Strauss, "Sappho's Ode," by Brahms (a selection which particularly exhibited the full beauty and power of the singer's lower range), and, for a devotional number, Schubert's "Die Allmacht."

Through all these varied numbers, Mme. Schumann-Heink was in closest touch with her audience, and won that spontaneity and enthusiasm of response that bespeaks sincerity of appreciation. She has a most attractive and magnetic personality, and radiates the good-will that emanates from the simple, strong, bountiful nature that loves to give of its best.

Beauty she has not, but her general appearance is greatly improved by her having surrendered herself to the French modistes, who have dressed her with the expensive simplicity that is the acme of good taste and good style.

If the size of the multitude attracted by her Saturday concert is any indication, the one to be given at the Tivoli on Sunday, April 17th at which popular prices will prevail, will draw the capacity of the house.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin are to appear in New York, beginning April 18th, in "Camille." They first appeared in the play in San Francisco.

Alice Nielsen has signed a contract to sing this season at Covent Garden, London, in "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro."

A dispatch from Paris says that Sarah Bernhardt has signed a contract to make a tour through South America.

#### Corner Cottage at Ross.

For sale—lucrative renting property, consisting of lot 100 x 135 feet, set out with flourishing young fruit and shade trees, and containing four-room shingled cottage. Choice neighborhood; five minutes from station; always rented. If preferred, purchaser can buy only the 50 feet containing cottage. Address H. P., Argonaut office.

## SCHUMANN-HEINK FAREWELL CONCERT

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

This (Sunday) Afternoon at 2:30.  
MISS JOSEPHINE HARTMANN, Pianist.  
MR. BERNAT JAULUS, Viola.  
MR. ARTHUR FICKENSHER, Organist.

Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 50c. Box-office Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; Sunday at Tivoli.

Coming—Sembrich.

## Mr. HUGO MANSFELDT —PRESENTS HIS PUPIL— IRENE PALMER

—IN A—  
PIANO RECITAL  
Thursday Evening, April 21st, 8:15, Steinway Hall, 223 Sutter Street.  
Admission, One Dollar.

### California Woman's Hospital Benefit.

## HIS ROYAL NIBS

A musical comedy in two acts, by W. H. CLIFFORD and SHAFTER HOWARD.

## ALHAMBRA THEATRE

Cor. Jones and Eddy Streets

Thursday, April 21st, and Friday, April 22d, 8:30 p. m.

Seats on sale at Sherman & Clay's, Kohler & Chase's, and Benj. Curtz & Sons on and after April 15th.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
—AT—  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Only matinee Saturday. Beginning next Monday night, second week of Millocker's delightful comic opera,

—THE BEGGAR STUDENT—  
A brilliant triumph. Magnificent cast.

Prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box and mezzanine seats, \$1.00.

Next production—A Runaway Girl.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks, beginning next Monday, April 18th, nightly, including Sunday, matinee Saturday, Mr. Fred Niblo announces

#### THE FOUR COHANS

And their company of 72 people, in

#### RUNNING FOR OFFICE

By George M. Cohan.

Conceded to be the greatest musical-comedy success of the season.

### MAJESTIC THEATRE.

Market Street, opposite Larkin.

Commencing Monday, April 18th. Two weeks. Matinee Saturday only.

#### ISABEL IRVING

(Direction James K. Hackett)

In Winston Churchill's

—THE CRISIS—  
Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 50c. Box seats, \$2.00.

### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, April 18th, first stock production of Clyde Fitch's brilliant satirical comedy,

#### THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, April 25th—The New Clown.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow, Sunday matinee. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. For two weeks only, Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Marty O'Neil, Maude Amber, Hope and Emerson, strong supporting company, and beautiful girl chorus of fifty.

#### HOITY-TOITY

Week Sunday April 24th, second and last, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," "Whirl-I-Gig," and "Big Little Princess."

Popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Beginning Monday, April 18th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the greatest of all American naval dramas,

#### —THE WHITE SQUADRON—

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, April 17th. Vaudeville spellbinders! Wilfred Clarke and Company; Ethel Levy (Mrs. George M. Cohan); Tony Wilson and Heloise; Mlle. Amoros, assisted by Mlle. Charlotte; Edmund Day and Company; Ellis-Nowlan Trio; Flo Adler; Orpheum motion pictures; and tremendous success of the Four Mortons.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Fischers THEATRE

Return to pure fun. Monday night, April 18th, CHOW-CHOW

An uproariously funny burlesque presented with our "all-star" cast and new comedians. Entire new scenery, costumes, and stage effects.

Reserved Seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

## RACING

### New California Jockey Club OAKLAND TRACK

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.  
6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30 or 2.00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4.10 and 4.45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.  
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

Diamonds  
and  
Pearls  
Wedding Stationery  
Wedding Presents  
Shreve & Co.  
Post and  
Market Sts.



ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Mgr.  
419 California St., San Francisco.



## VANITY FAIR.

Official society at Washington is more than a little exercised over the lawn fête which the Countess Cassini, niece of the Russian ambassador, is planning for May 6th for the benefit of the Russian Red Cross Society. Mrs. Hay, wife of the Secretary of State, has been asked to serve as one of the patronesses, as have various other women of the Cabinet and most of the women of the diplomatic circle. But, while under ordinary circumstances an immediate and generous response would be insured, the recent executive order that all government officials and employees refrain from any expression of opinion or sympathy that could be construed as a violation of neutrality, is embarrassing many of the countess's friends in political life. Miss Alice Roosevelt is said to have promised to attend the fête, but she is not likely to take any active part therein. Mme. Jussendard, wife of the French ambassador, and Baroness Hengelmüller, wife of the Austro-Hungarian ambassador; Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh are among the supporters of the Countess. The affair is a subject of animated discussion among the women who constitute what is known as official society, and opinion is divided regarding the propriety of the families of prominent Federal officials participating in any manner in the entertainment. The Cassini faction points out, in reply to the neutrality argument, that the Red Cross Society is international in its character, and that, while in this particular case it is the Russian branch which is concerned, the benevolent acts of that branch will not be confined to succoring Russian soldiers, but Japanese who may need their aid will as readily receive it as the Russians. In view of the contention that has arisen over the matter, however, it is very probable the women of the Cabinet will feel constrained to respect the executive order and decline to attend, though Miss Roosevelt's attitude will doubtless carry weight.

"There have been days more propitious for Easter parade than Sunday," says the New York Herald, "for the New York air was chill and the north-west wind whirled draperies at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour. But never has the Avenue seen a more variegated display. In the middle of the street was the polar region, for the occupants of the automobiles which plied up and down were clad like Arctic explorers. Many of the paraders were in sealskins and protected by boas and scarfs of ermine, and they looked glad of it. Viewed as a procession, one of the first things evident to a man on a stoop was the large number of high hats and the multiplicity of their styles. They appeared over the sombre overcoats, for all the outer garments for men this year are dark gray or black, like gigantic spools of black silk thread being borne along on spindles, which, in turn, were fastened to a slowly moving belt. As to the feminine headgear, the winter styles predominated, although there were many straw coverings of the latest designs. Green was the prevailing note of the color scheme for women's apparel. There were green plumes and green leaves and green frocks, which gave a pleasing although unnecessarily cool effect. Some costumes caused thousands to stare, but the old gentleman in a fur-lined overcoat and a Panama hat was undisputed, and the woman a few paces behind who had a green parasol, a hat to match, and gloves of apple-leaf hue was delighted with the attention which her artistic efforts attracted. Tan shoes and patent-leather shoes walked side by side Sunday morning, and one timid pair of soles ventured out in arctics. One of the features of the parade was *frappé* violets, for nearly every woman bore a corsage bouquet of the fragrant flowers, while there were also large consignments of lilies of the valley, gardenias, sweet peas, and roses."

The manager of a big New York dry-goods store has recently been explaining (in choice Newyorkese) to a Sinn reporter all about the genesis and the development of that peculiar type of man known to the trade as a "sizer." "A sizer," this person says, "is a married man who knows the sizes of everything his wife wears, from soap to—that is to say—er—the whole works, you know. I should say that at least one married man out of every three in New York at this stage of it is a sizer. Few men are born sizers. Their sisters don't teach 'em how to be sizers, either. Their wives start them along that path. A commuter is pretty liable to develop into a sizer, and, as I say, when he once becomes one, he never gets over it. The commuter's wife wants a pair of gloves, say for a party that evening in the Lonesomehurst place, and she hasn't the time or the inclination to come up to town just to buy a pair of gloves. So she gives her husband, before he hustles for the train in the morning, her glove size and directions as to the kind of gloves she wants."

"That starts him off as a sizer. If she came up to New York for the gloves, the probabilities are that she'd dig around all day for a pair on the bargain counter at seventy cents. But her husband, even in his earliest stage as a sizer, doesn't do that. He

walks up to the glove counter of the first woman's store he reaches, and says to the girl: 'I want a pair of white kid gloves,' naming the size. 'About what price?' the girl inquires, knowing perfectly well that a man would rather get run over by a milk wagon than look like a piker before a shop-girl. 'Oh, I want the good stuff,' the man says, in that off-hand, I'm-no-cheap-skate way, and the girl flashes a pair of three dollar white gloves on him. 'They look all right,' says the sizer in embryo, picking the gloves up and pretending to know something about them by the way he inspects the seams. 'How much do they set me back?' 'Three,' says the girl, and the man digs the three bones, and takes the gloves. 'I guess I'm kind of poor when it comes to that shopping gag, hey?' he says to his wife as he tosses the gloves into her lap. 'Kind of common, ornery-looking gloves, that pair, yes?' She undoes the bundle, and holds the gloves out before her enthusiastically. 'Why, where in the wide world did you get such *bee-yu-ti-ful ones?*' she asks him, while he swells up with pride. 'Why, you extravagant old thing, you! They couldn't have cost you a penny less than six dollars. I saw a pair exactly like them at Ta-Ra-Ra's only last Tuesday marked six dollars—imported, you know. Why, you reckless old love!' and then he stands grinning elatedly while that hug thing is pulled off. 'Six, nothin'!' he says, with pompous amiability; 'catch me falling for six bucks for a pair of mitts. They're the six kind at that, but I want to tell you that there's a hull lot in this thing of knowing how and where to buy women's truck. Only drained me of three simoleons, those gloves, but I bet you the cutest box of candy that you ever saw that you couldn't have snagged 'em for any three.' 'Why,' she says, bolding him at arm's length, admiringly, 'I just know that I couldn't! I declare, you have a perfect genius for getting just the right things, and how you do it, gracious sakes alive, with so many things to worry you in your business—well, I just know one thing, I never do half as well when I buy things for myself.' 'Oh, I guess I'm not such a loh,' he says then, all floated out of shape by her praises; 'hereafter, when you want anything in town and don't feel like making the ride up, just notify your little Archie and he'll come pretty near landing right, and he won't let these shop sharks hite any hunks out of him, either.' And that's the way the sizer puts his neck into the noose."

"One morning, pretty soon after, when it's sizzling hot, the incipient sizer's wife mentions at the breakfast table that she doesn't know what she's going to do, she needs stockings so badly; but it's too hot to take a chance on going up to New York, and if she only thought that he—er—would have the time and could get the right kind—'Oh, I'm not such a pinhead as you probably think I am,' he says then; 'I guess I can make a stab at buying you some hosiery without getting arrested or anything like that. What's your size, anyhow?' She tells him the size, and he jots it down on his cuff or in a notehook. 'Want some number nine stockings, black,' he says to the girl at the stocking counter. 'Lisle or silk?' inquires the girl, superfluously—she knows it for a cinch that he'll have only one answer to that question if he has the looks of a New Yorker. 'Why, silk, sure,' he replies, grandiosely, and the girl stakes him to a peek at the three-dollar kind, and he falls for half a dozen pairs of them when the young woman behind the counter mentions that that's the kind that Lillian Russell wears. 'Very sleazy goods,' the girl says, as his chest begins to grow; 'you could pass a pair of these through a small finger-ring.' 'Maybe you're in had when you're wearing the same kind of hosiery as Lillian Russell,' the unfortunate makings of a sizer says exultantly to his wife when he hands her the bundle upon his arrival at the summer stopping place that evening. 'Put a dent in me, at that—but say, just look at the quality of 'em! Why, you could pass one of 'em through a finger-ring—look here!' and he tries the trick, and is tickled foolish when it really comes out that way and he gets by with it. She almost weeps in her delight over his artistic taste, and that's how oodles of married chaps who live out of town during the heated spell grow into sizers."

Two members of the Rolling Stone Club of Medina, N. Y., have written a book telling how to "do" Europe on four dollars a day. "Florence is a dream," they say; "we came for three days and stayed five, and dragged ourselves away unwillingly. Yet it can be done in a day, and we saw it being done that way more than once. The Baptistery is noted for its beautiful bronze doors. We were standing one day before the pair by Ghiberti, when a fine equipage whirled up. Two exceedingly prosperous looking Americans, with their wives, occupied the seats. 'These are the doors,' droned the guide on the box-seat, 'that Michael Angelo said were good enough for heaven.' 'All right,' said one of the jovial tourists, looking at his watch; 'we'll trust his judgment. Let 'em run!' And as they were whisked away, after just five seconds before one of the most artistic creations in Europe, we saw the man who sat with his back to the driver nearly dislocate his neck as he twisted around to ask: 'Who'd you

said that?' And the Limited having passed, we resumed our leisurely enjoyment of the masterpieces."

By a plurality of five hundred and eighty votes, the fashionable twenty-first ward of Chicago has elected as alderman young R. R. McCormick, the son of Ambassador McCormick. Uncle Sam's representative at the court of St. Petersburg. Crowds of rough customers who hang out in the bars along the wharves were whisked to the voting booths in touring-cars, and the residents of the levee district knew for the first time in their lives what it was to loll back, like the lake-shore drive folks, on the cushions of private coaches. The ward will now be represented by McCormick and Honore Palmer, both leaders in exclusive social circles.

"Will any truthful woman pretend that she ever stayed in the house of a friend for a couple of days without being keenly conscious of gross mismanagement on the part of her hostess?" asks the Liverpool Post.

## A. P. Hotaling &amp; Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
April 7th .....	64	50	.00	Clear
" 8th .....	80	50	.00	Clear
" 9th .....	84	58	.00	Clear
" 10th .....	84	60	.00	Clear
" 11th .....	83	62	.00	Clear
" 12th .....	62	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 13th .....	69	56	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 13, 1904, were as follows:

	BONOS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5% .....	6,000	@ 101	100 1/2	
Cal. G. E. Gen. M. .....				
C. T. 5% .....	7,000	@ 80	79	
Market St. Ry. 5% .....	10,000	@ 113 1/2	113 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5% .....	1,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	117
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% .....	3,000	@ 105	104 1/2	105
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5% .....	1,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5% .....	3,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909 .....	1,000	@ 107 1/2	107	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd. ....	6,000	@ 109 1/2-109 3/4	109 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% .....	2,000	@ 100 1/2	100	
S. V. Water 4% 3d .....	15,000	@ 99 1/2-99 3/4	99 1/2	
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water Co. ....	405	@ 39-39 1/2	39 1/2	40
	BANKS.			
Bank of California ..	30	@ 430	429	
	POWERS.			
Giant Con. ....	70	@ 60 1/2-61	60 1/2	61
	SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. S. ....	185	@ 48 1/2-49	48	49 1/2
Honokaa S. Co. ....	120	@ 12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
Makawell S. Co. ....	10	@ 21 1/2	21	21 1/2
Pauhaui S. Co. ....	120	@ 14	13 1/2	14 1/2
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Central L. & P. ....	100	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	
Mutual Electric. ....	200	@ 10	9 1/2	10 1/2
Pacific Lighting. ....	20	@ 56 1/2	56	
S. F. Gas & Electric ..	60	@ 59 1/2-61	60 1/2	61
	MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers ...	5	@ 145	145	
Cal. Fruit Cann. ....	110	@ 100	100 1/2	102 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	75	@ 91 1/2-92 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2
Oceanic S. Co. ....	500	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	4 3/4
Pac. Coast Borax ...	50	@ 170	170	

Alaska Packers has been quiet, selling at 145. California Fruit Cann. was in better demand, selling up two points to 100, on sales of 110 shares. The sugars have been weak, and on sales of 435 shares sold down from one-quarter to two points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, and closed in quiet demand. Spring Valley Water was strong, 405 shares being traded in at 39 to 39 1/2, closing at 39 1/2 bid, 40 asked. Bank of California was quoted at 430. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 660 shares sold up one and one-quarter points to 61, closing in good demand at 60 1/2 bid, 61 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

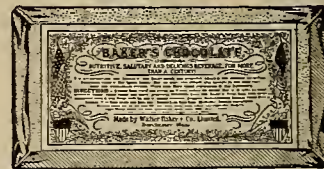
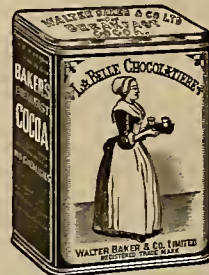
**RUBBER**

LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation  
Company  
713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

# Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

### H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Gull Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## REMINGTON

### Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century .....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine .....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas .....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar .....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) .....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) .....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World .....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly .....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine .....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge .....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine .....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic .....	6.10
Argonaut and Life .....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck .....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature .....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century .....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy .....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly .....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews .....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine .....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review .....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan .....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum .....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue .....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age .....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine .....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald .....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine .....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion .....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West .....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Set .....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On walking to the scaffold in solemn procession, a criminal once called to the governor of the prison: "Just oblige me, gov'nor, by telling me the day o' the week." "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday," exclaimed the prisoner in disgusted tones; "well, this 'ere's a fine way of beginning a week, aint it?"

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by a German mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had engaged to speak. The mayor said: "Ladies and shentlemens: I asked haf been to indrotoose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, of who you vill make a speech, yes. I haf now done so, and he vill now do so."

Lafadio Hearn, writing from Japan, says that when Oyama, chief of the Japanese general staff, was judge-advocate, he attended a hall at Tokio one night. He was standing near a doorway, when a beautiful European woman swept by, and so greatly did her charms impress Judge Oyama that he exclaimed, involuntarily: "What a lovely woman!" She overheard him. With a little smile she looked back over her shoulder, and, recognizing him, she said: "What an excellent judge!"

"I like yer preachin'," said a tall, gaunt native who had heard Bishop Potter one night in a small Adirondack town near which he had his summer camp; "I alluz 'arn souethin' new from ye. I rid ten mile to-night to hear ye, an', as usual, I heerd somethin' that I never knowed afore." "Well, I'm glad of that," said the hishop, shaking the outstretched hand, "and what was it you learned to-night?" "Why, hishop, I found out fer the first time in my life that Sodom and Gomorrah wuzn't twins."

The last time the Czar and the Kaiser met was in the Baltic, where each had a fleet. As their boats drew away from each other, the Kaiser, from the *Hohenzollern*, semaphored to the Czar: "The admiral of the Atlantic salutes the admiral of the Pacific." The reply required tact. The Czar did not want to offend the British by expressing his belief that the Kaiser was right, neither did he wish to show discourtesy to the latter by making no reply. So he quietly reuffled him by signaling "Farewell," and steaming away.

One of the latest and best stories of absent-mindedness concerns a Pennsylvania professor. Being called out on some urgent matter recently, and expecting to be engaged for some hours, he affixed a notice to the door of his private sanctum, stating that he would not be back till three o'clock in the afternoon. As it happened, he was able to get away earlier, and arrived back at his chambers a little before two o'clock. Seeing his own notice, which he had quite forgotten, on the door, he read it carefully. When he had thoroughly digested its contents, he took a seat on the stairs and waited patiently until three o'clock.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, Julian Hawthorne visited a jail in order to write a magazine article on prison life. On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on his daughter Hildegard, who was a little girl at the time. Mr. Hawthorne and Hildegard, a week later, were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked, "What place is that?" "The county jail," another answered. Whereupon Hildegard embarrassed her father and aroused the suspicions of the other occupants of the car by asking, in a loud, shrill voice: "Is that the jail you were in, father?"

General Miles was standing in the lobby of the Arlington, the other night, and happened to overhear a remark made by a small, thin young man who was standing near. "During the Spanish war," the young man had said, "I took five Spanish officers without any assistance from the army or navy." "What's that?" asked General Miles, turning upon him abruptly, "you say you took five Spanish officers without the assistance of the army or navy?" "That's exactly what I said, sir," replied the young man; "by myself, and without any loss of blood. It happened at Boston. Here is my card. I am Small-smith, the photographer. Now, if you will allow me to pose you, general—" But the general had fled.

One day, during a lecture, a Harvard professor, with a peppery disposition, grew furious because of some interruption, and slamming down his book with an exclamation of rage, rushed from the room. The boys were very much distressed by his action, but did not know what to do. In a few minutes, however, the professor apparently came to the conclusion that he had done a foolish thing, for he returned and resumed his lecture without a word. Anxious to show their good-will and to atone, if possible, for their rudeness,

the boys took advantage of a good point in the lecture to applaud tumultuously. "No, no, no!" exclaimed the professor, holding up his hand with a gesture of protest; "I want you to understand that I'm as mad as h—l yet!"

David Belasco and Henry de Mille collaborated once on a play in which they used the line from the Psalms of David, "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?" The actor to whom this line fell expressed his dissatisfaction over it, and confided his feelings to De Mille. "Are you stuck on it?" the actor asked him. "Yes," said De Mille, "I must confess I am. You see, the line isn't mine. It's David's." "I thought so," said the actor; "any one could tell that was some of Dave Belasco's had English."

Representative Clarence D. Van Duzer says that a miner once told him of the red man's greed for whisky. "I was riding over the plains once," he said, "with a pint bottle sticking out of my breast pocket, when an Indian met me, and, seeing the whisky, wanted to buy it. And do you know what that Indian offered me? Well, sir, he offered me his huckskin breeches, his shirt, his saddle, his blanket, and his pony—all for a pint of whisky. What do you think of that?" "And did you sell," asked Van Duzer. "No," said the miner, "I didn't. It was my last pint."

"Tody" Hamilton, the ingenious press-agent of the Barnum & Bailey Show, took the newspaper men of New York on their annual excursion to the winter quarters at Bridgeport a few weeks ago. For their edification he arranged for a series of experiments to demonstrate how far the wild beasts would go in the consumption of strong drink. Huge pans of beer, whisky, and other intoxicants were put in the cages of the animals. Some drank the liquor, and some would not go near it. As a big pan of whisky was being shoved in to the polar bear, one of "Tody's" friends, inclined to hihullessness, looked appealingly at him, and said: "Say, 'Tody,' have you got an empty cage you could put me in?"

## A Real Conversation.

[On the departure platform at Paddington.]  
SHE—You won't forget to write, will you?  
HE—Rather not.  
SHE—You promised, you know.  
HE—Right you are. I shan't forget. [A pause.] I think you're off now.  
SHE—Are we? Good-by. [They kiss.]  
HE—Sure you've got everything you want?  
SHE—Quite, thanks. [A pause.]  
HE—This is an awfully long train.  
SHE—Is it?  
HE—Rather. I expect—  
GUARD—Tickets, please!  
SHE—That's the third time I've shown my ticket. What were you going to say?  
HE—I don't know. What were we talking about?  
SHE—I forgot. Oh, you were saying about this being an awfully long train.  
HE—Oh, yes. I was going to say, I expect they've got two engines on.  
SHE—I hope so. I do hate being late, don't you?  
HE—Rather. [A pause. The train begins to move.]  
GUARD—Stand back, please!  
HE—Confound it!—*Keble Howard in London Daily Mail.*

Only religious compositions should be played on an upright piano.—*Er.*

## The Old Camper

has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers, and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea, and chocolate.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Happy Springtime.

Her face was bappy  
His face was stern;  
Her hand was in his'n,  
His'n was in her'n.

—*Greenville Sun.*

## Stranger to Her.

He wrote: "It's my hope  
For you there may be  
Much joy in this year,  
MCMIV."

She looked at the card;  
Said, "Sure as I live  
I don't know a soul  
Whose name is McMiv!"—*Er.*

## A Solemn Thought.

It is a solemn thought,  
Most solemn, of a verity,  
With pregnant meaning fraught,  
That we were once posterity;

The people we've forgot,  
Even the very pink o' them,  
Were once induly hot  
To know what we would think o' them.

From this a lesson good  
We learn about futurity;  
Cease vain solicitude  
And rest in full security.  
—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## Barbarowski Fritchovitz.

Almost hidden beneath the snow,  
Tossed by March winds to and fro,  
The fragile buts of Ping Yang stand  
Out in the Hermit Kingdom land.

And to this quiet little glen  
There came a troop of Russian men:  
The knee-deep snow they waded through  
And having nothing else to do,

Into a thousand threads they tore  
Japanese banners by the score.  
But one old lady stopped the men  
(Her age was just threescore and ten),

And with clenched fists she gave them fits—  
'Twas Barbarowski Fritchovitz.

She took a flag torn by the men  
And quickly tacked it up again

To show that she was loyal yet  
To old Japan—lest they forget.

This angered Captain Barbersitch,  
And in a high raucous pitch,

"Halt! Am! Fire!" he told his men.  
"Rats! Fudge! Lobsters!" screamed Barb  
just then.

A loud report! The flag's in bits!  
But Barbarowski Fritchovitz,

She grabs it up and takes a stand  
Up at her window, flag in hand.

"Shooote, if mustee, me knotty-top  
But dissy flagee 'll nevvly dlop."

The captain felt like thirty yen  
And started on his march again,

Saying: "Whoski touches oneski gray hair  
On thatski red bead dieski like a bear."

And as the Russians left the town  
Barbara stood with head bowed down

And mumbled: "Meow yoni bleens,"  
Which, translated, simply means:

"Had I the whiskers of that troop,  
I'd corner the market in birds'-nest soup."  
—*F. P. Pitzer in New York Times.*

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel.  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itchy, raw, itching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TODAY. Sold by 1 Drug and 1 Shoe Store. Do not accept an imitation. Send by mail for 25c. in stamps. FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. "Oh, What Rest and Comfort!" MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDER, the best medicine for Fevers, Teething Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. ALLEN S. OLMFIST, 112 Broadway, N.Y. (Mention this p-pe.)

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....April 23 (Germanic).....May 7  
St. Louis.....April 23 (St. Paul).....May 14  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool  
Western'd. April 23, 10 am | Friesland.....May 7, 10 am  
Haverford. April 30, 10 am | Noordland.....May 14, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis.....April 23, noon  
Mesaba.....April 30, 9 am  
Minnesota.....May 7, 11:30 am  
Minnehaha.....May 14, 4 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Kensington.....April 30 | Southwark.....May 14  
Dominion.....May 7 | Canada.....May 21

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Noordam.....April 26 | Rotterdam.....May 17  
Potsdam.....May 10 | Ryndam.....May 24

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 A. M.  
Zeeland.....April 23 | Vaderland.....May 7  
Finland.....April 30 | Kroonland.....May 14

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic.....April 27, 10 am | Teutonic.....May 11, 10 am  
Arabic.....April 29, 5 pm | Celtic.....May 13, 4 pm  
Oceanic.....May 4, 9 am | Cedric.....May 18, 7 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Republic (new).....April 30, June 9, July 7  
Cretic.....May 5, June 2, June 19  
Cymric.....May 19, June 16, July 14

Boston Mediterranean Direct  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Canopic.....April 23, May 28, July 30  
Romantic.....May 14, June 18, July 30  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 22  
Gaelic.....Thursday, July 14  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, May 5, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 339 Market St., San Francisco.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

## ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political  
Advance Reports on Contracting Work, Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe.  
Telephone M. 1042.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—15,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 273 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## SOCIETY.

## De Laveaga-Callaghan Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Callaghan, daughter of Mrs. Daniel Callaghan, to Mr. Vincent de Laveaga, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 1900 Washington Street. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Archbishop Riordan. Miss Mabel Hogg was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward de Laveaga was best man. The ceremony was followed by a reception to a few friends. Mr. and Mrs. de Laveaga have gone on a month's wedding journey and after their return will live in San Francisco.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Edna Barry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barry, of Oakland, to Mr. Philip Clay, will take place at St. John's Church, Oakland, on April 30th. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Edgar Gee. Miss Jane Barry will be the maid of honor, Miss Madeleine Clay the first bridesmaid, and the four other bridesmaids will be Miss Letitia Barry, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss May Coogan, and Miss Marian Goodfellow. Mr. Robert Bain will be best man, and Mr. Moulton Warner, Mr. Arthur Geisler, Mr. Herbert Barry, Mr. Alfred Plow, and Mr. Aaron Broch will be the ushers.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a card-party recently in her apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Edmund Baker gave a luncheon recently at the St. Francis in honor of her sister, Mrs. Frank Baldwin, of Honolulu. Others at table were Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. J. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Edith Simpson, and Miss Eleanor Warner.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall gave a whist-party on Tuesday afternoon at her residence, 1200 Post Street.

Dr. Russell H. Cool and Mrs. Cool entertained a Saturday-to-Monday house-party at their country home, Dotswood, Los Gatos. Their guests were Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Mrs. Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. William Wesley Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson, Mrs. Lucie May Hayes, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Miss Maren Froelich, Mr. Richard M. Hotelling, and Mr. John Housman.

Miss Jane Rawlings gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon at her residence, 160 Santa Rosa Avenue, Oakland, in honor of Miss Eleanor Warner. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Alexander Warner, Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Pheby, Mrs. Frederick Cutting, Mrs. John Henry Dieckmann, Mrs. J. H. Dunn, Mrs. Sam Bell Wakefield, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Mrs. John Hampton Lynch, Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Florence Husb, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Ethel Parker, Miss Alyse Warner, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Mary Barker, Miss Mona Crellin, Miss Georgie Strong, Miss Grace Sperry, and Miss Marion Smith.

Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mrs. Abbott, Miss Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Stillman, and Dr. and Mrs. George C. Adams were among those registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais this week. They enjoyed the experience of coming down the mountain on the gravity car.

Mr. James D. Phelan entertained Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the distinguished novelist, at lunch at the Bohemian Club on Monday. Others at table were Mr. David Paton, Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. W. G. Staflord, Mr. George T.

Bromley, Mr. Joaquin Miller, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, Mr. H. J. Brady, Mr. Fremont Older, Dr. Benjamin Swan, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Dr. George Chismore, Mr. Frederick W. Hall.

Miss Gertrude Gould gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Denis Searles. Others at table were Mrs. Edwin Brayton, Miss Vira Nicholson, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Florence Hush, Mrs. Beach Soule, and Miss Marietta Havens.

Mrs. Lester Herrick gave a card-party on Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Charles E. Greenfield (née Cook).

The fourth annual horse show of the Burlingame Country Club will be held at Mr. Francis Carolan's Crossways Farm on April 23d. Mr. Carolan, Mr. Francis Underhill, and Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard constitute the committee in charge, and Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Lawrence McCreery will be the judges.

The bachelor officers at Fort Baker gave a dance on Tuesday evening.

## Wills and Successions.

The estate of Mrs. Carolina Smith de Santa Marina has been appraised at \$539,639.63. It consists of several valuable pieces of realty, stocks and bonds, diamonds valued at over \$6,000, and other personal property.

The will of James B. Randol, the California pioneer, who died in New York, December 23, 1903, has been filed for probate here. It disposes of an estate worth about \$7,000,000. The bulk of the estate, which consists largely of property in San Francisco, goes to the United States Trust Company in trust for Mrs. Randol, who is also given the personal effects, furniture, and other articles in the home. Upon her death the estate is to be divided among two daughters and one son of the decedent, while two sons—Garret T. and Frederick Randol—will have \$25,000 held in trust for each of them. The division on the wife's death is thirty-three per cent. to each of the daughters—Miss Elizabeth Randol and Mrs. Mary Clarita Carrol—and thirty-four per cent. to the son, William M. Randol.

Howard G. Stevenson and L. W. Shinn, the executors named in the will of the late Alvinza Hayward, who were recently appointed, have resigned their trust, and the widow requests the appointment of William J. Dingee to act in their stead. With their resignation the executors filed their account, which shows that they have received \$13,423.77 and paid out \$900. It is said that the executors receive the full compensation in commissions as if they had managed the estate to the end, and that their attorneys received handsome fees for their withdrawal. The change was made because the executors and attorneys had interests conflicting with those of the Hayward estate. Mrs. Hayward has filed a document in Redwood City, by which half of the Hayward estate goes to Emma Rose, the wife of A. W. Rose, of New York, and the only child of Mrs. Hayward and the late Alvinza Hayward. His will disinherited Mrs. Rose on account of the son-in-law, it is said. The document provides that if any other will is found and admitted to probate, then Mrs. Rose is to have half of all the property Mrs. Hayward receives. The only consideration expressed in the document is "love and affection."

The alterations in Fischer's Theatre will add three hundred seats to the ground floor.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Schumann-Heink Farewell Concert.

The programme arranged for the farewell concert of Schumann-Heink at the Tivoli Opera House this (Sunday) afternoon at half after two, commences with four of the greatest works of Schubert, "The Young Nun," "Rastlose Liebe," "Death and the Maiden," and the ever popular "Serenade," and includes groups of Schumann, Brahms, and Wagner numbers. Two of the Brahms numbers have viola obligatos, which will be played by Bernat Jaulus. There will be some of the Fifth Psalm, by Rebling, and "Sei Still," by Raff. The Wagnerian excerpts will be from "Rheingold" and "Die Gotterdammerung." As an encore the artist has promised the brilliant drinking song from "Lucrezia Borgia." Prices will range from 50 cents to \$1.50. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Sunday, when they will be at the Tivoli box-office. Miss Josephine Hartmann will be at the piano, and Arthur Fickensher will be the organist.

## Piano Recital by Irene Palmer.

Irene Palmer, one of Hugo Mansfeldt's favorite pupils, will appear in a concert at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, April 21st. Her programme is a very artistic one, as may be gathered from the following numbers:

"Capriccio," op. 76, No. 1, Brahms; "Walzer," caprice, op. 37, No. 2, Grieg; "La Jongleuse," op. 52, No. 4, Moszkowski; "Nocturne," op. 44, No. 5, Rubinstein; "Novellette," op. 21, No. 7, Schumann; "Tarantelle," Zarembski; "Melody," op. 10, No. 1, S. Liebling; "Scherzo," Rheinberger; "Humoreske," op. 101, No. 1, Dvorak; "Fruehlingslied," op. 15, Henselt; "Walzer," caprice, op. 37, No. 1, Grieg; "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 11, Liszt.

Many of the numbers have never before been performed here.

## The Art Association Concert.

Those who sang and played at the concert given Thursday night, under the direction of Henry Heyman, at the San Francisco Art Association's spring exhibition, were Mrs. Klippel Schaffter, soprano; Mrs. Joseph Lewis Emanuel, contralto; Miss Marguerite Slocombe, soprano; Miss Eleanor McLennan, soprano; Miss Madeline Todd, violinist; James Hamilton Todd, Jr., violinist; Mrs. W. J. Batchelder, vocal accompanist; Miss Elizabeth Howard, violin accompanist; and Otto Fleissner, organist. The programme was as follows:

Organ, "March in A-Major," West, Otto Fleissner; (a) "Spring has Come," Maud Vallery White, (b) "Sunshine Song," Grieg, Miss Eleanor McLennan; violin, "Ballade," Rebfield, Miss Madeline Todd; Irish songs: "The Ould Plaid Shawl," "Molly Bawn," "The Low Back Car," Miss Marguerite Slocombe; organ, (a) "Offertory in D-flat," Salome, (b) "Cantabile," Lemaigre, Otto Fleissner; aria, "Che faro senza Eurydice," Gluck, Mrs. Joseph Lewis Emanuel; violin duet, "Symphonie Concertane," Danela, Miss Madeline Todd and James Hamilton Todd, Jr.; (a) "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side," Clay, (b) "A Memory," Browsky, Mrs. Klippel Schaffter; organ, "Allegro Maestoso," Mendelssohn, Otto Fleissner.

The last concert will be next Thursday evening.

## Music at St. Dominic's.

The following programme of sacred music will be given at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, April 17th, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart:

"O Salutaris," Rousseau, "Tantum Ergo," Widor, soloists, Miss Ella V. McCloskey and J. J. Rosborough; "Jubilata Deo," Stewart; organ solo, Fantasia on themes from Wagner, Motett; "Victimae Pascuali," Stewart; solo, "Hear Ye Israel," Motett, Mrs. B. Apple; "Bone Pastor," Vivet; solo, "Ave Maria," Bizet, Miss Camille Frank; solo, "Panis Angelicus," Cesar Franck, T. G. Elliott; solo, "Where Have They Laid Him?" Sullivan, Mrs. Jenkins; organ postlude, "March in D," Best.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs of the University of California will give a concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, April 26th, with the object of raising funds for the trip which the clubs have arranged to the St. Louis Exposition. The programme will include many numbers specially prepared for the World's Fair concerts, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart.

A party of New York automobilists, while going through the streets of Rome, Monday, ran over two children, injuring one of them seriously. The accident occurred in one of the most crowded parts of the city, and a mob quickly formed, from which the automobilists had to be rescued by the police.

THE SALES DURING THE YEAR 1903 OF MOET & Chandon White Seal were 4,013,684 bottles, a figure never before reached by any other champagne house. White Seal is the champagne of the day.

GRAND SET OF ANTIQUE JEWELS—EARLY Victorian era. Diamonds encrusted on carbuncles. Money needed quick; worth \$700, will take \$150. No dealers. 308 Third Street, room 1, 2 to 7 P. M.

## Pears'

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to; if not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clear and soft and open and clear.

Sold all over the world.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. X. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent.



Flatter your friends through their taste for the beautiful.

## Dorflinger Glassware

artistically cut, may be seen at the dealers. Look for the trademark.

Glassware

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand. THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

There is no Substitute for

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and family expect to leave in June for an extended trip abroad.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey have returned from Santa Clara, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fosgate.

Mrs. George Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry will spend the summer at their country place near Alta, leaving the city about May 1st.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is at present in China, and is expected home about May 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Miller (*née* Burdge) went to Del Monte on their wedding journey.

Miss Katherine Powers has departed for the City of Mexico, where she will spend several weeks as the guest of Mrs. Nuttall, who now makes her home there.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have returned from a visit to Oregon.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury left last Sunday for a visit to Paso Robles, where she will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have taken the Tubbs house in San Mateo until June, after which they will occupy Mr. Joseph Tobin's house until fall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittick have returned from "The Meadows," near Bakersfield, and are occupying the Tatum house, 2525 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. W. P. Reddington and her daughter, Miss Louise Reddington, are expected home from Europe about the first of May.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Miss Ethel Harrison are expected home to-day (Saturday) from Europe.

Mrs. Charles P. Eells expects to leave in May for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Babcock, at Fort Assinaboine.

Miss Edith Simpson will spend the month of May in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee will spend the summer months at their country place in Ross Valley.

Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, and Mr. Harry Oelrichs have been spending the week at the Warner ranch in Southern California.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey, and Miss Genevieve Harvey, who are expected to arrive from Europe early in May, will spend the summer at Burlingame, where they have taken the Prince Poniatowski villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett will spend the summer at Burlingame, where they have taken a cottage.

Miss Ursula Stone has returned from a six months' visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown have left town for a visit to Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope spent a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding has taken apartments at 1770 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Albert Woodburn Scott, of 305 Buchanan Street, will be "at home" on the first and second Fridays in May.

Mrs. Christian Reis spent part of the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin have returned to their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray is expected back in a few days from Denver, Colo.

Dr. Robert D. Cohn leaves for Europe next week, and will return at the beginning of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stent (*née* Harris) went to Monterey on their wedding journey.

The Right Rev. William Ford Nichols is spending the week in Los Angeles.

Miss Marietta Havens has gone on a two months' trip to Cleveland, O., and New York.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs, of Chicago, Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mrs. G. L. King, Mrs. W. O. Dunning, Miss Van Duzen, and Mr. John Caffrey.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Billings, Mrs. H. A. Freeman, Mrs. F. G. Yengling, Mrs. Youngs, Miss A. Holmes, Miss Woodward, Miss E. Freeman, and Mr. S. P. B. Snell, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wellington, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flint and Mrs. M. C. Bryant, of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McKim, of Sacramento, Mrs. Willis E. Davis, Mrs. A. E. Raas, Miss Hazel Blackwell, Mr. P. F. Dunne, Mr. Henry C. Taft, and Mr. Charles T. Walker.

## Army and Navy News.

Major E. H. Plummer, Tbird Infantry, U. S. A., expects to leave for Fort Egbert, Alaska, about the first week in June.

Major John Bigelow, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., expects to leave the Presidio for Ord Barracks, Monterey, about the end of next week. He will spend the summer with his troop on guard duty in the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel J. V. D. Middleton, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Middleton, accompanied by Mrs. Storm, will leave for the East, where they will spend the summer months, on April 25th.

Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., adjutant-general of the Division of the Pa-

cific, has been the guest during the week of General G. B. Rodney and Mrs. Rodney at San José.

Major Frank de L. Carrington, U. S. A., left for St. Louis on Tuesday in command of his battalion of scouts.

Commander J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the United States steamer *Monterey* of the Asiatic Squadron. Mrs. Milton and Miss Mattie Milton will remain here.

Captain George W. Helms, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Richard Wetherill, U. S. A., have returned to Washington.

Captain Thomas A. Pearce, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended two months.

Lieutenant Francis J. Behr, U. S. A., has been attached to the Sixty-Seventh Company, Coast Artillery, for duty until it arrives at the Presidio, when he will join the One Hundred and Fifth Company, Coast Artillery.

Mrs. Breckinridge, wife of Lieutenant Ethelbert Breckinridge, U. S. A., has gone East for the summer.

Major John Williams, U. S. A., who has been adjutant-general of the Division of the Pacific since its creation, has been ordered to Manila for duty, and will leave on May 1st.

Captain Ralph Ingram, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will be on duty at St. Louis with the Jefferson Guard during the exhibition.

The Le Conte Memorial Lodge in the Yosemite Valley will be dedicated on July 3d. The building, costing five thousand dollars, was erected last fall by the Sierra Club, in memory of Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the State University. It was designed for a library and reading-room. The lodge stands at the base of Glacier Point, within a stone's throw of the spot where Professor Le Conte died on July 6, 1901, while on his eleventh visit to the valley. The 1904 Sierra Club outing will be planned so that it will be present at the dedication.

The Cosmos Club celebrated its twenty-second anniversary on Saturday evening by a dinner. The following are the new officers that have been elected: Directors—W. B. Bradford, Willis G. Dodd, Henry P. Dimond, Marius J. Kast, Charles E. Miller, Ferdinand Reis, Jr., Henry Eickhoff, T. B. Lyman, and John E. Alexander; president, W. B. Bradford; vice-president, W. G. Dodd; treasurer, Charles E. Miller; honorary secretary, M. J. Kast.

A dinner, to be followed by a symposium on the development of the State, will be given at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening, April 30th, by the California Promotion Committee. A group of distinguished speakers will be present. The dinner will be a State function, celebrating the united effort in promotion work.

Near Walla Walla, Sunday, an automobile driven by M. D. Wardlow became unmanageable, and dashed over a cliff. The machine was completely wrecked. Mr. Wardlow and his companions—Miss Jennie McKinney and Miss Bessie York—were all injured, the latter seriously.

The first race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) will be a four-hundred-dollar selling race for four-year-olds and upward. The third race will be the same for three-year-olds and upward. There are several other good races on the programme.

The clear spring air adds to the attractiveness of a trip up Mt. Tamalpais. The journey is over a picturesque route, and the view from the top of the mountain is unsurpassed in beauty and variety. The Tavern is a model of hospitality and cheer.

Mrs. Charles H. Bently is in New York City, where she was called by the illness of her mother, Mrs. S. A. Wilder. Since Mrs. Bently's departure word has been received here of Mrs. Wilder's death.

The University of California Club, made up of graduates, two-year attendants, and instructors of that college, was opened on Saturday night. The club-rooms are at Geary and Powell Streets.

E. O. McCormick, assistant traffic manager of the Harriman lines, left on Thursday for Chicago, where he will assume the duties of his new position.

—THE IMPORTATIONS OF MOET & CHANDON White Seal in New York during 1903 were 92,198, or an excess of 28,501 cases over any other. This brand has the preference at all smart functions.

## Furnished Flat to Rent.

New Western Addition flat, newly furnished, beautifully located. To rent for four or five months, from May 1st. Rent \$75.00 per month. Apply Box 81, Argonaut office.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Summer School at Berkeley.

The summer session of the University of California will begin on June 27th and close on August 6th. For this year's session, which is planned primarily for persons of maturity who wish the stimulus of living for a time in a university atmosphere and of instruction from leaders in scholarship competent to bring their students into touch with the latest developments of knowledge and method in their special fields, a notable faculty in all lines has been gathered. The instructors include Sir William Ramsay, University College, who will lecture on chemistry; Professor Jacques Loeb, on physiology; Professor Hugo de Vries, University of Amsterdam, on botany; Professor Svante August Arrhenius, University of Stockholm, on the origin of species; Professor Bernard Moses, on political dependencies and government; Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, Harvard, on contemporary history; Professor H. Morse Stephens, on English history; Professor Frederick J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin, on American history; Professor Morris H. Morgan, Harvard, and Professor W. A. Merrill, on classics; Hammond Lamont, managing editor of the *New York Evening Post*, on English; Professor Francis B. Gummere, Haverford, on early English literature and old English ballads; Professor Charles H. Grandgent, Harvard, Professor Fonger de Haan, Professor Albin Putzker, M. J. Spinello, C. W. Wells, and L. J. Demeter, on modern languages; Professor James Ward, Cambridge and Trinity, on psychology; Professor Frank M. McMurry, Columbia, on the theory of education; Dr. Reginald A. Daly, geologist for Canada, physical geography; Professor Albert A. Stanley, University of Michigan, on music.

Boris Lencovitch, a Russian, obtained a job as a chorus-singer in the Chicago production of George Ade's new comic opera, "The Shogun," but resigned when he found that he would have to wear a Japanese costume, and sing of Japanese glory. "I am a second cousin of General Lencovitch, who commands the Russian army on the Yalu," he said, "and even if I am poor and have musical ambitions and this seems my chance, I am not going back on my blood and appear as an impersonator of the enemy of my race. I will feel better after my cousin has given the yellow men a good licking, as he will by fall."

Life says: "Even musical enthusiasts are willing to admit that Dr. Strauss's so-called 'tone poem,' the 'Symphonia Domestica,' is a good deal like the youth and girl kissing in the dark—he may know all about it, but no one else does. Which is an encouraging sign of a possible return to sanity on the part of the musical enthusiasts."

The Mansfeldt Club, composed of pupils of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, gave a recital at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening. Many interesting numbers were well rendered.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Mimeographing 121 Phelan Building. Phone, John 2311.

## San Rafael.

For sale new house thirteen rooms, three baths; stable six stalls, two bedrooms. Cultivated grounds. Location convenient, desirable. Post-office box 2213, San Francisco.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

Have You Had Breakfast, Dinner, or Lunch at

THE RED LION? Modern Grill.

FARE, SERVICE, AND APPOINTMENTS ARE SUPERB.

Entrances from Pine, Bush, and Montgomery Streets, or through the Mills Building.

A Bride Without a wedding book! Better loved than any other gift is CUPID'S PROVERBS, Albertine Randall Wbeelan's beautiful wedding book. Beautiful—every page of it! \$3.00 to \$20.00. Ask your stationer. Circulars mailed free by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS. BYRON MAUZY The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS 308-312 Post St. San Francisco.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel Knickerbocker Van Ness Ave. San Francisco

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## Schaeffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents 126 Geary Street.

## HOUSES AND FLATS TO RENT.

UPPER FLAT on Yerba Buena Street, near Sacramento (back of the block containing the Flood house); fine marine view; rent, \$22.50.

UPPER FLAT at No. 7 Ewer Place, near corner of Mason and Sacramento Streets; rent, \$17.00.

SMALL HOUSE on Ewer Place, near corner of Mason and Sacramento Streets; rent, \$20.00.

MADISON & BURKE, 30 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.



or Time Cards and other information.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1415.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.20; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breains Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Outcome of the Far Eastern Struggle—Changed Conditions Resulting from Late Russian Disaster—Will the Japanese Take the Aggressive?—That Vastly Important Railway—"On to Harbin!"—Seamanship Versus Act of God—Unfortunate Captains—The Anglo-French Treaty—Advantageous to Both Sides—Four Propellers and Turbines—Experimenting for More Speed—A Panama Canal Sub-Station—Movement to Have One Here—Municipal Socialism and Socialism—The International Socialistic Conference in Paris—The Experience of London and Birmingham—Municipal Debts and Taxes Increased.....	257-259
THE BIG RED STEER: The Story of When Understanding Cried Aloud at Frying Pan. By George Sam Evans.....	260
HEARST, THE MAN: Something About His Personality and Methods—His Record in Congress—How the Old-Line Democrats Regard Him—His Sumptuous Offices in Washington—Is Really Shy.....	261
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	261
OLD FAVORITES: "The Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven." "The Singular Sang-Froid of Baby Bunting." By Guy Wetmore Carryl.....	262
UNESCORTED WOMEN IN GOTHAM: The Change that Has Come About—Women May Now Go Out Alone—Safe Even Late at Night—Dangerous Localities—Simple Dress Best—How One Woman Avoids Trouble. By Geraldine Bonner.....	262
EN TOUR WITH KALAKAUA I: Armstrong's "Round the World With a King" an Amusing Book—The Expansive Influence of San Francisco—Visiting the Mikado—"Robert" the Intemperate.....	263
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	264-265
DRAMA: "The Crisis" at the Majestic, and "The Beggar Student" at the Tivoli. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	266
STAGE GOSSIP.....	267
VANITY FAIR: Miss Roosevelt's Banishment—Reported that She Was Sent Away for Playing the Races—Tell-Tale Photographs—The Dog Caddie—Innovation in Golf—Said to Be Better than Boys—"Farewell" Bachelor Dinners in Disfavor—Not a Compliment to the Bride—Tickets for Easter Day Services—Women Riding Astride in London—The Theme of French Novels—Why Conjugal Infidelity is Written Of.....	268
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Joseph Redding's Gallantry—Why He Looked Like a Hearst Man—The Pope's Sense of Humor—Rev. Fillingham and Bishop Potter—Charlie Knew It—The Queen and the Buttermilk—Sir Chentung's Suggestion—Velpen's Mistake—Lawyer Sweeney's Retort—Rhode Island Socialism—The President Didn't Know—Rough House in Private.....	269
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Advertisement," by Wallace Irwin; "A Nocturnal Shot"; "St. Smith".....	269
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	270-271
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	272

There are no seventh sons of seventh sons on the Argonaut's staff. We do not know how the great Far Eastern war will end. But in view of the changed conditions resulting from the late Russian disaster at Port Arthur, it may be interesting again to set forth the salient and determinative factors in the contest.

One thing the loss of the *Petropavlovsk* has made certain. It is that Russia will not send to Far Eastern waters her Baltic fleet. Such a course would have been in any event a desperate move. Now, it would be merely suicidal. The Baltic fleet is not large; several of the ships are old; their coal-carrying capacity is in-

adequate for a voyage from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea; it would be necessary to accompany the fleet with colliers, and to coal at sea. Besides all this, the efficiency of the vessels, after their long voyage, would be greatly reduced by foul bottoms and the usual wear and tear. They would meet faster and better ships, well-coaled, near friendly ports, and the result of the meeting would not be doubtful. Furthermore, during the three or four months that would necessarily elapse before the arrival of the Baltic fleet, the Russians ships at Port Arthur will, in all probability, be still further disabled, even if the fortress by that time does not fall into the hands of its besiegers.

Assuming, therefore, that there is no help for the Russian Port Arthur fleet, the question that arises is, What will be the Japanese plan of campaign? In general, two courses are open. The Japanese are now masters of Korea. They are likely soon to be in possession of Port Arthur. Will they entrench themselves in these places and await the Russian attack, or will they take the offensive and endeavor to drive the Russian army back through Manchuria to Harbin?

In discussing these questions, the military correspondent of the London *Times* gives it as his opinion that it would be a fatal mistake for Japan to carry the campaign into the enemy's country. Having become master of the sea, of Korea, and of Port Arthur, Japan should, he thinks, rest upon her arms. In his opinion, if she attempts to push on toward Harbin, the difficulty of maintaining communication with her base of supplies and the decreased utility of her navy, might so lessen her strength that disaster would follow. Even if the Japanese were successful in occupying Harbin, the Russian army need only establish a new base a few hundred miles westward on the Siberian railway—perhaps as far west as Lake Baikal—and when its strength had sufficiently augmented to outmatch the Japanese army at Harbin, advance upon that position, when the Japanese would be compelled to retreat from Harbin as did Napoleon from Moscow.

This is an interesting opinion from a man whose judgment is entitled to respect. There are, however, many arguments which may be urged against the view he takes. It may be asked, for example, if, in case Japan "stood pat" on her mastery of Korea, the Russians would not merely delay conflict until they were able to place on the banks of the Yalu an overwhelming force. Whatever the defects of the transsiberian railway, given time it can transport to Manchuria an indefinite number of men. It will not be necessary for it to transport all the provisions the troops will require. Manchuria is a rich country, and if, during the summer, the Russians hold it, while the Japanese remain inactive in Korea, there is no reason to suppose that Manchuria's production of wheat and fodder will fall short of many millions of bushels of wheat and many hundred thousand tons of fodder. Japan, on the other hand, is a poor country, and she can not maintain a costly war for long. Russia has to-day fewer troops in the Far East than she will have at any time later. Why is it not Japan's cue to force the fighting while her opponents are numerically not far superior—if any—to her own forces?

It should not for a moment be lost sight of that the present struggle is one between dwarf and giant, and that only singular circumstances make the outcome for a moment doubtful. Everything depends upon the transsiberian railway, and about its present serviceability not a scrap of dependable information exists. It may be on the point of utter breakdown, or it may be standing up well under the strain—nobody knows which. For the Russian authorities take good care not to let leak out any information that might be of use to the enemy. Estimates of its carrying capacity greatly differ. The

*Militär Wochenblatt*, the organ of the German general staff, estimates its carrying capacity at six thousand men weekly. General Miles, who traveled over the road a year or so ago, and who might be supposed to be a military expert, says: "Making a very liberal allowance for the transportation and field equipment of the troops, it would move at least five thousand men a day, or in a hundred days five hundred thousand men." And there you are! If Miles is right, long before the Japanese troops can get into action they will be outnumbered two or three to one in Manchuria, and, in all probability, will go down in defeat before the Cossack cavalry. If the *Militär Wochenblatt* is right, the comparative numbers of the Russian and Japanese forces, when spring opens, will be fairly equal. In the latter case, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Japanese, after capturing Port Arthur, will press forward in several divisions from the Yalu, from the vicinity of Newchwang, and possibly from the Korean Gulf, endeavoring to combine their divisions in central Manchuria and force the enemy back to Harbin, which is six hundred and fifteen miles from Port Arthur and four hundred from the Yalu River. Harbin, as the chief city of Manchuria, the seat of great flouring mills, the Russian base of supplies, the junction of the Siberian railway, and the two branches—one of which leads to Port Arthur and the other to Vladivostock—is really the heart of the great Manchurian province. Despite the opinion expressed by the London *Times* military expert, we may reasonably expect to hear soon that the Japanese battle-cry is "On to Harbin!" The city's capture would unquestionably be the deadliest blow that the Japanese could strike Russia, and that the Japanese will endeavor to strike such a blow if within their power seems in the highest degree probable.

Survey of the comment of the world's press shows that the new treaty between England and France is almost universally held to be a triumph for King Edward and for the foreign secretary, Lord Lansdowne. It marks the end of years of wrangling and decades of futile effort to reach a neighborly understanding on the questions principally of Egypt and the New Foundland fisheries. Whether it is in reality the work of one man or two, or of the nations themselves, the effects are bound to be far-reaching. Briefly summarized, the treaty means this: France gives up her monopoly on the banks, and in return gets access to the Gambia River in West Africa and some islands which may prove valuable in the trade which the opening of this river will promote; England gets a free hand in Egypt, so far as administrative measures go, and France gets what amounts practically to the suzerainty of Morocco; both nations get important trade advantages. Deeper than the surface some desecr an *entente* against Russian encroachment, an assurance of England's position in India, and the "open door" in China and Manchuria.

One of the greatest bones of contention between the two countries has been the French monopoly on the "French Shore" of New Foundland. There were a dozen matters here that made bad blood, some of them being such petty things as a prohibition by Great Britain of her fishermen selling bait to French fishers. All this is over. France moves out, but French fishermen have the privilege of fishing under the same conditions as the English. In Madagascar, the French have a better chance to show the virtues of their administration without protest from the British Government, and the French settlements in the New Hebrides retain their old privileges, and have other trade accommodations added.

However, the treaty may be considered as an exchange; both countries have welcomed it. England



thinks she has been a little facile perhaps, but, on the other hand, she regards with satisfaction anything which will relieve her in any degree of the haunting fear of Russia in India. The French seem to assume that it was brilliant diplomacy on their part to get Morocco, but at the same time acknowledge that, in Egypt, England will have full opportunity to build up a nation strong both in war and in commerce. The main thing is the genuine feeling of friendliness that has sealed the compact. It is so long since the Frenchman and Englishman hobnobbed. It is centuries since the nations smiled at each other across the Channel with pure amiability. But no one, except maybe the acrid Russian press, can find any sign of animosity now. And the world has this general cause for rejoicing that, as the press agrees unanimously, the war in the Far East has been localized.

The safety of his ship is to the mariner as the virtue of his wife, and the reprobation or pity that follows the luckless skipper who loses his craft has a moral tone. For this reason there is a melancholy significance in every shipwreck far beyond the bare but sometimes thrilling story in the telegraph columns of the daily paper. "There were no casualties," runs the last paragraph. But in a hundred ports seamen wag their heads, and mutter, "Poor Bill, he lost his ship. Wonder what'll become of him?"

We call the ocean that floods outside the Golden Gate the Pacific. We rejoice that the exact and exacting Plimsoll thought it unnecessary to make a special mark for ships trading upon it, and point with pride to the W. N. A. that bears to every coast of the world the reputation and evil temper of "Winter North Atlantic." And yet this Pacific has possibly more disasters to its credit than stormier seas. Its placidity is treacherous. From Panama to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca its ruffling surf twinkles or roars over gaunt skeletons of ships whose captains are keeping cigar-stores or running boat-houses in its ports. Speak to these men of the Pacific and expatiate on the perils of Hatteras and the Crooked Island passage, and they will nod drearly and remember the reef, the shoal, the rock, the derelict, the sudden gale on this side of the continent which put an end to ambition. For the skipper who loses his ship never gets another.

The strange part of it all is the faith of each unfortunate that it was not his fault. Witness the wrecks of the sister ships—the *Colima* and the *Colon*, the *Nicaragua* and the *San Blas*, the *Kambyes* and the *Thothmes*—those of the last and the *Colon* still fresh in our minds. Each of these marked the eclipse of a tried and skillful mariner. Inspectors exonerate them, the public know it was an accident, and the insurance companies pay on the ground that it was the "act of God." But neither the inspectors, the public, nor the insurance companies favor trading in ships under their command again.

Therefore to the conclusion. Is Remedios Reef the finger of God, placed with destroying might upon the most wary? Did the *Colon* break her back through no human negligence? Or does the great law of averages rule on the sea? In every hundred voyages must there be one disaster? Is the captain who has sailed seathless for forty years, gaining with each year nearer to the moment when the inevitable percentage of loss must strike him? No one knows. We put it down to "luck." The sailor shakes his head over it. He will recall a thousand instances that foretold the end. Possibly his retrospect is just. But the man who keeps the cigar-store was blind, and now that he sees how the matter ran, he has so little to say that the rest of the world goes on talking of poor seamanship and dangers to navigation and the risks of travel—two ways of looking at the steel ribs poking out of the boiling surf on Remedios Reef, "fourteen miles off Acapulco, and in the path of coasting vessels." The *Colon's* sister, the *Acapulco*, is still afloat. The sailor says disaster runs in the family. Yet the *Acapulco* is notoriously a lucky ship. Will she join her sisters on Remedios Reef?

Conferences between the officials of the United Railroads and a committee from the union have been held almost daily during the past two weeks. They have at last borne fruit. The company has put into the form of a new agreement all the concessions—which are not many—that it is willing to make. The company is willing to revise the wage scale so that it gives to all platform men in the employ of the company for a year or less, 25 cents per hour; the same, after one year and under two, 26¼ cents; the same, after two years, 27½ cents. The company is not willing to agree to the "closed shop" demand, but it is willing to agree not to discriminate against union men. The company's proposition has been unanimously rejected by the executive com-

mittee of the union, and by the conference committee. It will now be submitted to the members of the union on a secret ballot Monday, and they will decide whether to strike or not. The main controversy seems to be over the matter of the "open shop."

Meanwhile, the "open shop" has become the issue in another line of passenger transportation. The members of the Stable and Carriage Owners' Association posted in their places of business on Tuesday notice that "from this date this stable will be run as an 'open shop';" that the owner "reserves the right to hire whom he pleases"; that he "will not discriminate against organized labor," but "will not recognize its business agent or walking delegate," with other declarations of independence of similar tenor. In explanation of their action at this time, the stable and carriage owners say that, during the past two years, they have increased the pay of their men, under threat of strike, from \$50 to \$60; and from \$60 to \$75; but that, nevertheless, the men now make demand for a monthly wage of \$87.50, less work, and more days off. The employers say, further, that they get poorer service than before the union was formed; that they are unable to hire the men they desire to, since the union has increased its initiation fee from \$10 to \$25; and that the men supplied by the union itself are often drunken and frequently incompetent. Contrary to expectation, the stablemen have not, at this writing, gone out on strike. The union offers to sign an agreement for two years on the present wage scale and working conditions if the "open-shop" placards were taken down. The employers have rejected the offer.

The hack-drivers' strike continues, but it is reported that many men would be willing to return to work under the previously existing conditions, if they were permitted so to do by the union.

These are signs of the times. Not only in San Francisco, but throughout the country, the "open-shop" movement has attained proportions as yet imperfectly realized by labor leaders. For example, the National Association of Clothing Manufacturers, at its recent meeting, declared unqualifiedly for the "open shop" in resolutions in part as follows:

First—The closed shop is an un-American institution; the right of every man to sell his labor as he sees fit, and the freedom of every employer to hire such labor are given by the laws of the land, and may not be affected by affiliation or non-affiliation with any organization whatever.

Second—The limiting of apprentices in skilled trades is not only harmful to industrial development, but deprives the intelligent American youth of a fair opportunity for advancement, and tends to reduce him to the level of an unskilled laborer.

Considering that the garment cutters' union is a very strong one, these resolutions are extremely significant. And they are sound, too. The unions will yet come to admit that the ideas above expressed are good, sound, American doctrine. They are not "anti-union." They simply mean (to borrow a phrase from the *New York Times*) "that if the unions can not build themselves up by offering the unaffiliated workman tangible advantages from membership, they shall not be permitted to drag down a following of reluctant conscripts by closing against the non-union man all the doors leading to employment." That is fair. No man ought to be coerced into joining any organization in order that he may get work. If unions are conducted on lawful principles, and promote the interests of labor, workmen will want to join them; if they are not so conducted, men should not be made to join them.

The proposal made to the San Francisco board of trade, by Colonel Irish, that every effort be put forth to have a sub-station of the Panama Canal here in the city, ought to find hearty support. Such a station will be needed, and it will be needed on this Coast. Curiously enough, San Francisco is nearer to Panama than Los Angeles by great circle sailing. We have the cement and lumber which will be needed in vast quantities, and we have better facilities for shipping it than even New York has. More than this, work on the canal will be carried on mostly during the winter season, and, as every one knows, the North Atlantic is no happy sea during the winter, especially for vessels deeply laden with cement or top heavy with lumber. These are the reasons that will appeal cogently to the government. It is not far to seek the reasons why every business man in San Francisco should strive to have the sub-station in this city. There will be several millions of dollars spent for the two materials mentioned. If present plans do not fail, the canal ship will be under the United States tariff laws. What better market can the timber man and the cement man desire? Such a sub-station would also be the headquarters a part of the year for the commission. We have a fellow-citizen on the commission. It is in order for every commercial organization to seek the cooperation of its associated bodies, and take the matter up in a fashion that will convince the government

that San Francisco not only desires the sub-station, but is entitled to it by natural and commercial advantages.

Four propellers have at last been reached on big steamships. Twin screws we know about, and the triple screw is not unheard of. The Cunard Company is now making the final plans for steamers which will not only approach eight hundred feet in length and have the quadruple-propeller system, but, more than this, will be driven by the turbine engine—a combination of experiments of the highest interest to all who are concerned with navigation. The risk of these experiments is great, and it is only through the assistance of the British Government that the company is enabled to undertake them.

The speed limit with the reciprocating engine has about been reached. The engine itself has been developed to the highest efficiency, and while it is in a way simply a matter of size and power, it has been found commercially impossible to attain greater speeds than those now attained by the new German liners. The limits are placed by the strength of the shafts and the coal capacity of the bunkers. The single shaft can not carry more than twenty thousand horse-power. Two shafts give forty thousand available horse-power to the twin-screw steamer. If more power is needed to drive her a greater gait, the designer must allow for another shaft. But another shaft means much greater vibration. Two more shafts means such an increase in vibration from a doubling of the engines that it offers very serious and almost insurmountable difficulties.

This problem the Cunard Company has attempted to solve by a most daring innovation. They had to have more shafts. They accepted the necessity, and will drive the four propellers by the new turbine engine. This engine has never been tried on ships of any size. It is economical in small cross-Channel boats and in torpedo-boats. Whether it will succeed in vessels larger than the *Campania* and *Lucania* remains to be seen—at the expense of the British Government. No nation likes to know that another has ships that its fastest craft can not equal in speed. Therefore the action of England in reaching out once more for her old supremacy on the seas. Within two years the world will know the result.

The Sacramento Chamber of Commerce has called a convention for May 23d to discuss ways and means for preventing floods on the California's Great River Problem. Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.

The idea is to get together on some plan, present it to the legislature when it meets in January, secure a good-sized appropriation, and then rush the work to completion. It is indeed time that some such determined and persistent effort be made. The spasmodic and inharmonious work that has already been done by private individuals has failed. To-day a fifty-mile strip of country in Sacramento County and six fertile islands are under many feet of water. Hundreds of thousands of acres of what was once fertile land are now nameless lakes. There are cherry orchards where, according to a *Chronicle* correspondent, it is possible to row through the branches of the trees. Last season the asparagus crop on Bouldin Island sold for five hundred thousand dollars; this year there will be none—the island is flooded and will remain so throughout the season. Since millions are annually lost through Sacramento floods, it is obviously simply good business for millions to be spent in preventing them. The disasters this spring seem to have stirred the people of the Sacramento Valley as never before, and it is not impossible that the convention to be held on May 23d may, unlike previous conventions, result in the creation of sentiment that will last till California's great river problem is finally solved. We all of us hope so.

The instruction for Judge Parker of the seventy-eight delegates of New York to the National Democratic Convention, of course makes his nomination very probable, if not sure. Hearst is out of it. His campaign from now on is with eyes fixed on 1908 rather than 1904. Of that we may be certain. Opposition to Parker that possesses any real formidableness comes, not from Hearst, but from the ultra-conservatives. They argue thus: Bryan has announced his opposition to Parker; Hearst's journals may follow suit and remain lukewarm through the campaign; Parker, the colorless, opposed to a positive character like Roosevelt, can only be defeated. Why not, then (since the radicals are lost, anyhow), nominate Cleveland? We might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, they say. Of course, the trouble with this argument is that Mr. Cleveland would doubtless refuse to be the nominee. There is no good reason to doubt the sincerity of his desire to remain a private citizen. Only some notable happening, between now



and July, can, it would seem, prevent Parker's nomination. It is true, of course, that his own conduct between now and then may have a considerable influence. It has been predicted, and it is probably the fact, that he will very shortly resign from the bench, in order that he may be free to make known his views on public questions. What will those views be? Will they have any tinge of the radicalism of Parker's manager, Dave Hill? Or will they be ultra-conservative? May not the impression—good or bad—of the man that is derived by the public in general from these looked-for opinions have a considerable influence upon the delegates at the Democratic convention? Meanwhile, a hint of the line on which the Democracy hopes to wage its campaign can be gained from the New York Democratic platform. The phrase "no executive encroachments" is evidently aimed at Theodore Roosevelt's pension order, his course in the Anthracite Coal Strike, and in the Panama affair. "Spirit of military domination" and "restless spirit of adventure" are other phrases aimed at the President's alleged over-strenuousness. "Opposition to trusts," opposition to "extravagance in public expenditures," "reasonable revision of the tariff," "maintenance of State rights," and "impartial maintenance of the rights of labor and capital," are prominent planks in the platform. But it is already evident that the campaign will be largely waged on personal issues.

When the ordinary citizen's digestion has gone wrong, when his anatomical centre approaches the state of a cyclone centre, he scowls hideously at solid foods and bawls for the milk pitcher. For a day afterward, or till the doctor has him in charge, he speaks cryptically of "natural food" and the time on the farm when he "drank the milk fresh and foaming the way it ought to be drunk," and weeps over memories of untainted youth, apparently spent in imbibing incomparably creamy milk. He may even go so far as to get up at 4 A. M. and talk with the dairyman.

This beautiful reversion to nature has one difficulty under present conditions. Scientists find that there are something like a hundred thousand microbes to the teaspoonful of city milk; in bad cases, six millions of the deleterious aliens have been counted in a baby's swallow. To speak frankly and statistically, pure milk, such as was known to poets and farmers of the ancient régime, has passed into history with the dodo and free silver. Instead we now spar for time against the staphylococci and other small deer of equal minuteness of form and magnitude of title. And our battle is not always with the microbe, but often with the milkman. This battle is now on in San Francisco. The board of health thinks we ought to have milk up to the New York standard, but the dairymen think that is too high. They say 3.3 per cent. of butter fat is enough for anybody here, whereas the New Yorker drinks a fluid with 3.5 of butter fat. Just why we are not deserv-ing of as good milk as New York has not been explained. Since that city has enforced the regulations prepared by the board of health for the State, infant mortality has decreased amazingly, and adult fevers are almost unknown, compared to former times.

There is certainly no reason why we should not protect ourselves against the filthy, the ignorant, or the dishonest dairyman. We pay enough to get the best. We pay enough to have some assurance of the quality of our libation. To be sure, the milk commonly sold in San Francisco is healthful and good. Some of it is excellent. But there is plenty of it unfit for human food. Stanford University has had one experience with infected milk. This city should insist that no dairyman experiment on our alimentary canal with other micrococci than those allowed by the doctors.

Aside from a brief, casual, and apparently ineffective bombardment of Port Arthur, following the battle of last week, there have been no developments of importance in the Far Eastern war. The report of the landing of a large Japanese force on the Manchurian banks of the Yalu, and its repulse by the Russians, was later discredited. So have been vague reports of other actions on land and sea. The only really authentic war news of the week seems to be contained in Togo's official report of the action in which the *Petropavlovsk* was sunk, and in a Russian eye-witness's account of the same engagement. Togo makes it clear that the mines that blew up the Russian ship were laid by his torpedo-boats early in the morning of the thirteenth. He also shows why it was that Admiral Makaroff came out of the harbor to give battle to the fleet: a small and inferior Japanese force only was permitted to appear in the offing. When Makaroff pursued it a wireless message was sent the remainder of the fleet, which was lying hidden by the fog thirty miles away, and it approached at full speed, not, however, in time to prevent the Russian fleet

from gaining the harbor. It was a clever ruse, but it failed of its object. It, however, demonstrated the utility of wireless telegraphy in war. The wireless telegraph, in the opinion of the Russian Government, is not much of a blessing when in the hands of war-correspondents. It has notified the world at large that correspondents, on neutral steamers in Russian waters, having in their possession wireless telegraph apparatus, will, if caught, be treated as spies—that is, shot. This raises a new and important question regarding rights of neutrals in war, and it will doubtless only be settled after extended considerations by the various governments concerned.

No. 1 of Vol. 1 of the *Citizens' Alliance News* lies before us. It consists of four pages, and is dated San Francisco, May, 1904. It is, however, not yet a full-fledged newspaper, for it is not "entered at the San Francisco post-office as second-class matter," and lacks other essential features. It is rather a tract for hand to hand circulation.

The contents of the first number of the new journal is made up largely of reprinted articles on the Alliance's campaign in other cities. Some of the news, however, is of local origin. We learn that Herbert George, the president of the Alliance, has been unable to secure a large hall for a big public meeting, but has delivered many addresses to small audiences of employers in small halls. "I think this is the better plan," he says, "because at the small halls the audience can be more easily identified at the door." Another interesting item is that the Citizens' Alliance in Oakland has three thousand members. It is also stated that "eighty-five per cent. of the business people in San Francisco, who have signs on their windows or over their doors, belong to the Citizens' Alliance."

The most interesting article, however, is entitled "Think This Over," and offers some advice to the merchants of this city. It asserts that, for a few days, the Citizens' Alliance succeeded in inducing the *Bulletin* to print news of its progress; that then the unions threatened the *Bulletin* with a boycott if they continued doing so, and that the *Bulletin* acquiesced in the unions' demands. Mr. George comments as follows:

In view of the experience the *Bulletin* has had in the past, during troublous times, with the merchants of the city, who, we understand, gave it their hearty non-support in payment for its efforts in their behalf, we can not blame it for being ultra-conservative and careful.

The same merchants are to-day paying to the owner of a lecherous yellow journal, for advertising, fifty thousand dollars per month, thereby furnishing him capital with which to slowly, but surely, build a wall around the town.

This he is doing by aiding and abetting the worst element in organized labor in their arrogant, unlawful, and ever-encroaching demands upon the employers of labor in advocating the "closed shop" and in warning good, prospective citizens against coming to San Francisco because they do not belong to a union.

The merchants of San Francisco furnish the money to conduct a fight against themselves, to restrict their trade, and to eventually confiscate their property!

The articles on municipal socialism, appearing in these columns, have attracted some comments, at least. And it may be said that, while the *Argonaut* will not undertake to publish all that our correspondents may write, criticism is invited.

One gentleman doubts that San Francisco's reputation abroad is bad. If any self-satisfied San Franciscan is deluding himself with the belief that we are not a "bad lot" he had better study the expressions of the outside world. Right at hand is a late number of the *Chicago Chronicle* containing an editorial comment on one of our congressmen, in which these lines occur: "He is a product of the socialistic movement in San Francisco, which has made it at times a hot-bed of sedition and revolution."

"Hot-bed of sedition and revolution" are scarcely complimentary terms. Certainly they are not calculated to induce Chicago capital to seek secure investments here. And while the *Argonaut* can not fully indorse the statement above quoted, it must be conceded we have done something to encourage such a reputation.

And again, to-day we have two daily newspapers in San Francisco advocating openly and boastfully—as though serving the public good—the cause of socialism. They will deny it, but the socialist will not.

The International Socialist Convention, held in Paris in September, 1900, was not blind to the ultimate effects of the movement known as "municipal trading" or "municipal socialism," and the socialists in the uttermost end of the world were instructed to fight for their cause under cover of public ownership. If the citizen favoring this form of municipal endeavor would shrink from socialism itself, he must be taught, as said the *London Times*, "that he is playing the game of socialism to perfection," and is dragging his country toward a most unhappy condition. The International Social-

istic Conference at Paris issued their instructions to socialists, and they are pregnant with meaning:

Seeing that the term "municipal socialism" does not signify a special kind of socialism, but simply the application of the general principles of socialism to a particular department of political activity;

And seeing that the reforms connected therewith are not, and can not be, put forward as the realization of the Collectivist State, but that they are put forward as playing a part in a sphere of action which socialists can and should seize upon in order to prepare and facilitate the coming of the Collectivist State;

And seeing that the municipality can become an excellent laboratory of local economic activity, and, at the same time, a formidable political fortress for the use of local socialist majorities against the middle-class majority of the central authority when once substantial powers have been obtained;

The Congress declares:

That it is a duty of all socialists, without misunderstanding the importance of the wider political issues, to make clear to all the value of municipal activity, to recognize in all municipal reforms the importance which attaches to them as "embryos of the Collectivist State," and to endeavor to municipalize such public services as the urban transport service, education, shops, bakeries, medical assistance, hospitals, water supply, baths, and wash-houses, the food supply and clothing, dwellings for the people, the supply of motive power, public works, the police force, etc., and to see that these public services shall be model services as much from the point of view of the community as from that of the citizens who serve it.

A local journal recently drew attention to municipal socialism in London, declaring, among other things, that the London Council has in view the municipalization of all the transportation systems in the metropolis . . . involving "a public expenditure for this purpose of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million dollars."

So far as our advices go, reference to London and municipal socialism are unhappy. There are two systems of tramways in London now owned by the municipality. The southern system, which is the larger of the two, is operated by the council, the northern and smaller system is leased by the council to the North Metropolitan Tramway Company, a private corporation. Here we have in one municipality two municipal railways—one operated by the city and one by private enterprise. Surely a contrast of methods could not be put to a fairer test. There are no "different local conditions" that can apologetically be urged, as might be the case if two distant cities were used for comparison. If there be any disadvantage in the London case, it runs against the private corporation operating the smaller line. This is the showing made for one year: The private corporation pays into the City of London \$188,500 per year, while for the same year the tramway operated by the city paid into the city \$71,500, a difference of \$117,000. Commenting on this condition, Lord Avebury is quoted as saying: "*Prima facie*, it would seem that the rate taxpayers would benefit to the extent of over £20,000 a year if the London County Council were to lease the southern tramways instead of working them themselves."

In the thriving city of Birmingham, the manufacturers and citizens have come together and formed a "Trades and Property Association," the purposes of which are to protect trade and property from municipal extravagance and tax-aided competition; to prevent increase of the public debt; to prevent high official salaries, high taxes, and high rents.

This very respectable and very representative organization has issued a number of circulars "showing why Birmingham should not engage in tramway or any other trading, having regard to the losses incurred by other cities and towns as set forth within, causing constant increase of rates [taxes] and rents."

When a body of educated, thoughtful, earnest citizens organize to resist aggressions of this character, and go to the pains of preparing literature to combat its growth; when they are able to, and do, point out its fallacies, its evil effects, and lay their fingers on the sore spot of the system right at home among themselves, it is high time that far-away communities cease contemplating dipping into the same.

The pamphlet we have at hand opens with the statement that, in 1879, the municipal debt of England was about £150,000,000, and in 1898 was over £300,000,000, an increase of over one hundred per cent. in twenty years. In this one city (Birmingham) in 1884, the municipal debt was £7,000,000; in 1902, it was about £14,000,000, an increase of \$35,000,000 in seventeen years. The rate of taxation in Birmingham has risen to seven shillings sixpence in the pound, and is "constantly rising."

The municipal-ownership theory wherever put in practice does not attempt directly to "expropriate" the lighting, water, or railway plants; but immediately the property comes through purchase into the ownership of the city, it is no longer taxable. The sums of money annually collected from the private corporation in the way of taxes is then "spread out" and added to the tax bills of other taxpayers, a pure game of robbery or "expropriation." "Expropriation" by indirection to be sure, but nevertheless "expropriation."



## A BIG RED STEER.

The Story of When Understanding Cried Aloud at Frying Pan.

Wylackie Jake and I were seated on a bowlder near the summit of Hammer Horn. I was getting my breath back after our long and tiresome climb. Jake was rolling a cigarette.

"It begins to dawn on me," said I, "that we've had a tough climb of it."

"Without meanin' no offense," said he, "you remind me of some people that don't never understand a thing until they've been through it. Now you ought to a-knowed that this here mountain 'd be a mean climb by lookin' at it, but you come right along with me without doin' any investigatin' yourself, an' now that you're up here, you begin to talk about it a-comin' slowly over your system that you've had a tough climb."

He paused, finished rolling his cigarette, and blew out a cloud of smoke. I looked over the vast expanse of mountain waste. All around us were mountains piled on mountains, vast tracts of forest verdure—a wilderness ocean mingling with the blue sky.

"Your condition of mind an' your remark you just tooted forth," said my guide, "reminds me of a little happenin'. You see that ridge away to the south there?"

I assented.

"That's where pretense an' sham stops," he continued. "Over beyond it is a little mean world where men pretend they're good an' honest an' upright, an' nobody there's got the nerve for to call their bluff. An' so they go through life a sayin' what they don't think an' a-thinkin' what they don't say. They gold-brick the widow an' the orphan an' the poor into believin' that they've shore got their interests at heart, when their own interests is all they're a-lookin' out for. They use biled shirts an' white ties an' silk hats as part of their tools."

"On this side of that ridge a man's rated at what he is. There aint so much crowdin' an' trampin', an' you can stand off a hundred yards an' study your friends an' acquaintances an' enemies. This a-bein' so, everybody gets rated proper. So long as you're quick an' clever here you'll get along, but you musn't never make a botch of what you're about. We all here 'll stand anything but failure. Now I'm a rustler by occupation. Everybody in Round Valley knows it one way an' another, an' I don't deny it, but does that put me under ground? Shore not. I've never been seen a rustlin', an' I've never been caught with the goods. Consequence is, I'm set down as a successful man. If I done petty or mean stealin' I'd shore get caught, an' probably have a piece of hemp put around my lily white neck an' a crowd of admirin' friends at the other end, an' the limb of a tree as my roostin' place. When it was all over, them same friends 'd put me down as a victim of luck."

"But I'm a successful rustler on a big scale. Over on the other side of the ridge if I done petty or aggravatin' stealin' they'd send me to jail an' look down on me. But if I coralled a million or so of somebody else's dollars, no matter what way, an' give some of it to a college I'd have my phiz in the papers an' a statue in a square. If I done the things over there I do here, they'd say I was tough instead of ratin' me as a man no worse than the next one if he had my nerve. All of which leads me to again say that, whatever you do out here do it well, or don't do it at all. If you're a-goin' to sell liquor to Injuns do up the job right. Don't bluff about it nor theorize nor temporize. Just sell it to 'em. If you're a-goin' to rustle, why rustle along the lines that common sense dictates is best. This all leads me to what I'm a-goin' to tell you about."

"They's quite a bunch of fellows that works for Frank Bell that thinks they're better 'n the rest of us around here. They all air quick on the trigger, good buckaroos, an' first-class bronco twisters. But they've got a lot of ideas that aint native to the soil here, an' that's where the trouble comes in. They shore has it in for rustlers like me an' Alf Redfield, Tom Freeman an' Jack Wilson an' Ernie Mason an' Sam Blaine is always a-lookin' for Wylackie Jake an' Alf Redfield's sign. Me an' Alf knows the mountains thoroughly. We don't need no landmarks. That's where we've got the best of the other fellows—all but Ernie Mason; him a-havin' herded sheep from North Yalloy Bally to Sanhedrin, knows the mountains first class."

"One time four fellows was out a-roundin' up some of Bell's stock, an' some how or other they got the idea into their noodles that me an' Alf had rustled a big, red steer—the prince of the band. For onc't me an' Alf was as innocent as I was of tryin' to bushwhack ol' Jack Johnson the time they had me up for that. Me an' Alf was a-huntin' away over on Windy Mountain, an' them four buckaroos was a-makin' Joe Meder's cabin on Frying Pan Flat their headquarters. They come out boldly an' accused me an' Alf of concealin' the steer. I told 'em we didn't know what 'd become of their old longhorn, an' that I hoped the day 'd come when that fact 'd be brought home to 'em real suddenly. I knowed they didn't, or wouldn't, believe a word of what I told 'em, and so I hoped for somethin' real tumin' in the divulin' line."

"They's some people that don't seem to be able to round up nothin' proper. You have to go at 'em like 'em was a-goin' quartz minin'. You have to dig through their hair an' then you have to drill through

their skull an' then set off a big blast of giant powder where the thinker works before you can make 'em understand. Some people just nacherally has to have the whole universe put into a uproar before they'll learn anything. You shore has to arm yourself with a scantlin' an' knock 'em down before they'll believe anything. I don't like people that's hard of hearin'. I'm down on mutes, an' I aint got no use for gabblers. These here people that acts wise because they don't know no better hadn't ought to be allowed around."

"Me an' Alf had a sneakin' idea where the steer was, but we all decided to find him an' bring him home to the lilies of the valley in a startlin' way, rather than to tell 'em about our idea. We talked the matter over an' decides that we'd hit the understandin' of them fellows about the same way a mushroom bullet hits a buck, an' that's a-hittin' in a sudden sort of a way."

"So the next afternoon me an' Alf went out to hunt the big red steer. I thought I knowed where he was, an' so we didn't waste no time a-lookin' an' circlin' around for his tracks. I knowed he was somewhere in Cottonwood Cañon. That wouldn't be very useful information to everybody, because Cottonwood Cañon aint got no bottom to it, an' it's all cut up with rock slides an' timber patches an' precipices an' bowlders an' brush thickets. Why you could put a thousand big red steers in there an' not find hide nor hair of 'em unless you was a shore expert buckaroo. I knowed the steer was in the vicinity of a big deer lick a long way down, for I'd seen him there several times while huntin'. If Tom an' Jack an' Ernie an' Sam 'd treated me like one man to another, I'd a told 'em where he was. But when a fellow accuses me of stealin' when I aint guilty, I'm not a-goin' out of my way to help him round up what he's a huntin' for."

"Me an' Alf slid down into that cañon pretty fast. Our horses shore had to dig into the loose rock to keep from goin' down a-flyin'. They grunted an' sweated an' snorted an' coughed. After a mighty long time we all come close up to the deer lick. Three or four ol' does with their fawns, an' a young buck or two hiked out like sixty. I looks around, an' up on the mountain side across the creek was the hunk of beef with the red hide on. He was a-sniffin' an' lookin' around, the way a steer will. I give a whoop an' rode at him an' he rolled his tail for the high spots, an' me an' Alf a follerin', hollerin' like a couple of buck Injuns at a Injun dance. That steer just nacherally seemed to think that all the buckaroos in the valley was a-chasin' him, an' he just run to beat hell. My pinto aint very young, but he's old enough to understand the ways of a two-year-ol' steer. A horse don't have to be very well up in years to be able to do that. Of course, the steer run in the wrong direction. They always do. My old pinto makes a circle to head him off, an' Alf's roan done the same. It was risky business. If you aint been in Cottonwood Cañon you don't know how it lays. They's only one cañon in all this here country that's rougher, an' that's Devil's Cañon off east of Red Mountain. Our broncos was in danger, an' we was in danger all the time. A misstep might 've put us on the list of missin'. After a long run I got just above the steer an' like a fool throws my rope over his horns. My horse stops short, the way a cow-horse should, an' set back on his tail, an' the big red steer stopped like a choo-choo that's run into a bowlder on the track. His sudden stop pulls my horse down the steep mountain-side, an' afore I knowed it, I found myself a-slidin' just in front of the horse. We was both aimed straight for the steer. He wasn't a-gettin' up in a quick an' lively manner. Fact was the shock had almost knocked his daylight out. Alf comes a-tearin', an' whoopin', an' scairt the life back into the steer, an' he come right for me 's soon as he could get up. I pulls my gun, an' was a-goin' to kill some fresh beef, when Alf let his rope fly an' caught the long-lost steer around the neck. He wasn't active an' agile-like after Alf give him a yank that pulled his props out from under him. I gathered myself an' my horse together an' rides behind the docile animal, the same a-havin' his eyes a-bulgin' out an' his tongue a-stickin' forth. When he draws back I cracks him in the flank with my shore enough Stetson."

"Now we was shore like rustlers, an' if our friends had a-come along we'd a-been caught in such a way we couldn't a-had nothin' to say. But we knowed them fellows 'd gone to North Yalloy Bally that day, an' so we was safe from 'em as from the sheriff, him a-bein' in Red Bluff, seventy miles away. We drove an' led our steer along as if it was a suckin' calf. Onc't in a while he'd try some funny business, but by the time his ol' top-knot cracked the ground four or five times, he seen he was up against a couple of buckaroos that shore knowed their business. We led and drug him up out of the cañon an' across the saddle, an' then over on the south side of Windy. We finally got him to our camp, an' tied him to a pine tree, where he bellered an' bawled an' pawed the dust. We all got supper, an' then I told Alf to turn in an' let me set by the fire an' figure out how to bring it home to Tom an' Jack an' Ernie an' Sam that they was mistaken about us a-takin' the steer. Alf knowed I'd think up some startlin' way. Him an' me has butted around together so long that each has implicit confidence in the other on such a lay-out. So Alf rolled up in his blankets an' commenced to saw logs, while me an' the big red steer sat up an' ruminated about how we'd surprise the boys at Joe Meder's cabin the next mornin'. I sat on a log in front of the fire an' rolled cigarettes an' looked into the bright flame, a-thinkin' an' a-figurin'.

I guess I figured on nigh onto fifty schemes, an' none of 'em didn't suit. I was just about ready to give up an' let the steer loose, when a idea struck me that was so good an' genuine I near hugged myself. That's the way with ideas. A lot of measly, ornery ones come a-troopin' down the trail a-sendin' up dust an' a-makin' noise, bellerin' an' bawlin', an' you shore decides they aint any of 'em worth roundin' up, an' after a while, when the dust's cleared away, along comes one about sixteen hands high, weighin' about twelve hundred pounds, with his hide all shinin' an' a good light in his eye, an' you shore lets your rope fly an' makes him your'n. That was the way it was with me. I kicked the fire so 's it flared up, rolled a final coffin-tack, an' then went to snoozin' on my spruce-bough bed."

"Away early I wakes up an' kicks Alf out, an' told him to help me prepare for an early morning surprise-party over at Joe Meder's cabin. Alf growled about me a-gettin' him up at such an unearthly hour, but I says, 'Alf, my idea 's a-goin' to be carried out. We've got to get over to the cabin mighty early, an' before any of them boys is a-stirrin'. After we get there, if my theories is carried out, they'll be a stirrin' an' steppin' around pretty lively. We'll furnish the beef for the surprise-breakfast, an' the boys over there can put up the flapjacks an' coffee.'

"Alf, he wanted me to tell him all about it, but I wouldn't give my plan away even to him. I told him to do just as I told him an' he would shore get animation for his money. Alf knowed I was a-givin' it to him straight, an' he closed up as tight as a old bear in a tree, middle of winter. We cinched our saddles onto our horses, an' then rode over to see how our captive prince was a-gettin' on. He was shore mighty ugly, but me an' Alf was uglier. Whenever you run up against somethin' that don't just understand your ways, an' backs up an' balks an' rairs an' paws the air, just back up an' balk an' rair an' paw the air worse then it does, an' it'll walk right up an' eat out of your hand. Shore, that's a good workin' rule."

"I slipped the noose offen the tree, an' Mr. Steer gave a jump like he was a-howlin' cougar a-lookin' for fawn meat. I was a-expectin' some such move an' so was my old pinto, an' the steer wasn't a-lookin' for ugly action from us. When he jumped, my old pinto sat right down on his haunches, I wraps the riata around the horn of the saddle, an' the steer stood on his head like he was an acrobat. He got up an' looked kind of cowed, which was proper, him a-belongin' to the cow family."

"I told Alf to bring my red blanket, an' Alf never asked what for. He done just as I told him. We all drove an' led the steer up Windy from the south, an' then down toward Frying Pan Flat. Joe Meder's cabin is at the north end of the flat, an' faces south."

"The stars had just closed up for the day, an' a blue-jay began a-jawin' at a chipmunk. Our old steer wasn't very much on the fight by now, but I loved before we got done with him he'd be most ready to charge a snarlin' old grizzly. I led the meat up to within about a hundred feet of the cabin door, an' then turned the riata over to Alf. I now gets offen my old pinto an' leads him over behind some young pine-trees, an' left him a-standin'."

"Now Alf, I whispers, 'you give me that red blanket.' Alf done it. 'Now slip the riata loose.' Alf done that. 'Now hike to them pines an' watch the proceedin'.' Alf left me. The steer, he didn't know just what to do. I remembers now about Spanish an' Mexican bull-fights, an' shore decides to import one to Frying Pan Flat, California, an' so I waves the blanket wildly. The steer, he just pawed the dust up a instant, an' put his head down an' come for me. I run as fast as a buckaroo can run, and the steer comes a-chargin'. I made my way right toward the door of the little log cabin, the steer right behind. He wasn't ten feet from the door, an' I give the blanket a final wave right in front of him, an' dodged behind the cabin. Him a-havin' his eyes shut, he just nacherally knocked the door right in as if he was a batterin'-ram, an' I guess he just plowed through that cabin. I made my way toward the clump of pines where my horse was, the steer a-bellerin' somethin' frightful meanwhile, an' somebody in the cabin a-yellin' an' a-cussin'. When I got to my horse, I looked around, and what met my eyes was shore a pleasin' sight to me. Tom Freeman come out of one window, an' Jack Wilson out of the other. Sam Blaine back-tracked the steer an' come out of the door, an' Ernie Mason popped up through the wide chimney. The big red candidate for the slaughter-house bawled an' bawled inside of the cabin for a minute or two, an' then he backed out an' gave chase to Tom an' Jack an' Sam, they all a-havin' on red underclothes. Them three boys all hiked out in three different directions for trees, an' Ernie sat astride of the roof, an' whooped an' hollered an' jawed an' laughed. Ernie has got a-likin' for a joke when it aint on himself. The fellows on the ground clumb trees like scairt bob-cats when dogs gets after 'em. The steer took up a position midway between the trees, an' pawed an' bellowed an' shook his head. Ernie, he began to get ready to get off the roof for a gun, I suppose."

"Now Alf, said I to him, 'come on.'

"We rode down onto the flat from the pine thicket."

"Jake," says Tom Freeman, 'the long lost is found. We hunters has been hunted up by the hunted. It's a steer on us, Jake. Drive him away, an' you an' Alf come in an' we'll have breakfast.'

GEORGE SAM EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1904.



## HEARST, THE MAN.

Something About His Personality and Methods—His Record in Congress—How the Old-Line Democrats Regard Him—His Sumptuous Offices in Washington—Is Really Shy.

Any other man but a newspaper proprietor who was as much talked about as William Randolph Hearst would be the subject in the public prints of innumerable articles bearing upon his personality, his methods of work, and his career. Whether Hearst finally wins or loses, his candidacy will have been a unique incident in American history. Yet you shall search in vain in the magazines or the newspapers for an article purporting to inform rather than instruct—that is, until within the last few weeks. At last, however, some of the metropolitan journals have permitted their Washington correspondents to present a picture of Congressman Hearst to their readers, and the *Era* magazine has added to the public's information about Hearst, the man, by printing an article from the pen of Edward Bruce Channing. The New York *Times's* Washington correspondent is responsible for this sketch of Hearst in Congress:

Hearst's position in Congress is strange and isolated. He is not a "mixer," and the majority of the Democrats are as aloof from him as he from them. As a Presidential candidate it should be expected that he would be the centre of a knot of politicians seeking conference and counsel whenever he enters the hall, that he would be a marked man, his opinion sought, his handshake desired. Yet he goes the usual road of new congressmen, sought only by his own little clique of friends, as is the custom with all legislative tyros. When he comes into the hall, he sits chatting with his friend Hughes or Livernash, unsought and unregarded, and when he arises to go his progress to the door is uncheckered by any eager partisan seeking light or pledging support.

Nor does he make any impression on Congress or on the Democratic minority by his advocacy of his own views on public questions. He makes these fights now and then, and as soon as he begins one all the old warriors take their seats, a silence falls on them, and Hearst and his supporters have the field entirely to themselves.

Mr. Hearst's activities in Congress have not been marked, as will appear from "the record of a modest young statesman," printed by the *Sun*:

Speeches delivered .....	0
Incidental remarks .....	0
Motions and points of order .....	0
Reports made .....	0
Petitions and papers presented .....	0
Resolutions introduced .....	1
Bills introduced .....	0
Whole number of roll calls since November 9th..	25
Mr. Hearst voted either Yea or Nay .....	6
Mr. Hearst recorded as "Not voting" .....	19

Three of the six votes credited to Mr. Hearst since November 9, 1903, occurred on the same day. It appears, therefore, that, during the five months of his legislative career, there have been at least four different days when the official journal recorded his presence and vote upon the business of the House.

However, if Hearst has made no speeches and voted only a few times, he has not been entirely a passive member of the Lower House of Congress. Witness this description by a *Times* correspondent of one of his "fights":

The most picturesque side of Hearst's life in Congress is seen when a fight comes up on one of his pet measures. A single example will serve—the time when the "Hearst Brigade" attempted to add the eight-hour law to the naval appropriation bill, and thus flank the Republican plan of eternal oratory in the labor committee.

Mr. Hearst surprised everybody by coming in, and there was the usual craning of necks in the gallery and the usual ostentatious indifference on the floor. Then began one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed in Congress, and one absolutely without precedent.

Without uttering a word except in a whisper; sitting on the small of his back with one knee in the air, and apparently having nothing to do with the debate, for three-quarters of an hour he kept the House in a turmoil. He issued assignments to his congressional friends, just as he issues assignments to his reporters in his newspaper office, first to one and then to another; only instead of assignments to write "stories," they were assignments to offer amendments, make speeches, or rise to parliamentary points.

The old-line Democrats looked on silently at the curious scene. The members of the "Hearst Brigade" would come over to their chief one after another and get their assignments. Immediately afterward the man assigned to the work would arise and throw a new bomb into the Republican side. All this time the chief never changed his position except once, when he walked around to give an assignment personally to Mr. Livernash, who was formerly a reporter on Mr. Hearst's San Francisco paper. Throughout the fight, unversed and unsophisticated tourists in the galleries never suspected that the silent man sitting crouched in his chair had anything to do with the fight, much less that he was the head centre of it.

He played on the House like a piano, and succeeded amply in his purpose—to put the Republicans on record against the eight-hour bill. There was a scene of confusion which attested how thoroughly the Republicans were scared, and at last they were forced to the expedient of depriving Hearst's supporter Hughes the floor.

It was an extraordinary sight. He and his bandful of supporters were the whole show, and no debate so run has ever been witnessed in the House. It was unique, like all the curiosities of the Hearst boom. When it was over and the eight-hour bill was beaten, Hearst put his hands into his pockets and lounged out.

The scene no longer interested him, and when the roll call came on the passage of the bill he was absent, paired with Hepburn. But for three-quarters of an hour a man who had never uttered a word had been the dominating figure of the House.

Here is an interesting description of Hearst—for those who have not seen him—quoted from the New York *Herald*:

Fully six feet tall (perhaps a little more), weighing about two hundred pounds, broad shouldered, deep chested, clean shaven, almost boyish in his looks, he has the appearance of a typical college athlete, although in his forty-second year. In manner Mr. Hearst is the polished gentleman. He greets you quietly, but cordially, in a rather high pitched but musical voice, shakes your hand heartily, and looks you over keenly and swiftly while conversing. He is as polite—almost to being apologetic—to his office-boy as he is to his colleagues in Congress or to a United States senator from whom he might desire a favor.

The allegation that Hearst is really "shy" comes without animus from a *Times* correspondent, who says:

Inquiry has been made among Hearst's friends, based on a statement of Walter Wellman's, that he can not even talk to his friends, and that public men who have met him are disgusted. Discarding all which might be tinged with interested motives, here are two answers which were certainly made in good faith:

"Hearst is a man with ideas," said one; "he knows what he wants, has ideas on public policies, and can talk about them. The articles signed by him may be written by others, but he has decided views, and is a good talker."

"I have never been able to get an idea out of him," said another, "and I don't know to this day whether he has any or not. Every time any one broaches a public question to him the conversation flags, and he doesn't seem able to carry it on. But this doesn't prove that he has no ideas; you know he is bashful, and it may be due to that."

And strange as it sounds, it is true. Hearst himself is shy. He suffers in the presence of the men he meets. Personally, from all accounts, he is a kindly and courteous gentleman, considerate of those about him, gentle in his dealings with men.

As an instance of Hearst's unflagging industry, the *Herald* correspondent gives this list of Hearst's activities during one week:

Monday was devoted to conferences with leaders and the conduct of his business affairs in New York. Monday night saw him at his desk until long after midnight in Washington. Tuesday morning he was in his seat in Congress. On Wednesday night he held a conference with William Jennings Bryan in Chicago. On Friday he was again at the national capital. All day Saturday until late at night he was in his office in Washington. During the time he is in that office he will receive as many as forty or fifty callers a day.

The *Herald* correspondent also gives an interesting description of Hearst's headquarters in Washington:

They are in the building of the Washington *Post*, and are furnished in palatial style. The outer room is the reception-room, magnificently carpeted and finished in oak, and the shrewdest of office-boys is installed as sentry. Passing out of this on the right the visitor wishing to see Mr. Hearst is ushered into a room luxuriantly furnished, where is a young woman typewriter, the amanuensis of Mr. Hearst's private secretary, L. J. O'Reilly, a clean-shaven, polite, suave, and diplomatic gentleman of a somewhat ecclesiastical appearance. He occupies a private room carpeted, papered, and colored in green tints, furnished throughout in quartered oak, with a private telephone and every convenience for the transaction of business. His campaign is being conducted with great secrecy as to its inner workings and details, so much so that newspaper correspondents in Washington never approach Mr. O'Reilly for information, that gentleman having made it known that he is "opposed to publicity."

Mr. O'Reilly gives all other callers a hearty welcome, and listens to the visitor seated at a desk piled high with correspondence and documents, with the gravest and most polite attention. Should it be the visitor's first call it will be necessary to convince him of the importance of the mission before the visitor can pass into the next room, which is assigned to Mr. Ihmsen, Mr. Hearst's campaign manager, should that gentleman be in town. His sanctum is also magnificently furnished in antique black oak, the walls and velvet pile carpet being of green and the richly upholstered furniture being in dark red leather.

This room communicates by a door immediately into Mr. Hearst's private office. This apartment is fitted and furnished in the most costly and elaborate style. The chairs, lounges, and woodwork are of mahogany, and the upholstery is of dark red leather. The carpet, walls, and ceiling are in shades running from dark red to pink. Thus the color scheme of the offices is green and red.

On the mantel, which surmounts an open tiled fireplace, are two silver statues of Liberty, presented to Mr. Hearst by Western admirers. In the centre of the room is a large table desk, at which Mr. Hearst does his work, seated between two massive and elaborate lamps of wrought iron work, surmounted by shades of softly tinted pink and opalescent glass. On the desk is a telephone.

In one corner of the room is a small mahogany table, on which are telegraph instruments connected with the leased wires to Mr. Hearst's various newspaper offices, over which he communicates with his political and editorial lieutenants, and personally directs every night the "make-up" of the first pages of all his daily papers before leaving for his home. This home was formerly the residence of Secretary of War Root. It is in Jackson Place, immediately opposite the White House.

When in Washington, Mr. Hearst rarely reaches his home before three o'clock in the morning. He is a tireless worker, although he would not so impress a stranger at first sight.

Mr. Channing tells the following anecdote illustrative of Hearst's courtesy:

Men who are employed by Mr. Hearst are extremely loyal to him, and one of them told me recently that one reason for this was Mr. Hearst's constant courtesy and consideration. "He never sends a telegram of instruction to any of his special correspondents," said one of his editors to me recently, "without always introducing the message by the word 'please.' I remember once when I was on the opposite side of the world—and cablegrams to me cost one dollar and twenty-five cents a word—of receiving a message from Mr. Hearst, which began with the words, 'Will you kindly—'"

Such, superficially, is the personality of W. R. Hearst as painted by some of his business rivals and political opponents.

The office of coroner has been abolished in New York through a bill introduced by Senator Elsberg. The Elsberg bill provides that a third bureau of the board of health shall be created, which shall comprise a chief medical examiner, with assistants, which shall be known as the "Bureau of Medical Examiners of the Department of Health." All the appointments to that division shall be made by the board under the civil-service rules, and functions of the examiners shall be limited to the determination of the actual cause of death. The purely criminal aspects of any case are to be left entirely to the police, district attorney, and grand jury. The New York papers have been almost unanimous in supporting the change. The State of Massachusetts was the first to get along without coroners, and New Jersey has also found them unnecessary.

A loon was shot recently in Connecticut, and when it was opened, twelve hours later, five salt-water frogs were found inside it. Three of them were alive and frisky, while the others were in a comatose state, and afterward died.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, has been elected a foreign member of the Società degli Spelloscopisti Italiani.

Lieutenant Charles M. McIsaac, adjutant of the First Battalion of the Eighth Regiment of Massachusetts militia, has received an appointment as instructor in the new Chinese imperial forces, with a captain's commission.

First Lieutenant Rudolph E. Sniper, of the Fourteenth Cavalry, is believed to be the youngest commissioned officer in the United States army. He was born December 5, 1882.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is now in Montreal, the guest of Sir Charles and Lady Ross, will tour Canada to the Pacific Coast. The duke is said to be the largest landholder in the British islands, owning about 1,358,000 acres.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick will make her home in Alabama, and perhaps in Mobile—where she has a dozen relatives who believe in her innocence—when she is free to leave England, which probably will be within the next three months. This is stated upon the authority of one of Mrs. Maybrick's cousins. This relative further says: "Mrs. Maybrick has never mentioned to me her intention or desire to write a book. She will shun all publicity and all prominence."

Mark Twain is not studying Italian; he does not consider it necessary, even though he is domiciled in Florence for some time to come. "I can not speak the language," he recently explained; "I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The 'help' are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair I throw in an Italian word when I have one."

Not many of our great men have been recognized as such by so many distinguished authorities at home and abroad as Secretary Hay. President Hart, of Harvard, recently paid him a warm tribute. He won the admiration of even the Colombian statesman, Reyes, whose mission was so unsuccessful. And now the Paris *Temps*, among other European journals, eulogistically reviews his career. The *Temps*, oddly enough, alludes in enthusiastic terms to "Little Breeches," and refers to his political career as that of an ideal minister of foreign affairs, and of one who stands head and shoulders above all other American Secretaries of State since Mr. Seward. The *Temps* manifests some uneasiness at the results from the strictly American standpoint of American intelligence, wealth, energy, and imperialism directed by such a strong combination as the brilliant, earnest personality of Roosevelt as the chief executive, and backed by a sound, long-headed statesman like Hay, saturated with experience and imbued with the ideas and training of Abraham Lincoln.

M. Doumer, France's "coming man," who, if he wishes, can be the next premier, and who at the present moment is the leader in the race for the presidency of the republic, is a remarkable figure. The son of working people, who could afford to give him only an elementary education, and who brought him up to the trade of a working locksmith, it was not easy for him to fill up the vacant educational gaps. But he did it by dint of privation and hard work, part of the money he earned as a workman going to pay for his books and instruction. Thanks to this, he eventually passed his examination as a *bachelier*, and thereupon abandoned his trade as a locksmith, and became a journalist, realizing that in France, more than anywhere else, that "journalism leads to everything providing one does not stick to it too long." He wrote for some time with great success for the *Progrès de St. Quentin*, a local paper, and his talent as a journalist was his first stepping-stone to fame. Paris followed, and he became editor of the *Voltaire*, and shortly after entered political life.

Vassili Verestchagin, the celebrated painter, who was among those lost by the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* at Port Arthur, was a man in many ways remarkable. Few modern painters have been more discussed or had a larger "audience" for their pictures. His name is indelibly connected with scenes of war, and he spent a considerable part of his life following the route of armies or studying the localities where great battles were fought. The painter's mission, as he conceived it, was to depict the horrors of war, in their grim truth, in order that the world might learn how cruel and wicked a thing it is for armed men to be sent out to do battle against one another. A certain coldness of color always stood in the way of his acceptance as a painter in the highest sense. He was more interested in ideas, in facts, in doctrines, than in form and color for their own sake. He set upon canvas, in moving terms, the mournful spectacle of Jewish pilgrims weeping at the walls of Jerusalem; he showed how treacherous sepoys were blown from the mouths of cannon in India; he depicted the lonely death, in driving snow, of Russian sentries; he drew an imaginative composition of Colonel Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. That was his last notable work. Verestchagin was born in 1842, and leaves a wife and four children.



## UNESCORTED WOMEN IN GOTHAM.

The Change That Has Come About—Women May Now Go Out Alone—  
Safe Even Late at Night—Dangerous Localities—Simple  
Dress Best—How One Woman Avoids Trouble.

One of the most noticeable of changes that have taken place in New York within the last seven or eight years is the way ladies—young and good-looking ones—go about unescorted in the evening. Of all the signs of the Emancipation of the Human Female it is one of the most marked and meaningful. The Freedom of the Latchkey was not more significant—the Revolt of the Daughters no more revolutionary.

Even as short a time back as five years ago, it was regarded as fast, not to say dangerous, for two women—between twenty-five and forty—to go out alone together to the theatre. There was a sense of peril about the enterprise that, to the timid, was alarming, and to the bold had its charm. You, so to speak, committed yourself to the deep, and passed from the sphere of the known and familiar, to that of the adventurous, not to say sinister. You went both ways in a carriage, which left you at the theatre door, and was waiting there for you when you came out, and it was understood that your costume and demeanor must be sedate, if not actually funereal. Afterward your friends asked you about it, and seemed quite disappointed when you told them that no desperate man had followed you like a sleuth hound, proffering love in a low, hissing whisper.

This has all changed now. Women go to the theatre in pairs, even as men do, and when I say women, I mean young, good-looking, and well-bred ones. They go exceedingly well-dressed, and they go both ways in the cars—provided, that is, that they live in the same house or close together. There are even daring, fearless spirits, who, at midnight, will walk a few blocks alone, leaving their more timorous companion on her doorstep, and continuing their way to their own abode, which may be a ten minutes' walk farther along. A young married woman of my acquaintance, still in her twenties, and very handsome, told me she often walked home alone at eleven from her sister's, a distance of six or seven blocks, and that no one had ever noticed, much less accosted her.

There are women who are very fond of telling you of the lurid adventures which have attended their walks through populous cities, and the somewhat embarrassing tribute paid to their charms by unknown gentlemen. Some are frankly lying, while others have deceived themselves. Just before I went to Paris, I met a fairly good-looking English lady in London, who told me no woman could walk unattended in the streets of Paris without attracting to herself the most mortifying attentions. She, personally, always stayed in her room at the hotel till her husband was free from business, and then he guardedly took her out for a walk, protecting her by his presence from the admiring men who dogged their steps. I had a sort of mental vision of the husband beating them off as Rizpah beat the eagles off her dead sons, and it made me look forward to my Parisian existence with uneasiness, not to say apprehension, for I had no husband to protect me. I would have to do the beating myself.

The first day I went out alone in Paris I was pale with fear, for I at least expected to be egregiously insulted, probably kidnaped. And nothing at all happened! No one took the least notice of me. I felt quite disappointed—rather small and cheap. After I had roamed about for an hour and not one ogle had been directed toward me, I found myself in a hurt, almost aggrieved state of mind. I don't know whether it was because it was so evident that my attractions were not of as bewitching a character as those of the Englishwoman, or whether it was that I felt I'd been the victim of a high-colored and picturesque deception.

Numberless women in New York will talk to you as my English friend did. They will tell you they wouldn't dare go out alone after dark. One said this to me, the other day, and I asked her what she thought was going to happen, and then I still further enraged her by saying she reminded me of Holmes's poem on his Maiden Aunt—"What could this lovely creature do against a desperate man!" Since this conversation we are not so friendly. Ladies in New York, as in all great cities, are often spoken to. The other evening, pausing for a car to pass on the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Fifth Avenue, I was accosted by an elderly party of stout build and with a singularly husky voice. He paid me a compliment on my personal appearance, which was really of so gallant and discriminating a nature that I was quite flattered, and would like to have turned round and politely thanked him and told him I was glad to see he had such good taste. But the car passed, and I did, too, flitting away into the dusk and the crowd.

Of course, there are parts of the city—not distant or forbidding—where a lady might have unpleasant adventures if she walked there alone after dark. One is cautioned by the aborigines against these localities: that portion of Broadway which runs down from Forty-fifth to Twenty-Third Street, and most of the streets branching therefrom on the west side. South Washington Square has a bad name, and certainly just off it extend sinister-looking slums, full of a low class of negro and foreigner. Yet I know girls who live all along this stretch of the park, and go home alone at night from dinners, from visits to one another's rooms, and sometimes from the theatre, and claim that they have never met with unpleasant word or look, and

that the locality is a perfectly safe one for a respectable female to pass through.

This revolutionary freedom of movement has been developed by necessity. Every year the number of feminine workers in New York grows larger. A majority of them are without husbands, and range in age from girls in their teens to widows and divorcees in their sixties. Among these the journalists and doctors had from the first to claim immunity from the convention which made it impossible for them to be out alone after dark. Their work took them abroad at all hours. The journalists sometimes did not get home from their newspapers till nearly midnight. The doctors were called out on cases at any time from sunset till dawn. The small hand-bag they carried, like the nurse's uniform and the nun's habit, protected them, indicating their profession and errand. Before the lone woman was permitted to pass unnoticed through the night streets, many feminine wage-earners, whose work called them out late, carried the doctor's grip as a protection.

But the numerous women now in New York, who have got no male impedimenta and don't want to sit home in the chimney corner every evening, are rapidly removing the prejudice against the unescorted female. Men, too, have become accustomed to the sight of her, and take no notice of her. Where, five years ago, the appearance of two young, pretty, and well-dressed women riding alone in a car at, say ten o'clock at night, would have been a matter of staring comment and curiosity, to-day nobody pays any attention to them. They are all over the city, drawn from every class of independent, unattached femininity, from the shop-girls in the Sixth Avenue department-stores, to the "bachelor maids" of large means, who have smart flats and studios along the park.

That now and then an unpleasant *rencontre* does mar the joy of independent wandering is true. Women of a striking appearance, not necessarily handsome, but fast or conspicuous-looking, will sometimes be made the object of attentions which are embarrassing, to say the least of it. I know a blonde-haired young matron here, a mild and kindly creature, pure as the icicle on Diana's Temple, and high-minded as Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, who is continually being spoken to, followed, and complimented by the masculine riff-raff that hangs about the streets where the large shops are. She told me that the way she eluded her admirers, who sometimes were not to be shaken off, was to go into one of the big department-stores, thread quickly the maze of counters and passages, and make her exit by a side or back door. Only a person conversant with the geography of the store and very fleet of foot could follow her. She said she had found this much more simple and effectual than expostulations with the man, or threats to apply to a policeman.

Another point of which the women who go about alone have to be careful is the style and color of their costume. One may safely and comfortably wander about town after dark if one is handsome, young, and graceful. But if one is conspicuously or richly dressed, one had better stay at home. This is one of the fixed laws with the women whose work calls them out after nightfall. Their raiment is of the darkest and simplest, and, moreover, certain styles are shunned by them. A trained skirt is not to be commended, nor anything lacy or fluffy. A lady of my acquaintance told me that she had once possessed a box coat when that garment was in fashion, and had to give up wearing it in the evening because she was so constantly spoken to and followed. Dark clothes, simple and neat, are the correct uniform for night travel. To realize this, one has only to ride on any of the surface cars from six to eleven and note the prevalence of black in the clothing of the unescorted girls and women.

Where a prejudice does still exist against the nocturnally unprotected female is in the restaurants. No good up-town restaurant will allow one or more unescorted women in after six. You may go there for lunch, and you may go there for tea, but for dinner—that's another story! It is really more in this question of meals that the lone woman feels her solitary state than in any other. Outside Pursell's and some of the hotels, there is no good restaurant in New York where a woman may comfortably and unconspicuously dine alone. Down town, round the bohemian quarter, there are a good many queer foreign table d'hôtes where this can be done, but the dinner is generally bad, and one runs a risk of having a stranger put at one's table, which the stranger resents as much as you do.

NEW YORK, April 11, 1904.

Henry Marr, just a plain farmer, who lives near Columbus, Bartholomew County, Ind., is the centre man of the population of the whole United States. The census bureau has found that the exact centre of population at the census of 1900 was in latitude 39 degrees 9 minutes and 36 seconds north, longitude 85 degrees 48 minutes and 54 seconds west. If a person is desirous of visiting the spot a better idea of its location can be got by asking most any resident of Columbus. Almost invariably the answer to such a question will be: "Five miles south-west of Columbus in Hen Marr's barn lot." The centre was recently marked by a monument erected by an Indianapolis paper.

Connecticut anglers were dynamiting the frozen earth to get worms for trout fishing, the season for which opened on the first of April.

## OLD FAVORITES.

[Guy Wetmore Carryl, whose death at the age of thirty-one occurred in New York a few weeks ago, published, during his brief career, a number of volumes of humorous verse distinguished for ease and grace. He was also the author of several novels, the last of which, called "Zut, and Other Parisians," was one of the winter's books.]

## The Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven.

A raven sat upon a tree,  
And not a word he spoke; for  
His beak contained a piece of Brie,  
Or, maybe, it was Roquefort;  
We'll make it any kind you please—  
At all events, it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb  
A hungry fox sat smiling;  
He saw the raven watching him,  
And spoke in words beguiling:  
"Fodmire," said he, "ton beau plumage"  
(The which was simply persiflage).

Two things there are, no doubt you know,  
To which a fox is used—  
A rooster that is bound to crow,  
A crow that's bound to roost,  
And whichever he espies  
He tells the most unflinching lies.

"Sweet fowl," he said, "I understand  
You're more than merely natty;  
I hear you sing to heat the hand  
And Adelina Patti.  
Pray, render with your liquid tongue  
A hit from 'Götterdämmerung,'"

The subtle speech was aimed to please  
The crow, and it succeeded;  
He thought no bird in all the trees  
Could sing as well as he did.  
In flattery completely doused,  
He gave the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

But gravitation's law, of course,  
As Isaac Newton showed it,  
Exerted on the cheese its force,  
And elsewhere soon hestowed it.  
In fact, there is no need to tell  
What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird  
Took in the situation  
He said one brief, emphatic word  
Unfit for publication.  
The fox was greatly startled, but  
He only sighed, and answered "Tut!"

The Moral is: A fox is bound  
To be a shameless sinner.  
And also: When the cheese comes round  
You know it's after dinner.  
But (what is only known to few)  
The fox is after dinner, too.  
—Guy Wetmore Carryl.

## The Singular Sang-Froid of Baby Bunting.

Bartholomew Benjamin Bunting  
Had only three passions in life,  
And one of the trio was hunting.  
The others his haire and his wife.  
And always, so rigid his habits,  
He frolicked at home until two,  
And then started hunting for rahits,  
And hunted till fall of the dew.

Belinda Bellonia Bunting,  
Thus widowed for half of the day,  
Her duty maternal confronting,  
With baby would patiently play.  
When thus was her energy wasted,  
A patented food she'd dispense,  
(She had bought it the day that they pasted  
The posters all over her fence.)

But Bonaparte Buckingham Bunting,  
The infant thus blindly adored,  
Replied to her worship by grunting,  
Which showed he was brutally hored.  
'Twas little he cared for the troubles  
Of life. Like a crah on the sands,  
From his sweet little mouth he blew hubbles,  
And threatened the air with his hands.

Bartholomew Benjamin Bunting  
One night, as his wife let him in,  
Produced as the fruit of his hunting  
A cottontail's velvety skin,  
Which, seeing young Bonaparte wriggle,  
He gave him without a demur,  
And the haire with an aqueous giggle  
He swallowed the whole of the fur!

Belinda Bellonia Bunting  
Behaved like a consummate loon:  
Her offspring in frenzy confronting  
She screamed herself mottled maroon:  
She felt of his vertebra spinal,  
Expecting he'd surely succumb,  
And gave him one vigorous, final,  
Hard prod in the pit of his tum.

But Bonaparte Buckingham Bunting,  
At first hut a trifle perplexed,  
By a change in his manner of grunting  
Soon showed he was horribly vexed.  
He displayed not a sign of repentance  
But spoke, in a dignified tone,  
The only consecutive sentence  
He uttered: "Twas: 'Lemme alone.'"

The Moral: The parent that uses  
Precaution his folly regrets:  
An infant gets all that he chooses,  
An infant chews all that he gets.  
And colics? He constantly has 'em  
So long as his food is the best,  
But he'll swallow with never a spasm  
What ostriches couldn't digest.  
—Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The savings banks of New York have, within the past seven years, reduced their holdings of United States consols from \$111,000,000 to less than \$19,000,000, and increased their ownership of railway bonds in the same period from nothing to \$170,000,000. This change has been made, of course, because of higher rates of interest on railway bonds, but along with this gain goes a largely increased risk.



## EN TOUR WITH KALAKAUA I.

Armstrong's "Around the World With a King" An Amusing Book—  
The Expansive Influence of San Francisco—Visiting  
the Mikado—"Robert" the Intemperate.

Without preface, introduction, or any superfluous moral reflections, William N. Armstrong thus begins his amusing book, "Around the World With a King":

Kalakaua, the First, King of the Hawaiian Islands, said to me, his attorney-general, early one morning in January, 1881, while we sat under the cocoanut palms which towered above his little Summer Palace at Waikiki, near Honolulu, and the surf of the Pacific Ocean, foaming over the coral reef, broke nearly at our feet:

"Now that my troubles are over, I mean to take a trip around the world, and you must go with me."

He had been upon the throne for six years, and, with the true instincts of sovereigns, had availed himself of several opportunities to engage in difficulties with some of his white subjects, who held the brains and most of the property of the kingdom. They had lately threatened insurrection because he had committed several serious political errors, but he had yielded to their demands, and on the night preceding this declaration of intention to travel, he and a hundred of his white subjects had met in a grand banquet; they had together emptied the loving-cup; and the white doves of peace again swept through the tropic air.

Mr. Armstrong did not take the remark very seriously. He thought the dusky monarch would forget it over night. But he didn't. Next day he called a meeting of his privy council, and soon the details were decided upon. Mr. Armstrong was given the title of "Minister of State." Colonel Judd, another white man, was appointed "chamberlain," and the king selected as his personal attendant one "Robert," an educated man of prepossessing appearance and a remarkable linguist, who, however, was shockingly intemperate. He had been a cook on sailing vessels, and had recently become the king's chef. He was, however, by birth a German baron, "Robert" being a purely convenient prænomen. The suite regarded his appointment with misgivings, which were later abundantly verified.

One of the things about the proposed circumnavigation that took the royal fancy was the fact that he would be the first king to encircle the globe. "Rulers," as the chronicler sagely remarks, "seldom stray far from their thrones lest rivals seize and occupy them," and thus, since the dawn of history, no king had sailed around the earth. The distinction that would be his out-balanced, in the somewhat superstitious mind of Kalakaua, the sinister fact that:

One of his predecessors, Kamehameha the Second, King of the Sandwich Islands, as they were called in the early days, and his spouse Kamamalu, in the year 1824, while visiting England as guests of the British monarch, died of the measles in London, and their bodies were conveyed with royal honors to their kingdom in the British frigate *Blonde*, commanded by Lord Byron, a cousin of the poet. Their sudden and nearly simultaneous deaths were reported to Theodore Hook, giving the wit the opportunity for his well-known couplet, announcing the sad event:

"Waiter! two sandwiches!" cried Death;  
And their wild Majesties resigned their breath."

The departure of the king from Hawaii, leaving Princess, now ex-queen, Liliuokalani, temporarily on the throne, was the occasion for much ceremony. Flower-wreathed men and maidens danced all the afternoon and all night till, in the gray dawn, the steamer for San Francisco arrived. Then the king embarked amid the firing of the rusty royal cannon, while the band played two widely diverse airs—"Auld Lang Syne" and "Hawaii Pono." "The tour thus auspiciously begun," says the chronicler, "the king, in the expressive words of Lord Bacon, was now ready to 'suck' the experience of the world." On the way to San Francisco, the king made the acquaintance of a learned but convivial astronomer. He learned much about the stars—too much:

During the usual celebration which occurs before a vessel enters port, the Australian passengers, who had much respect for royalty, so entertained the king, with the aid of the distinguished man of science, that when he reached the upper deck, long after midnight, his royal eyes were able to perceive double stars and planets without the aid of a telescope. As the sun rose above the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay, I entered this note in these memoirs: "His majesty has sucked his first experience of foreign civilization."

In San Francisco, the king was gloriously entertained—even more gloriously than by the astronomer and his friends. He was feted and dined. The Chinese gave him the most expensive banquet ever given by them in this city. He met the governor and all our "statesmen." The effect was marked:

Although we were only at the beginning of our journey, I noticed that my royal master's mind was expanding. The fervid words of the orators in Sacramento, and the foolish praise of visitors, opening to him a vision of himself as "the Colossus of the Pacific," he began to realize his possibilities as the coming man "that shall be king hereafter" of the countless islands of Oceania. He therefore commanded—for a king's request is always a command—that a uniform be made for his minister of state.

"Robert," the valet, also fell a victim to the seductions of San Francisco. He got drunk. In spite of the alacrity with which he had accepted the position, he scorned his humble office; menial services were iron in his soul. He informed strangers and lookers-on that he was the king's private secretary, or that he held the office of "Keeper of the Royal Standard."

When King Kalakaua and "Robert" had exhausted the delights of San Francisco, the party set sail for Japan. "Minister of State" Armstrong put in the time plying the king with aphorisms drawn from the history of other kings, but his well-meant efforts proved of little avail. The king usually fell into a quiet nap. In Japan the reception was warm. All the ships in the harbor broke out in a rash of flags and an eruption of

cannonading. After the preliminary exchange of courtesies, the king and suite went to meet the Mikado:

The etiquette of European courts requires a monarch to receive a visiting monarch at the threshold of his palace. The emperor left his audience-hall and awaited the king in a room close to the entrance of the palace. The king stepped out of the carriage, and with the imperial prince entered this room, in the centre of which the emperor stood alone. The suite, with officers of the imperial household, followed, and remained a few feet distant from the monarchs. They shook hands—an unusual proceeding on the part of the emperor—and, through an interpreter, who stood in howing attitude behind the emperor, conversed for several minutes. The emperor then looked toward his own chamberlain, and I, as the next in rank, was presented to him, and the presentation of the king's chamberlain followed. The emperor then turned, and with the king by his side, walked briskly through several richly furnished halls to the audience-room. The emperor walks alone when before his people; the empress is never at his side; the relief in his divine origin permits no person in the empire to appear to be his equal, and the empress follows him. But for the first time in his own reign, and those of his predecessors, he walked by the side of his kingly guest.

Mr. Armstrong tells us that he observed a pretty Japanese girl in a Parisian dress and a Gainsborough hat, standing by the side of the empress in the royal chambers, and that this somewhat incongruous person was the one who translated the remarks of the members of the Japanese suite. Here is a comparison between King Kalakaua and the present Mikado:

The emperor and the king now rose and stood beside each other. The emperor was slightly above the average height of his race; his complexion was dark, and his face an open one; his forehead was unusually high; his eyes black and penetrating; nor did he look like one who would put himself entirely in the hands of his ministers; his dress was a European military uniform, and the breast of his coat was decorated with orders. The king, with a complexion unusually dark for a Hawaiian, towered above him, graceful, imperturbable. The contrast was striking; but the inscrutable face and the eye of the emperor disclosed the stronger character.

The chronicler amusingly remarks in the course of his descriptions of the preparations for various entertainments: "As I was about to wear a sword for the first time, he warned me against allowing it to get between my legs." Another matter of etiquette which gave serious concern was how to exhibit to the Japs the famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let "Robert" wear it:

This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was "Keeper of the Royal Standard," "Groom of the Feather Cloak," and "Valet in Ordinary." While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokio, the king's suite had suddenly seen Robert sitting in state in the luggage car, dressed in a silk hat, white gloves, and with the gorgeous royal cloak hanging over his shoulders, the tale being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him, lost in admiration.

But poor "Robert" was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them, and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bed-chamber, with the silk hat far down over his head, and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of "Groom of the Feather Cloak," but the king refused to discharge him, because he believed he would be useful in Europe. Here is a characteristic incident of the king himself:

One day, as the imperial carriage in which we rode passed under the branches of the Cryptomerias, a flock of crows flew up, and, with much cawing, settled in their branches. The king, who was half asleep from the reaction and strain of the previous day's extraordinary excitement, listened, and then uttered to the imperial prince by his side this aphorism: "The noblest aspiration of man is to hear birds sing." The prince was no doubt surprised at this crisp summary of man's nature and aspirations, but, like a true courtier, he bowed, and replied: "Your majesty, it is true." The king's head began to nod again in peaceful nap, and the crows gave him a screeching encore.

Mr. Armstrong tells us that he purposely delayed publication of his book till after the death of the king, so he could "paint him with the wrinkles." Here is a wrinkle:

It is a singular trait of the Hawaiians to avoid the use of English when sober, but when drunk to use it with much volubility. The king's immediate predecessor on the throne, Lunalilo, when in liquor, would often refuse to converse with his native relatives in the native language, but addressed them in English, and directed an interpreter to translate his speech; and, on the other hand, required a translation into English of their conversation in Hawaiian. The king's remarkable memory furnished him with a considerable vocabulary of uncommon words; alcohol seemed to open that part of his brain where they were stored, especially when, like the moon, he was at the third quarter and coming to the "full." On one occasion the use of the words "hippocratic performance" secured to him the prestige of a learned man.

The festivities in Japan were brought to a sudden end, thus:

Before moving from the reception-room to the dining-hall the minister of foreign affairs informed me privately that he had just received a telegraphic message which announced the assassination of the Czar of Russia, Alexander the Second. If the emperor and king were informed of this, etiquette might require them to withdraw and postpone the dinner. The minister and I therefore agreed that the news should be suppressed until the close of the banquet. The royal grief upon the sudden loss of a Crowned Brother was delayed two hours.

The king's "mourning" was unique:

The king, as required by etiquette, went into retirement and grief over the loss of his Royal Russian Brother for the rest of the day, but, as a matter of fact, most of the time was spent in admonishing Robert, the valet, because, while drunk, he had seated himself on the royal silk hat and crushed it.

Sailing from Japan for China, the king and cabinet were well received at Hong Kong and Shanghai, though not with royal pomp:

I must preserve in this memoir an incident of the last banquet. I pray that the king's ghost will not vex me for re-

lating it. The numerous receptions and late hours had deprived the king of sleep. His eyelids drooped, and soon after we were seated, I noticed his hand idly held his fork, and his anointed head slightly nodded. The banquet, like all royal banquets, was without wit or hilarity; a monotonous decorum pervaded the chamber. The governor's wife was seated on the king's right, and I was seated next to her. I feared a nasal explosion if the king's doze should deepen, and devised several ways of preventing it. It was a case of emergency. I whispered to the governor's wife what my fears were, and asked her to aid in preventing a loss of royal dignity. She hesitated to break through the divinity which hedges kings, but she saw that a crisis was near. Moving her fan with dexterity, she bit the royal shoulder as if accidentally, and the king opened his eyes. I said, in the native language: "Your majesty, naps are dangerous."

He replied: "It is very hot; how can I get away?"

He glanced up and down the long table to see if his doze had been noticed. But the air was hot, and the food heavy. Within a few moments he quickly dropped his fork again, and closed his eyes. The royal dignity was drifting on a lee shore, and would be soon on the rocks, and a Crowned Head would be struggling in the breakers. The clever wife of the governor whispered to me: "Will any special piece of music waken him up?"

I replied: "Only our national anthem; if that does not do it, we are lost."

She quietly called the major-domo, and in a minute the military band in the balcony filled the air with the music of "Hawaii Pono." The king woke up. I advised him, afterward, to decorate the lady who had thrown out a life-line which saved the royal dignity from shipwreck.

About this time—indeed, previously, while the king was in Japan—a small and unwelcome military skeleton began gently to rattle at the feasts." The king was asked: "How large is the army of Hawaii?" It was an awkward question. For the army of Hawaii, on a war footing, consisted of seventy-five men, and were, it was irreverently said, lavishly fed on bananas in order to stimulate their courage. But everywhere the question was asked—stimulated by the resplendent colonel's uniform of the chamberlain—and everywhere the king and chamberlain did tall stunts in verbal dodging.

From China the king and party sailed for Siam on a tramp steamer ("Robert" gets drunk as usual, and quarrels with the captain); from Siam they went to Singapore, to India, to Egypt, to the Quirinal and Vatican, and they saw, in audience, Queen Victoria, the King of Belgium, the King of Portugal, and, finally, the then President of the United States. Space forbids us following the adventures of Kalakaua and "Robert" here, but the reader may be referred to the book itself. It is a unique and most amusing volume, and is handsomely illustrated.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

A man familiar with the literature and customs of Japan tells the Philadelphia *Press* something about its proverbs. "We all know," he said, "the proverb about 'more haste, less speed,' but the Japs put it: 'If in a hurry, go round.' We say, very crudely, that 'accidents will happen in the best regulated families,' but the Japanese, with a view to making the phrase more picturesque, say: 'Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.' The saying about edged tools and cut fingers the people of the Flowery Kingdom vary to: 'If one plays with tigers one is likely to have trouble,' while our 'oil and water won't mix' they know as 'you can't rivet a nail in a custard.' Where we say 'out of evil good may come,' they say 'the lotos springs from the mud.' Mrs. Partington's attempt is, in Japan, 'scattering fog with a fan,' 'building bridges to the clouds' or 'dipping up the ocean with a shell.' And when the person making such attempt has failed, the Japanese say that, after all, 'thine own heart makes the world.'"

The recently published report for 1903 of the Connecticut State Board of Health shows a steady and rapid decrease of consumption in that State. In twenty years the population has increased from 622,700 to 908,420. The annual deaths from consumption have decreased from 1,505 to 1,356. Pneumonia shows an increase, the deaths from that disease during 1903 being 1,428, although for five years prior to 1890, when "grip" made its appearance, only 970 deaths per year were caused by pneumonia. In thirty-eight years, the deaths from typhoid, per 100,000 of population, have fallen from 109 to 22. Out of 287 cases of small-pox in 1903, there was only one death, the disease, however, being of a very mild type. Births from American parents have fallen from 8,487 to 8,283, while births from foreign and mixed parents have risen from 11,476 to 12,567.

For a short and sharp way of dealing with yellow journalists and sensational writers, we must go to China. Yuan Shi-kai, Viceroy of Pechili, has issued a proclamation dealing with transgressors of this class, and has published the same in the papers of his province. According to one of them, the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, the first paragraph reads: "Any one creating wild rumors calculated to alarm or produce doubt in the people's mind will be beheaded." For directness and brevity this leaves nothing to be desired.

Judge Albert Skinner, in the court of common pleas at Newark, has conferred a favor upon a Russian, as well as upon those who might be called upon to read, write, or speak the man's name. It was Joseph F. Wlodarczyk, and the judge permitted him to drop the *c, z, y, and k*, and call himself Wloder, which is pronounced Wloder. Before the last four letters were cut off he called himself Wlodark-sick, with the accent on the "sick." Now he will put the accent upon the first syllable.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Cream of the Brand-New Books.

E. H. Harriman is now much in the public eye, but not as a promoter of science. It is rather as a promoter of railway mergers. Yet it is safe to say that fifty years from now his name will be remembered quite as much through his services to science, in making possible an expedition to study the glaciers, the geology, the flora and the fauna of Alaska, as it will be for his achievements as a railway magnate. What are the names of the bankers, the merchants, the millionaires of fifty years ago? They are forgotten. But the names of Girard, who lent a hand to the cause of education, and Cooper, who founded scientific schools, are remembered.

Two volumes recording the results of the Harriman Alaska Expeditions have already been published. Many more are to be published. The third and fourth volumes are now before us. As specimens of what the art typographic and bibliopiege should be, they are models. They are profusely illustrated. The third volume contains an account of the Alaska glaciers by G. K. Gilbert. The fourth volume contains articles on geology and paleontology by B. K. Emerson, Charles Palache, William H. Bell, E. O. Ulrich, and H. F. Knowlton. The books, as well as to their authors, are a credit to the publishers (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

Very timely and welcome is the new and handsome edition of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan" (Macmillans), which first appeared in two volumes in 1899. Mrs. Fraser is a sister of Marion Crawford. Her husband was a British minister at Tokio for several years. It is true that the book shows Japan as it was fifteen years ago, but nevertheless it is one of the few works about Japan which may be recommended with perfect confidence. The illustrations are many and excellent.

Another book on themes Japanese is H. Irving Hancock's "Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods" (Putnams), a companion work to his "Japanese Physical Training," which was primarily for men. Mr. Roosevelt's warm admiration for the Japanese system of *jiu-jitsu* has given it a great vogue in this country, and Mr. Hancock's excellent manuals are evidently having gratifying success. In this book he tells an amusing story of his first experience with a Japanese woman expert, prefacing it with a remark that in Japan women are not "the weaker sex." On the contrary, "she is generally the physical peer of a man of her own race, who is of the same age and height, and especially when weights are about equal." We quote:

Some years ago, I had the pleasure of working in a *jiu-jitsu* school in Tokio. My muscles at that time were in good condition. My instructor complimented me on my work. Then he asked: "You like see what Japanese woman can do?" I assured him that it would give me great pleasure to have such an exhibition. There were half a dozen smiling little women among the spectators. My instructor spoke to one of them, who bowed, and disappeared. After a little while she reappeared, and came running across the floor in a gymnasium costume, consisting solely of short trousers and a jacket. She was laughing as she approached, and her little bare feet made a swift, rustling sound on the straw of the padded mats with which the floor was covered. . . . While I stood looking at her, the little woman halted before me, made a polite bow, and then backed away in the manner that is common to students of *jiu-jitsu* when inviting combat.

She was fully six inches shorter than I, and at a great disadvantage in point of weight. "Surely you don't want me to struggle with her?" I asked my instructor. "Oh, yes; try," came the smiling answer; "don't be afraid. She one of my old pupils. She what—what you say?—hard as board." The little woman approached and bowed. There was no help for it. I bowed, and we backed off a little way, then approached each other sinuously, each looking for an opening. There was a clink that lasted, as nearly as I could judge, about five seconds. Three seconds later I was compelled to pat the floor in token of surrender. There were five bouts in all, of which I secured the distinction of winning one.

Mr. Hancock's book is profusely illustrated from American feminine models. The pictures showing one scantily garbed lady engaged, apparently, in breaking the back or the neck of her opponent, do not particularly appeal to our aesthetic sensibilities.

Two volumes of letters are among recent publications. One is entitled "Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone." Lord Acton is the man of whom James Bryce said that he knew more of the back-stairs gossip of history than any man that ever lived. During his life, Lord Acton was often called the greatest of living historians. Yet his actual product was very slight. He knew so much that it seems to have paralyzed his productive faculty. Perhaps these letters to the daughter of Gladstone will live as long as anything he wrote. They give charming little glimpses of contemporary great men, with a dash here and there of deep philosophical insight. Very curious and interesting is the passage in which he speaks of George Eliot—somewhat over-laudatory most will think it:

But when I speak of Shakespeare [he writes a few days after the death of George Eliot] the news of last Wednesday comes

back to me, and it seems as if the sun had gone out. You can not think how much I need her. Of eighteen or twenty writers by whom I am conscious that my mind has been formed she was one. Of course, I mean ways, not conclusions. In problems of life and thought, which baffled Shakespeare disgracefully, her touch was unfailing. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold, but disinterested and impartially observant, sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival.

The other volume of notable letters is "Letters from England" (Scribners), by Mrs. George Bancroft, and comprise those written by her during the years 1846-49, when she accompanied her husband, the historian, then American minister to England. The letters were addressed to immediate relatives. They are lively, agreeable, and vivacious. They have already appeared serially in *Scribner's Magazine*. We quote a characteristic passage relating to the great people Mrs. Bancroft met at social functions:

Their manners are perfectly simple, and I entirely forget, except when their historic names fall upon my ear, that I am with the proud aristocracy of England. All the persons whose names I have mentioned to you give one a decided impression, not only of ability and agreeable manners, but of excellence and the domestic virtues. The furniture and houses, too, are less splendid and ostentatious than those of our large cities, though they have more plate and liveried servants. The forms of society and the standard of dress, too, are very like ours, except that a duchess has more hereditary point lace and diamonds. The general style of dress, perhaps, is not so tasteful, so simply elegant as ours. Upon the whole, I think more highly of our own country (I mean from a social point of view alone) than before I came abroad. There is less superiority over us in manners and all the social arts than I could have believed possible in a country where a large and wealthy class have been set apart from time immemorial to create, as it were, a social standard of high refinement.

Singularly enough the two most notable of recent biographies are of theologians. The more interesting is that of "Henry Ward Beecher," by Lyman Abbott, whose long and intimate association with Beecher and his ten years' pastorate of Plymouth Church fit him admirably to write such a work. It is a facile and readable biography. The other biography is entitled "The Life of Frederic William Farrar." It is by his son, Reginald Farrar. Naturally, therefore, it is uncritical, but by no means uninteresting. Farrar's influence was largely a personal one; his pupils he grappled to him with hooks of steel. His most noted literary work, of course, was his "Life of Christ."

Among novels we have two "intimate" works. One of them touches a field hitherto untitled. It is entitled "Heart of My Heart," and is an idyl of motherhood. The author is a woman of mature years, of fine sensibility, and of high purpose. Though we approached the book with strong prejudice against it, we are unable to say that its reading will result in aught but good to any person. A young girl might read it with profit. The book is simply a diary of a woman, addressed to her unborn son. Her thoughts, her feelings, her desires during the period preceding her maternity are all written down. And there is no offense.

The other book, whose title—"I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself"—would lead one to suppose that it was a sort of confession, turns out instead to be a rather strong novel. It relates the experiences of "I" with three different men in finding out "what love is." "I" is at last able to conquer her worse nature, but not until after a long and bitter struggle. The name of the author is unknown, but she is said by publishers (D. Appleton & Co.) to be a well-known novelist, whose other books have been successful. This book, we predict, will be no exception to that rule.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In her new novel, "Rulers of Kings," Mrs. Atherton plunges into the heart of the matter without parleying. "When Fessenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred millions of dollars," so runs the opening paragraph, "he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe." Gertrude Atherton is nothing if not daring.

Various interesting items appeared at a recent autograph sale in London. One of these was an "I. O. U." for one hundred pounds, written by Gibbon, the historian, on the back of a ten of diamonds—he had lost the sum at cards to A. Blondel, in May, 1786.

Louis Tracy, author of that very popular novel of adventure, "Wings of the Morning," has another, "The Kings of Diamonds," appearing serially, while a third, "The Pillar of Light," is in press.

Mrs. Anna A. Rogers, who is rather well known in San Francisco, takes the title and the moral of her story, "Peace and the Vices," from Ruskin's famous phrase that "Peace and the vices of civil life only

flourish together." Her hero, Lieutenant Kent, of the United States navy, is the victim of inherited dipsomania. He is court-martialed. Then war breaks out with Spain, and Kent has a chance to redeem himself. The scene is laid partly in the United States and partly in Japan.

Another novel to which great interest attaches is "Sabrina Warham," by Laurence Housman, the reputed author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Mr. Housman's novel is described as a fascinating study of a woman's life in one of the coast counties of England, and as being so far his most considerable piece of work.

There are some very good stories in Sir Archibald Geikie's new "Scottish Reminiscences," though the humor of the Scot, it may be confessed, is often very sad. Jokes about deaths and burials abound in this book. When was anything said, out of Scotland, quite so odd as the remark made at a railway station to the gentleman who found a mourning-party there, and asked if it was a funeral? "We canna exactly ca' it a funeral," said one, "for the corp has missed the train."

A new book by Stephen Phillips will appear during the autumn. The work is at present called "The Sin of David." Those who have seen it in manuscript believe it to be by far his most important piece of work to date.

The Macmillan Company will issue in about a fortnight a new volume in the American Sportsman's Library, dealing with "Yachting: Small Boat Sailing." It is by W. P. Stephens, well known as an expert in design and construction. It is a sketch of the whole course of yachting during the past century, its origin, growth, and wonderful recent development.

The next volume in Newnes Art Library will be "Constable's Colored Sketches," and another announced as in preparation is "Gozzoli" (Benozzo), an early Tuscan (1420-1498), whose principal work is the mural paintings in the Campo Santo, Pisa.

"The Marriage of Lit-Lit," "The Story of Jeess Uck," "Too Much Gold," and "A Relic of the Pliocene" are a few of the stories in Jack London's new book, "The Faith of Men," which the Macmillan Company announces for publication this week.

Some interest has been aroused among readers of Ellen Glasgow's novel, "The Deliverance," as to the real locality of the story. Miss Glasgow states that the scenes are all laid in Caroline County, Va., which is near the edge of the dark tobacco growing district. The home of the Blakes was near the little town of Balty. The old mansion from which the Blake house was drawn still stands.

Thomas Fogarty has made over thirty drawings for "The Merry Anne," by Samuel Merwin, which will be published this month by the Macmillan Company. The author and artist have worked together over these drawings for two months. Merwin's last book, "His Little World," possessed indubitable strength.

Gouverneur Morris, who will be recalled to the reading public as the author of "Tom Beaulieu" and "Aladdin O'Brien," has written a new love-story, which will appear as a summer serial before its publication in book-form in the autumn. He also has a novel, "A Pagan's Progress," for spring publication.

G. K. Chesterton, the brilliant, erratic critic, the free-lance par excellence to-day in English letters, has just published his first novel, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." The book is said by English reviewers to be as paradoxical, agile, and unexpected as the other writings of Mr. Chesterton. The plot is laid in London a hundred years hence.

There will be issued immediately, by Frederick Warne & Co., "Wayside and Woodland Trees: A Guide to the British Sylva in Summer and Winter," by Edward Step, F. L. S. It will contain one hundred and twenty-eight plates photographed from nature, and small drawings by the author's daughter.

The glasses we sell are different from others—the difference is in your favor.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS

ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING

126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Spain in 1903

TWO  
ARGONAUTS  
IN  
SPAIN

BY  
JEROME HART

PEN-SKETCHES ON  
THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA

Payot, Upham & Co.,  
Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter St., S. F.

THE WINDOW SHADE QUESTION is quickly settled with a **HARTSHORN** Shade Roller. It saves time, worry and shades. If you want the genuine look for the signature on the label.

*Stewart Huthorn*

BEDELIA, PRETTY LITTLE DINAH JONES  
Laughing Water, Hiawatha, Anona, Navajo, and 100 other popular songs, with one sheet of music, postpaid for 10c. Address, ALBERT L. D. BROOKS, 2146 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**HOT AND HANDY**

TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A \$130,000 Set of Dickens!

It seems to be so that J. Pierpont Morgan has bought a set of the works of Charles Dickens at \$130,000 postpaid. All the details are spread before us. The edition consists of fifteen sets. Eight have been sold. It is called the St. Dunstan Edition of Charles Dickens's Works. Each set will consist, when complete, of one hundred and thirty volumes. The work will be complete in six years. The illustrations are many and elaborate—"Pickwick Papers" will have four hundred and eighty-seven drawings. Noted artists of the United States, England, and France have been employed. The books are printed on Italian parchment, and each page will be hand-illuminated. No two pages, either in any set or in the whole edition of fifteen sets, are alike. The binding is in colored leather and gold. The total cost of the whole fifteen sets will be \$1,950,000.

It is the fashion to call the buyers of expensive books book-lovers. They themselves prefer to be called bibliophiles. But it may be doubted if to the majority of them either term fitly applies. Is it a genuine love of the beautiful that impels J. Pierpont Morgan to part with \$130,000 for his set of Dickens? We wot not. Rather, we should say, it is the desire to possess something expensive and exclusive. It is a barbarous instinct, common, however, to a respectable portion of mankind, to desire to have something of which there is no duplicate extant. If it were a pure love of the beautiful that impelled us we should hear nothing of "limited editions," for obviously the book we own is no less beautiful because our neighbor and our friend have also each a copy. It is likewise a barbarous instinct to desire that which advertises its expensiveness by its gaudiness—as so evidently these books do. Kipling tells in his "American Notes" of being shown about Chicago by a cab-driver. "He took me into a saloon," says Kipling, "and, while I drank, made me note that the floor was covered with silver dollars sunk in cement. A Hottentot would not have been guilty of this sort of barbarism. The coins made an effect pretty enough, but the man who put them there had no thought to beauty, and therefore he was a savage." For fear of the wrath of heaven we shall not compare J. Pierpont Morgan to a saloon-keeper—or even to a Hottentot. We don't lack convictions; we are merely—cautious.

But apart from the connection between the books and their buyers, there is a grave question of the good taste and propriety of presenting the works of Charles Dickens in such attire. It is entirely fitting that treatises between nations should be resplendent in gilt and gold, and should be engrossed with many a flourish and ornamental capital; there is ghastly appropriateness in garbing Holbein's "Dance of Death" in a dress of human skin—as Robert Chambers makes one of his characters do in his story, "The King in Yellow." But where is the appropriateness in presenting the works of Dickens—the most democratic of men—in a setting of mediæval resplendence?

Books are the tools of the mind. Delicate tools may fitly have handles of rare tropic woods or yellow ivory. But how absurd to adorn the helve of a meat-ax with silver filigree or gold with gold the stubborn length of a crowbar. No less absurd is it to put the essentially homely and common works of an author like Dickens in a setting of extravagant richness and barbarous magnificence.

One of the stock sayings about Charles Dickens is that he never drew the figure of a gentleman. How uncomfortable, then, must his humble creations feel in such unaccustomed surroundings as costly parchment and purple illuminations. Fancy poor, puny Oliver asking for "More" on a page adorned with delicate traceries in as many colors as were in Joseph's coat. Conceive of Nancy dying the death amid aquarelles and splendid capitals. Imagine Bill Sykes dropping from the roof in the deadly loop on a leaf embellished with a pale-blue water-color.

Whatever may be said of any individual page or picture in this \$130,000 edition of Dickens, it is clear that the set as a whole lacks that harmony and appropriateness essential to a work of art. And it certainly furthers "literature" still less than it does art. We would wager all we have that not one of these fifteen sets will ever be read through. They are neither works of art nor utility; they are only monuments to the pitiable vanity, useless extravagance, and barbaric tastes of their unfortunate owners.

Book-lovers, indeed! We warrant that not one of the possessors of this literary monstrosity is a title as deserving of the title as some wistful boy in a chimney corner—some slim girl, young-eyed, with an old, brown book, on a grassy bank, a-gaze at the sea.

## How Prescott Flogged Himself to Work.

Rollo Ogden, in his brief and very readable biography of William H. Prescott, cites many passages from the diary showing Prescott's habit of flogging himself to his work by making wagers with his secretaries that he would complete a given task by a certain day, the odds always heavily against himself.

"Prescott always took this betting on his own industry with perfect seriousness. Sometimes he would radiantly greet his secretary with 'You have lost! You owe me a dollar.' And he would exact payment. Occasionally he would, with woebegone countenance, produce and pay over to the protesting secretary the twenty or thirty dollars he himself had lost." One elaborately made memorandum witnesses that a bet of one dollar to fifty dollars had been made "between E. B. Otis and William H. Prescott, Esq., the latter betting fifty dollars that he will write one hundred pages of his 'History of Peru' in a hundred days." The document is signed William H. Prescott and Edmund B. Otis, but the latter subjoins the following: "I promise on my honor as a gentleman not to release Mr. Prescott from any forfeiture that may incur, except in such cases as are provided for in the contract—this contract being made at his desire for his own accommodation only."

## The Fountain-Pen.

By H \* \* \* y J \* \* \* s.

(Author of "The Sacred Fount," etc.)

(270 pages omitted.)

And still the indefinitely vital conclusion, the more tense inward essence, eluded me. And still I kept it up:

"It was my sacred fount—"

"Don't you see that's just where it is?"

She outdistanced my thought.

"It was my sac—"

"For your sake," she charmingly said; "the question is what wouldn't I do?"

This, in its futile subtlety, left us where we were. She was wonderful. To see how she delicately failed to evade the obvious.

"The point of it is," I began.

"It's gold, I know," she splendidly said; "do you miss it still? And I who see it—oh, but with a clearness!"

"I wish I could grasp it," I frankly admitted.

She exquisitely sat down. She was prodigious.

"Why," she said, and her smile was ethereally a paradox, "there it is." She roundly faced me. "It's as plain," she wonderfully said, "as the nose on my face."

I took her.

"If it's no plainer than that, dear lady!"

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

plates. Parts V, VI, VII, and VIII. Double-day, Page & Co.; 60 cents per part net.

"Reflections of the Morning After," by Herman Lee Meader. H. M. Caldwell & Co.

"Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison," edited by James Arthur Tufts. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Trouble Woman," by Clara Morris. Frontispiece. Funk & Wagnalls Company; 40 cents net.

"Famous Legends," adapted for children by Emeline G. Crommelin. Illustrated. The Century Company.

"Merely Mary Ann," by I. Zangwill. Illustrated by scenes from the play. The Macmillan Company.

"Friendship: The Good and Perfect Gift," by Ruth Ogden. Poems. Frederick A. Stokes Company; 50 cents net.

"The Universe a Vast Electric Organism," by George Woodward Warder. G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.20 net.

"Homeric Stories for Young Readers," by Frederic Aldin Hall, Litt. D. The American Book Company—for school reading.

"American History and Its Geographic Conditions," by Ellen Churchill Semple. Maps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$3.00 net.

"Teutonic Legends in 'The Nibelungen Lied' and 'The Nibelungen Ring,'" by W. C. Sawyer, Ph. D. The J. D. Lippincott Company; \$2.00.

"The Shepherd's Pipe: Pastoral Poems of the XVI and XVII Centuries," selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. Fox, Duffield & Co. Illustrated.

"The Yoke: A Romance of the Days when the Lord Redeemed the Children of Israel from the Bondage of Egypt," by Elizabeth Miller. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"A Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration, with Especial Reference to the Expedition of Lewis and Clark," by Reuben Gold Thwaites. With illustrations and maps. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

"A Pleasure-Book of Grindelwald," by Daniel P. Rhodes. Profusely illustrated with photographs. One map. The Macmillan Company—an interesting and authoritative book on mountaineering; \$1.50.

"Evolution and Adaptation," by Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph. D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company—a scholarly study by a biologist, who rejects many of the arguments upon which Darwin based his theory of evolution, but who still holds that evolution is a valid theory.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson.
2. "Lux Crucis," by Samuel M. Gardenshire.
3. "Hedda Gabler," by Hendrik Ibsen.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson.
3. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.
4. "The Fugitive," by J. R. Spears.
5. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
3. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.



The culmination of progressive enterprise

Western Department, Chicago, Ill. Two-Speed Gear, Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn. Coaster Brake

CHAINLESS BICYCLES

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores or any one catalogue mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

## OF FAMOUS PERSONS

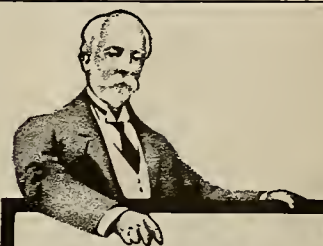
Bought and Sold.

WALTER R. BENJAMIN,

1125 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

Publisher of "The Collector," a monthly magazine for autograph collectors. \$1 per year.



"Give me the Remington" says the experienced buyer

Remington Typewriter Co. 327 Broadway, New York.



228 Bush Street, San Francisco.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

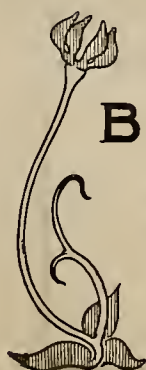
For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

## BOHM BRISTOL ©.

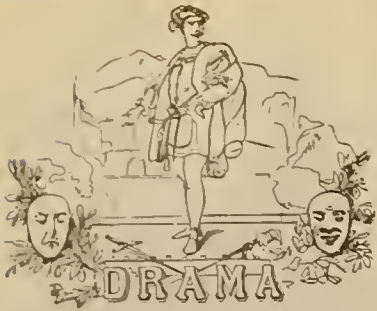
Announce their opening day for SATURDAY, APRIL 23d and cordially invite the public to view their incomparable display of

DIAMONDS, PEARLS, PRECIOUS STONES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE

104-110 Geary Street SAN FRANCISCO.







It is a pity that the Majestic Theatre did not open with "The Crisis" during the recent hot spell. Roth theatre and play would have particularly adapted themselves to the summer weather mood.

The interior of the Majestic, in its partially completed condition, looks cool and picknicky, with the gray-white walls profusely bowered with graceful evergreens to atone for the lack of permanent decoration. And in "The Crisis" all the incidents of the second act transpire during an evening-party at which the St. Louis belles, gowned in gauzy summer muslins, and with their necks and arms bare to the night breeze, dance a Virginia reel on the lawn while the fire-flies twinkle overhead.

Last Tuesday night, however, was like a bleak winter changeling thrown into the lap of a warm, young April. People clung to their wraps, cast restless glances at the doors, and felt sympathetic, instead of envious, toward the nimble dancers whose bare shoulders, in the nipping temperature, induced thoughts of gorse-flesh.

"The Crisis" is one of the oft-demanded and seldom-granted American plays, and is charged with the fresh, charming sentiment that obtained in romances of post-bellum days. One may find those pretty, romantic old love-stories by the dozen, held like pressed flowers within the pages of old bound *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, and giving forth the faint, sweet fragrance of long dead summers as they are once more brought forth to the light. This dead and gone atmosphere of sectional antipathies and sentimental affinities is once more revived in "The Crisis," and we find its savor acceptable to the national taste. In the present era of fierce commercialism and strenuous living, we prize these reminders of a romantic and heroic past when the great Southern families lived lives of picturesque leisure, where wealth was not synonymous with a vulgar social scramble in the great cities, and when men left homes of peace and prosperity, and marched in battle ready to sacrifice their lives for an idea.

The action of "The Crisis" begins in '57, and the love-story keeps pace with events of national importance, the finale of the second act consisting of the announcement, so unwelcome to slave-holders, of Lincoln's election. It comes with a thrill in the air, like that which follows the report of a cannon. So, too, at the end of the first act, when the generous protest of the Northerners against slavery strikes fire from the judge's flint, and the old abolitionist and the young one clasp hands in a pledge of mutual sympathy and support. War and the bravery of uniforms, partings and perils, and wounded warriors follow in due time in later scenes. But Winston Churchill, who adapted his hook to the stage himself, has not overlaid the hideous offensive theatricalism of our later dramatic manner upon the fresh, wholesome sincerity of his play. Like "Pudd'nhead Wilson," it is safely out of the region of cheap staginess and insincere cues for applause. It is true that Stephen Brice is, in some degree, the stereotyped hero of romance, playing a uniformly noble part, and generally holding the centre of the stage in doing so. But he has no mouthing periods, no virtuous airs to offend our sense of values; and Wilfrid North, the agreeable young actor who fills the rôle, is able to play the part of a youth who has no faults without for a moment seeming to be a prig.

Isabel Irving, with two blonde curls hanging over her milk white shoulders, and her pretty, pinkily white, tapering arms emerging from the old-fashioned fall of her lace bertha recalled the earlier image of herself when she first came here, a fresh English school, with the Rosina Voke company. She is an actress talented in expressing the freshness, simplicity, and sincerity of youth, her physical type still further accentuating her temporary fitness for such representation. With her girlish disdain toward wooing swains, and her pretty cajoleries toward elderly male relatives, she made in her flounced and hooped outfit, a charming picture of Southern gentility of ante-bellum days, thrown in relief against the two slanting, arguing, cane-thumping old cronies.

They are a notable pair, the judge and the colonel—types that were evolved in earlier times than ours. The plot of our day, more accessible to practical nature, is becoming shrewd and enterprising, and the individuality of crusty big-hearted old aristocrats like the judge does not have so much room in which to expand in this crowded new century of ours. Each one partakes in a degree

of the characteristics of previously established types; the judge is perhaps less surely founded on nature than the colonel, or perhaps it is that the simplicity and genuineness of Mr. Hall's style masks the planter at once as truly typical and wholly natural. At all events, his kindness, his geniality, and his fatherliness were pleasant traits to gaze upon, and there was, as far as Californian ears may be presumed capable of judging, a true Southern mellowness in the inflection with which he uttered that eminently Southern endearment, "honey."

Mr. Lami's portrayal of the old lawyer was of necessity a more carefully elaborated piece of work; more, indeed, in the nature of character acting; a species of mimetics which, in this epoch of stage naturalism, is passing gradually away. There was considerable virility in the portrait of the irascible old judge, which, with the genuineness that stamped Mr. Hall's portraiture of Colonel Carvel, afforded much realism and humor during the political polemics of this doughty pair of verbal combatants.

Jacques Martin, realistically as he portrayed the "calkilatin" Mr. Hopper, had almost too honest and wholesome a personality to depict a rascal. I started in with the same opinion of Mr. Rose's Clarence Colfax, but the author gave us a pleasant surprise by showing the impetuous young Southerner to be "true blue," if not in politics, at least in heart.

"The Beggar Student" pans out considerably better than the "The Gypsy Baron." It does not seem quite so archaic in motive and handling, and, with practically the same cast, its powers of entertainment are noticeably greater. Its romanticism is naturally of the old-fashioned type; the plot to bring about the marriage between the beggar student and the Polish countess being similar to that laid in "The Lady of Lyons."

The countess, however, is less susceptible to the pride of birth than Claude Melnotte's bride, and shows a confidence in the good faith of her discredited princeling that is usually to be found only in comic opera and the o'er true tales in the daily papers.

It would be a pretty story enough if they had a more suitable impersonator of the young countess. Caro Roma, in this part, is again miscast, her general appearance and robust method of acting and singing giving the Countess Laura the air of being abandoned to matrimonial helplessness, and snatching at any old—or young—thing that might cure her of the single state.

Russo is the heggar student, and is decidedly taking in the rôle. The little man is bursting with southern exuberance, and, undeterred by the disparity in size between himself and the lady who figures as his love, casts upward the most languishing glances at her massive charms as he thumps his chest, and says, wooingly, "Does it alarm-a you to find yourself alone with me?" Mme. Roma could, with one hand, lay him across her knee, and does, indeed, give more than a suggestion of maternal severity in her demeanor when the huxom countess tenderly reproaches the dapper little wooer for some slight omission.

Dora de Fillippe, as the girl countess, Bronislava, is almost an *enfant terrible*, and is disconcertingly lively. It was quite a relief when she decided to grow up, fall in love, be pensive and coy, and sing pretty duets with her haritone lover—an occupation which both she and Wallace Brownlow are able to make entirely acceptable to the audience.

The music of "The Beggar Student" holds its charm well. It is full of sparkle and gayety, and contains a number of love lyrics full of caressing sweetness, besides several striking choral effects.

The comedy, or, rather, the dialogue, has been modernized in spots, if modernized is not too dignified a word to apply to the shameless irreverence of the interpolated matter. Says the extremely Hartmanesque General Ollendorf, in the last act, when jogging his companion's memory, "Don't you remember somewhere along in the second act my saying so and so?" And when Jan, haughtily rejecting a two-hundred-thousand-dollar bribe, says, "I am a Polish officer!" "Oh, no. Oh, no," says the Hartmanesque general, "I can't believe that. If you were a *police* officer, I could get you for about four bits!"

How roomy seems the depth and space of the big stage after the little two-by-four area of that in the old Tivoli. The public square

at Cracow is a very sizeable-looking place, and the Polish helles and heaux are able to pair off and stroll in the well-known erratic orbits of the stage chofus without humping into each other. The grand folk do not appear to such advantage in the heavy Polish dress as the peasantry. It ages the women, and Cunningham, with his furs and flaps and flowing locks, looks like a semi-civilized North American Indian.

Russo is a very valuable factor in this sort of opera, in which his grand operatic methods find considerable opportunity, while his vivacious temperament impels him to turn to the lighter work with relish. He is in good voice, and plainly loves to free his soul in song; so much so, indeed, that occasionally, in dialogue, for a phrase or two, he unconsciously falls into a mellow, half-singing tone.

JOSEPHINE HART PRELPS.

#### A. P. Hotaling & Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

## A Bonanza for Rug Buyers

Your choice of

**Any Oriental Rug in Store one-third off**

*The Emporium*

#### An Admirer of President Roosevelt

Should read "The Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt." Send it to your friends. Be sure and have your boy read it. Full leather pocket edition. Price, postpaid 65c.

B. G. HAAS, 212 Sansome Street  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**ALHAMBRA**  
DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

**MADAME SEMBRICH** THE GREAT LYRIC SOPRANO.

Assisted by Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ, Pianist.

THURSDAY NIGHT, May 5th,  
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 7th  
Seats, \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.00. Box seats, \$3.50. Ready next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## RACING

### New California Jockey Club OAKLAND TRACK

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine.  
6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30 or 2.00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4.10 and 4.45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
Eye-Glasses  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Only matinee Saturday. Beginning Monday evening next, revival for one week only, by general desire,

#### WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

A military and spectacular comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Next—A Runaway Girl.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, matinee Saturday only, Mr. Fred Niblo offers

#### THE FOUR COHANS

And their big company in George M. Cohan's musical comedy success,

#### RUNNING FOR OFFICE

Monday, May 2d—First appearance here of the Rogers Brothers. Seats Wednesday.

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Belasco & Mavor, Props. E. D. Price, Gen. Mgr.

One week, commencing Monday, April 25th, four hundredth consecutive week of the Alcazar Stock Company. Souvenir matinees Saturday and Sunday, the London and New York comedy success,

#### THE NEW CLOWN

First time in San Francisco.  
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, May 2d—The Profligate.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow, Sunday matinee. Positively the last of Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Maude Amber, Hope and Emerson.

Sunday matinee and Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, FIDDLE-DEE-DEE. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and Saturday matinee, WHIRL-I-GIG and BIG LITTLE PRINCES.

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Beginning Sunday matinee, May 1st—Melbourne McDowell in Sardou revivals.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Belasco & Mavor, Props. E. D. Price, Gen. Mgr.

Beginning Monday, April 25th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, Joseph Arthur's sensational masterpiece,

#### THE STILL ALARM

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

May 2d—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, April 24th. Ideal vaudeville! Lew Sully; La Petite Adelaide; Mitchell and Love; Wilfred Clarke and Company presenting "In the Biograph"; Ethel Levey (Mrs. George M. Cohan); Tony Wilson and Heloise; Mlle. Amoros, assisted by Mlle. Charlotte; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of the Four Mortons.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Fischers THEATRE

The new burlesque a tremendous hit. Uproariously funny. Exceptional cast and chorus.

## CHOW-CHOW

Better than any of the Weber & Fields' pieces.  
Night prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c. Two matinees, Saturday and Sunday.

#### Educational.

Oregon. Portland.

#### St. Helen's Hall

Home school for Girls. Ideal location. Expert teaching in all departments. Outdoor exercise. Illustrated book of information sent on application.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS  
Principal.

#### Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal.

Ogontz School P. O. Pa.

## HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,

24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.

Diamonds  
and  
Pearls  
Wedding Stationery  
Wedding Presents  
Shreve & Co.  
Post and  
Market Sts.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## A New Comedy.

The Alcazar will celebrate the four hundredth consecutive week of its existence as a stock organization under the management of Messrs. Belasco and Mayer, beginning Monday, April 25th, when will be presented, for the first time in San Francisco, a farcical comedy, entitled "The New Clown." At the Saturday and Sunday matinees the management will distribute to the audience appropriate souvenirs of this occasion. The play selected was originally produced in London, and later was seen at the Garrick Theatre, New York. The main thread of the story has to do with Lord Cyril Garston, who, believing that he has been the cause of his friend's death, seeks to escape from the penalty of the supposed deed by assuming the character of a circus clown. Two acts of the play take place in the tent of the circus. John B. Maber has been cast for Lord Cyril Garston, and Frances Starr will play the part of Dolly, the champion lady bareback rider. A corps of twelve young ladies have been engaged for specialties and dances. For the week of May 2d, Arthur W. Pinero's powerful drama, "The Profligate," will be produced.

## Farce to Succeed Frivolity.

The Four Cohans, in their latest frivolity, "Running for Office," will be at the Columbia Theatre for another week. Their songs have struck the popular chord, and "If I Were Only Mister Morgan," "Root for Riley," "I Want to Go to Paree, Papa," "Sweet Popularity," and others are heard on every side. The Cohans will give their last performance on Sunday night, May 1st, and will be followed by "The Rogers Brothers in London." There are one hundred people in the Rogers Brothers company, and they are coming in a special train. Their musical farce is said to be very entertaining. Joseph Coyne, Melville Ellis, Neva Aymer, Willie Torpey, and Frances Tyson are among the stars. Seats go on sale Wednesday instead of Thursday.

## Burlesque Again.

Fischer's Theatre has returned to burlesque, "Chow-Chow" being the medium by which the public is entertained. It is the usual mixture of fun, music, nonsense, and pretty girls, and has many songs for Kennedy, Carroll, Helen Russell, Nellie Lynch, Ben Dillon, and others of the company. Roy Alton, a new tenor, has a prominent part. Particular attention has been given to the scenery, and to the costuming and work of the chorus. In the piece to follow "Chow-Chow," Caroline Hull will take Helen Russell's place as leading lady.

## Twinkling Toes at the Orpheum.

Lew Sully, "President of the Laugh Trust," will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week with an original package of songs and stories. La Petite Adelaide will make her first appearance in this city. She has been twirling and tossing her twinkling toes for some months at the Shaftesbury Avenue Theatre, London. Mitchell and Love, known as "the men who can make and take a joke," will make their initial appearance here in "Married Life from the Inside." Wilfred Clarke, for his second and last week, will produce, with his company, his sketch, "In the Biograph." The four Mortons—Sam, Kittie, Clara, and Paul—will change their songs, dances, and specialties. Ethel Levey, in private life Mrs. George M. Cohan, will change her act; and Tony Wilson and Heloise, the horizontal bar and bounding-bed performers; Mlle. Amoros, the trapezist, assisted by Mlle. Charlotte; and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an unusually interesting programme.

## One Week More.

To-morrow (Sunday) matinee the Kolb-Dill-Bernard-Amber-Blake combination will begin the second and positively last week of their engagement at the Grand Opera House. The programme for Sunday afternoon and evening and Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights will be the musical skit, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee." Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee will be devoted to a double bill consisting of the musical satire, "Whirl-I-Gig," and the burlesque, "Big Little Princess." The company leave by the May steamer for Australia. Sunday matinee, May 1st, Melbourne McDowell will begin a series of Sardou revivals. He will be supported by Constance Crawley, who is remembered in this city as the Everyman of Ben Greet's morality play.

## American Comic Opera Revived.

The Tivoli Opera House will revive Monday evening for positively one week only Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards's American comic opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which, for seven consecutive weeks, packed that house. The management had not intended to revive it till later in the year, but numerous requests for its immediate repetition changed their plans. The cast will be the same as before, with the exception of the character of Kate Pemberton,

which will be played by Dora de Phillippe, the most recent addition to the company. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be succeeded by the musical comedy, "A Runaway Girl," which was successful for two seasons in New York. Elaborate preparations are being made for it.

## Love and Heroism.

Joseph Arthur's sensational drama of the fireman's life, "The Still Alarm," will be the attraction at the Central Theatre for the week commencing Monday night. The piece introduces, among other things, a faithful picture of the interior of a fully equipped modern fire-house, with steam engine and fire horses, and a lightning drill of the fire laddies will be a prominent feature. There is a pretty love-story in the piece, and a rescue from death in the flames that is a prelude to a wedding ceremony. There is much comedy in the play, and there will be songs by the Firemen's Quartet.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Sembrich to Close the Musical Season.

Manager Will Greenbaum will close his musical season with two concerts by the lyric soprano, Mme. Marcella Sembrich. On this tour, Mme. Sembrich will be assisted by Rudolph Ganz, a fine piano soloist, who will also play the accompaniments for her. The sale of seats opens on Thursday morning, April 28th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. Prices will range from \$3.00 as low as \$1.00, including reserved seat. The reputation that Mme. Sembrich made with the Grau company should insure her large audiences.

## The Art Association Concert.

Those who sang and played at the concert given Thursday night, under the direction of Henry Heyman, at the San Francisco Art Association's spring exhibition, were Mrs. John Wesley McDaniel, soprano; Miss Stella R. Schwabacher, soprano; W. B. Anthony, tenor; Samuel Augenblick, violinist; Miss Frances Weiss, accompanist for Miss Schwabacher; Mrs. S. F. Campbell, violin accompanist; and Otto Fleissner, organist. The programme was as follows:

Organ, "Wedding March," West, Otto Fleissner; "The Silent World is Sleeping," Dudley Buck, W. B. Anthony; "Romanze," Op. 262, Carl Reinecke, Samuel Augenblick; (a) "Vainka's Son," Stuzman, (b) "Obstinatation," Fontenaille, Miss Stella R. Schwabacher; organ, (a) "Serenade," Schubert-Triette, (b) "Gavotte," Thomas-Eddy, Otto Fleissner; "Come to Me," Denza, Mrs. John Wesley McDaniel; (a) "Serenade," Nevin, (b) "Irish Love Song," Margaret Ruthvan Lang, W. B. Anthony; Sonata in A-major, Handel, Samuel Augenblick; (a) "Song of a Heart," Tuniston, (b) "Si mes Vers avaient Ailes," Hahn, Miss Stella R. Schwabacher; organ, "March," Merkel, Otto Fleissner.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Adam Grant has been filed for probate. Emma F. Grant, widow of the deceased, and Joseph D. Grant, a son, are named as trustees and executors, but the former has renounced her right on account of ill health. To Mrs. Grant is bequeathed \$400,000 in gold coin or its equivalent in real estate, the family residence at 1112 Bush Street, and an allowance of \$1,000 per month pending the settlement of the estate. If she declines to accept the above provision, she is to receive one-half the community property. One hundred thousand dollars each, to be held in trust, is left to Joseph D. Grant's three children—Douglas, Josephine, and Edith. Sums of \$5,000 and \$10,000 are left to various relatives, and \$5,000 each to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Ladies' Protective Relief Society, and the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum. The remainder of the estate goes to Joseph D. Grant.

Final distribution has been ordered by Judge Cook in the estate of Charles L. Fair. The total amount distributed equally between

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is \$3,040,187.75, less expenses, counsel fees, and incidentals. Counsel for Thomas J. Rooney made a claim for \$75,000, which was not allowed, and suit is pending. Judge Cook's action determined his opinion that Fair survived his wife, though the suit against the estate of the Nelsons—Mrs. Fair's relatives, who claim that Mrs. Fair died last—is pending in New York. The Nelsons have received, in all, between \$225,000 and \$250,000.

Postmaster Arthur Fiske has been granted authority to establish in the Mills Building a new post-office station, to be known as "Station N."

## Nelson's Anycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

## ORDER SOME "Club Cocktails" SENT HOME TODAY.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at dinner which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to

G. F. Heublein & Bro.,  
29 Broadway, N. Y.  
and Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.

400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

# Schaeffer Pianos

## A WELL-BUILT PIANO At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND  
LOAN ASSOCIATION,  
Established 1889,  
301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN

Secretary and General Manager.

## Banks and Insurance.

### THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.68  
Capital actually paid in cash.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

### SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds...899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

### SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-Up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

### FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallat.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

### CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President, HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

### WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

### Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

### 4½ per cent. on Savings

#### Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 6 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer, George C. Boardman, Manager Etna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

### THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

#### OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

The dog caddie is the striking innovation that presents itself in spring golfing in the East. Some young women have introduced the dog caddie upon the links with great success, and others are buying and training dogs in order to follow the example. Some predict, indeed, that in time the golf fields will be as thickly sprinkled with dog as with boy caddies. "What advantage, as a caddie, has the dog over the boy?" was the question put, the other day, to the originator of the dog-caddie idea, by a representative of the *Tribune*. She replied: "The boy caddie costs from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents an hour. An afternoon's golfing with a boy eats a big hole in a dollar. But a dog caddie costs nothing. With the boy caddie you are constantly losing balls. Balls cost three and four dollars a dozen, and, when one disappears, your boy is none too anxious to help you find it, for, if he finds it later himself, he can sell it at a good price. But with the dog caddie you never lose a ball. The dog, with his fine sense of smell, will trail a golf ball as he would a rabbit. Boy caddies break appointments. But the faithful dog caddie never fails. The dog caddie, to sum up, is more industrious, more obedient, more sympathetic than the boy, and he is many times cheaper." The young woman, on a sunny April morning, was golfing. Ben stood beside her, silent, respectful, sympathetic—boys are not always so. She took her driver from Ben's back, and she made a good, long drive, but the ball flew a little wild. It lighted in a tuft of tall weeds. Ben, with long, easy bounds, made after it. He nosed through the tall weeds, found it, and stood with it in his mouth. "Now," said the young woman, "I would have been ten or fifteen minutes finding that ball, and perhaps I'd never have found it. As for the average caddie, I'm sure he would never have found it. He wouldn't even have looked for it. He would only have pretended." It has been found that the best way to fasten the sticks to the dog is by means of a stout harness with loops, two or three on each side.

The absence of "farewell" bachelor dinners before weddings shows that this very ohnoxious American custom is growing into disfavor. A bachelor dinner of this kind is not a compliment to the bride. It is supposed to be a farewell to the liberties and pleasures of an unmarried man, and usually is given at a club. "Frequently," comments the *New York Times*, "it has been the just cause for comment. Two years ago, the custom of a dinner for the bride-party came into fashion. A well-known New York society man arranged a dance last week on the same evening on which his son-in-law-elect gave a dinner to his ushers, and the little reunion after this entertainment made away with the touch of hohemianism which prevails in the spirit of such entertainments. The Duke of Roxburgh did not give a bachelor dinner, nor have any of such entertainments been arranged for the more recent bridegrooms in the very smart set.

Perhaps the story that comes from Washington—that Miss Alice Roosevelt recently bet on the races at the Benning track and thereby incurred her father's deep displeasure and received a sentence of banishment from Washington during the remainder of the season—ought to be received with caution, but the story is rather detailed and circumstantial and not inconsistent with Miss Alice's known vivacious disposition. It is said that it was on Saturday, April 24, that Miss Roosevelt went to the races and made bets. A photographer pictured her in the act of giving money to a commissioner; of showing her winnings triumphantly to Representative Gillett, of Massachusetts; of giving money to Representative Longworth, of Ohio, presumably to bet; and in two groups watching the horses running. Miss Roosevelt drove over to Benning with a party of friends. Representative Longworth, of Ohio, was her especial escort. Miss Roosevelt is an enthusiast about horses. She rides with her father, and has followed the hounds. She went to the club-house as the guest of President Howland, of the Washington Jockey Club. There were betting commissioners at the club-house—nice, polite young men employed to take the wagers of the club-house guests to the ring. Miss Roosevelt wanted to bet. She did not make big wagers. She put a bet on *Mon Anour* in the second race because she liked the name, and bet on *Twilight* in the steeplechase. A photographer was about with a portable camera. He secured five pictures, with Miss Roosevelt in each. In one she was talking very seriously to the betting commissioner, pocket book in hand, evidently giving instruction just how she wanted her favorite horse played. The photographer took his pictures home and printed them. He realized that he had an attractive feature for any newspaper that prints pictures, and he started out bright and early to realize on his enterprise. He offered the pictures to the highest bidder among the newspaper men, and the bids were instant and high. The photographer was to round up his offers after he returned from the track in the evening, and sell the pictures for exclusive publication for the best price. In some way the news reached the

President that pictures showing Miss Roosevelt at the race-track had been taken and offered for sale. He made hasty inquiries, found that five pictures had been printed, and sent out friends to stop their publication. He was successful. Then he had a "serious talk" with Alice, and she started for New York on a visit next morning—all of which, of course, is according to the story which emanates from Washington.

"No particular surprise should be felt," says the *New York Globe*, "over the fact that tickets for some of the Easter Day church services were sold by sidewalk spectators. This would seem to be the inevitable outcome of the custom requiring tickets of admission. The very fact that tickets are required for Easter Day services probably lends a zest and leads many to go who otherwise might not, and the struggle for tickets gives them a sufficient value to make their sale possible. Pew-renters are undoubtedly entitled to their pews if they want them, but aside from these reservations, it would seem 'first come, first served,' should be the rule of Easter Day, as for all other church services. Especially, when it comes to paid admissions, it is difficult to see where a church service differs from any other form of entertainment."

Women riding astride in Rotten Row is a spectacle promised to those who frequent Hyde Park during the coming season. Many responsible West End tailors have assured the sartorial expert of a London contemporary that orders for divided skirts are arriving from a large and ever increasing number of horsewomen. New "ride-astride" garments have been invented and are exclusively advertised in the fashion journals. Current fashion papers are full of the subject. The *Ladies' Tailor* is almost exclusively devoted to it, and discusses, among other aspects of the question, the effect of riding astride upon the health. "Some doctors," declares this journal, "say that women of mature age have developed anatomically in a way that would render a change from the side saddle to the cross saddle very uncomfortable, and unless they took fresh lessons in riding it would be dangerous."

"If the average reader of French novels, whose knowledge of the French people is derived entirely from that source, were asked to name the prevalent feature of French married life, there could be but one reply—the infidelity of the wife," thinks a writer in the *Chicago Chronicle*, who continues: "That this impression, which prevails so generally among the novel-reading public outside of France, is utterly false is known to all who have had the opportunity to observe the home life of the French people. The wonder, therefore, has been that the French writers of love romances, almost without exception, should employ a theme which amounts to a slander of their own womankind, and one so destructive to the sentimental ideals and morals of youth. A logical, if not altogether satisfactory, explanation of this perversion of light literature is contained in a recent article by Dr. Emil Reich, contributed to the *Contemporary Review*. The French people could wish for no kindlier critic, nor one who takes a more optimistic view of the future, not only of the French nation, but of the Latin races generally. This writer sees no evidence of degeneracy in the eroticism of the French novel, but regards it as an inevitable feature of the romantic literature of the people whose social customs have left their novelists no other alternative. The French writers are wholly lacking in the material which forms the basis of the healthful and inspiring love-stories of English literature—the sentimental attachments of the young. The beautiful maiden of real life in France is immured in a convent, or some other secluded educational institution, until she reaches young womanhood, after which she is under the constant espionage of her parents until she is married. The noble-minded youth who woos her must pay his court in their watchful presence. There

are no clandestine meetings, no moonlight strolls, no unselfish acts of devotion, and no heroic situations which constitute romantic fiction. In real life, as Dr. Reich points out, the *jeune fille* is a nonentity, and hence in fiction would be an absurdity. Lacking the essential theme for wholesome romance, the French novelist is compelled, in spite of himself, to found his romances upon illicit amours, or upon the waywardness of young women who have rebelled against parental restraint."

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
April 14th.....	64	56	.21	Cloudy
" 15th.....	60	52	Tr.	Pt. Cloudy
" 16th.....	60	52	.12	Cloudy
" 17th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	58	52	.03	Cloudy
" 19th.....	52	46	.40	Clear
" 20th.....	54	44	.02	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 20, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. M. R. 5%	2,000	@ 80	80	83
C. C. Water 5%	1,000	@ 101	....	102
Los An. Ry. 5%	6,000	@ 111½	111	111½
Los Angeles Light- ing Gtd. 5%	14,000	@ 103½	103	104
Market St. Ry. 1st Con. 5%	5,000	@ 113½	113½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000	@ 116½	116½	117
Oakland Transit 5%	12,000	@ 112	111½	112½
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 99½	99½	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	15,000	@ 116- 116½	116	116½
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	2,000	@ 107-107½	107	108
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	5,000	@ 108	108	
S. V. Water 6%	3,000	@ 104½	104½	
S. V. Water 4%	2,000	@ 100½	....	100½
STOCKS.			Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	5	@ 37½	....	38½
S. V. Water Co.	58	@ 39½- 39%	39	39½
Powders.				
Giant Con.	30	@ 61	....	61½
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	110	@ 48- 48½	....	49
Honokaa S. Co.	65	@ 12½	11½	12
Hutchinson	25	@ 9	8¾	9½
Kilauea S. Co.	200	@ 4	....	4½
Paaubau S. Co.	110	@ 13	12½	13
Makaweli S. Co.	105	@ 21	21	22
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.	100	@ 3¾	3½	4
Mutual Electric.	1,210	@ 10- 13½	11	12½
S. F. Gas & Electric	590	@ 60½- 63	62½	63
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers	35	@ 144	....	144½
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.	135	@ 100- 101	....	100½
Cal. Wine Assn.	55	@ 92	91¾	93
Oceanic S. Co.	125	@ 4	3¾	4
Pac. Coast Borax	14	@ 170	....	170

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, 590 shares being traded in at 60½ to 63, a gain of two and one-half points, closing at 62½ bid, 63 asked.

Mutual Electric sold up three and one-half points to 13½ on sales of 1,210 shares, but at the close was offered at 12½. The assessment of \$1.00 per share was delinquent on April 18, 1904.

The sugars have been quiet, and less than 615 shares, of all kinds, changed hands, with fractional declines.

Spring Valley Water has been steady, with no change in price.

Alaska Packers was quoted at 144. California Fruit Cannerns at 100-101 and California Wine Association at 92.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## "To Err is Human"— Not to Err—Elgin.

The man who is always  
right on time is the man  
who carries the

## ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timekeepers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

## The American Gentleman's Whiskey



HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition, \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager. Proprietor.

## THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Sets.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A very pretty manicure in Bond Street recently was attending upon Joe Redding and, as she added the finishing touches, she looked up with limpid eyes, and said: "We are always so glad to have testimonials from our customers. Do you mind?" "Delighted," responded gallant Joseph. Whereupon he wrote upon his card and handed her the following: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

An old Rhode Island farmer was trying to convert a neighbor to socialism. He explained his idea of it, and professed his willingness to abide by its tenets. "Why," said he, "under socialism, if I had two heifers, I'd give you one; if I had two horses, I'd give you one." "If you had two pigs would you divide with me?" asked the neighbor. "Ah," said the old socialist, reproachfully, "there ye're gettin' too near home. Ye know I've got two pigs."

At school, little Charlie, being one of the geography class, was deeply interested in learning the points of the compass. Said the teacher: "You have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the west. What have you behind you?" After a moment's reflection, Charlie exclaimed: "A patch on my pants." And to make the information more binding, Charley continued in a shamefaced manner: "I knew you'd see it; I told mamma you would."

When the Queen of England, daughter of the King of Denmark, was the Princess of Wales, she attended, one afternoon, a food show, at which was a display of butter that pleased her greatly. She praised the butter, and to its exhibitor she said: "Denmark sends us the best butter, doesn't it?" The dealer smiled, and shook his head. "No, your royal highness," he answered, gallantly; "Denmark sends us the best princesses, but Devonshire sends us the best butter."

Kirk La Shelle, the comic-opera writer, has a son aged three, known as "Bill," who is very fond of his father, but has no liking for society—especially for an afternoon-tea crowd. His mother entertained a lot of friends recently, and Bill was the centre of admiration. The men tossed him in the air, and the ladies kissed him—to all of which he submitted politely; but when the first opportunity presented itself he crawled up into his father's arms, and said, in very wee, pleading tones: "Father, let's get out of this—and have a rough house of our own!"

James F. Sweeney, a Massachusetts lawyer, had as a witness a very refractory woman, who, in answer to his most polite questions, would reply sharply and evasively. Her meek and humble husband, who was in court, looked much distressed. At last, at one of Mr. Sweeney's innocent questions, the lady vindictively cried: "Mr. Lawyer, you needn't think you can catch me, no, sir, you can't catch me." With his most pleasing smile, Mr. Sweeney responded: "Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks to me as if he was sorry he had succeeded."

Sir Chentung, the Chinese ambassador, can not be induced to make a direct reference to the war; but that it occupies a prominent place in his mind was shown at a recent banquet in New York. Several speakers had lauded the ability that Chentung had shown, while at college in this country, at baseball and football. One of the ambassador's neighbors, overcome by the occasion, shouted: "Rah, 'rah, 'rah for the three balls—baseball, football, and highball!" "Make it four," answered the Chinese minister, his eyes narrowing in two long lines of grim suggestiveness; "add a fourth—cannon-ball."

A lady, upon whose child Velpeau, the great French surgeon, had performed a most difficult operation, called upon him, full of gratitude, and presented him with a pocket-book which she had embroidered with her own hands. Velpeau received the testimonial very crustily, saying that it was a beautiful pocket-book, and all that, but that his necessities demanded something more substantial. "My fee," he said, coldly, "is five thousand francs." The lady very quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten one-thousand franc-notes, counted out five, and, politely handing them to Velpeau, retired.

Helen Beach, a seven-year-old girl of Bayonne, N. J., has almost lost faith in the President. She was in Washington with her parents, who were the guests of Congressman Benny, and with them she was presented to President Roosevelt. Then it was that she took the opportunity of asking information on a matter that puzzled her. "Mr. President," she said, "will you kindly tell me the proper way for a girl to salute the American flag? I would like to know very much." The President's smile disappeared, and, after a moment or so of thinking, he replied: "My little girl, if you had only asked me how a boy

should salute the flag I would say by raising his hat and drawing his arm to his left side, but really I do not know just how a girl should salute." And the little girl was greatly disappointed.

Rev. Mr. Fillingham, the English clergyman, who has been making such spectacular and physically forcible objections in New York to Bishop Potter's high-church methods of worship, heard that the latter had been to the circus, and had praised it highly. "It does not surprise me," said Mr. Fillingham; "I should expect Bishop Potter to take the church to a circus." By a kind friend the remark was reported to the bishop, who offered a mild observation in reply: "Better do as I do—take the church to the circus—than do as my brother Fillingham does and raise a circus in the church."

Mgr. Farley, who has been visiting the Vatican, finds that Pope Pius has a keen sense of humor, and reports that he greatly enjoyed the following story: It was of Con Creggan's father, who, on his deathbed, was making his will, and in order that he might have strength to do so, was plentifully plied with punch by Con and a group of neighbors. Toward the close the dying man cried to his son: "Ah, Con, Con! Just touch my lips once more with the jug. Wisht, my son, you watered the drink." "No, indeed, father, dear," while a low murmur of pity chorused through the cabin; "but it's the taste that's lavin' ye."

A stranger walked into a Georgia hotel, and began to descant upon the wonders of psychology, declaring that he could tell a man's political preferences by looking at him, so strong is the mark left upon one's face by his opinions. One man was skeptical, and offered to bet the cigars that the stranger could do no such thing. "Done!" said the mind-reader; "you yourself are for Cleveland." He was right, but the scoffer muttered. "An accident." "You," he said to another, "prefer Parker." He was right again, and "Wonderful!" said the crowd. Turning to a third he said, "And you are for Hearst." "You are a liar!" was the unexpected response, delivered with heat and indignation; "I have been sick; that is the reason I look this way."

## San Francisco.

The name of San Francisco is associated with yellow perils. San Francisco is easily one of the seven cities which in future ages will be pointed out as the birthplace of Mr. Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst, or some one of his young men, is always first in war and first in peace, to say nothing of circulation. Some believe the mantle of Mr. Bryan can be made to fit Mr. Hearst by being shirred quite a bit around the waist.

To return to San Francisco, the Golden Gate is solid gold, with radium hinges.

San Francisco is a beautiful city. Owing to the nickel being positively the smallest coin used, it is impossible for anything to look like thirty-seven cents, there.

San Francisco was made by C. P. Huntington, with only such assistance as the Almighty could render.

Air is practically free in San Francisco.

San Francisco can never be a very large place, because as soon as a family get to be worth ten or twenty billions, they move to New York, where they can see Wagner with the original specialties.—Puck.

She thought so, too: Little brother—"Do you know, Mabel, I believe if I weren't here Captain Spooner would kiss you." Sister—"Leave the room this minute, you impertinent little boy!"—Punch.

## If Your Physician.

prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility, it will be well to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food, perfectly sterilized, according to latest sanitary methods. For general household uses. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Advertisement.

When Cleopatra, wise old girl,  
Got gay one night and drank a pearl,  
All frugal folk cried out, "For shame!"  
But marveled at her just the same.  
And she was right and she was wise  
To thus get in and advertise.

When Cheops made his subjects hid  
On contracts for a pyramid,  
He got a tomb well worth a king,  
(Though not a very useful thing).  
But he was right and he was wise  
To thus get in and advertise.

When old Diogenes began  
Pot hunting for an honest man  
His chances for success were slim;  
But folks began discussing him—  
And he was right and he was wise  
To thus get in and advertise.

When Dr. Johnson made a spree  
Of forty-seven cups of tea,  
He surely showed his *savoir faire*  
By having Mr. Boswell there—  
And he was right and he was wise  
To thus get in and advertise.

'Tis sad, but it is true, the same,  
That those who fill the Book of Fame  
Have left their records, more or less,  
Through some tremendous foolishness—  
Yet they were right and they were wise  
To thus get in and advertise.

Blame not the actress out of funds  
Who plans to lose her diamonds,  
Blame not the millionaire who capers  
To get his actions in the papers;  
They've little to immortalize,  
But they at least can advertise.

—Wallace Irwin in Life.

## A Nocturnal Shot.

He threw his small clock at a cat—  
He missed her, you can bet;  
The clock it stopped at half-past three,  
The cat is going yet.

—Yonkers Statesman.

## St. Smith.

Forty-two times he has run for the doctor,  
Forty-two times he's gone forth in the night,  
Nervously fastening on his suspenders,  
Hoping as never a hachelor might.  
Forty-two times he has wondered and waited,  
Pacing the floor with his head in a whirl;  
Forty-two times he has heard the announcement:  
"It is a boy," or "It's only a girl."

Forty-two times the grim nurse has denied him  
Rights that he proudly supposed were his own;  
Forty-two times he has harbored emotions  
Such as the childless man never has known.  
Forty-two times he has hounded up, hearing  
The first shriek cry of a strange little guest:  
Forty-two times he has gone in the morning,  
Boasting and bragging, and swelling his chest.  
Forty-two times he has paid for frail ribbons,  
Paid for soft laces and fluffly affairs.  
Paid for the bottles and what is put in them;  
Forty-two times he has shouldered new cares.  
Forty-two times he has heard the glad message:  
"Everything's lovely—come in—it's all right—"

Forty-two times he has gone for the doctor,  
Buttoning up as he rushed through the night.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What a cool and indifferent air Miss Frappay has. She acts just as if she didn't know that anybody was looking at her." "Yes, she inherits that. Her mother used to bake pancakes in the window of a quick-lunch restaurant."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympathetic tone*, in the possession of which it stands alone.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.

## SOZODONT

A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE FOR THE  
TEETH AND BREATH.

USE WITH

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Louis.....April 30 | St. Paul.....May 14  
Germania.....May 7 | Philadelphia.....May 21  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Haverford, April 30, 10 am | Noordland.....May 14, 10 am  
Friesland.....May 7, 10 am | Merion.....May 21, 10 pm

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba.....April 30, 9 am  
Minutemen.....May 7, 11.30 am  
Minnehaha.....May 14, 4 pm  
Minneapolis.....May 21, 10.30 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Kensington.....April 30 | Southwark.....May 14  
Dominion.....May 7 | Canada.....May 21

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Potsdam.....May 10 | Ryndam.....May 24  
Rotterdam.....May 17 | Noordam.....May 31

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Finland.....April 30 | Kronland.....May 14  
Vaderland.....May 7 | Zeeland.....May 21

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Arahic.....April 29, 5 pm | Celtic.....May 13, 4 pm  
Oceanic.....May 4, 9 am | Cedric.....May 18, 7 am  
Teutonic.....May 11, 10 am | Majestic.....May 25, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic (new).....April 30, June 9, July 7  
Cretic.....May 5, June 2, June 30  
Cymric.....May 19, June 16, July 14

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic.....May 14, June 18, July 30  
Canopic.....May 28, July 2, August 27  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows:

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 26  
Doric.....Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 22  
Gaelic.....Thursday, July 14

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO  
KISEN  
KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan  
Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,  
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,  
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904

America Maru.....Thursday, May 12  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 23, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, April 23, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, May 5, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered  
by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is  
not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, T. T. DARGIE,  
President, Secretary



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Hawthurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hawthurst, of Alameda, to Mr. Ronald Clark Kennedy, of Hilo, Hawaii. The wedding will take place some time in May.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Doyle, daughter of Mrs. Henry Doyle, to Lieutenant William M. Parker, U. S. A., took place at St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo, on Monday morning. The ceremony was performed at ten o'clock by Archbishop Riordan. Miss Margaret Doyle was bridesmaid, Lieutenant Alfred A. Hickox, U. S. A., acted as best man. A wedding breakfast was served after the ceremony, and Lieutenant Parker and Mrs. Parker left immediately for Fort Russell, Wyo., where they will live.

The wedding of Miss Cyetta McQuaid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Kemper, of Vallejo, to Lieutenant John W. McCloskey, U. S. M. C., took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. James Mitchell, assisted by Rev. Theodore F. Burnham. Mrs. A. M. Stevenson, the bride's sister, was matron of honor, Miss Marie English was bridesmaid, and Lieutenant W. H. Pritchell, U. S. M. C., acted as best man. Lieutenant McCloskey and Mrs. McCloskey have gone south on their wedding journey.

Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a luncheon on Monday at her residence, Washington and Laguna Streets, in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Others at table were Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Girvin, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Mrs. Newhall.

Mrs. John H. Dieckmann gave a luncheon yesterday (Friday) at her residence in Oakland in honor of Mrs. John Hamilton Lynch. Others at table were Mrs. George Sterritt Wheaton, Mrs. Remi Chabot, Mrs. James Moffit, Mrs. J. P. H. Dunn, Mrs. Robert S. Knight, Miss Claire Chabot, Mrs. Herbert Moffit, Mrs. Robert Lee Stevenson, Mrs. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mark Requa, Miss Mary Barker, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Sara Drum, and Miss Florine Brown.

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Mrs. Shiels gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening, in honor of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Miss Evelyn Hussey gave a luncheon at the St. Francis on Saturday in honor of Miss Frances Van Rensselaer, of Dallas, Tex. Others at table were Miss Edna Orr, Miss Isabelle Kendall, Miss Noelle de Golia, Miss Irene Bangs, Miss Letitia Barry, Miss Norma Castle, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Charlotte Lally, and Miss Mattie Milton.

The bazaar to be given by the Chrysanthemum Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital takes place at the Sorosis club-house this (Saturday) afternoon.

Mrs. F. B. Southworth and Miss Grace Nichols gave a tea on Tuesday at their residence on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Harry Roosevelt (*née* Morrow), Miss Mackintosh, and Miss Winifred Mackintosh.

## Army and Navy News.

Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., the new adjutant-general of the Department of California, arrived from the East last week, and has assumed his duties at department headquarters.

Paymaster John Irwin, U. S. N., who has been on duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard,

will leave for the Philippines on the naval transport *Solace* next month. He will be succeeded at Mare Island by Paymaster David Potter, U. S. N.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., returned from the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan*.

Major Guy L. Edie, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is at present in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Edie is at 1015 Van Ness Avenue.

Captain W. S. Overton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is to be engineer officer succeeding Major Todd.

Major Joseph H. Pendleton, U. S. M. C., who has just returned from Alaska, has been ordered to the Philippines.

Major Albert Todd, U. S. A., has been succeeded as ordnance officer of this department by Captain Lewis R. Burgess, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Captain Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A., has been ordered for duty at Honolulu.

Captain Alexander W. Perry, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines last week, en route to the East.

Captain Ralph E. Ingram, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., left last week for St. Louis for duty with the Jefferson Guard at the Exposition.

Colonel Benjamin C. Lockwood, U. S. A., in command of the Twenty-Ninth Infantry, is now en route home from the Philippines with his regiment.

Major John R. Williams, adjutant-general's office, U. S. A., will sail for Manila on the transport leaving here June 1st.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Patterson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered from San Diego to the Presidio.

Admiral J. C. Watson, U. S. N., has been ordered to Europe on special duty.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., who has been commanding the *Wisconsin* in the Orient, has returned to await orders.

Dr. W. A. Powell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Powell are here on their way to the Philippines.

Dr. Edward G. Parker, U. S. N., has gone to Samoa for four or five months. Mrs. Parker will spend the summer months at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Swezey, wife of Captain Claude B. Swezey, U. S. A., has returned from the Philippines.

Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Allen have returned from their wedding journey to Southern California, and have been the guests during the week of Mrs. Allen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel M. Kent. Their future home will be the army post at Spokane, Wash.

General Thomas F. Barr, U. S. A., retired, has been in the city during the past week.

Mrs. Alexander N. Mitchell, wife of Lieutenant Mitchell, U. S. N., has returned from a two months' stay in San Diego.

## Vacation Days at Hotel del Monte.

Society and all people interested in healthful recreation are planning to go to Del Monte earlier than usual this season. The spring days there are delightful, with wild flowers covering the hillsides, the golf links a wonderful carpet of green, and the surf just right for swimming. A number of families have already engaged quarters for the season, and others will doubtless arrange before the first of May. Next month there will be an automobile tournament, and during the summer, as usual, the hotel will be the centre for all sorts of out-of-door sports. Under new management, this favorite resort promises to become more popular than ever.

## The Rise of C. H. Markham.

Charles H. Markham, who recently became vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, succeeding Julius Kruttschnitt, who became transportation director of all the Harriman railway and steamship lines, is said by the *New York Press* to have once been the humblest figure on the pay-roll of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad—a section hand at one dollar and fifteen cents a day. Step by step he has climbed the ladder of success, until to-day his salary is between twenty-five thousand and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Markham was born in Clarksville, Tenn., on May 22, 1861. Later his parents removed to Addison, N. Y., where he went to school and remained until 1880, when he drifted into the South-West in search of adventure, like many Eastern lads who at that time thought success never strayed east of the Mississippi. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé was being pushed through New Mexico in 1881, when the young fellow applied for work as a section laborer. He got it at one dollar and fifteen cents a day. He tamped ties, shoveled dirt, drove spikes, and built roadbed the best he knew how. He worked so well that he got a job as trackman at Deming, N. M., afterward obtaining a place as a station hand for the Southern Pacific at that town.

From this position he was promoted to the proud post of station agent at Benson, Ariz. In this remote town in the sand he remained until 1890, when he was transferred to a more responsible, though chillier, post, at Reno, Nev. Reno was at that time an important freight and passenger point, owing to its connection with the Virginia City and Truckee Railway, which runs back to the Comstock and other mine lodes. Large shipments of bullion were constantly confided to the care of the station agent, and, altogether, it was the busiest and most responsible point between Ogden and Sacramento.

He was station agent at Reno for about a year, and then was appointed division freight and passenger agent, with headquarters at Fresno, Cal.

He remained there until 1897, when he was promoted to be general freight and passenger agent for the Oregon lines of the Southern Pacific. Here he remained until 1901, when he was made assistant freight traffic manager for the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific, with offices in San Francisco. Six months later he went to Houston, Tex., as vice-president of the Houston and Texas Central Railway.

There are half a dozen or more Harriman railways in Texas, the principal ones of which are the Southern Pacific and the Houston and Texas Central. Some of these roads are parallel and naturally should be competitive. The railway laws of Texas are restrictive regarding railways. It was part of the work of Mr. Markham to bring these properties into closer relations for the handling of freight and passenger business, and yet not raise the wrath of the railway commissioner. How well he has done this may be gathered from his appointment to practically supreme charge of the Southern Pacific system.

In order that every one may have an opportunity of seeing the spring exhibition, which is an unusually good collection of California art, the board of directors of the Art Association has decided to keep the exhibition open to the public, free of charge, until next Wednesday. This privilege refers only to the Mary Frances Searles Gallery.

This (Saturday) is Fabiola Day at the Oakland Track, the proceeds going to the Fabiola Hospital at Oakland. As usual, it will be made a great society event, and in anticipation of the great crowd that will attend, preparations have been made for an unusually good programme.

Visitors to the top of Mt. Tamalpais agree in pronouncing the view afforded the most varied and beautiful in California. The ride up the mountain discloses picturesque scenery at every turn. The Tavern has helped to make the summit of Mt. Tamalpais famous everywhere.

—WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS IN GREAT variety at Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

## Wanted

by a young woman student of Stanford University, some employment for the summer vacation, May 18th to August 18th. Address H. T., 329 Lincoln Ave, Palo Alto, Cal. The best of references given.

## Sunny Flat to Let.

A sunny six-room flat, within one block of Golden Gate Park. Separate entrance. Rent \$27.50. A. J. R. & Co., 112 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

—FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED HOLSTEIN COW with 11 milk and cream record. Apply to T. S. Montgomery, 7 W. Santa Clara Street, San José.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR," 121 Post St., cuts fine fitting shirt-waists for ladies.

## Pears'

Which would you rather have, if you could have your choice, transparent skin or perfect features?

All the world would choose one way; and you can have it measurably.

If you use Pears' Soap and live wholesomely otherwise, you will have the best complexion Nature has for you.

Sold all over the world.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding


Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Manager.

R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.



**Glassware**

is most appreciated when the color, the cut and the finish are such as characterize all pieces bearing the stamp of

**Dorflinger**

*Glassware*

## Menlo Park

We have for sale ONE OF THE FINEST HOMES IN THE FAIR OAKS DISTRICT. House, stables, and outbuildings in first-class condition. Thirty acres of land, highly improved; splendid oaks; electric lights throughout. Convenient to station. An ideal gentleman's country home. Particulars on request. Apply to

**SELBY, RODGERS & CO.**  
116 California Street.

Telephone Main 673.

**There is no Substitute for**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**It is a Matter of Health**





## AT AUCTION

Avoid Speculation—Put your Money in Land.

### BUY A LOT

From us on Parnassus Heights that will increase in Value by Leaps and Bounds  
**BE MASTER OF YOUR INVESTMENT**

**Pay Us 10 Per Cent. Down,  
Balance 10 Per Cent.**

**Every 6 Months Until Your Lot  
is Paid For.**

**WE ARE GOING TO OFFER YOU**

—ON—

**Thursday, April 28, 1904**

At 12 o'clock noon, at our office  
and salesroom,

## 25 Post Street AT AUCTION SIXTY-THREE

Exceptionally well-located **HOME BUILDING LOTS** on Parnassus Heights—fronting **GOLDEN GATE PARK**—the biggest and happiest playground in Frisco. These lots front on Hugo and I Streets, Second, Third, and Fourth Aves.; are all level, on official line and grade; streets bituminized and sewered, granite curbs and cement sidewalks; all ready to build on at once. **MAKE YOUR SELECTION** before the day of sale. We have a branch office on the property at the corner of H Street and Seventh Avenue. Our agent is there to show you the lots. Office open every day, including Sundays. Catalogues at office.

**BALDWIN & HOWELL**  
25 POST STREET.

**REHNSTROM & HAGBOM**

FORMERLY SANDOERS & JOHNSON

**TAILORS**

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## CAMPING

### A DAY'S OUTING

Or a week's camping can be provided for here at short notice. Our camping boxes come in different sizes, containing enough fresh provisions for from one to five days. Goods packed or delivered to your nearest station, freight prepaid. Send or call for our price lists.

**SMITHS' CASH  
STORE, Inc.**

25-27 Market St., S. F.  
Phone Exchange 560

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding leaves Paris soon for a season at Carlshad. Mr. Redding comes to California in May, and will remain for the Midsummer Jinks.

Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, and Miss Bessie Huntington, who left last week for the East, propose spending the summer in Switzerland. They sail from New York early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean sailed from New York for Europe last Thursday, and will remain abroad all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger are occupying their villa at San Mateo, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin leave for New York next Monday, and will spend the summer in the East.

Mrs. Adam Grant has gone to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will go to their country place, "Stag's Leap," in May for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, and Miss Carol Moore, who are in New York, will spend the summer in Europe.

Captain Edward Tomkinson and Mrs. Tomkinson have gone to Los Angeles, where they will remain permanently.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Wagner left last Saturday for New York, and will sail on May 4th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyle, Miss Maud O'Conner, and Miss Ella O'Conner sail from New York for Europe to-day (Saturday).

Dr. and Mrs. Earle Brownell have been spending the past week in Orville.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell are occupying their cottage in Ross Valley, where they will remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles will spend the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes accompanied her mother, Mrs. Monroe Salishury, to Paso Robles.

Miss Edith Simpson, who is visiting friends in Baltimore, expects to pass the month of May in New York, and will visit St. Louis on her way home.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Spreckels will spend most of the summer in Sausalito.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John H. Boalt, who has been spending the winter in Berlin, has gone to Paris. Mr. H. D. Pillsbury was a recent visitor to Del Monte.

Mrs. Leahy (née Harrington), wife of Lieutenant William Leahy, U. S. N., is residing at Vallejo while the United States steamer *Tacoma* is at Mare Island.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick has gone East for a few weeks.

Miss Carrie Merry arrived from the East last week, and is visiting Miss Constance Borrowe at Sausalito.

Miss Edith Chesebrough is the guest of Mrs. W. G. Miller at Mare Island.

Colonel A. G. Hawes was among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann have taken "Wynnehurst," the Moffatt place in Mill Valley, for the summer, and will occupy it from the first of May.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman will occupy the Fillmore Street residence of Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille, U. S. N., during the absence of the admiral and his wife at Monterey.

Dr. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Garceau will be at the Hotel Rafael this summer.

Mrs. James Keeney and her daughter left on Monday for a visit East, and will spend some time with relatives in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson (née Rixford) are in Paris.

Miss Elizabeth Ames, who is visiting her sister in Boston, may go to Europe before she returns home.

Dr. Frank C. Pague and Mrs. Pague were at the Hotel Rafael recently.

Mrs. Melville E. Stone and Miss Stone have left Pasadena, and are at present in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding will spend the summer at Belvedere.

Mrs. Keifer and Miss Wilson, who have been visiting their brother, Captain Eugene Wilson, U. S. A., at Fort Baker, for several weeks, have returned East.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Postlethwaite and family have returned from Bolinas.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood will go to Menlo Park in May to remain for the summer.

Rev. Dr. Alexander Macintosh, canon of the St. Andrew's Cathedral of Honolulu, arrived on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda*.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gay, of Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. James Vose, of New York, Mrs. Martha L. Ure and Miss Ure, of Newark, Mrs. Henry Gundelfinger, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. M. Van Vliet, Mr. and Mrs. A. Raas, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Haight, Miss Green, Miss Boas, Mr. H. P. Sonntag, Mr. W. L. Messendorfer, and Dr. C. G. Levison.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del

Monte were Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hungerford, Miss Hungerford, Dr. Emily Blackwell and Mr. J. M. Gamble, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Roemer, of Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Lines, Miss Louise D. Lines, and Mr. Harry K. Lines, of New Haven, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, of San Mateo, Mr. E. de la Noue, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. H. Jacoby, Mrs. J. R. Bradbury, Mrs. L. H. Bryan, and Mr. C. S. Aiken.

### Epicures Pleased.

The need of a strictly first-class restaurant in the wholesale and business district has long been felt; and at last the want has been supplied by the Red Lion, situated under the Stock Exchange on Pine Street. Its closeness to the insurance, professional, and brokerage offices, and the leading mercantile houses, obviates the necessity of a trip up town at lunch time; while the quiet that reigns in that part of town in the evening makes it a desirable dinner place for ladies and their escorts. The Red Lion has been fitted up most beautifully in dark, rich tones. Crimson-shaded electric lights are on the tables, which are absolute perfection in the matter of linen and silver. The service is of the ideal kind—quick, noiseless, anticipatory. As to the cooking—the patronage of epicures that the Red Lion already enjoys testifies to that. Nothing is out of season, and everything is prepared and served in a manner that delights lovers of good eating in suitable surroundings. Hitherto they have had to go up town to satisfy their desires for the best. Now they find it in the accessible Red Lion, which may be entered from Pine Street, just below Montgomery, or through the Mills Building. The proprietors have already made it a great success.

Indications are that the state dinner to be given at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, April 30th, by the California Promotion Committee, will be largely attended, and will be thoroughly representative of the State. It is expected that Prince Luigi of Savoy, who arrives in town to-morrow (Sunday), will be a guest.

The United Glee and Mandolin Clubs of the University of California will give a concert at Steinway Hall on April 26th, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart. The proceeds will be devoted to the expense fund for the St. Louis Exposition concert tour.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

### Corner Cottage at Ross.

For sale—lucrative renting property, consisting of lot 100 x 135 feet, set out with flourishing young fruit and shade trees, and containing four-room shingled cottage. Choice neighborhood; five minutes from station; always rented. If preferred, purchaser can buy only the 50 feet containing cottage. Address H. P., Argonaut office.

### Furnished Flat to Rent.

New Western Addition flat, newly furnished, beautifully located. To rent for four or five months, from May 1st. Rent \$75.00 per month. Apply Box 81, Argonaut office.

### A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

**HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.**

For those who appreciate comfort  
and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



**Hotel  
Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each  
way. Open all the year.

**CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST**  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

**MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET**

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge.  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

### THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS



William Wolff & Co. PACIFIC COAST AGENTS San Francisco, Cal.

### THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

## GIANT STRIDES!

All Records Broken

The DISTINCTLY HIGH QUALITY

—OF—

**MOËT & CHANDON**

**"White Seal" Champagne**

Never Varies

**WHY ???**

Messrs. Moët & Chandon own more vineyards than all the leading Champagne houses combined and have over 11 miles of cellars, the most extensive in the world.

Their sales during the Year 1903 were

**4,013,684**

Bottles, a figure never before reached by any Champagne house

This Great House offers its choicest product in

**"WHITE SEAL"**  
THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

**BYRON MAUZY**

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

**PIANOS**

308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

**SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.**



# Santa Fe

## ALL THE WAY

### CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30** A. M.—**BAKERSFIELD LOCAL:** Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

**9.30** A. M.—**"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED":** Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.10 p. m., Bakersfield 5.50 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10.50 p. m.

**4.00** P. M.—**STOCKTON LOCAL:** Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

**8.00** P. M.—**OVERLAND EXPRESS:** Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.35 p. m.

\* Daily.  
Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 5 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

### LESSEE

#### SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.  
WEEK DAYS—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 3.30, 5.10, 6.30 p. m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11.30 p. m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.50 and 11.30 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.20, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6.05, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2.05 and 6.35 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.40, 11.15 a. m.; 1.40, 3.40, 4.55, 5.05, 6.25 p. m.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect Sept. 27, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	Destination.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Ignacio.	9:10 a m	8:40 a m
	9:30 a m		10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		6:05 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m		7:35 p m	
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	9:10 a m	8:40 a m
	9:30 a m		10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		6:05 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m		7:35 p m	
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Fulton.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 a m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Willits.	7:35 p m	6:20 p m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m	Guerneville.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
	5:00 a m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	9:10 a m	8:40 a m
			6:05 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1416.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 2, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling agents employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: What Is the Matter With Roosevelt?—Democrats Talk of Caesarism in the White House—Some Typical Attacks—Case Falls Flat When They Come to Particularize—The Question of the Battle-Ship—Her True Worth a Problem—Makarov's Comment—A Salt-Water Fire System—We Need One—The Cost in Other Cities—Some Aspects of Suicides—Stoics and Cowards—The Royal Road to San Diego—Welcome to El Camino Real—The Wonders of the Wireless—Russia's View of Wireless Correspondents.....	273-275
BETWEEN JAFFA AND JERUSALEM: Pert and Pushing Orientals—Large Output of Stone—Mustard at Home and Abroad—American Woman on Smoking—Russian Reservation at Jerusalem—Protestantism and Palestine—Scenes at the Jaffa Gate—Crowded Life of Jerusalem—How Jerusalem Was Buried. By Jerome Hart.....	275
SPRING IN NEW YORK: A Backward Season—Changeable Weather—Spring Inebriates—Scenes in the Parks—The New Hats Appear—The 1904 Styles—Fashions of 1830 Revived. By Geraldine Bonner.....	277
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	277
AN OLD-TIME SEA FIGHT: The Ruse of the Houzard. Translated from the French of Georges de Lys by Mahel Haughton Brown.....	278
A QUEEN'S STORMY LIFE: The Strange Career of ex-Queen Isabella the Second of Spain—An Execrable Bringing Up—A Shameful Marriage—Profligate, But Generous and Kindly. By "St. Martin".....	279
THE PRESIDENT ON PRESIDENTS: Roosevelt's Opinion of Monroe, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, and Others.....	279
VERSE FROM THE NEW BOOKS: "Wild Roses," by Ronald Campbell Macfie; "The Brothers," by Clinton Scollard; "Purification," by Rachel Annand Taylor; "A Song of Love's Coming," by Ethel Clifford.....	280
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	280-281
DRAMA: "The Clown" at the Alcazar, "The Greatest Thing in the World" at the California. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	282
STAGE GOSSIP.....	283
VANITY FAIR: The Ideal American Family—Two Children the Favorite Number—Mrs. Commander's Interesting Investigations—Personality of Mrs. Parker—Of Dutch Descent—Social Life in St. Petersburg—Immense Diamonds—The Picturesque Cossacks—Clever London Conversationists—The King's Favorites—The Possession of Jewelry—A Queer English Law—Flirting a Good Thing. Says a Chicago Professor.....	284
STORYTTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—An Elephant's Skin—How the Barrymores Dined—"Central's" Opinion of a Lawyer—Would Take It With Him—Stuck on Andrew Carnegie—Disraeli Could Not Understand Gladstone—Poison to "Buffalo Bill"—A Cold-Blooded Order—Better Than Prayer—"Heart Disease"—Dr. Webb and the Bear.....	285
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "She"; "The Horrors of War," by S. E. Kiser; "When Sweethearts Write," by Edwin L. Sablin; "Paul Revere, According to the Norsk Nightingale".....	285
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	286-287
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	288

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ROOSEVELT? "What do the Democrats say is the matter with Roosevelt"—that is a pertinent question of the hour. For it is already clear that the campaign will be waged, not so much upon abstract issues as upon the personality of the President. "Roosevelt the Strenuous," says Henry Watterson (also "the Strenuous"), "with all that he implies, will be the only issue; all thoughts, all passions, all deliverances, will eddy around the President." Like

wise Mr. James R. Williams, of Illinois, himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, has declared that if he were called upon to select an issue upon which all Democrats could unite he would formulate it in four words, to wit: "Roosevelt must be defeated."

In pursuance of this Democratic scheme to make not the trusts, not the tariff, not the Philippines, or Panama, but just "Roosevelt" the "paramount issue," the opposition leaders in Congress and the opposition journals throughout the country are unlimbering their guns, and getting wearily into action. And what do they thunder forth is The Matter With Roosevelt?

In general, of course, they cry that he is "unsafe." Put in Watterson's picturesque style, the indictment runs that he stands for all that "is dangerous and sinister in American politics; for unthinking, unsparing absolutism in the exercise of power; for madcap ambition and overweening self-confidence, reveling in surprises, and doting on spectacular effects." Gorman sets forth the issue with the help of exclamation marks, in the phrases: "No aggrandized Executive! No one-man power! No Caesarism!" And again, with some redundancy: "No dictatorship! No one-man domination." The Houston Post speaks of the President as "a man who knows no law or propriety, except the law of his own imperious will and the expediency of his own political fortune, a man whose hectoring to (sic) his elders is heard daily, who, booted and spurred, is riding down precedent and stampeding his party." And listen to this from the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "The fundamental ideals of the republic can not survive if this pigmy autocrat be allowed to work his own sweet will through another four years of licensed egotism." Still more severe and just as vague and general, though more poetic, was Congressman Kitchin's arraignment of Roosevelt in the House last week. "To say that Roosevelt filled McKinley's place," he declared, "was a desecration of McKinley's name. It was a case of the ant hill taking the place of the mountain, the owl's screech taking the place of the tomb's symphonies, the minnow taking the place of the whale."

If anybody wants to compare President Theodore Roosevelt to a minnow, it is his privilege as an American citizen. And certainly nobody will seriously labor with Mr. Kitchin to convince him of his error. But we doubt if the Democratic campaign committee will circulate his speech as a campaign document. There are some Democrats even, we believe, who feel a faint flush of resentment steal over their vatic brows at Congressman Kitchin's piscatorial comparison.

It is easy to generalize: only when the Democrats come to cite chapter and verse to support their arguments are they somewhat at sea. If they criticize as "usurpation" or "Caesarism" Roosevelt's allegedly unconstitutional intervention between employers and employed in the Anthracite Coal Strike, some Republican is sure to retort with the query: Was not the let-us-take-the-mines plank in the New York State Democratic platform a thousand times more radical, and did not the Democrats in Congress indorse the President's action by voting seventy-five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of the allegedly unconstitutional commission?

If the Democrats object to President Roosevelt's pension order as another instance of "Executive encroachment," "Caesarism," and "usurpation," the Republican party mildly inquires if a precisely similar ruling was not made under Mr. Cleveland's administration and approved by him. They inquire, further, why the Democrats in Congress do not try to repeal the executive order complained of by legislation? Of course they will not. They dare not.

If the Democrats speak of the "arbitrary" and

"headstrong" action of the President in the Panama matter, the champions of the President merely laugh derisively, and dare them to make reference to the matter in their platform. And they point, also, to the fact that the treaty was ratified in the Senate by a vote of 66 to 14.

In the matter of Roosevelt's acceptance from the railway companies of special trains for his trip across the continent, how many voters will agree to the insinuation, made in the House by Representative Baker, of New York, that Theodore Roosevelt "can not do his duty when bills come before him affecting the great railway interests" because he has had "courtesies" from the railways?

As for the alleged "usurpation" in the matter of suspension of the civil-service rules, it has been found, by the Democrats, to be, as an issue, a hollow sham. It was alleged by Mr. Hay, of Virginia, that the President was "making a larger number of irregular appointments to the classified service than any of his predecessors." Immediately the Democratic press leaped joyfully to the task of showing how civil-service reform had been done to death at the hands of one of its supposedly best friends. What inconsistency! What duplicity! Here, at last, was a valid issue! Then ex-Civil Service Commissioner William Dudley Foulke wrote a little letter to Congressman Gillett, in which he showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that there had in fact "been fewer appointments without competitive examinations, under President Roosevelt, than under any other President." True, the others had not suspended the civil-service rules. But they had changed them or abrogated them—which was worse. In one order of President McKinley's, eight thousand and forty-seven places were excepted from the operations of the rules. As a matter of fact, under President Roosevelt, forty thousand positions have been added to the classified service.

So vanishes another issue. In fact, they most of them vanish the same way when closely examined. Perhaps, as the Oregonian declares, the Sun gave shrewd advice to the Democracy when it advised that party to make the "peculiar, eccentric character" of the President its principal "card" in the campaign. But, as the same paper intimates, the Democratic "hand," containing this particular "card," is from a very dog-eared pack—very dog-eared, indeed.

There are two ways of looking at suicide, and these two ways represent the attitudes of two different eras: one is that of suicide as a dropping out of existence, a letting go of the hem of existence to which we cling; the other is that embodied in our modern term, "self-destruction." The first is pagan and human; the second is unchristian, animal, and the soul that passes through the rent thus made in the veil between us and the other world goes, the theologians affirm, to the Pit.

A careful statistician, George P. Upton, in the Independent, has told us that, within the past thirteen years, 77,617 people have committed suicide in this country. Of these unfortunates (to use the phrase of the second attitude), 57,317 were males and 20,400 females. The greatest ratio of increase is among young women under twenty-five years of age, and, curiously enough, an increasing number of children kill themselves every year. The path these weary ones choose is usually a poison—it used to be a bullet—and of the poisons, carbolic acid is the favorite. Other methods of self-destruction are hanging, drowning, the knife, gas, fire, and dynamite, while as many as 800 within the thirteen-year period have cast themselves in front of locomotives.

All this points, let us say, to one thing: life is growing too complex for weaklings; its problems too hard for anemics to solve. Let us even go so far as the sym-



thetic coroner's jury, and say that the suicide is temporarily insane, or melancholy, or hypochondriacal. It may be true. But after all, we had better go back to our two attitudes: the one man drops life like a broken tool, unknots his existence like a useless cord, throws off the yoke no longer needful: the other fights with might and main against the life that grips him, that coils around his limbs and fetters him to poverty, or pain, or ignominy; he strikes at it, puts out his strength to throttle it that he may rid himself forever of this nightmare. The first man is the stoic who weighs values; the second is the coward, made transiently furious by despair. Of that 77,000 who sought death, how many smiled into its face? How many spit upon it with their last choking breath? Of that host of 20,000 women how many turned their wan faces toward a country where virtue is not cardinal, and how many giggled into eternity as they had frolicked through life, dying for a passing whim, bored to be alive, seeking the *semper mutabile* that characterized them on this earth?

Yet there is a certain bravado about suicide. And never does that show more magnificently than in the case of those who have loved the gorgeousness of life. To be dead is ghastly, but to return to dust and ashes is terrifying to the fancy. And therefore the two classes—serene pagan and struggling modern—enjoy this one gallantry together: that they despised that which chills us all to contemplate. There is one victim of his own hand before whom our philosophy fails. That is the man or woman who suddenly finds the depression of existence foaming and sparkling into the exaltation of death. What they foresee we never know, and what pure motive unadulterate carries them, unconscious of mortal bonds, into the farther world, we can not feel, marveling only to see the inquisitor's torch in the hand of the martyr.

The Chinese exclusion legislation recently enacted has given rise to so many conflicting statements and confusing reports, that the plain facts of the case, now that everything is settled, may be of interest.

In the first place, the Chinese treaty of 1894 was recently denounced by the Chinese Government, so that it will expire on December 7th next.

The law enacted in 1902 has a clause by virtue of which its provisions only have validity "when not inconsistent with treaty obligations."

The idea was therefore advanced that when the treaty of 1902 lapsed, the treaty of 1868, permitting the unrestricted immigration of Chinese, would be put in force, and the immigration of Chinese laborers after December 7th would be absolutely legal.

This idea was accepted as a valid fact by Representative Livernash and Senator Patterson, of Colorado, and each of these gentlemen introduced bills to continue in effect, after the treaty expired, all the exclusion laws now in force.

Meanwhile, Attorney-General Knox had been consulted by the administration, and he stated as his opinion that no such law was required, denying that the treaty of 1868 would be revived upon the lapse of the present one.

Nevertheless, apparently influenced by the Democratic allegation that the Republican party favored more "liberal" Chinese exclusion laws, and in order to deprive the Democrats of whatever political prestige might be secured from the passage of the measures proposed by Congressman Livernash and Senator Patterson, two "Republican" measures were introduced, one by Representative Hitt, in the House, and the other, identically the same, by Senator Penrose, in the Senate. They were still more drastic than the measures of Livernash and Patterson. They not only continued present laws in force, but added to them.

At once, opposition from the transportation companies became pronounced. New York papers, well known to be controlled by railway interests, attacked Mr. Hitt's bill. How favorable to Chinese interests are some of the New York papers is shown by this curious incident: Max J. Kohler, counsel for the New York Chinese Charitable and Benevolent Association, prepared a protest against the bill. Evidently he sent a copy to more than one New York paper. The New York *Evening Post* printed it over his signature on Friday afternoon, April 22d. Friday morning, April 23d, the New York *Times*, apparently unaware that the statement by the counsel for the Chinese had been furnished any other journal, printed it *verbatim et literatim* as an editorial, without credit or intimation that such a person as Max J. Kohler or such an organization as the Chinese Charitable and Benevolent Association were in existence. Chinese Counsel Max Kohler said in the *Post* that the bill "marks the uttermost limit to which demagogic legislation can be carried"; so did the venerable *Times*. Chinese Counsel Max Kohler said: "The constitutionality of the most vicious provisions is open to serious question"; so did the

authoritative *Times*. Chinese Counsel Max Kohler said that "such barefaced disregard of treaty obligations . . . is painful"; the respected *Times* echoed "is painful." And so on for a good column. Henceforth when the great New York *Times* speaks on the matter of Chinese exclusion, we shall remember that, though the hands are the hands of Esau, the voice is the voice of Kohler.

But to return to our muttens: the transportation companies, with the able assistance of the *Times* and Kohler, caused to be stricken out of Mr. Hitt's measure several clauses, and the bill, as finally passed the Senate and agreed to by the House, simply perpetuates indefinitely the Chinese exclusion laws now in force. It does, however, not apply to the Panama Canal strip, and, if so desired, Chinese coolies may be employed there under direction of the President.

Meanwhile, an important decision has been rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States, adverse to the claims of Sing Tuck and thirty-one other Chinese held for deportation that they were entitled to a review of their cases before the courts. The decision in effect declares that the ruling of the immigration officials that a man is of Chinese race, stands. There is no appeal.

In view, therefore, of the new legislation and the satisfactory Supreme Court ruling, we of the Pacific Coast may congratulate ourselves that there is no need need to worry about Chinese exclusion again for quite a while.

It has many times been alleged by journals whose sympathies are not with the labor unions, that from forty to sixty per cent. of the membership of such organizations are unwilling members. It has been said that they are coerced by unscrupulous leaders. It has been said that they go on strike mainly because they fear to be called that hateful word "scab," not so much because they hope to better their industrial conditions. These allegations, these statements, whatever their truth when applied to unions in general, evidently do not apply to the carmen's union of San Francisco. In arriving at the sense of the rank and file of the two thousand carmen of this city in the matter of acceptance or rejection of the street railway company's proposition, there was no coercion, no slave-driving methods, no threats. The opinions of the men were registered by a secret ballot as are the opinions of the voter in the commonwealth. We are told by the *Call* that "as far as could be judged publicly, no effort was made by any of the officers of the union to influence the result." President Cornelius was "inconspicuous during the casting of the vote." The *Chronicle* says: "Little or no electioneering was done on the spot." The balloting was orderly, dignified, methodical. The onlookers indulged in no untoward acts. The count of ballots was open and accurate. In brief, the method by which the opinions of each man was discovered was fair and honorable—it was American!

May it be an omen! As fairness to all, and carefulness of the rights of each individual, have marked the deliberations thus far, so let them mark the acts of union men and union leaders if strike they must! As orderliness has marked their proceedings up to this moment, so let orderliness mark their conduct if it shall be decided by the men to enter into a contest with their employers. Let the tenor of the course that has been pursued be a guide to the course to be pursued. So shall they win public respect. And what is more, so and so only, can they win the strike. The organ of the San Francisco labor council has been pleased to say of the *Argonaut* that, while it pretends to no particular friendliness to the unions, its comments on labor matters "evidently aim to be reasonable." That, we believe, is just praise. And in such a spirit of reasonableness we warn the carmen that the public temper is not at this time such as to tolerate violence. John Mitchell—than whom there is no better-liked or more-respected labor leader in the United States to-day—has said that "it were better that a strike be lost than it succeed through violence and the committing of outrages." We only echo his sound and reasonable advice. The carmen have a right to strike. It can not be gainsaid. But if they strike—if they enter into a contest of strength with their employers—let them not lay violent hands upon any person, let them not violate the laws of the land in which they live.

Nothing makes the American people so suspicious of the quality of a statesman as ways and manners aristocratic. Disraeli, who, in his salad days, used to wear rings over his gloves, could certainly never have been elected to a high office in the United States. Joseph Chamberlain would have to pluck the orchid from his lapel before he could become a political gun in America. On high authority, we are told that "no man who parts his hair

in the middle can ever carry Texas for the Presidency." This is the cause of the Texan antipathy to Hearst. Contrariwise, homely honest Johns like Speaker Cannon immeasurably endear themselves to the plain people. It is for this reason that we are beginning to fear that the coming contest between Judge Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt can only result in the defeat of the latter. True, Roosevelt is himself a plain man. But he has a few very serious vices. For example, he plays tennis. In Shelby County, Iowa, tennis is severely held to be a "girls' game." In Shelby County they don't like the President to play tennis. Similarly single-stick is considered "Frenchy," and *jiu-jitsu* will probably lose him the Russian vote. But behold Parker! While, sixty miles away at Albany, Tammany and Hill were fiercely fighting the battle that was practically to decide who should be the next Democratic Presidential candidate, Judge Parker, at Esopus, was peacefully "directing the spring plowing in one of his stubble fields." Later, he "looked over his beloved herd of red poll cattle." "Before noon he was tramping on the rocky hillsides, and picking wild flowers for Mrs. Parker." Then he "romped with his little grandson." "Presently he was out again on the farm, inspecting the work of a plow team of oxen." How charming! How idyllic! He is a Cincinnatus beyond compare. And there is more to come. Next day he drove to Rosemount, where he made a dicker for a pair of carriage horses. On his arrival there—but let us quote directly the words of the New York *Herald's* chronicler:

On his arrival at Rosemount, he found old Uncle Billy, his faithful farm hand, waiting to tell him of the birth of twin calves on a neighboring farm by a heifer bred to his prize red poll bull Peter. As this is the fourth pair of twin calves that Peter is father to, a record unknown heretofore among breeders of blooded stock, Judge Parker's delight was equal to that of his neighbor's.

We used to know an old farmer who contended that one good, big calf was better than a brace of runtish ones. But that is a mere detail. The question is, Can any man be defeated for the Presidency who owns a prize red poll bull by the name of Peter? Is he not invincible? What's a Spanish war record to the owning of Peter, a prize red poll bull, who gets four pair of twin calves a-running? Is not red poll Peter's proprietor as good as elected already?

There is so very much in a name that godfathers are one of the most honored institutions in the country. A rose might indeed smell just as sweet under the appellation of sunflower, but there would be lots of pretty poetry rendered absolutely useless. Fancy what Grover Cleveland would dwindle to if he were to be called Smoot! Or Tolstoy, if his books were copyrighted under the name Saltus! Therefore, "El Camino Real" assures the success of the project to rehabilitate the old mission road. To call it the King's Highway is to confer the royal escutcheon on every rancher along its five hundred and odd miles. Potatoes hauled over El Camino Real become as artichokes of the finest, and the succulent cabbage after speeding cartwise over its regal surface can not (surely) be distinguished from the dainty cauliflower.

Therefore the *Argonaut* rejoices that the convention in Santa Barbara met to some purpose, and that there is prospect of a more or less rebuilding of the old road into a continuous and respectable highway. And that the convention took a proper estimate of its own duty is laudable. The members did not call on the Almighty to step down and pass over the sceptre, nor did they confine themselves to resolutions of literary elegance and practical nullity. Mr. Charles F. Lumis took the right attitude when he spoke of the imaginative quality of the old Camino Real, of the sentiment that had so overgrown it as really to be strong enough to reconstruct it. The *Argonaut* does not grow quite enthusiastic over roads as a general thing, nor does it bow the pregnant hinges of the knee to traffickers in California romance; but when this avenue of past glory can become also the thoroughfare of modern activity, when the automobile can pass where the priest's mule ambled, when the market wagon can trundle along the ways over which the unclad and dubious proselyte padded, and all this with the full resonance of El Camino Real ringing in the ears and plenty of places of beauty to view, why, let the good work go on, and let us all strive to have again this trail of the first Argonauts, pioneers of God, seekers after heaven, who found California. If there be no royal road to wisdom, let us at least have one to San Diego.

Heretofore, when the public spoke of battle-ships, the breath was bated and there was a gleam in the eye that boded the kindling of destructive pride. Some spirited souls even went so far as to lift the hat when one of our navy's ornaments was named. But something has hap-

PLAIN FACTS  
ABOUT CHINESE  
EXCLUSION.

LET THERE  
BE NO  
VIOLENCE!

THE ROYAL  
ROAD TO  
SAN DIEGO.

JUDGE PARKER'S  
PRIZE RED POLL  
BULL, PETER.

THE QUESTION  
OF THE  
BATTLE-SHIP.



pened. It has become dangerous to refer to America as sailing the seas like a battle-ship. We hate to think of the ship of state as armored and carrying 12-inch guns. We can not even remember that famous line,

"She seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel,"

without sympathetic shudders.

The reason is as follows: *Cesarevitch*, 13,110 tons, disabled by torpedo and beached, February 8th, at Port Arthur; *Retvizan*, 12,700 tons, disabled by torpedo and beached at Port Arthur, February 8; *Poltava*, 10,960 tons, disabled at Port Arthur; *Sevastopol*, 10,960 tons, disabled February 9th; *Pobieda*, 12,674 tons, damaged by mine at Port Arthur, April 13th; *Petropatlovsk*, 10,960 tons, blown up by mine at Port Arthur, April 13th. Six first-class battle-ships, four of them undoubtedly destroyed by submarine engines of warfare, not to speak of the dangers within the ship itself, as we have learned in the cases of the *Missouri* and the *Iowa*.

It is told that the unfortunate Admiral Makaroff disapproved of battle-ships on the ancient ground of "all your eggs in one basket." The admiral is dead and a battle-ship holds his body, a battle-ship which sank within two minutes after a sub-marine was exploded under it. There are others along the shore of the bay at Port Arthur, all former prides of the Russian navy, pointed at by the experts of other nations as perils to peace and warnings for war, now squatting drunkenly in the mud, their huge guns raking the affrighted stars. They have felt a shudder along their keels, and their glory has dwindled like a leaking balloon.

The American people are prone to ask questions when things happen. Something has happened. The colored pictures of our navy are singularly uninspiring just at present, and we desire to know why. If we can not find out why, we, at least, wish to be sure that something was really wrong. So there is the question in the air. How much is a \$6,000,000 battle-ship worth? If a Japanese corporal's guard (or the naval equivalent of the body) can take a rowboat, a cap pistol, and a torpedo and sink battle-ships, we desire to be allowed to look on, and possibly make a small bet on our own prospects. Further, some would like to know just how we are going to keep the upper hand if our battle-ships won't battle against the enemy's torpedoes. We are in a state of doubt.

The time is coming when the ardent newsgatherer will go to a hilltop, rig up a small jointed pole, point it heavenward, and read the happenings of the world on a dial; when the curious man will thrust his wireless instrument into the azure and pick therefrom the doings of the nations. But just at present Russia is objecting, and raising questions as to the legality of such measures on the part of the Japanese and British—particularly the British, who have a fondness for getting authentic news no matter to whom it belongs. Russia says the correspondent who purloins any wireless messages shall be treated as a spy. We pass up the question of just how she is to enforce her demands, seeing her navy is mostly in winter quarters for the war.

Everybody has an opinion about the woman who takes down the receiver on a "party line" and studies up on her neighbors. But here is another problem: Is it gentlemanly, according to international law, to speak over the heads of the censors and, as the injured *New York Times* puts it, "cast dispatches on the uncovenanted air?"

Our own government does not feel called upon to settle this kittle question. The Department of State prefers to wait till some American citizen is involved before it decides on the justice of the Russian claims. But this simply means that public opinion will step in and determine whether it is a breach of neutrality for a man who has something to tell to say it through the atmosphere instead of by copper wire through a strictly guarded office. At present the *London Times*, whose correspondent is the person in evidence, prefers to speak of the three-mile limit and neutral waters. It contends, with British mildness, that if the British flag flies on the correspondent's ship, there can be no question that it is all right. In the cabinets of the governments there is pondering and palavering, and the result may be a joint note agreeing to the Russian contentions.

The Republican National Convention is only eight weeks off, and the Democratic convention only eleven. More than a majority of the delegates to Chicago have been chosen. The *New York Tribune's* latest figures, which include everything up to April 18th, show that, of 559 Republican delegates chosen, 432 are instructed for Roosevelt. Since then Vermont, Rhode Island, Indiana, and Delaware have held conventions, and all elected delegates instructed for Roosevelt. On the Democratic side, the following delegates are probably or certainly for Hearst: Nevada (Hearst indorsed), 6; Rhode Island (instructed), 8; Kansas (Hearst indorsed), 6 (possibly more); Ohio, 4 (possibly 6);

South Dakota, 8 (instructed); New Mexico, 6 (instructed). Parker has the delegation from New York, numbering 74 delegates, and 4, scattering, are instructed for him. The Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, New Jersey, West Virginia, and Oregon conventions elected uninstructed delegations. The Massachusetts delegation is instructed for Olney. In this State, little has occurred to make any more easy a prediction of what will happen at Santa Cruz. A few counties, it is true, have passed resolutions denouncing Hearst. The Tulare convention, for example, resolved that "W. R. Hearst in no way typifies the grand principles and high ideals of the steadfast Democracy." In San Bernardino an uninstructed delegation was elected, and a Hearst-indorsing resolution voted down. The Sacramento County convention, on the other hand, passed a resolution indorsing him; so did the Santa Clara County Democratic Central Committee, though the delegation is uninstructed. San Luis Obispo also sends an uninstructed delegation.

It would seem that the great and bloody battles between Slav and Mongol, which will make memorable in history the summer of 1904, can not be long delayed. The Russians have practically retired from Corea. The Japanese in force have advanced to the Korean bank of the wide and shallow Yalu, and this week, for the first time, they have attempted a crossing at several points. There have been several skirmishes; the Japanese have been driven back in one place, and in another they have entrenched themselves. No advance has been very significant, none very notable. But what is significant is that the advance has begun. Where will it end, and who will be the vanquished? We can only wait and see. Reports say that Kuropatkin will not fight on the Yalu's banks, but will retire slowly inland, harassing the Japanese march, and drawing them on and on from their base of supplies, laying waste the country as he goes. Such a plan of campaign would seem reasonable, yet it should not be forgotten that it would be quite the proper thing for both Japanese and Russians to let leak out "plans of campaign" which would be intentionally misleading. And there is something really funny about dispatches from St. Petersburg which gravely set forth precisely what the Japs are going to do!

On sea, the Vladivostok fleet has provided a surprise for everybody. After many weeks of utter inactivity, three Russian cruisers and two torpedo-boats suddenly appeared at Gensan, on the Korean coast, and after humanely ordering ashore the crew of a five-hundred-and-seventy-six-ton Japanese merchant vessel, the *Goyo Maru*, sank her, and departed. During the night of April 26th, two torpedo-boats of the same squadron encountered at sea the Japanese military transport *Kinshiu Maru*, of 4,000 tons, laden with rice and coal. The Russians captured on board 17 officers, 20 soldiers, 85 coolies, and 65 of the crew, who surrendered, but the remainder of the men, numbering, it is said, 200, refused to surrender, and, it being impracticable to attach the slow steamer to the squadron of swift war vessels, the transport was sunk with the 200 men on board. Another small (220 tons) steamer, the *Nakamura Maru*, was also sunk by the Russians. Several days have now elapsed, and it is believed that the Japanese fleet, under Kamimura, which was supposed to be cruising in northern waters, waiting to destroy the Russian fleet, failed to intercept the vessels.

At Port Arthur, the sole event of the week was the destruction of a small launch by a mine. Twenty men were killed. The harbor now seems to be blocked, and no ships able to leave the harbor. This fact makes even more absurd the report, early in the week, that the Baltic squadron would depart for the Far East within a few days. Later the report was corrected, and the date of departure fixed with truly admirable exactness as August 12th. That it will never leave is far more likely. Rear-Admiral Wirenus has just returned to St. Petersburg from his unsuccessful attempt to reach Eastern waters with his squadron, consisting of the battle-ships *Oslabya*, the cruisers *Aurora* and *Dmitri Donskoi*, eleven torpedo-boats, and two transports. The reason he failed to advance beyond the Indian Ocean was because he was unable, under neutrality laws, to obtain sufficient coal at Suez. The same conditions will govern if the Baltic fleet attempts the same course, and it is difficult to see how it will fare any better. Nevertheless, there are rumors that Russia has purchased three large men-of-war being constructed at Genoa for the Argentine Republic, and that the Hamburg-American Line steamships *Columbia*, *Benigolia*, and *Belgia* have been sold to the Russian Government. The supposed plan is to use these vessels as colliers, and coal the fleet at sea. It may be done; but the universal opinion of naval experts is that such a plan is impracticable and hazardous beyond reason. International relations remain unchanged. There is no

good reason to suppose that there will be intervention by any European power until decisive battles have been fought. It is unthinkable that a great nation like Russia could humiliate herself to the point of suing for peace from a pigmy enemy like Japan.

## BETWEEN JAFFA AND JERUSALEM.

By Jerome Hart.

On the J. & J. R. R., at every stopping place, we were besieged by peddlers bearing oranges. Never have I seen such gorgeous golden apples; even California, favored land as she is, can produce nothing to compare with the oranges of Jaffa. It seems that these oranges are not exported in large quantities—why, I could not learn. If they were, they would prove formidable competitors for the large orange trade of Northern Europe. They are far superior to the oranges of Sicily, Greece, or Spain.

These orange-peddlers were often smartly rebuked by a handsome youth of some eighteen years. He had taken passage on the train in order to urge some passengers to hire his services in Jerusalem; hence his zeal against the peddlers. He had been educated in a mission school, and spoke fair English. Some of the passengers entered into conversation with him. He was handsome, brisk in speech and manner, and generally attractive. But it is remarkable how these Orientals fail to improve on acquaintance—in ten minutes' time he became intolerably pert, flippant, familiar, and what is called "fresh." Experienced travelers in the Orient always treat inferiors with much severity, not to say contempt. At first this unpleasantly impresses an American, but it may be necessary by reason of the Oriental temperament.

Looking from the windows of the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway, the stone walls and stone houses recalled to my mind some impressions of years ago. When for the first time I left my native State, California, traveled in New England, and crossed the States of Connecticut and Massachusetts, I was struck by the rich stone-crops there. In every direction, far as the eye could see, there ran mile after mile of stone walls. These walls were built of the stones that once had lain upon the fields. As there was not room enough to plow between them, the Puritan pioneers had gathered up the stones so that they could plow; then probably having little timber out of which to make fences, had used stones with which to make their boundary walls.

Coming from the mighty West, with its vast and fertile fields, this powerfully impressed my mind. I thought New England the stoniest place the world had seen. When I thought of the great wealth which had been taken out of this stony soil by indomitable American energy—of the thousands of miles of railway extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Cape Cod to the Gulf, from the Great Lakes to the City of Mexico—of the millions loaned to Chicago by Massachusetts men to build the sky-scrapers of the Windy City—when I thought of the results achieved by men born on this stony soil, intersected with its miles of stone walls, I could not help but marvel.

But in later years, when I first visited Italy, the amount of stone I saw used there put Connecticut and Massachusetts in the shade. There I saw palaces, fortresses, farm-houses, barns, stables, granaries, out-houses, pigeon-cotes—all of stone. There I saw not only walls of stone, but stairs of stone, streets of stone, roads of stone. "Here," I mused, "here, at last, is the apotheosis of stone!"

But I was yet to see Malta. That island is practically all of rock; the Knights Templar, so it is said, brought shiploads of soil there, and placed it on top of the stone to grow fruits and flowers. I believe the story. Malta fairly riots in stone. All that one sees in Italy of stone one finds in Malta, and even more. For example, running out of La Valetta is a "county road," a highway paved with stone for many miles. On either side of this is a stone colonnade of Roman arches. It would seem as if, when this was done, the last word had been said. But the stone fever of the Maltese remained unappeased, so they filled in the blanks of the arches with rubble masonry! This seems incredible, but it is strictly true.

In Palestine I found that there were still greater heights and depths of stone. In Jaffa and Jerusalem, as in Malta, everything is of stone. Even the very cisterns, or tanks on the housetops, are of stone. But in that stony city the stone does not stop with the street level—the dwellers descend, and burrow into the earth beneath. In many of the Jerusalem and Bethlehem buildings, there are basements, sub-basements, crypts, sub-crypts, and dungeons. One may descend several stories into the bowels of the earth, amid the dampness and slime, where ooze trickles on the stone steps. Wherever you go you are taken to see various *sign*



down in holes and burrows. I do not like these crypts and dungeons; I prefer to stay outside, and let the other people go down and look at corroded chains, moldy bones, and historic stones. I prefer God's sunlight to man's darkness.

\*•

Looking out on the grain-fields between Jaffa and Jerusalem, I noticed that the grain in Palestine was afflicted with mustard even as it is in our own country, and that diligent laborers—men, women, and children—were engaged in uprooting the mustard from amid the grain. They did not seem to get tired, either, but then they work harder in the Holy Land than they do in our golden land. Before me rose the recollection of a Santa Clara County boy, who came with a sorrowful face, a long story of poverty, and who wanted something to do. He was set to work shelling peas on the kitchen steps, where he received sympathy, petting, and cakes from the maidservants. When all the peas were shelled nothing remained but to give him the job of pulling mustard from the adjoining grain-field. But he soon gave up this job, saying that the sun made his "head ache." He manifested an entire willingness to go back and take up his job of eating cake on the kitchen steps, but it was concluded that he had better be permitted to resign. As I watched these women and children toiling with bent backs under the scorching sun of Palestine, pulling mustard from dawn to dark, I could not help but think of the poor little Santa Clara boy to whom half an hour of it gave a headache.

Had he been born in Palestine, he would have thought his job a "snap." There is nothing like choosing your birthplace wisely. Of equal importance is to choose your parents well. Next time you do it, select parents who are not only healthy but wealthy, and who intend to confine themselves to an only child.

\*•

On the train, between Jaffa and Jerusalem, an elderly American woman objected to the smoking going on around her. She grabbed hold of a uniformed railway guard who was going through the carriage, and shrilly set forth her objections. He very civilly replied that there was no rule against smoking in the carriages.

"Then there ought to be," she retorted, "when ladies travel on the trains."

"But the Turkish ladies who travel on our trains all smoke themselves," replied the guard.

"Do they, indeed?" replied the old lady, acidly, "but American women do not smoke."

"Very true, madam," replied the guard, "but you are not in America, you are in Turkey." Still with much civility.

"I don't care if I am!" hissed the old lady, fiercely, "and I don't care if the Turkish women do smoke. They ought not to, so there!"

"Perhaps they ought not to," said the guard, with unruffled courtesy, "but they do."

The old American lady looked at him hopelessly, gasped, and subsided. Probably never had she known a man to have the last word with her before. She had a kind of black-alpaca air, and looked like a widow. A French wit once said that the insane asylums are full of men who had argued with their wives. Perhaps she was only a pseudo-widow, and her husband in an asylum. Who knows?

I was so much interested in this incident, and in the guard's insistent civility, despite his persistent disputatiousness, that I engaged him in conversation. I found that he was a Smyrniote, and had been educated at Robert College, Constantinople. In this famous educational institution he had acquired his suavity of manner and his fluent English. But they had not instilled in him there the belief, deep-rooted in the American mind, of the folly of arguing with an elderly lady.

\*•

As you approach Jerusalem from Jaffa, the railway runs nearly up to the Jaffa gate. You see at once that there is a Jerusalem without the walls as well as one within. The new Jerusalem without the walls is larger than the inclosed city. It has many shops like those of Europe. There are several Jewish colonies, a Syrian orphanage, an English agricultural colony, an American colony called "The Over-Comers," and several European consulates. The view of Jerusalem, both the inner and the outer cities, is best seen from the Mount of Olives.

Without the walls one sees many cemeteries. The Jews lay flat tombstones over their dead. The Mohammedans erect marble slabs or headstones like those seen in our cemeteries, but for some strange reason the Mohammedan tombstones all seem to stand aslant. The effect is most forlorn.

Not far from the railway station, and close to the Jaffa gate, you are first struck by the great Russian reservation. It is difficult to fathom the designs of Russia in Palestine. The country around Jerusalem seems to be a worthless one from almost any standpoint, military or economic. From the religious point of view, it may be worth possessing. As the Russian peasants are probably the most bigoted and ignorant people in the Western world, Russia may find it profitable to use the Holy Land as a place of religious resort for them. Pilgrimages are continually being brought here by Russia—the pilgrim packets carrying the pilgrims are often conveyed by Russian men-of-war. The enormous Russian reservation at Jerusalem is like a fortified camp. It is surrounded by a wall, has sentries at the gates, and is

accorded extra-territoriality. Within its walls are acres of buildings, from the one-story barracks designed for the peasant class to the more elaborate hospices intended for the pilgrims of superior station. It is practically a slice of Russia set down in the Holy Land, guarded by Russian arms, ruled by Russian law, and under the Russian flag.

The curious attitude of France toward the Latin Christians of the Orient, and her practically permitting the Greek Christians to ride over them, is due to her anomalous alliance with Russia. That the single European republic should be in an alliance with the single European despotism is indeed peculiar. The war of 1870 forced France into this alliance, to which she still adheres. To retain her ally she tolerates much in the shape of Russian encouragement of Greek-Christian aggression—aggression which she would not have permitted prior to 1870. In the days of the Second Empire, Napoleon the Third was famed throughout the Orient as the "Protector of Latin Christians." This title originally arose when the massacre of the Maronite Christians was checked by French troops.

\*•

These Maronites, by the way, are rather an odd sect. They are one of the native groups of Christians who date from the earliest time; they claim to be "Primitive Christians," and they are said to have certainly existed before the split between the Church of Byzantium and the Church of Rome. In comparatively recent times they have been won over to recognize the supremacy of the Pope. Hence they are looked upon with bitter hatred by other groups of native Christians, who look to the various patriarchs of Jerusalem, Damascus, Constantinople, or Moscow as their religious heads. Nearly all of the European (Latin) missions, by the way, confine their attempts at proselyting to the Greek Christians; they do not try to convert the Moslems or the Jews. This probably is one of the causes of the intense hostility of the Greeks for the Latins. There are a number of Protestant missions in Palestine, but they do not seem to accomplish very much in the way of conversions. They have excellent schools, where young Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Syrians, Smyrniotes, and Jews are educated in English and other branches. I talked with some of these students, and when I asked them their "nationality" they invariably answered, as did the dragomans and drivers—"I am a Jew," or "I am a Latin," or "I am a Greek Christian." But I never heard one of them say "I am a Protestant." On the other hand, there seemed to be no animosity felt toward the Protestant missions. The various contending sects do not seem to take them seriously. In fact, those ancient churches over there talk and act as if the Protestant churches were mere wayfarers, and not at all in the business to stay. They do not even speak of Protestants as "Christians," and do not so regard them.

There is one particularly imposing Protestant institution in Jerusalem, and that is the large and handsome church recently erected there by the Kaiser. But I do not think the Kaiser built it purely as a place in which to worship God, for there are hardly enough German Protestants to fill it. I think he built it partly because Russia has so large a church there, so large a reservation there, and partly because he wanted to show that if there was going to be anything doing in religion in Jerusalem, Germany must make a showing.

\*•

Our hotel was immediately within the walls, near the Jaffa Gate, and naturally we saw much of the life there. It is one of the liveliest places in Jerusalem. Just outside the gate, on the Jaffa Road, there is a multitude of booths of small dealers and rows of native cafés, where laborers sit on stools smoking. There are also large numbers of donkey-drivers waiting with their animals for hire. Although the wall is a massive structure and the gate some fifty feet high, the entrance is narrow, with a right-angled turn—one of the methods adopted in the old days for defense. Through this narrow gateway there pours an endless stream of camels, donkeys, and footmen all day long. Without the gate you see jostling camel-drivers and camels kneeling to receive their loads. Scores of hucksters are squatting on the ground behind their heaps of oranges, lemons, onions, radishes, and other vegetables. There are also many vendors of bread—a staple in Jerusalem, as in all the Eastern world; it is piled up in stacks, very much as we handle cord-wood here, and with about as much attention to cleanliness. Many of these hucksters have a stock so small as to be pitiful—some two or three pounds of wormy figs, for example, worth perhaps five cents. One sees bareheaded water-carriers everywhere, carrying their skins full of water; women carrying packages of fuel on their heads; other women with children pick-a-back on their shoulders. Side by side with barefooted and barelegged natives, one frequently sees Russian pilgrims with heavy fur caps, heavy overcoats down to their heels, and heavy boots to the knees—quite a contrast. Every now and again one sees a minute donkey with an enormous load of olive-tree orchard cuttings, for in this treeless land every scrap of fuel is valuable.

\*•

Within as without the walls, the narrow ways of Jerusalem are lined with stalls containing all manner of fruits and vegetables. Many of the vendors are women; their garments are coarse, but they wear bright reds, blues, and sometimes parti-colored gowns, which gives color to

the scene. They sell eggs, oranges, lemons, melons, cucumbers and tomatoes, onions, and other "gardening sass." Along the streets are many cobblers' shops, on the shelves of which are rows of red and yellow slippers with turned-up toes. Scattered along the shops are many cafés with small wooden tables in the street, wooden stools, and long-stemmed clay pipes.

Jerusalem is a small city, and has within it such large inclosures, like the citadel, the Turkish barracks, the Armenian monastery, and the great temple grounds or Mosque of Omar, that the remainder is much crowded. It is only two and a half miles' walk around the walls. The temple-space is leveled off, but most of the city is extremely hilly. The fact that the Jerusalem of the Saviour's time is so deeply buried is partly explained by the many gorges now being filled up immediately without the walls. Herod's mighty palace is entirely buried. Its topmost portions are thirty feet below the present level, with the exception of parts of the north towers.

\*•

It was always to me a matter of wonder how Jerusalem came to be so far below the level of the ancient city. I can understand the buried cities of the Campagna in Italy: some of them were overwhelmed by lava, some by mud, some by ashes. And on top of these the natural accretion of ages made a new soil. But there is nothing volcanic about Jerusalem except the Greek and Latin monks (who also, by the way, carry soil by accretion). How can one account for the great depth at which some of the ancient ruins are found? For that matter, there are many houses still inhabited, the level of which is far below that of the present street; you see people going down into these ancient houses as if they were burrows. Then again, there are ruins which have been discovered in the third story, going down, below the earth. That is, there would be a Jewish building, on top of it a Roman building, on top of that a mediæval building, and last of all a modern church. There are some who say that below the Jewish level there are still older ruins.

It was always incomprehensible to me how such a vast amount of rubbish could have accumulated there. If Jerusalem lay in a valley or in a basin like London, I could understand it, but such is not the case—the city is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, you have to climb up from the plains of Palestine to reach it, and even when you get to its immediate surroundings, you have to climb to get into the city. The human race is a lazy one, and fond of dumping rubbish into easy places; but that they should take the trouble to haul rubbish up 2,500 feet into the air to dump it, seems preposterous.

One day in Jerusalem, however, this mystery was solved. (I may remark parenthetically that there are all manner of deep gorges and ravines in the modern city, and doubtless there were more in the ancient one.) One day we were not far from the Temple Enclosure when we saw a number of carts busily at work filling up a depression. In this particular gorge or valley is the famous Pool of Bethesda. Now, the Pool of Bethesda, according to the antiquarians, is a gigantic basin which was dug out of the solid rock. It is—or was—nearly 400 feet long, 120 feet wide, and over 80 feet deep. It got lost during the Middle Ages, some one, for unknown reasons, having filled it about half way up. This so changed its physical aspect that the faithful ceased to identify it.

But the lost pool was found, only to be lost again. The day we saw it several scores of Oriental workmen were laboring with asses, with carts, and with baskets, carrying earth to fill up this gorge. I do not know why they were doing it; probably they were leveling it to erect some building there. But the thought occurred to me that in fifty or one hundred years the building will have fallen down; then some poor archaeologist of 2004 will with great pride locate the Pool of Bethesda. Thereupon some rich steel man of the times will furnish the funds for excavating. They will dig down some six hundred feet into the gorge which we were watching the workmen fill, and they will discover the pool now fast disappearing before our eyes.

The volcanoes of Mont Pelée, St. Pierre, and Martinique are entirely extinct, and smoke has disappeared. The place has come to be very attractive to tourists, hundreds of whom visit the scene of one of the world's greatest tragedies every day. The search for jewels and money continues in the ruins, and probably will, until every house site on the island has been raked over a score of times. The once beautiful city of St. Pierre is now a graveyard.

A New Jersey doctor, Thomas W. Lauterborn, says that trolley-cars are responsible for appendicitis. He says they make us lazy—that we ride when we should walk, and thus develop the disease through the abdominal muscles not being actively exercised. He says that if the human animal wants to conserve his strength and preserve his health, let him walk, and let him be careful to keep the abdominal muscles strong and the intestinal muscles active.

"The unknown army," as the Commissioner of Pensions calls the living soldiers of the Civil War who have not applied for pensions, numbers about 200,000, or about 20 per cent of the total number of survivors, who are placed at about 900,000. This "unknown army" is applying for pensions at the rate of about 14,000 a year.



## SPRING IN NEW YORK.

A Backward Season—Changeable Weather—Spring Inebriates—  
Scenes in the Parks—The New Hats Appear—The 1904  
Styles—Fashions of 1830 Revived.

April is more than half way through, and still there is no suggestion of spring. The poet who wrote about "ethereal mildness" had evidently never been in New York in the month of April in a "backward season." Last year at this time the buds were green on the trees. To-day I look out into a network of wintry boughs and bare, black twigs. One might be in the depths of winter, except that the grass of the park is beginning to show the faintest and feeblest suggestion of green.

It certainly is an extraordinary season. A few days ago the world woke up to find the city wrapped in a blinding snowstorm, with big flakes circling down like bits of cotton-wool. The next day was sunny, and for almost the first time everybody set aside their furs and went out in their spring jackets to enjoy the mild and beautiful weather. And when you got out into it you froze. A wind blew that pierced you to the marrow; everybody you met had a red nose. The pale and dispirited sun shone feebly in a sky across which drifted moist, icy vapors. The next morning half the people in the city had gripe, the steam heat was on at full pressure, and all the furs were taken out of their boxes.

Such few warm days as we have had have been greeted by the just and unjust, the poor and rich, with a ready enthusiasm which is almost pathetic. People have got tired of waiting for spring, have begun rather to disbelieve in it, and when a morning has dawned when it is not snowing, or hailing, or freezing, or blowing, they have seized it as it passed. The rich have hurriedly made up house-parties for the country, rushed off to suburban golf-links, taken coach-rides to picturesque country clubs. The poor have come out into the parks and sat on the benches. This is their way of celebrating the coming of spring. It is not what one could call either novel or exciting, but I am under the impression that they have invested it with both attributes. There is something of adventure and discovery in their excursions from their winter quarters to the open spaces and squares of greenery scattered throughout the city. To sit on a park bench and look at the green tips burgeoning on the ends of twigs is for them quite as much of a change, and as joyous an experience, as to take a spin to Ardsley in an automobile, or a coach-ride to Pelham.

I think I have mentioned that I live on the lower side of Washington Square, and on one of the first of the warm days I noticed that the corner of the square on which my windows give showed a fine crop of drunken people—both male and female. I inquired the reason for this sudden influx of inebriates, and was told that that was one of the signs of spring. During the winter they hibernate somewhere, but the first warm weather draws them out into the parks. Since then the weather has remained chill, but if an increase in the number of drunks is a sign, spring is getting nearer and nearer.

They are the most degraded and horrible-looking set I have ever seen. Many of them are women, and when it does not rain or snow they sit on the benches all day. One of them, a middle-aged person who wears a man's soft felt hat, sometimes never moves from the same seat. When it rains she lies down on it, full length, and lets the shower pour on her. Late in the afternoon she is apt to become talkative, and I see her draw up toward a workman who has lit his pipe and is preparing to look over the evening paper, or take her seat beside a handsome young Italian woman who has brought her two babies for a breath of fresh air before she cooks supper. In the morning an air as of a battlefield is imparted to the corner by the fact that several of the drunks are lying prone upon the ground. Some lie peacefully, while others attempt to get up, making futile wriggings, like a turtle on its back. They generally stay where they have fallen till one of the park sweepers comes by. He lifts them up, brushes them off, and sets them on benches. They do not get arrested unless they become obstreperous. A friend of mine told me the jails and police courts were already so crowded it was inadvisable to make arrests unless it was absolutely necessary.

The spring aspect of the square has many interesting features. On Sundays, unless the day is absolutely impossible, the entire space of the park is crowded. Every bench has its complement of occupants, and hundreds of children play in the paths. These children are drawn from many sources. On the upper side, where the fine houses are, many of them come from rich families. They play apart, watched by nurses and governesses, who sternly guard them from contact with the common children, who, a few feet away, are shouting and capering round the fountain. The difference between the two sets lies in small points of dress and breeding. The well-to-do child has a much sweeter and more carefully modulated voice. It never shouts at its games, and is gentler and less vehement in its movements. Its manner of dress shows certain distinguishing points of difference. Its immaculately white shoes and stockings are beyond the power of the most ambitious laboring woman to imitate. Its blue coat, from beneath which emerges the edge of a kilted white skirt, has been fashioned by the hand of a skillful *couturière*.

But on Sunday the children of the artisan and the laborer come forth in splendor. I have often wondered at the well-dressed and sometimes almost elegant appearance that these little things present. They come

out of slums that look as if they might house the burglar and the bandit, and go trotting into the park, sometimes at the side of a mother, sometimes in groups of four or five. Red is the favorite color with them. When the Square is at its fullest—about four in the afternoon—red in patches and clusters spatters its entire expanse. Coats are made of it—shirts, skirts, whole dresses. There will be a red tam-o-shanter here, a scarlet leather belt there, a pair of red stockings on the fat legs of a little girl of three or four, a shawl of the same color pinned across her mother's ample bosom.

They have their observance of the fashions, too, the humble holiday-makers of South Washington Square. Though the weather is wintry, the skies overcast, Easter is passed and every self-respecting female has a new spring hat. Little girls wear flat, wide-brimmed shapes, conforming to the Fifth Avenue styles, and wreathed with flowers in the most approved way. Their elders are not behind them in up-to-date modishness. Sprays of flowers, intertwined with taffeta ribbons, make their heads, at least, look spring-like. I am waiting for the millinery prices to drop before I burst forth in summery splendor, and I see my washwoman sauntering in the park with a white straw hat, wreathed in pink roses, crowning her head. Such are the vicissitudes of life in South Washington Square.

This, however, is the prosperous, aspiring American contingent. The foreign women from the French and Italian quarters, which run up almost into the Square on the lower side, cling to their national custom of going bareheaded. They are the only women I have seen in New York who have made no attempt to adopt the Anglo-Saxon habit of the hat. On Sunday they pour by the hundreds into the Square, surrounded by straggling crowds of children, and always carrying babies. Some of them are young and handsome, low-browed and dark-eyed, and I have never seen one whose exposed hair, black and glossy, was not neatly and tastefully dressed. This is particularly noticeable with the Italians, whose heads sometimes look as if a professional *coiffeur* had arranged them. In Italy they do employ regular hair-dressers. It is the Italian woman's especial coquetry and extravagance, as the Frenchwoman's is her corset, the Spaniard's her mantilla.

Farther uptown, not many miles from South Washington Square as distances go, but a far cry in matters of style and money, spring is making its presence felt by the introduction of the new fashions. One sees them in show-windows, and wherever they are exhibited a throng of women are gazing with rapt, motionless engrossment. Not for years has so radical and sudden a change been effected in women's dress. The whole style, cut, and make of the raiment of the human female has been revolutionized. Women are rather aghast at the suddenness and completeness of it, and wherever they have a chance to study the new styles they do so, staring in front of shop-windows, or pausing to watch the transit of some modish beauty in clothes just out from Paris as she passes from the front door to the carriage.

The effort of the dressmakers seems to be to revive the styles of 1830, with very slight variations. Where last year the skirts were so narrow round the hips that the average woman had the appearance of being encased in a pair of trousers, they are now extremely full. One of the Fifth Avenue dressmakers told a friend of mine that some of the new skirts were seventeen yards around. All this fullness is pleated, with the old 1830 effect, into a bodice which comes down in the front in a long point. Other features of the fashion are shoulder-seams of extraordinary length, so that the line of the shoulders is drooping instead of being high and square, muslin undersleeves with quantities of lace frills falling down, no collar round the throat, and all kinds of old-fashioned trimmings, such as narrow ruffles, pleatings of ribbon, pinked edgings, and the line of graduated bows down the front of the bodice that Mme. de Pompadour was so fond of.

On a very slender figure, the general effect of this get-up is charming—extremely feminine and graceful. The whole costume is a series of folds and down-drooping lines, the only contour discernible through this quantity of soft, muffling draperies being that of the waist, while the throat rises bare from a little square of lace. With the hat to match, generally a flat shape with a long feather lying against the low, broad roll of hair—a recrudescence of the chignon of the past—the ensemble is picturesque to a degree. The effect aimed at is a reproduction of the style of the court beauties painted by Winterhalter in the days when the Empress Eugénie was in her brilliant prime.

Women who are stout, and women who have not got large sums of money to expend on their clothes, feel rather aggrieved against this abrupt revolutionizing of accustomed standards. Only an excellent dressmaker can make a fat woman look presentable in the 1830 styles. They also have the added grievance of hearing that the "straight front"—the most comfortable fashion for the generously proportioned lady ever invented—is to disappear, and the old-fashioned, feminine figure, with every curve accented and the waist very small, is once more to be *en règle*. Poor fat women! *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* does certainly apply to them.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1904.

The number of lepers in Japan, according to official statistics, is 28,647. There is not a province free from the disease. A correspondent to the New York *Evening Post* asserts that the real figures would amount to over 100,000.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A dispatch from Rome says that the condition of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who recently went to Italy for the benefit of her health, has greatly improved since her sojourn at Sorrento. Her majesty has made an ascension of Mt. Vesuvius.

Jonkheer R. van Swinderen is the name of the gentleman who succeeds Baron Geyers as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Netherlands to this country, and who arrived in New York last week. The new representative is not a stranger to the United States. Fourteen years ago he was an attaché of the legation, which was then in charge of M. de Weckherlin.

Miss Fanny Y. Cory, who draws most of the pictures of babies that appear in the magazines, was married to Fred W. Cooney, a Montana ranchman, in Helena, recently. The marriage is the culmination of a romance extending over a year, and which has afforded abundant interest to literary and artistic circles. The acquaintance of the couple began when Miss Cory, breaking through the ice while skating, was rescued by Mr. Cooney.

How are the mighty fallen! We are told that J. Pierpont Morgan's late arrival in England caused none of the flutter which was occasioned by his visits in previous years. Hardly a single London newspaper even mentioned the fact that he was in town. The Liverpool newspapers deputed a single reporter to meet him at the landing-stage, and to that delegate Mr. Morgan said he had no especial mission in coming over there. The reporter said the financier looked ill and careworn, and that he played a good deal of bridge during the journey over.

Captain James Hall, for many years commodore of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet, died at his home in Braintree, Mass., on April 22d, at the age of ninety. He followed the sea for fifty-five years from the age of thirteen, when he shipped before the mast, until his retirement in 1881. Hall became captain of an East India merchantman, and in 1848 took a Russian warship from New York to the Amur River. After the Pacific Mail Company was organized by Commodore Vanderbilt, Captain Hall was given command of one of the steamers. He was retired in 1881.

The notorious Princess Radziwill, who was imprisoned some time ago in Cape Colony for forging the signature of the late Cecil Rhodes, has been living for some time in Paris under the name of Mme. Wynowski, and has again got into trouble. All her belongings in the small Hôtel de Marigny, where she had taken up her abode, have been seized by the hotel proprietor, and the princess was turned into the street, where she would have been obliged to spend the night if a woman journalist, whom she has been assisting recently in the capacity of secretary, had not lent her ten francs.

The Palermo (Sicily) *Ora* presents to its readers a graphic picture of Joseph Chamberlain, who recently touched there on his way back from Egypt to England. A translation runs as follows: "Mr. Chamberlain has arrived. We have seen the elegant statesman, just for one moment. He dresses magnificently, being one of those Englishmen whose bearing renders elegant any jacket or pair of trousers. He is preoccupied elegance. His button-hole is eternally flowered with an orchid, whatever may be the clothes worn. Mr. Chamberlain looks still young. Yet he must have reached his sixtieth year. These Englishmen, carefully shaved, look perennially youthful."

Lady Constance Mackenzie has placed a crown of orange blossoms upon her many daring and picturesque exploits by contracting a romantic highland marriage with Sir Edwin Austin Stewart Richardson, Bart. It was, of course, hardly to be expected that the young lady who cantered astride across Somaliland would ever consent to a stately wedding. The few guests bidden got their invitations by telegraph. Not a relative was present. The chapel was not decorated and there was no instrumental music. Lady Constance Mackenzie is a sister of the Countess of Cromartie and heiress presumptive to that earldom, one of the oldest of Scottish titles. Her prospective estates yield an income of \$200,000 a year. She is the granddaughter of the Duchess of Sutherland and niece and ward of the immensely wealthy Duke of Sutherland. She is a swimmer of renown, having carried off the Ladies' Challenge Shields at the London swimming-bath contests.

Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, is described as an indefatigable reader of European and American literature. He reads not only the standard works, but the new publications and the current periodicals of both hemispheres are devoured. He reads German, French, English, and Chinese as easily as he reads his own language. He has been accustomed to give five to six hours a day to reading; now perhaps he has been obliged to cut short those precious hours. Ito, by the way, is thus described by Mr. Petrie Watson in his new book on Japan: "The face is incommunicably Oriental. . . . The skin is old, very old, parchment-ruddy with the blood flowing behind it. . . . It is broad and very Japanese, with its high, protruding cheekbones, whence it falls away to an inconspicuous chin, to which a few hairs, gray and an inch long, attach by way of a Napoleon. . . . He spoke in English, but with many cogitative, interrupting, uncomfortable silences."



## AN OLD-TIME SEA-FIGHT.

The Ruse of the Houzard.

On a clear morning in April, long enough ago to be forgotten, the *Atlante*, a sloop-of-war, carrying twenty-six cannon, floated jauntily out of her harbor and veered with the wind toward the open sea. The steeples of Anvers gradually diminished, like tapers melting in flame, while the sportive little ship, with the grace of a dancer perched on a waxed floor, performed serpentine gyrations on the water. The horizon blended with the sea, all vast and blue, unflecked by cloud or other sail.

On the sloop's main deck, his crossed knees imprisoning an unsealed envelope, sat her portly captain, Broustaille by name, diligently perusing his orders: "Set sail from Anvers for Boulogne on the seventh. En route take whatever offers. Prisoners are necessary, in order to give us information of British cruisers. Double your speed; your port is close at hand."

"Ouff!" the captain mouthed the word under his whiskers. "From Anvers to Boulogne? A matter of a few hours in this jolly north-easter. A few encounters? Possible. Some prisoners? Another affair!"

"Lieutenant," he bellowed lustily. The second lieutenant hastened forward; his chief handed him the paper, and watched him read it. The subordinate indulged in a discreet silence, merely bowing gravely, and Broustaille, grumbling somewhat, inquired: "Do you know any of those consular marines who set sail about an hour ago?"

"No, commander, but I was struck by their appearance—a beautiful uniform!"

"Parbleu! a lot of coxcombs! We may try them out later. Tell the blockheads below to show themselves on deck."

Broustaille, ironical and severe, inspected each man with an air of disdain, inspired by a study of some military engraving. Only one marine winced under the overclose scrutiny, and showed resentment when the captain growled, "Fresh-water sailors—all!"

"Commander," the man retorted, "I was with you on the *Huron* at Onessant."

Broustaille examined him. "Ah—eh—parbleu! You are Duthil! My fellow, I should never have recognized you. Why this disguise?"

"Order of the consul," the man explained, reddening slightly.

"Ah, yes, my poor old chap, I remember; they reformed you from the sea that you might conduct those pasteboard boats along the—the—ah, I have it—the Seine! I had forgotten the name of the brooklet."

Laughter greeted this sally; Duthil alone remained silent, mumbling between his set teeth, "We shall see who laughs last."

With one eye on the horizon, and shifting his tobacco from left to right, the captain snorted anew: "Some prisoners—prisoners, indeed! Easy enough to command. Hump! nothing in sight. Yonder is Boulogne, here am I. My old *Atlante*, behold your commander, a babe in leading-strings. Not a rag to be seen—yes—yonder—hold! A squall is coming—a rousing squall—and, what ho—famous again!"

A sprinkle, the forerunner of the squall, splashed the deck. The captain ran forward, and shouted: "Four houzards to the masts!"

The crew stood amazed. What in the devil were *houzards*? But Duthil understood the term; with three of his comrades he swung out on the rigging.

Night came swiftly. The marines in their oilskin coats mingled with the crew, vying with them in zeal, howling orders as they slipped along the deck. Without surrendering his dignity, the old sea-wolf laughed, despite himself, under his cape.

Just at dawn, the *Atlante* sailed out of the tempest, only to find herself headed directly for the Scottish coast.

The crew stirred about with renewed vigor. The wind had spent its force; a great swell inflated the sea, circling around the sloop, which rocked like a cradle, flapping its torn sails. The crew distributed itself along the ropes to repair the damaged rigging.

"Ship to the starboard!" the look-out sung forth suddenly.

Shading his eyes with his hand, Broustaille darted a quick glance at the vessel signaled. What were her colors? The captain stared, for the strange ship was taking to her heels with a vengeance. It was necessary to follow, then!

With a swift turn, the *Atlante* swung about, the water drained from her decks, her masts groaned, the sails righted themselves, and the snug little sloop-of-war took up the chase. The stranger redoubled her speed, endeavoring to reach the protection of a warship anchored at port. The *Atlante* gained steadily, and Broustaille, through his spy-glass, deciphered the name *Saint James* on the side of his prey, and observed a few red-coats *en silhouette* along her decks. A flash was followed by a trail of smoke as a ball struck the water near the *Atlante*. The latter's response luckily splintered the mast of the flying Britisher, and retarded her flight.

The *Atlante* drew up alongside, bruising the side of her victim; huge grappling irons quickly performed their duty.

"Board her!"

Even before the word went forth, the French marines swarmed the stranger's deck; the *Saint James* was captured!

She proved to be a merchant craft, homeward bound from the Indies, and had been one of a convoy from which she had become separated in the storm. Fifteen British soldiers had loaned her their protection, for her cargo of silk and indigo was valued at almost a million.

"A rare prize for custom-officers!"

With this sage reflection, Broustaille transferred the English soldiers to his own ship, and took the *Saint James* in tow, after providing her with a French crew, under command of the second lieutenant. The *Atlante* now headed once more for Boulogne.

"Article first—some prisoners. It is done! Article two—return to Boulogne. The wind is good, but this confounded drag cripples me."

Broustaille cut a fresh plug of tobacco, and mused: "While a drop remains in the bottle, it is not yet drunk—a famous proverb that!"

As if to corroborate his words, the look-out bawled lustily, with no small alarm: "A warship at stern, headed for us!"

The captain signaled his lieutenant on the *Saint James*, and shouted: "Cut the rope, break loose, and strike out for the south. Try to reach France. I will remain here and learn the pleasure of this rascally frigate. Always save the prize—especially when she is worth it!"

At full sail, topped by the English flag, the warship hove in plain sight, looking as tall as a church. She was, indeed, a frigate of first rank, with seventy-four cannon yawning from her port-holes.

For bravado, Broustaille discharged his heavy cannon. A broadside of small shot responded; three men tumbled over on the deck of the *Atlante*. Immediately, the sloop spun about, making a wide detour, and thereby endeavoring to gain the shore—or time. A long chase would lead them into the night, at least.

Broustaille swore savagely, fairly splitting his throat; orders rained with the rapidity of the enemy's bullets. The *Saint James* disappeared in the south. Broustaille laughed aloud. The Golden Fleece would not be captured! The prize was saved!

Duthil suddenly placed himself in front of his captain, winked one eye, and shook the red plume on the *shako* under his arm.

"I have an idea," he began.

A furious swearing greeted him, but the old fellow was not one to be discouraged by a volley of oaths.

"It's a good one," he persisted. "I won't touch a boat, I—"

"Go to the devil!"

Duthil saluted; he deemed the authority sufficient, and dropped out of sight below. He soon reappeared, pushing before him two British soldiers, who advanced like automatons. Duthil carried two bottles under his arm, and held a small sealed packet in one hand. Behind him, two comrades were bringing a huge cask, open at one end, and belted with rope. Duthil politely saluted the Britishers: "Deign to embark, gentlemen."

They drew back.

Less gallant than the old marine, a couple of sailors seized the redcoats and deposited them in the barrel, which was quickly hung over the side.

"Bon voyage! Wait—here is something to kill time."

Duthil tossed them the bottles and the sealed packet. "Set off—it is a good wind!"

The barrel spun around, touched the sea, and the ropes were cut. It tumbled to and fro—a plaything of the waves. Tumultuous laughter broke forth on board the *Atlante*.

Duthil, making a trumpet of his hands, sung out: "Oh, I say, you canoers, you are forgetting your little distraction. Open the package. It is a deck of cards—all new. The bottles are stakes. Come, begin, shuffle, cut, deal, discard, draw, trump!"

Numerous glasses were leveled at the tumbling cask from the deck of the frigate. The queer craft lay directly in her path, and bid fair to receive some of her shot; it bobbed up on the crest of the waves, revealing its nature and its crew. Indignant English oaths fell thick and fast, but the guns on the frigate stopped firing.

Broustaille bounded toward Duthil, who stood jesting with the consular marines.

"Pirate!" the captain exclaimed, "is this your work? Are you not ashamed? Do you call this warfare?"

Duthil was not disturbed. "Patience," he urged; "the play has just begun. Wait till more enter. I wager that the English have hearts. By the saints, yes! They trump! See, commander, it is as I said. The heart is the trump card. They can not bear to see their comrades in distress. One is a man, even though English!"

The explosive laughter proved contagious. Broustaille tried to bite his lips, but his cheeks were distended like two round puffs, his mouth flew open quite against his will, and with a report resembling that of a small gun, his quid of tobacco shot toward the enemy.

"Too short—that broadside, commander—by a length!"

The frigate was forced to put about, altering her course in order not to upset the bouncing cask; then she stopped long enough to take in the refugees. The *Atlante*, meanwhile, gave her a wide berth.

Duthil was exultant.

The frigate, renewing the chase, gained steadily on the sloop. Behold, then, a second cask, a new couple of red soldiers, a pair of bottles, a deck of cards, and

a plunge in the sea; just at the point, too, when the frigate, recovering her lost distance, commenced a new volley of bullets.

A good bit of hesitation was now manifest on board the frigate. Fearful of losing its prey and angered beyond endurance, the enemy evidently considered disdaining Duthil's strategy. But humanity prevailed, after all; the frigate again put about and gathered in its own. The same play, the same manoeuvre, and, at last, the night came.

With all her lights extinguished, and the laughter of her marines suppressed, the *Atlante* gave her enemy the slip, and made good her way. Dawn found her safe in the harbor of Boulogne, where she had long ago been given up for lost.

On her deck, a sedate English sergeant, left alone because he had no partner, approached Duthil, and asked him, gravely and politely: "Aw—what do you call this game you played?"

The old man tapped him on the chest. "What? You have neither seen nor understood, cadet? Poor boy! Oh, well, it is *écarté*!"—Translated from the French of Georges de Lys by Mabel Houghton Brown.

## A Big Tree's Life Story.

A remarkable recuperative power following an injury was found after examination of the *Sequoias* of the Converse Basin. The facts are told in a letter from William Russell Dudley to Senator Platt. The effects of certain tremendous forest fires occurring centuries ago are registered in the trunks of these trees, and the record completely concealed by subsequent healthy growth. Among a number of similar cases the most instructive record of these ancient forest fires was observed in a tree of moderate size—about fifteen feet in diameter—five feet from the ground. It was 270 feet in height and 2,171 years old.

This tree when felled had an enormous surface burn on one side thirty feet in height and occupying eighteen feet of the circumference of the tree; this was found to have been due to a fire occurring in A. D. 1797. The tree when cut, in 1900, had already occupied itself for 103 years in its efforts to repair this injury, its method being the ingrowing of the new tissue from each margin of the great black wound. When the tree was cut the records of three other fires were revealed. The history of the tree was as follows:

271 B. C. it began its existence.

The first year of the Christian era it was about four feet in diameter above the base.

245 A. D., at 516 years of age, occurred a burning on the trunk three feet wide. One hundred and five years were occupied in covering this wound with new tissue. For 1,196 years no further injuries were registered.

1441 A. D., at 1,712 years of age, the tree was burned a second time in two long grooves one and two feet wide, respectively. Each had its own system of repair.

One hundred and thirty-nine years of growth followed, including the time occupied by covering the wounds.

1580 A. D., at 1,851 years of age, occurred another fire, causing a burn on the trunk two feet wide, which took fifty-six years to cover with new tissue.

Two hundred and seventeen years of growth followed this burn.

1797 A. D., when the tree was 2,068 years old, a tremendous fire attacked it, burning the great scar eighteen feet wide.

One hundred and three years, between 1797 and 1900, had enabled the tree to reduce the exposed area of the burn to about fourteen feet in width.

It is to be noted that in each of the three older burns there was a thin cavity occupied by the charcoal of burned surface, but the wounds were finally fully covered and the new tissue above was full, even, continuous, and showed no sign of distortion or of the old wound.

William Eleroy Curtis, the globe-trotting newspaper correspondent, says that the stories of fanatics in India throwing themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut are all fiction. He says that on certain holy days the great Juggernaut is put on a truck and drawn through the streets. The people flock around, throwing rice, flowers, palm leaves, bamboo whisks, and other offerings, and once in a while an unfortunate falls under the wheels and is crushed. The official records show only nine such accidents in eighty-six years. So worshipping the Juggernaut is less dangerous than trying to board a moving trolley-car.

At Cleveland, O., thirty or forty friends of the late Senator Hanna have organized the Hanna Memorial Association, the purpose of which is to raise funds, among the wealthy men of Cleveland and Ohio, for a monument to the dead statesman. The monument is to be placed in the mall of the group plan for the city buildings, which has already been begun. The order for its design and construction is to be placed with the noted sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

A monument in the form of a drinking fountain, the gift of the Hon. William Tebb, has been erected at Burston, England. Cut on the front of the drinking trough is this inscription: "In memory of the mute fidelity of the four hundred thousand horses killed and wounded at the call of their masters during the South African War, 1899-1902, in a cause of which they knew nothing, this fountain is erected by a reverent fellow-creature."

A piece of land seven-eighths of an inch wide by forty feet long was recently purchased in New York City, the purchaser paying \$50 for it, or at the rate of \$1,029,600 for a full city lot. The broker through whom it was purchased got half the value of the lot. The regular commission in such cases is one per cent, but, according to custom, \$25 is the smallest amount that will be accepted by a broker.



## A QUEEN'S STORMY LIFE.

The Strange Career of ex-Queen Isabella the Second of Spain—An Execrable Bringing Up—A Shameful Marriage—Profligate, But Generous and Kindly.

Paris has housed many ex-kings and queens during the past half-century, but none whose careers were more full of storm and stress, blood and adventure, intrigue—yes, and shame—than that of Doña Isabella de Bourbon, who yesterday morning died peacefully in her bed in her beautiful Palais de Castille in the Avenue Kleber.

For years, the late ex-queen has been a conspicuous figure on the Paris boulevards. The great little lady drove out nearly every day, and though she excited comparatively slight attention, she was always a fascinating figure to those who knew well her strange history. She was seventy-three years old when she died, and for years her hair has been quite white. The courteous might call her stout; she was really plebeianly fat; her complexion was sallow, and she had no pretensions to beauty. But, like many corpulent persons, she was jolly and generous, and her face was often engulfed in a broad *bourgeois* smile. Always she wore black, and, I may perhaps remark without offense, her black bonnet was not seldom askew. During her thirty odd years of exile, she supported in Paris a host of friends and dependents. The Spanish Government granted her a pension of one hundred thousand dollars a year, and it was generally spent before it arrived. It is said that once she pawned a magnificent pearl necklace, which the Spanish ambassador was obliged to redeem. She was shrewd and intelligent—but not in money matters. If she wished to give a friend a present, the price, however high, concerned her not at all. With all her sensuality, she was kind-hearted, and, in a way, pious. She had even some artistic taste. She was very charitable, and when the great conflagration which burned for eight days and consumed a large part of Madrid was finally extinguished, she sent all her available funds for the relief of the people, and is said to have wept bitterly at their losses.

The romance—let us call it romance—of the queen's life dated from her cradle. She came into the world hated. For the reason why, we have to go back to a few years before her birth. King Ferdinand and the Seventh of Spain had buried three wives, and yet he was childless. He was fifty-eight; his health was bad. Yet he was induced to take another wife. It happened thus: The Infanta Louise Charlotte, cousin of Ferdinand, held in deep hatred the wife of Don Carlos. Don Carlos was heir presumptive. She determined that he should not become King of Spain. So she planned a match between the old Ferdinand and her own younger sister, Maria Christina. She hoped that a son would be born to the pair. But she was disappointed. A daughter was born on October 30, 1830, and Don Carlos and his sympathizers were triumphant. But not for long. Infanta Louise Charlotte and Maria Christina induced Ferdinand, and through him the Cortes, to set aside the Salic law forbidding succession of the female line, and to restore the pre-Bourbon law of succession, whereby a girl could succeed to the throne.

The Carlists were of course furious. Three years they waited until the death of King Ferdinand, in September, 1833, and then, when Isabella was proclaimed Queen of Spain, with her mother, Doña Maria Christina, as regent, Don Carlos at once took up arms. The civil war lasted from 1833 to 1839. It was not only a long, but it was a desperate and a bloody, struggle. It struck Spain's finances a blow from which they have never fully recovered. Louis Philippe, in France, and the English Palmerston aided the "Cristinos," as they were called. England even sent an armed force under General Sir George de Lacy Evans. And Don Carlos was finally defeated. However, Marshal Espartero, a leader in the war against the Carlists, differed with the queen regent (Isabella, it should be remembered, was then only ten years old), and she was obliged to fly to France, where she remained three years.

Then began the second strange chapter in the life of Isabella. Marshal Narvaez, having displaced Espartero as military dictator of Spain, recalled Isabella and her mother from exile, and, though Isabella was then only thirteen, she was proclaimed reigning monarch by decree of the Cortes, with the title of Isabella the Second. Right here, let me speak of the evil influences which surrounded the young queen. Narvaez himself was one of these. He is a strange, lurid, and bloody figure in Spanish history. It is related of him that as he lay dying he was asked to declare that he forgave all his enemies. "Enemies!" he exclaimed. "I have none. I have shot them all!" Then, Maria Christina, the queen mother, the daughter of the King of Naples and the two Sicilies, was herself one of the most shamelessly depraved and vicious women that have occupied a European throne during the last hundred years. She was a sister of the notorious King Bamba and of the Duchesse de Berri, and had the Bourbon liking for low company. One of the reasons why she had to flee to France was because of her having raised the ex-guardsmen Muñoz from the rank of common soldier to that of Duke de Rianzares. The story told of the affair is that, at a review, she noticed among her cavalry escort a particularly handsome trooper. She was instantly smitten. From her carriage she dropped her handkerchief, and the trooper, picking it up, gallantly returned it. That was enough. The regent married the trooper, and he made, it is said, a good husband. But there were other intrigues less

worthy of a queen. The court of Madrid was renowned for its profligacy. Therefore, there is some excuse for Isabella for the acts of her young girlhood and young wifehood.

Almost from the beginning of her actual reign, as a girl of thirteen, there were stories of "affairs." She liked handsome men. One of the chief complaints against her is said to have been that she dismissed cabinet ministers arbitrarily, and summoned others, her principle of selection being to choose the best-looking ones! And about this time it was that, in the courts of Europe, her marriage began to be discussed. It was an international question. Statesmen with matrimonial projects flocked to Spain. France and England were at swords points over rival candidates for the hand of the young queen. There is a story that at one time Isabella was thoroughly in love with a young royal duke, and wished to marry him. Bulwer, who was the English minister to Spain at that time, had other plans. And he pulled the wires shrewdly. He appeared at a great state ball, at which Isabella was, of course, present, but instead of greeting the young duke coolly, he showered him with attentions, overwhelmed him with kindness, so that the report went forth through all Madrid that the duke was the English candidate for the queen's hand. At once, the influence of France was brought to bear against him, and it is said that the young man was forced to leave Spain the next day.

An agreement between France and England was however, finally reached. It was the distinct understanding between Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria that the Duke de Montpensier should become a suitor for the hand of Isabella's younger sister only after Isabella had been suitably married and had become the mother of children. But Louis Philippe did not keep his agreement. He secretly arranged the simultaneous engagement of the two royal girls, Isabella to her cousin, Don Francis of Assissi, a young colonel of cavalry, and the Infanta Maria Louisa to the Duke de Montpensier, a younger son of King Louis Philippe, and the weddings took place on the same day. The shameful treachery of the French king only becomes apparent when it is known that Don Francis of Assissi was notoriously unfit, both physically and mentally, for matrimony. He was effeminate, and was nicknamed "Paquita" at the court of Madrid. Isabella, of course, was forced into her marriage, despite all protests. It was shrewdly intended that the marriage should be childless, and that thus the crown would pass to the children of the younger sister, married to the French duke. In this manner Spain would pass more or less under the sphere of influence of France. Such were the "Spanish marriages" which set all Europe by the ears, and provoked the just indignation of Queen Victoria. But the plan failed for the reason that Queen Isabella, despite the notorious effeminacy of her lawful spouse, began to bear children, and continued! Several died in infancy, and there were, I believe, nine children in all. Doubtless many of the stories told of Isabella during this period were grossly exaggerated by those who had foully intrigued for a childless marriage. But many of the stories, whether true or no, stuck. Thus it was that Queen Isabella's daughter, the Infanta Isabella, was nicknamed the "herring girl" from the circumstance, as alleged by the jealous Duke de Montpensier, that Queen Isabella had bestowed her favors upon a young fisherman, who had attracted her notice while she was at the sea baths during the year previous to the birth of the princess. It was the duke, also, who openly ascribed the paternity of the late King Alfonso to Marshal Serrano. Other children were the Infantas Maria de la Paz and Eulalie.

As a queen—during the thirty-five years of her reign, from 1833 to 1868—Isabella had little to commend her. She was constantly at feud with the liberal party. In 1848, Cabrera and Count de Montemolin led an insurrectionary movement. In 1851, Bravo Murillo formed a liberal cabinet, which gave promise of reform, but an attempt to assassinate the queen brought a reaction. Many liberal leaders were banished, and this provoked insurrections and riots all over the country, and at the very doors of the palace. In 1856, Marshal O'Donnell made a *pronunciamiento*, and dictated terms to the queen. For a time Spain prospered. But meanwhile Queen Isabella's popularity waned, and at last, in 1868, a secret conference was held at the house of a Spanish physician in London, at which were present Marshal Serrano, Admiral Tegete, and General Prim. Plans for revolution were made, and in September the campaign began. Serrano and Prim won at the Bridge of Alcala, and the reign of Isabella was ended. The dethroned queen, with her paramour of the moment, Marfori, her effete husband, and "an ecstatic nun," Sor Patrocinio, fled to France. In 1870—to be exact, June 25th—Queen Isabella signed formal papers of abdication, the throne was restored, and Isabella's son, Alfonso the Twelfth, father of the present king, reigned thereon.

Only twice during her thirty-six years of exile was Queen Isabella permitted to visit her native land. The first time was on the coronation of Alfonso the Twelfth. The second visit occurred somewhat later. A year ago last February, it is said, Isabella expressed a wish to visit her grandson, King Alfonso, but the queen mother informed her that if she came to Madrid she would not be received at court nor be allowed to live at the palace, giving as her reason that she wished to keep Alfonso as far as possible in ignorance of his grandmother's past life.

PARIS, April 10, 1904.

## THE PRESIDENT ON PRESIDENTS.

Roosevelt's Opinions of Monroe, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, and Others.

"Do I contradict myself? Then I contradict myself"—that is a saying of Whitman's. It is a good one. He who speaks his mind without ambiguity or evasion, he who with time grows in intellectual stature, must expect, in later years, to be confronted with things said or written that he might wish had been said or written otherwise. And so, doubtless, sober thinkers will not lay too much stress upon, or attach too great importance to, the choice collection of extracts from the writings of President Roosevelt which were recently read by Representative Patterson, of Tennessee, in the Lower House of Congress, to its great edification. Certainly they make "mighty interestin' readin'." The most interesting of all were the estimates, in Roosevelt's "Life of Thomas H. Benton," of no less than eight Presidents of the United States. Never before has a President of the United States expressed himself so freely and unrestrainedly about his predecessors. Of Monroe, as quoted by Patterson, Mr. Roosevelt said:

He was a courteous, high-bred gentleman of no especial ability, but well fitted to act as Presidential figurehead during the politically quiet years of that era of good feeling which lasted from 1816 till 1824.

The President finds something to admire in the character of Jackson, but speaks of him as the "ignorant, headstrong, and straightforward soldier."

Of Van Buren he thus writes:

Van Buren was the first product of what are now called machine politics that was put into the Presidential chair. He owed his elevation solely to his own dexterous political manipulation, and to the fact that for his own selfish ends, and knowing perfectly well their folly, he had yet favored or connived at all the actions into which the administration had been led, either through Jackson's ignorance and violence, or by the crafty unscrupulousness and limited knowledge of the kitchen cabinet.

He again speaks of him as follows:

Van Buren faithfully served the mammon of unrighteousness, both in his own State and later on at Washington, and he had his reward, for he was advanced to the highest offices in the gift of the nation. He had no reason to blame his own conduct for his own downfall. He got along just as far as he could possibly get. He succeeded because of, and not in spite of, his moral shortcomings.

Of President Tyler, Author Roosevelt wrote:

Tyler, however, had little else in common with Calhoun, and least of all his intellect. He has been called a mediocre man; but this is unwarranted flattery. He was a politician of monumental littleness. Owing to the nicely divided condition of parties and to the sheer accident which threw him into a position of such prominence that it allowed him to hold the balance of power between them, he was enabled to turn politics completely topsy-turvy; but his chief mental and moral attributes were peevishness, fretful obstinacy, inconsistency, incapacity to make up his own mind, and the ability to quibble indefinitely over the most microscopic and hair-splitting plays upon words, together with an inordinate vanity that so blinded him to all outside feeling as to make him really think that he stood a chance to be renominated for the Presidency.

On President Polk, President Roosevelt comments drastically as follows:

These three men, Calhoun, Birney, and Isaiah Rynders, may be taken as types of the classes that were chiefly instrumental in the election of Polk, and that must, therefore, bear the responsibility for all the evils attendant thereon, including among them the bloody and unrighteous war with Mexico. With the purpose of advancing the cause of abstract right, but with the result of sacrificing all that was best, most honest, and most high-principled in national politics, the Abolitionists joined hands with the Northern roughs and Southern slavocrats to elect the man who was, excepting Tyler, the very smallest of the line of small Presidents who came in between Jackson and Lincoln.

He thus records his views of President Pierce:

But it soon became evident that Pierce was completely under the control of the secession wing of the party, and Benton thereafter treated him with contemptuous hostility, despising him, and seeing him exactly as he was—a small politician, of low capacity and mean surroundings, proud to act as the servile tool of men worse than himself, but also stronger and ahler. He was ever ready to do any work the slavery leaders set him, and to act as their attorney in arguing in its favor, to quote Benton's phrase, with "undaunted mendacity, moral callosity, and mental obliquity." His last message to Congress in the slavery interest Benton spoke of as characteristic, and exemplifying "all the modes of conveying untruths which long ages have invented—direct assertion, fallacious inference, equivocal phrase, and false innuendo."

Author Roosevelt, in the words of Patterson, "culls this small bouquet for Buchanan when he was Secretary of State":

Polk's administration was neither capable nor warlike, however well disposed to bluster, and the Secretary of State, the timid, shifty, and selfish politician Buchanan, naturally fond of facing both ways, was the last man to wish to force a quarrel on a high-spirited and determined antagonist like England.

He speaks thus of Thomas Jefferson, in commenting on the literary style of Benton's speeches:

For he was grievously afflicted with the rage for cheap pseudo classicism that Jefferson and his school had borrowed from the French revolutionists.

He characterizes Jefferson further in this way:

Jefferson was the father of nullification and therefore of secession. He used the word "nullify" in the original draft which he supplied to the Kentucky legislature, and though that body struck it out of the resolutions which they passed in 1798, they inserted it in those of the following year. This was done mainly as an unscrupulous party move on Jefferson's part, and when his side came into power he became a firm upholder of the Union, and being constitutionally unable to put a proper value on truthfulness, he even denied that his resolutions could be construed to favor nullification, though they could by no possibility be construed to mean anything else.

No doubt Judge Alton B. Parker's is the better plan. If your President or Presidential candidate says nothing at all, it is evident he will never be accused by a congressman of "libeling in their graves where their ashes have long reposed in peace a whole line of Presidents."

ST. MARTIN.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Renaissance of Wonder.

On the afternoon of Friday, April 20th, Miss Margaret Wycherly appeared at the Alcazar Theatre in two plays by William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet. One of them, entitled "The Land of the Heart's Desire," was written by Mr. Yeats some eight or ten years ago, and has before been produced in this country. The other was fresh from the poet's hand. It is called "The Hour Glass," and its presentation on Friday was the first time it had been seen on the stage outside England and Ireland.

The fact makes seasonable a review of the book—not from the point of view of the critic of the drama, but from the point of view of the closet-reader. For it is clear that a work in dramatic form may stir the soul of him who reads with understanding, and yet leave unmoved the spectator of its presentation on the stage. "All the imagination in the world, all the poetic dreams" (as Huneker tells us), "are naught if the architectural quantity be left out." In brief, the failure of a play does not necessarily imply that it is not literature, not beautiful, not noble.

It is not in the least a perilous statement to make that O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, has not for years witnessed a play of the character of "The Hour Glass." It is wistful, mystic, vague, and impalpable. It is as brief as it is superficially simple—a mere episode. The *dramatis personae* are few. They are a wise man, a fool, some pupils, an angel, and the wise man's wife and two children; that is all. There is but one scene. Scenery (besides a desk and chair, some benches, and an hour glass) would be pure superfluity.

At the beginning, we have, in contrast, the fool and the wise man. The wise man has taught the people of the village not to believe what they can not see; he has made them materialists; no more do they behold fairies dancing on the green; no more do angels come out of heaven to stand upon their thresholds. "I have overthrown their three worlds [heaven and hell and purgatory] with the seven sciences," he says.

Only Teigue the Fool escapes the influence of the wise teacher. Still, for him, angels walk the fields by night, and still "men go out dressed in black and spread great black nets over the hills" to catch the feet of the angels.

When, by means of dialogue between the fool and the wise man, the character of each is sufficiently presented, the fool departs, and, to the wise man, sitting alone, an angel appears, and tells him he must die. He prays for mercy. But the angel gives him to know that he has incurred the anger of heaven by his denial of "all things that can not be seen," and that deepest hell gapes for him. Yet if one soul shall be found who still believes, the wise man shall "come to heaven after the years of purgatory." The angel departs till the hour glass be run down, and the wise man begins the search among his pupils, his wife, and children for one who still believes in heaven and hell. But he finds no one. All tell him that once they believed, but he has taught them better. The sands run swiftly. He is in despair. But as the last grains fall, he bethinks him of Teigue the Fool, and Teigue the Fool saves the wise man from the hell that gapes.

A curious play to be produced at the Alcazar, on O'Farrell Street, even of an afternoon! And, literally speaking, it is not important. The reader—even the sympathetic reader—remains quite unmoved. Always, in a tragedy, whether in dramatic form or otherwise, the reader or spectator must be made to care that the body or soul of the tragic figure stands in peril. But when we read "The Hour Glass" we care not at all that the wise man is struggling to save his soul. We are quite unmoved. And it is a fatal flaw.

No; the sole importance of "The Hour Glass" lies in the fact that it represents an interesting intellectual movement—not in the least confined to Ireland—the renaissance of wonder. A few decades ago, when the intellectual world had become thoroughly permeated with Darwinism, materialism reached the climax of its strength. In philosophy, Herbert Spencer was then held to be supreme; to-day, the intellectual world finds itself drifting away from Spencer. Mysticism and enlightened credulity no longer are laughed out of court. In literature, in England, such books as Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," with its curiously childlike attitude toward the supernatural, represents the trend. And Watts-Dunton is one of England's foremost critics. Is not Andrew Lang a semi-mystic—a crystal-gazer? Do not Crookes and Ramsey toy with things superphysical? It is a revolt against materialism. In art, there is Whistler, whose pictures often almost cease to delineate, becoming mere arrangements of form and color. The society of London doubtless only slightly represents the trend of English thought, but the drift toward the religious of the East is perhaps not entirely insignificant. The movement is protean formed. But its chief characteristics are indefiniteness, formlessness, wishiness, spirituality, mysticism, credulity, childlikeness, asceticism. Those touched by the spell might fitly take for their motto the words of the Book about the wisdom of babes and sucklings. And yet the movement is not

Christian. Rather it is Pagan—Greek. James Huneker puts the whole matter strongly when he writes: "After a carnival of Realism, when the master-materialists were defining the limits of space, when Matter and Force were crowned on the throne of reason, suddenly comes this renaissance of the spiritual, comes first to Belgium, spreads to France, then to Ireland. After brick and mortar the dream is multicolored and tragic of poets! It has been called pre-Raphaelism, symbolism, neo-catholicism, and what not—it is but the human heart crying for other and more spiritual fare than the hard bread of facts, of reality. Such a wave of spirituality in art has not had its counterpart since the age of Faith, since the Middle Ages."

And at last the white line of this "wave of spirituality" glimmers upon our Western horizon—glimmers and vanishes. It is perhaps as well. For, while American practicality and materialism need an antidote, it must be sturdier and stouter stuff than "The Hour Glass," by Mr. Yeats.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

E. J. Clode will publish in the middle of June "The Lure o' Gold," a new story of adventure by Bailey Millard. This is the tale of a returning Alaskan gold hunter. He sails from Nome in a little Pacific steamer, surrounded by adventurers, who follow him all the way to San Francisco in their efforts to steal his treasure.

The Scribners are publishing a volume of selections from the writings of President Roosevelt, chosen to represent fully the scope of his authorship and—the primary purpose of the compilation—to give young Americans a clear understanding of the President's views on the larger aspects of our history and of American citizenship. The volume is aptly named "The Roosevelt Book."

The San Francisco Browning Society publishes a neatly printed little brochure, containing notes on Browning's poem, "Bishop Blougram's Apology," together with a brief introductory note. The brochure is entitled "Mornings with the San Francisco Browning Society," and may be purchased, we believe, at Paul Elder & Co.'s and A. M. Robertson's.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has selected "The Marriage of William Ashe" as the title for her new novel, which begins serial publication in June.

Alexander Hosie's "Manchuria: Its People, Resources, and Recent History," a Scribner importation, is said to rank in its own field with Mr. Hamilton's "Korea." The author is one of the ablest men in the British consular service in China, and is accounted an authority on all matters connected with Manchuria, which he has traversed from end to end.

Caleb Powers, the former secretary of state of Kentucky, now in a Louisville jail, condemned to death for the murder of Governor Goebel, is writing a book covering his personal experience during the troublous days of Kentucky's fierce partisan war for the control of the State.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Rulers of Kings," is dedicated to her friend, Poultney Bigelow, in the following words: "To Poultney Bigelow, one of the small band of American writers who dares at all times to tell the truth, whose patriotism is genuine and useful, and who has revealed to us so much of modern Europe."

Ellis Meredith, the author of that unusual little book, "Heart of My Heart," was born on the Wyoming frontier, and brought up on a ranch, but she comes of fine old Huguenot stock not unknown to literary fame. One of her ancestors was the Josef Saurin who wrote a satire which was attributed to Voltaire, and in consequence of which Voltaire was sent, for the first time, to the Bastille.

A numbered and signed *édition de luxe* of Katherine Mackay's play, "Gabrielle," which first appeared in the *North American Review*, has just been issued in Germany, and Edmund Reimer is preparing the play for presentation in Munich. Mr. Reimer has also asked for permission to translate into German Mrs. Mackay's recently published novel, "A Stone of Destiny."

Mr. Kipling has been making political speeches at the Cape—speeches which are said to have been models of bright and pointed argument. One of his neighbors in that region writes: "As I dare say you know, he has got a house here called 'The Woolsack.' It is in the suburbs, on the slopes of Table Mountain, or rather Devil's Peak; and it looks over a wide champaign of wooded country to the 'blue hills far away.' It is in its own terraced garden, edged and backed with pines. The house was left him for life by Cecil Rhodes. It is modeled on the style of an old Dutch house, and is built round a sort of Roman atrium, with a veranda round the inner square and round the outside also. It is tiled and paneled in a fine old fashion, and is only to be beaten for charm by Mrs. Kipling. And Kipling himself is the pleasantest host in the world."

## VERSE FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

## Wild Roses.

Wild roses hidden in the hedge  
Surrender to the lips of June;  
White lilies cloistered in the sedge  
Permit the kisses of the moon.

And, oh, my heart desires your love,  
As never June desires a rose,  
And never the pale moon above  
Such longing for a lily knows.

And yet your love I vainly seek,  
Unto my love no love replies,  
No blush gives answer in your cheek,  
No passion lightens in your eyes.

Ardent as June I watch and wait,  
Pale as the moon I pace your sky;  
O lady, be compassionate,  
And kiss and love me or I die.

—Ronald Campbell *Macfie* in "New Poems" (John Lane).

## The Brothers.

In a dim-litten room  
I saw a weaver plying at his loom,  
That ran as swiftly as an agile rhyme;  
And lo, the workman at the loom was Time,  
Weaving the web of Life!

'Twas parti-colored, wrought of Peace and Strife;  
And through the warp thereof  
Shot little golden threads of Joy and Love.  
And one stood by whose eyes were brimmed  
with tears,

Poising the mighty shears  
Wherewith, when seemed the weaver's will at ebb,

He cut the wondrous web.  
Time weaves and weaves; and his dark brother,  
he,

Will one day cut the web for you and me.  
—Clinton Scollard in "The Lyric Bough" (James Pott & Co., \$1.25).

## Purification.

I would go down to meet the infinite sea,  
And give my body to the sharp salt waves,  
That it might seize, and sting, and harry me,  
And dash me lifeless in a lifeless cave,  
And there forever dream against my side,—  
O God, O God, so I were purified!

Would I might marry me to subtle flame  
Till eyes and lips were merely ashes white,  
Till with the human passed the human shame.  
Of sordid pain and undivine delight,—  
Would all strange tortures had my soul for  
hride,

O God, O God, so I were purified!

When I draw around my flesh the veils of death,  
Soaked with the mist of twilight thro' and thro',  
When to the burning blood there entereth  
The solace of imperishable dew;

When I go out into Thy dusk to hide,  
O God, O God, shall I be purified?  
—Rachel Annand Taylor in "Poems" (John Lane).

## A Song of Love's Coming.

To some Love comes so splendid, and so soon,  
With such wide wings, and steps so royally,  
That they, like sleepers awakened suddenly,  
Expecting dawn, are blinded by his noon.

To some Love comes so silently and late  
That all unheard he is, and passes by,  
Leaving no gift but a remembered sigh,  
While they stand watching at another gate.

But some know Love at the enchanted hour:  
They hear him singing like a bird afar,  
They see him coming like a falling star,  
They meet his eyes, and all their world's in  
flower.

—Ethel Clifford in "Songs of Dreams" (John Lane).

It is said that during his journalistic life the late Sir Edwin Arnold wrote ten thousand editorial leaders. About the peroration of a leader he was as careful as an orator over his maiden speech.

Most precious of the five senses—eyesight.

Don't risk it by wearing wrong glasses.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING

126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## PRESS OPINIONS

—OF—

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

LITERARY DIGEST, New York: "Many surprises in Spain"—"Pen-sketches, light in tone and thoroughly amusing"—"Also informing, although author avoids graver themes"—"He attributes Spanish degeneracy to abuse of tobacco."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE: "Not a dull page in it"—"An entertaining book"—"Unconventional things put in pithy phrase"—"Better than many pretentious books"—"Tells his stories well"—"Fine appreciation of humor."

BOSTON COURIER: "Quite practical pen-sketches"—"Very clear insight into Spanish ways"—"A painstaking observer"—"Pleasant, conversational style"—"Animated discourse"—"Some memorable glimpses of Spanish cities"—"One can not lay the book aside."

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS: "A fine, breezy style"—"Plain transcript of what the author saw"—"A sober view of Spain"—"Too clear-eyed for glamour"—"Experiences met with abounding good humor"—"A fine genius for the ludicrous."

OAKLAND TRIBUNE: "A pleasing volume"—"It is good reading"—"Entertaining, yet instructive"—"Whimsical humor"—"Easy and graceful style"—"No guide-book flavor or stereotyped descriptions"—"More valuable than more pretentious works."

Price, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.68. Address  
THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F.

BEDELIA, PRETTY LITTLE DINAH JONES  
Laughing Water, Hiawatha, Anona, Navajo, and 100 other popular songs, with one sheet of music, post-paid for sale. Address, ALBERT L. D. BROOKS, 2146 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**HOT  
AND  
HANDY**

**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**

Phone South 95.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympathetic tone*, in the possession of which it stands alone.

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Budget of Jolly Anecdotes.

"Sigma," the author of a book entitled "Personalities: Intimate Recollections of Famous Men, Political, Literary, Artistic, Social, Various," is by his own admission a person not yet quite sixty years of age, and the associate of the notables of England since his Harrow days; and we are assured that he is himself too well known to permit of his real name's being given.

Many of the anecdotes of which the book consists are dull, flat, and unprofitable, but there remain enough that are really good to make the book a most amusing one. One of the best of the short stories is of a hullying lawyer and a witty witness. After many sarcastic remarks, the barrister closed with, "Ah, you're a clever fellow, a very clever fellow! We can all see that!" To which the witness quietly remarked: "I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath!" "Sigma" has quite a little to say about Ruskin, quoting from a new letter of the critic in which he wrote: "So Mrs. — is a friend of yours. She is a fine creature, but when women reach a certain age their heads get as hard as coconuts and it's lucky if the milk inside isn't sour." Ladies of that "certain age" will be pleased to know that Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor, in speaking of the contrast between the two sides of Ruskin's face, remarked on one side's being "essentially intellectual, and the other having many of the characteristics of an ape!" Here is a good story of Swinburne:

Mr. Swinburne did not arrive till lunch was over, and before entering the house was engaged in a prolonged difference with his cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly off as if glad to get away. "The poet's got the best of it, as usual," drawled Howell (who had been gleefully watching the scene); "he lives at the British Hotel, in Cockspur Street, and never goes anywhere except in hansoms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with one shilling. Consequently, when, as today, it's a case of two miles beyond the radius, there's the devil's own row; but in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who, after five minutes of it, gallops off as though he had been rated by Beelzebub himself." Here, looking, it must be owned, singularly innocent of anathema, Mr. Swinburne entered, and being fortunately in one of his characteristic veins, provided me with the most interesting hour of my existence.

Another anecdote presents the poet in a different light. He had as a boy just finished his first term at Eton, and was traveling to London with his father. In the coach sat the headmaster of the school, reading his *Times*:

"Isn't that Dr. —?" whispered my father to me, peering curiously in the direction of the headmaster. "I believe it is," I stammered, reluctantly. "Believe it is!" rejoined my father, caustically; "you must surely know your own headmaster!" Then clearing his throat and raising his voice, to my consternation he bent forward and airily accosted the awful presence behind the *Times* with, "Dr. —, I believe, sir?" The doctor, incensed at being interrupted by a perfect stranger, glared at my father round the sheet of the paper, and said, testily, "Yes, sir; at your service." "Well, sir," rejoined my father, jerking his finger in my direction, "my boy here has just finished his first term at Eton, and I should very much like to know what account you can give me of him." "Now," continued Mr. Swinburne, with almost tragical solemnity, "as a matter of fact, Dr. — had never set eyes on me, and probably did not even know of my existence; but enraged, I suppose, at my father's rather unconventional interruption, which he no doubt considered a slight on his dignity, he glanced down at me with a scarlet face, and said, deliberately, 'Your boy, sir—your boy is one of the very worst in the school!' and then entrenched himself once more behind the *Times*. My father looked volumes, but said nothing till we got out at Paddington. Then the storm burst. In vain I protested that Dr. — knew nothing whatever about me, and had only said what he had out of pure vexation at being disturbed. 'Do you think,' said my father, 'that I am going to take your word before that of your headmaster?'"

It is painful to find that even Robert Browning was not utterly above snobbishness. "Sigma" says:

When I chanced to meet him on more than one occasion in the seventies and early eighties, he was by no means given to making the least of his intimacy with members of the nobility, whose names and titles came floating across the table with unnecessary articulateness.

Another story of a nameless snob is related in connection with Thackeray. The author sat at dinner next to a stiff old party, who, he had heard, was at Charterhouse at the same time as the novelist. He accordingly mentioned Thackeray's name to draw him out:

"Thackeray, sir? What Thackeray?" he answered, with a contemptuous stare. "I mean the great Thackeray," I rejoined, rather astonished. "What?" he rejoined; "the fellow who wrote books? Oh, yes, he was my fag, and a sniveling little beggar I thought him. Often have I given him a sound kick for a false quantity in his Latin verses. I thought nothing of him, sir—nothing, I assure you!" "Ah, but," I exclaimed, "you have changed your opinion since, of course?" "Not at all," he growled, "not at all; why should I?" "Why, on account of his books," I retorted, fairly staggered. "Never read a

syllable of them, I give you my word!" he growled, with magnificent complacency; then, turning his back with a gesture of infinite disdain, he proceeded to tackle his neighbor on the other side. When I told this to Mr. McCarthy, he observed, "What wouldn't Thackeray have given to have known that man!"

An apt retort of Oscar Wilde's ought not to be omitted. A homesome poetical, after complaining that the critics had entered into a conspiracy of silence against him, asked Wilde what he would advise him to do. "Join it," was the reply. Another *mot* of Wilde's was a description of the Jews as people "who spoke through their own noses and made you pay through yours."

A very quotable anecdote relates to Lord Brougham. Once, when visiting Harrow, the headmaster, as a compliment to the veteran statesman, had a youthful orator recite a "purple patch," from one of Brougham's speeches. He was greatly flattered:

At the conclusion of the recital, depositing a very seedy-looking hat on his chair, he sprang to his feet and vehemently applauded the interpreter of his bygone eloquence. But, unfortunately, on resuming his seat, he forgot that it was occupied by his hat, upon which he sank, with very disastrous consequences. Of this, however, the expectant crowd of boys in the school-yard knew nothing, and when, at the end of the speeches, the head of the school called from the top of the steps for "three cheers for Lord Brougham," we were convulsed to see them acknowledged by an individual in rusty black, with an "old clo", broken-crowned hat, almost resting on a nose, the shape of which has since been emulated by Ally Sloper.

But Lord Brougham's adventures did not end there. Evidently highly gratified with his reception, he passed on to the headmaster's house, where, with the elite of the visitors, he was bidden to lunch. There, however, his self-esteem encountered a rude shock, for the policeman, stationed at the door to keep off "loafers" and other undesirable company, sternly asked the dilapidated-looking old person his business. "I am invited here to lunch," growled out the indignant guest. "Gammon!" curtly responded the guardian of the peace. "I am Lord Brougham!" was the furious rejoinder; "let me pass!" "Bah!" contemptuously retorted the bobby; "you want me to believe that, do yer? Move on!" At this critical juncture, the old lord, inarticulate with rage, was fortunately espied by another eminent guest, who, taking in the situation at a glance, succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the policeman.

A number of the stories relate to men famous in the law. It is told of Charles Bowen that, while trying a hurglar in a county town, he once relieved the dullness of the session by this ironical charge to the jury:

"You will have observed, gentlemen, that the prosecuting counsel laid great stress on the enormity of the offense with which the prisoner is charged, but I think it is only due to the prisoner to point out that, in proceeding about his enterprise, he at all events displayed remarkable consideration for the inmates of the house. For instance, rather than disturb the owner, an invalid lady, as you will have remarked, with commendable solicitude, he removed his boots and went about in his stockings, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Further, instead of rushing with heedless rapacity into the pantry, he carefully removed the coal scuttle and any other obstacles which, had he thoughtlessly collided with them, would have caused a noise that must have aroused the jaded servants from their well-earned repose." After proceeding in this strain for some little time, he dismissed the jury to consider their verdict, and was horror-stricken when, on their return into court, they pronounced the acquittal of the prisoner!

Published by Doubleday, Page, & Co., New York.

## New Publications.

"The Beggar's Garden," by Ruth Lawrence. Poems. Illustrated. Brentano's; \$1.00.

"The Book of the Short Story," edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Just So Song Book," by Rudyard Kipling—with music by Edward German. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

"The Significance of the Ring and the

Book," by Roy Sherman Stowell. The Poet-Lore Company; \$1.00.

"The Natural Number Primer," by David Gibbs, S. B. The American Book Company.

"Songs of Southern Scenes," by Louis M. Elshemus. Illustrated. Eastman Lewis; \$1.50 net.

"How to Beat the Game," by Garrett Brown. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Company.

"Zionism and Anti-Semitism," by Max Nordau and Gustav Gottheil. Scott-Thaw Company.

"The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus," by Henry A. Beers. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Singing Leaves: A Book of Songs and Spells," by Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"Physical Education by Muscular Exercise," by Luther Halsey Gullick, M. D. Illustrated. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

"The Heart of Hyacinth," by Onoto Watanna. Illustrated in color. Elaborately decorated by Kiyokichi Sano. Harper & Brothers.

"Life and Death," by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.—a very small volume of short tales of no great importance.

"Typee: a Real Romance of the South Seas," by Herman Melville. A new edition. John Lane; 50 cents—an excellent pocket, thin-paper edition of Melville's masterpiece.

"The Commuters," by Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn. J. F. Taylor & Co.; \$1.50—a cheerful hook dealing with the joys and woes of suburban life; it is quietly amusing.

"Christ," by S. D. McConnell, D. D., LL. D. The Macmillan Company; \$1.25—this volume by the rector of All Souls' Church, New York, endeavors to present to the reader the real figure of the Saviour, shorn of the unessential with which centuries have surrounded it.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
2. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Aioert J. Beveridge.
4. "Lux Crucis," by Samuel G. Gardenshire.
5. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Creevey Papers."
2. "He That Eateth Bread With Me," by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays.
3. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
4. "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller.
5. "Dennis Dent," by E. W. Hornung.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
2. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
3. "Extracts from Adam's Diary," by Mark Twain.
4. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.
5. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

We are informed that William Morton Payne is not (as stated by "H. A. L." in a recent article) the editor of the *Dial*—he is only one of the editors. We regret the error. Perhaps a fact that may faintly mitigate the offense is the circumstance that, though the *Dial* has printed hundreds of signed articles during the last five years, scores of which bear the signature of Mr. Payne, one only bears the name of the editor, Francis F. Browne. But perhaps it is only an invincible modesty.



POPE MFG. COMPANY

Bicycle Innovations

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

Pope Quality in Every Wheel

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

SOZODONT  
Tooth Powder

"Good for Bad Teeth  
Not Bad for Good Teeth"

Gives the Teeth a Pearly Lustre

BIG BOX NEW TOP 25c

TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

**Quina LAROCHE**

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anæmia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO., 26-30 N. WILSON ST., N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1042.

THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

**BOHM BRISTOL**

The Rarest and Most Beautiful DIAMONDS, PEARLS, PRECIOUS STONES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE

will ever be a feature of this exclusive establishment, only recently opened. Prices consistent with the very best quality.

104-110 Geary Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.





It was really quite impossible to realize, during the witnessing of the extremely tame and trivial first act of "The New Clown," that the Alcazar has a very jolly little farce on this week, containing a number of lines and scenes full of genuine humor. It takes a humorist to convey humor, and the Alcazar management has the luck to possess one in the person of John B. Maher. This gentleman plays the part of an English lord who, in spite of a retiring nature, ingrained fastidiousness, and a tendency to feel his pulse and absorb medicated tablets for trifling ailments, has fled from the consequences of a scrape, conjured up by a timorous imagination to the theoretically safe disguise of a circus clown.

The first act shows Lord Garston with friends in his own rank of life, extremely flavorless young people who never say a clever thing and never do a wise one. During this act the accident takes place which makes him believe that he has caused the death of his friend, and a circus clown who loves pelf fortuitously happening along, a transfer of the latter's identity, property, and wardrobe, and a newly acquired post in the circus company is made for a consideration; and behold his diffident lordship launched as a successor of Grimaldi.

It would, with the stereotyped comedian, be considered quite as a matter of course that Lord Garston's first encounter with his professional duties should be played in a spirit of the broadest comedy. Luckily, however, for those who enjoy going to the Alcazar, Mr. Maher has particularly good stuff in him. He conceived the situation in just the right spirit, and acted much as a live lord would under the circumstances, save for that essence of humor which informed all his acts, and save also for the farcical spirit which, in a modified and reasonable form, rules the piece.

Mr. Maher's clown is a timid, somewhat bewildered, extremely resigned, and unworldly polite man, who handles his members cautiously, "my dear mans" the loud-voiced, hectoring circus manager, and in moments of forgetfulness inadvertently alludes to his doctor's advice to avoid violent exercise; proffering a request to the ring-master for ammoniated quinine pellets with which to appease a threatened cold. His air of polite inquiry when his duties are outlined, the resignation with which he listens to a list that would overtax the brute endurance of his grooms, the desperate calm with which he assumes responsibility for the real clown's sins of omission and commission, the gentlemanly incompetence which characterizes his mournful attempts at professional humbug, are inexpressibly and irresistibly funny.

The play was originally a musical comedy, but the idea was evidently too good a one to be allowed to be submerged under the choral and scenic glitter of that class of piece. Flimsy and flat though the dialogue of the first act is, the fault is atoned in the two succeeding ones, in which one amusing line follows another in continual and rapid succession.

Frances Starr as Dolly, the hareback rider, was a very real little piece of fetching cockneyism, and indicated with a few looks and tones a regretful tendresse for the clown who turned out to be a lord, that has an effect of simple womanliness all the more poignant in contrast with the circus queen's spangled, brief-skirted fury.

Luke Connors did a good bit of work as the circus proprietor, and Lawrence Grattan gave an excellent comedy sketch of "Billy," the strong man, who views with a jealous eye that gentlemanly demeanor of the new clown which is stigmatized by the disapproving ring-master "as positively nauseating."

There are some specialties to live through in the piece, reminiscent of its frivolous origin, but as long as Mr. Maher is on the stage one may be sure of having a feast of genuine, legitimate fun.

Rose Coghlan is an actress who, in spite of her early training, has kept sufficiently apace with modern methods to be still able to hold her own in the elegant repression of society drama. This is due to her natural intelligence which, during the molding years of her career, when a more robust type of histrionism prevailed, held her within the limits imposed by an instinctive recognition of what constitutes realism. It is perhaps inevitable that a player nursed in the traditions of the old schools, and with Miss Coghlan's long experience in emotional drama, should have retained a tendency to over-accumulate, according to our later stan-

dards, the expression of strong feeling. Time has wrought one grateful change in the standards formerly set for emotional acting; actors and audiences now realize that noise does not stand for force. Formerly it was quite permissible, nay, admirable, for characters to declaim their emotions in tones that suggested an invocation of the fire department or the police. Now we realize that it is the primitive nature that shrieks its grief or screams its horror. The vague uneasiness, or the responsive contagion of excitement caused in the audience by this appeal to the nerves only, was formerly wrongly interpreted as the thrill roused by impassioned acting.

With all Miss Coghlan's well-balanced art, and with her ready manipulation of stage technique, she is still prone to use that over-vigorous vocalism which is naturally allied to the sounding declamation of old-school drama, and is mitigated in her case by the ample expressiveness of her elocution.

The bill for her brief engagement was quite an interesting one. It was a curious experience to see "Forget Me Not" practically boiled down to a curtain-raiser, and to realize how much fluff and flummery had been trimmed round a dramatic motive in order to stretch it out to the length prescribed for an evening's entertainment. Up to a certain point, "The Ace of Trumps" seemed altogether modern and strictly logical. But as soon as the heroine with the hectic past falls into a recital of her adventure with the one man she fears, the listener detects the smell of the oil on the melodramatic machinery.

"The Greatest Thing in the World," in which Mrs. Le Moyne formerly starred, was the main piece on the programme, and one that contained some very natural and amusing situations in the relations of a widowed mother to her grown sons. Once upon a time, the traditions of the drama decreed that parents of grown children should always be crowned with snowy locks, walk feebly, leaning on canes, and speak with the thin and piping tones of extreme age. Now we are beginning to recognize that middle age has its rights, and that romance—of a somewhat chastened spirit and sober hue—may safely show its head in the forties. The two women authors of "The Greatest Thing in the World" have been perhaps rather too liberal of suitors for their widowed heroine; even youth is wont to plume itself on having one; but in plays there is always a delightful preponderance of unappropriated eligibles—much more so, it will be noticed, than in the life of civilization, from which men are drawn in platoons to the waste places of the earth by militarism, or the love of adventure, leaving lovely woman at home in corresponding numbers to pine upon her virgin stalk.

"The Greatest Thing in the World" has the merit of appealing to both youth and maturity, there being, beside the widow and her two sedate suitors, several half-fledged young couples, hilling and cooing somewhat prematurely in preparation for the nesting time of life. The leading idea of the piece is evidently to show the presence of mind and ready devotion of a mother in shielding her son from the effects of his sins and follies, and several skillfully conceived scenes, that have happy alternations of pathos and comedy, are the result. I found myself, however, a little mixed as to conclusions. We are apparently to assume from the counsels of the ingénue in the piece, who advises her more serious-minded friend to be constant to an unworthy suitor, that it is woman's sacred duty toward love to forgive such sins in a lover as weakness of principle, eaves-dropping, intemperance, forgery, and a lack of proper restraint in expressing his passion, and commit the folly of marrying a man who is wax before the fire of temptation. Such seems to be the theory of Mesdames Ford and De Mille, joint authors of the play.

However much we may quarrel with their theories, they have put them forth in a play that, in spite of a touch of theatricalism here and there, deals simply and naturally enough with family ties and the relations of affection.

Miss Coghlan's company, while not wholly suggestive of the *crème de la crème* of society that it represents, is a pleasant group of young people who deal with the lighter phases of the piece most acceptably, while in the more serious scenes between the anguished mother and the guilty son, Miss Coghlan's sterling art was ably seconded by the quiet sincerity with which Sidney Irving played the latter rôle.

Rose Coghlan had an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the sterling quality of her work when Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" was put on at the Garden Theatre in New York last fall.

In the rôle of Penelope, the real heroine of the play, she made, in the opinion of many, a notable success, her long experience in every branch of the drama enabling her easily to surpass her younger compeers, whose exclusive training in light, snappy, modern dialogue left them unequal to the demands made by Phillips's sonorously beautiful text.

It is on such occasions, when the public is favored with drama that deals with characters of antique dignity or of the heroic type, that the obscured glories of the old school of acting are temporarily revived. Few, indeed, of the younger generation of players are able to impersonate successfully such characters. They may perhaps possess more of the ardent imagination, that in Rose Coghlan and her contemporaries is dimmed by time, but they lack the dignity, the deliberation, the vocal training, the physical balance, the sonorous elocution, and the authority gained by varied experience, and their work, as a usual thing, is lacking in inspiration. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### The Associated Charities' Work.

Copies of the directory and report of the San Francisco Associated Charities may now be had on application at their offices, Y. M. C. A. Building. The association has an application and investigation bureau, to which those needing help may be sent. A children's department has been formed, the purposes of which are, in cooperation with the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the California Club, to support two probation officers for the juvenile court, to maintain a traveling agent, whose duty it shall be to find homes for and to keep in touch with the children placed out in homes by these institutions; and to establish an investigating agency which shall offer its services to the children's institutions for the investigation of their applications for admission.

One of the good events for to-day (Saturday) at the Oakland Track will be the first race, a selling purse of four hundred dollars, for four-year-olds. Next week will be the last of the racing season.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is ill at the White House with German measles.

#### Nelson's Anycose.

Infalible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

#### Corner Cottage at Ross.

For sale—lucrative renting property, consisting of lot 100 x 135 feet, set out with flourishing young fruit and shade trees, and containing four-room shingled cottage. Choice neighborhood; five minutes from station; always rented. If preferred, purchaser can buy only the 50 feet containing cottage. Address H. P., Argonaut office.

**ALHAMBRA**  
DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

**MADAME SEMERICH**

Assisted by MR. RUDOLPH GANZ, Pianist.

Next THURSDAY NIGHT, May 5th,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 7th

Seats, \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.00. Box seats, \$3.50. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

TRADE MARK

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

**Diamonds and Pearls**  
Wedding Stationery  
Wedding Presents  
Shreve & Co.  
Post and Market Sts.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
Eye-Glasses  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Week beginning Monday next, May 2d, positively the last of Stange and Edwards's famous American comic opera,

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**

Popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Monday, May 9th—A Runaway Girl.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks, beginning next Monday, first appearance in San Francisco. Klaw & Erlanger present

**GUS AND MAX ROGERS**

In John J. McNally's latest

**THE ROGERS BROS. IN LONDON**

One hundred and ten entertainers.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar," BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinées Saturday and Sunday. One week, commencing Monday, May 2d, first time at the Alcazar of Arthur W. Pinero's powerful drama,

**THE PROFLIGATE**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, May 9th—The Two Schools.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning next Monday night, the celebrated actor, MR. MELEOURNE MACDOWELL, in a series of Sardou revivals.

Week beginning next Monday night,

**LA TOSCA**

The Baron Scarpia, Mr. MacDowell.

Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinées Saturday and Sunday.

Next production—Cleopatra.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Beginning Monday, May 2d, matinées Saturday and Sunday, the celebrated drama,

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinées, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

May 9th—Three Guardsmen.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinée, May 1st. A big new show! Davis, MacCauley and Company; M. F. Dumond's Trio of Parisian Minstrels; Sisters Gasch; Hal Merritt; Brandow and Wiley; Wilfred Clarke and Company, presenting "No More Trouble"; La Petite Adelaïde; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Lew Sulley.

Regular matinées every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

**Dr. H. J. STEWART**

— BEGS TO ANNOUNCE A —

**CONCERT**

— AT —

**STEINWAY HALL**

On Thursday evening, May 13th.

On this occasion a number of Dr. Stewart's recently published compositions will be rendered.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR.

**RACING**

**New California Jockey Club OAKLAND TRACK**

Season closes Saturday, May 7th. Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine, except Monday, May 2d.

**6 SIX OR MORE RACES DAILY 6**  
Races start at 2:15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 or 2:00. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts in which there is no smoking.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:10 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

**REHNSTROM & HAGBOM**

FORMERLY SANOERS & JOHNSON

**TAILORS**

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



STAGE GOSSIP.

From the Knickerbocker Theatre.

"Running for Office" has its final performance at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, and on Monday night the German comedians, Gus and Max Rogers, direct from the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, make their first appearance here in "Rogers Brothers in London." It is styled "a vaudeville farce," and is in three acts. The lyrics are by George V. Hobart and Ed Gardiner, and are described as very clever, while the piece is said to abound in clever, pungent dialogue. The play is a string of specialties, and there are one hundred and ten people in the company, which includes Joseph Coyne, Lee Harrison, Melville Ellis, George Austin Moore, William J. Cale, James Cherry, Harry Brown, Lillian Coleman, Carrie Reynolds, Neva Aymar, Lottie Uart, Lillian Hudson, Frances Tyson, Julia Eastman, Minerva Courtney, William Torpey, and Arthur Gibson.

MacDowell at the Grand Opera House.

Melbourne MacDowell will begin an engagement at the Grand Opera House next Monday night in "La Tosca." Mr. MacDowell will appear as the Baron Scarpia, which is generally conceded to be his greatest impersonation. He will be supported by an Eastern company, the principal member of which will be Ethel Fuller. It will be her first appearance in this city, and she will have a splendid opportunity to introduce herself in the rôle of the young opera-singer, Floria La Tosca. Among the other members of the company are Jack Webster, Robert Elliot, and Nettie Black. The scenery, costumes, and effects will be new and historically accurate. The second week of Mr. MacDowell's engagement will be devoted to Sardou's "Cleopatra," with Miss Fuller as Cleopatra. The usual popular Grand Opera House prices will prevail during this engagement.

A Pinero Play.

Farce comedy will give place to serious drama at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday, when Arthur W. Pinero's "The Profligate" will be presented. The play deals with the moral problem, and has as its principal characters a young married couple. During their honeymoon the bride learns of one of her husband's female amours, and casts him off. His repentance and his endeavor to reconcile himself to his wife forms the main theme of the play. Adele Block will have the part played by Olga Netherlands, while Mr. Durkin will appear as Dunstan Renshaw. Harry Hilliard and Frances Starr take care of the subsidiary love-story that runs through the play. Following "The Profligate," "The Two Schools," a comedy entirely new to San Francisco, will be presented.

Mayall as Jekyll and Hyde.

The Central Theatre is now producing the most excellent series of plays seen at that house since it was opened to the public. Next Monday evening Herschel Mayall will appear in the dual title-rôle of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the play founded on the novel of that name by Robert Louis Stevenson. The transitions from the lovable, handsome Dr. Jekyll to the deformed monster Hyde require lightning changes that tax an actor's cleverness and ingenuity; but Mr. Mayall's friends feel confident of his ability to do credit to the double rôle. The production will mark the initial appearance of Olive G. Skinner, a New York soubrette, and the new light comedian, James H. Montgomery, just from the Bijou Theatre, Brooklyn.

Johnny Marching Again.

The revival of Stange and Edwards's comic opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," at the Tivoli Opera House, seems to please the audiences. Dora de Fillippe does well as Kate Pemberton, Wallace Brownlow, Arthur Cunningham, Ferris Hartman, Bessie Tannehill, Esther King, Teddy Webb, Miss Daglow, and Annie Meyers repeat former triumphs. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be continued all next week, which will positively be its last. On Monday evening, May 9th, the Augustin Daly musical comedy, "A Runaway Girl," which ran for two years in London and three hundred nights in New York, will be produced.

Fiddlers, Artists, Strong Ladies.

Hal Davis, Inez Macauley, and a strong supporting company will present at the Orpheum this coming week, for the first time in this city, "an episode in one act," by Edmund Day, entitled "Pals." It aims at heart interest as well as humor, and is staged with special scenery. M. F. Dumond's Parisian Minstrels, the trio of quick, clever, and versatile musicians, who have been such favorites here for several seasons, will be warmly welcomed. The Sisters Gasch, direct from Europe, will perform startling feats of equilibrium. Hal Merritt draws posters during his talk, working with great rapidity, and using bold but deft strokes. Russell Brandow and Stella Wiley, colored singers and grotesque dancers, will live things up. Wilfred Clarke and his clever company of comedians

have prolonged their engagement for another week, and will revive "No More Trouble." Lew Sully, for his second and last week, will give an entire change of specialty. La Petite Adelaide, the dainty dancer, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an exceptionally strong program.

Kolb-Dill Combination Farewell.

Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Maude Amber, and the company at present supporting them at the Grand Opera House sail for Australia next Thursday. They will, by special request, give two extra performances to-morrow (Sunday), which will most positively be their last appearances in this city for many years. The bill both afternoon and evening will be "Whirl-I-Gig" and "Big Little Princess." Many novelties and agreeable surprises for the audiences will be introduced, and all the artists will make speeches of thanks and farewell.

Alterations at Fischer's.

Fischer's Theatre will close Sunday night for the contemplated improvements, which will begin on Monday morning, and it is expected that the theatre will be ready to reopen some time during the latter part of May. The house will have an increased seating capacity of over two hundred seats, giving the audience a clear view of every part of the stage. Two new, wide stairways will be added, leading direct from the balconies to O'Farrell Street, and the main entrance will be enlarged to nearly forty feet in width. There will be parlors both for ladies and gentlemen. The prices will not be changed, but there will be an entirely new company of principals and an augmented chorus. President Fischer and Stage Director Jones have gone East to secure the best singers and actors available. The policy of the house will be changed as far as the plays are concerned. Nothing but the funniest of burlesques will be offered. No less than six well-known writers are at work upon new subjects, and three are nearing completion that are said to excel any of the Weber & Fields's successes. Due notice of the reopening of the house will be given and the day of the sale of the seats.

The Sembrich Concerts.

Much interest is taken in the concerts by Mme. Sembrich at the Alhambra Theatre on Thursday night next, May 5th, and the Saturday afternoon following. Sembrich sings in English, German, Italian, Polish, and Russian, besides being a violinist and pianist. Assisting Mme. Sembrich will be the young Swiss piano virtuoso, Rudolph Ganz, who, besides playing important solos, will play the accompaniments. Mr. Ganz is the head of the piano department of the Chicago Conservatory, having succeeded Arthur Friedheim in this capacity. Some weeks ago he played for Mme. Sembrich, and she was so pleased with his work that she induced him to accompany her on this short tour. The sale of seats for the concerts is now in progress at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. Manager Greenbaum is endeavoring to secure Mme. Sembrich for an extra concert, and, if successful, it will be duly announced; but as her time is very limited, nothing can be definitely determined until after the artist's arrival.

The Richard Mansfield season at the Columbia Theatre will begin on May 16th, and will continue for two weeks, Saturday matinees and no Sunday performances. The repertoire will include "Ivan the Terrible," "Old Heidelberg," "A Parisian Romance," "Beau Brummel," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." There are one hundred and six people in the company, which comes in a train of eleven cars.

Dr. H. J. Stewart will give a concert at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, May 12th. A number of his latest compositions will be played.

None as good at a lower price; none better at any price



Hunter Whiskey

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells,  
etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

455 Sutter St., San Francisco,  
Telephone Bush 639.

Schaeffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND  
LOAN ASSOCIATION,

(Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN

Secretary and General Manager.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS — President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.

Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Bahcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary

Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILLS, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,173,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

4 1/2 per cent. on Savings

Phenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4 1/2 per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Etua Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Union Central Life Insurance Co.

Largest annual dividends. Largest interest earned. Lowest death ratio.  
Lowest expense ratio of any old line company.

ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Mgr.

410 California St., San Francisco.



VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Alton B. Parker, wife of the chief justice, is a direct descendant of one of the early Dutch settlers of New York State. Her maiden name was Schoonmaker, a name famous in the history of Ulster County, and an ancestor of that name was the head of the Holland Dutch settlers of Kingston. The old Schoonmaker farm is the summer home of the Parker family. The house is, now, a commodious, modern-looking building, with a piazza extending across the entire front, standing at the head of a sloping lawn extending down to the Hudson. The place is called Rosemount, and is a mile and a half out of the village of Esopus. The older parts of the house were standing in 1777, when the British fleet anchored in the river before it, the night before Kingston was burned. Mrs. Parker is a good equestrienne, and spends many pleasant hours riding with her husband about the country. The two children of the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Charles Morse Hall, wife of the rector of the Mission Church of the Holy Cross at Kingston, will be eligible for membership in all the colonial societies, not only because of their ancestry, but also because the great-great-grandfather of Judge Parker fought in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Parker has a strong face and a gracious personality.

Albert Kinross, the St. Petersburg special correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, is much impressed with St. Petersburg society. "It is brilliant," he says, "not only by reason of the diamonds and beauty of its women, but also owing to the splendid uniforms and blazing decorations of its men. The ladies were such diamonds as are only seen at exhibitions or in the windows of a fashionable jeweler. The diamonds of St. Petersburg are famous. I was utterly dazzled by a succession of solid precious stones whose weight could only be reckoned in aivoirdupois. The jewels one sees at Covent Garden are slim and puny baubles by comparison. St. Petersburg seems to buy its diamonds by the pound, and the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind' scintillates in the ears and round the slender throats of its fair women. Where the great ladies of Russia are not beautiful, they are vivacious. Most often they are beautiful, but vivacity is their supreme distinction. Their faces are animated; when they speak they live their words; and the bored look of London and the weighty amiability of Berlin are nowhere visible. There is a certain primitive health that not even several cubic inches of diamond and a Paris gown can dislocate. To tell the truth, much as I admit the beauty of St. Petersburg's womanhood, I was even more enchanted with the men. Such men! These had made quite ravishing toilets. The Cosacks of the Guard would give quality and a savor to any gathering. Picture to yourselves bronzed and bearded heroes in ankle-length overalls, cartridges made of silver filigree work running along their breasts. Oriental swords and yataghans hanging on belts of silver, and crosses and medals won on strange battle-fields nestling below the cartridges. With these were generals whose wide trousers were met by leather boots knee-high. All wore their orders—crosses in brilliants, in enamel, or in gold, rows of them. In England one would put the alphabet after their names."

Mrs. Lydia Kingsmill Commander has taken up the investigation of the question: "Has the small family become an American ideal?" She contributes the results of her first inquiries to the current number of the *Independent*. Mrs. Commander quietly presents her facts and her evidence with no comment and no statement of her own opinion regarding them. The inquiries referred to are confined to the City of New York. One branch of them related to the rules or customs of rented apartments. It was found that six real-estate agents renting flats at fifty to one hundred dollars a month from Eightieth to One Hundred and Fortieth Street, on the West Side, practically refused to take more than two children, and did not wish even for these. Altogether twenty-two apartment-houses were visited, containing four hundred and eighty-five families, in which were fifty-four children, or "about one to every nine families." The information was given by four landlords that the only tenants accepted were married couples without children. The other branch of Mrs. Commander's inquiry was more intimate. She gives the results of visits to and conversations with thirty-eight physicians, men and women, in various parts of the city. To the question, "What do you consider the ideal American family?"—that is, the family meeting the ideal of average Americans within their personal observation—thirty said "two children, a boy and a girl." Six said "one child." One said "having a family was not an American ideal," and one said "five or six." It may be added that this physician, who was a woman, practiced in the upper part of the unfashionable district. These physicians seem to have had a great variety of practice among them, some among relatively well-to-do, with incomes from three thousand to five thousand dollars; some among families with an income of one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars; some among those with even less income. The reports were

substantially the same. Not many families were declared to desire no children, but two was the usual maximum wished for, three were regarded as decidedly undesirable, and any larger number as most unfortunate. Only one woman was reported by any physician as "willing to have all the children nature would send."

Of the thirty-eight physicians visited, six practiced entirely among foreigners and six others had a considerable number of foreigners among their patients. The evidence of these is surprising. One of them said: "As far as I can see, the difference between foreign and native-born is that the Americans grow up to the idea [of a small family] and foreigners have to learn it." All agree that it is gradually and sometimes very promptly learned. The extent of this tendency is indicated by the statement of a physician practicing for six years as a charity physician for a mission church on the East Side: "I find that as the sense of responsibility lessens the family increases." The converse also appears to be true, and is shown in the tendency among the immigrants from Russia, with whom the number of children is reported to be checked after residence in this country, generally accompanied by improvement in means.

The writer closes her article with a review of conclusions which are as follows: 1. That the size of the American family has diminished. 2. That the decline is greatest among the rich and educated, but also exists, to a marked extent, among the middle class and the intelligent poor. 3. That only the most ignorant and irresponsible make no effort to limit the number of their children. 4. That not only has the large family disappeared, but it is no longer desired. 5. That the prevailing American ideal, among rich and poor, educated and uneducated, women and men, is two children. 6. That childlessness is no longer considered a disgrace or even a misfortune; but is frequently desired and voluntarily sought. 7. That opposition to large families is so strong an American tendency that our immigrants are speedily influenced by it; even Jews, famous for ages for their love of family, exhibiting its effects. 8. That the large family is not only individually, but socially, disapproved; the parents of numerous children meeting public censure."

Flirting tends to the development of both soul and intellect, according to the belief of Dean Tufts, of the University of Chicago. "Coquetry," he told the seniors during an address recently, "is a training of the abilities needed in serious life. It is instinctive and not merely an outlet for surplus energies." Teasing was also considered by the professor in the light of a scientific advantage in maturing the mind. Tufts seems a worthy successor of the late, lamented Triggs.

A reputed high authority has been asked whether the conversation at a London dinner-party is really so brilliant as it is sometimes said to be, and his reply was: "Most decidedly in the affirmative, in the really smart set. I do not mean to deny that many of the most aristocratic parties are dull enough to make the most excitable country cousin yawn her head off at the deplorable ineptitude, but this is not the case in the really smart sets. For example, I should say the king hears more witty repartee and more incisive cleverness and more really amusing anecdotes than any one else who could be named, because his own immediate set of intimate friends are singularly talented. The best talker among the women in town is Mrs. George Keppel, and she is also one of the best listeners, a not at all usual combination. She will sit and chatter to the king until he has been seen to shake in his chair with laughter at the droll way in which she puts things. Quite her match in this respect is the Portuguese minister, M. de Soveral, a man whom the king delights to honor, and of whom Queen Alexandra has said that he always makes an hour in a railway carriage pass like five minutes. The sovereign is, as all the world knows, an inveterate playgoer, but he once observed that if he never entered a theatre again he would be kept well abreast of every play if he had an hour's conversation each week with Mrs. George Cornwallis West."

"Henceforth when American women marry foreigners," says the Marquise de Fontenoy, "they would do well to insist upon an antinuptial agreement in due legal form, providing that all jewelry presented to them previous to their marriage, at the time of their wedding or subsequent thereto, should be regarded as their personal property. Until now it has been held that there could be no question as to this, and that the only gems to which the wife did not have sole right were those family jewels owned as heirlooms by the husband's family, and in which the wife of its chief had a life interest. But the supreme court of appeal of England has now decided that the jewels of a wife form part and parcel of the husband's property—in legal phraseology, his 'paraphernalia'—since they are given to her in order to 'suit her position in society,' and not for her separate ownership and use. This

startling judgment, which gives to the Dukes of Marlborough and of Roxburghe, as well as to all other Englishmen who have married American heiresses, the control and ownership of the often immensely valuable jewels of their wives, who are now debarred from disposing of them without their husbands' consent, has just been granted in a suit brought by Lady Howard, of Glossop, against her husband, Lord Howard, of Glossop, from whom she has been legally, though not judicially, separated since last year, and who seems to have sold a tiara of hers prior to the separation without her knowledge or consent. Lord Howard was a pupil of Mgr. Capel, who now makes his home in California, and who figures as 'Monsignor Catshy' in Lord Beaconsfield's novel, 'Lothair.'"

Mr. Slopay—"I'll give you the keys to the house and show you where the valuables are if you'll take away one thing as a favor to me." Burglar—"Wot's dat?" Mr. Slopay—"The gas meter."—*Chicago News*.

"You promised me," she said, coldly, "to return the lock of hair I gave you, and—" "Gee whizz!" he interrupted, "do you take me for a hair-restorer?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A. P. Hotaling & Co.'s "Old Kirk." In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. fall.	State of Weather.
April 21st.....	56	48	Tr.	Cloudy
" 22d.....	54	44	.10	Pt. Cloudy
" 23d.....	56	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 24th.....	63	48	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	58	50	.00	Cloudy
" 26th.....	52	44	.36	Cloudy
" 27th.....	56	48	Tr.	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 27, 1904, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed Bid, Asked	
		Shares.		100½	102
Bay Co. Power 5%.	4,000	@ 101			
Cal. G. E. M. C. T.					
5%	3,000	@ 81½-81½	97	82	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	16,000	@ 96½-97	97	99	
Los An. Ry. 5%	10,000	@ 111½-111½	111½	112	
Los Angeles Light- ing Gld. 5%	15,000	@ 104½	104		
Market St. Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 114	113½		
N. R. of Cal. 6%	20,000	@ 107½	107	117½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	11,000	@ 116½-116½	116½	117	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	3,000	@ 105	105½		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	30,000	@ 104½-105	104½	105	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	6,000	@ 99½	99½		
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	38,000	@ 116	116		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1905, S. A.	10,000	@ 101½	101½	102	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1906, S. B.	100,000	@ 102½	102½		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1906	9,000	@ 104½-104½	104½		
S. P. Branch, 6%	1,000	@ 131	131½		
S. V. Water 4%	4,000	@ 100	100	100½	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	1,000	@ 100	100	100½	
		STOCKS.		Closed Bid, Asked	
		Shares.		37	40
Contra Costa	70	@ 37½	37	40	
S. V. Water Co.	200	@ 39½-39	39		
		POWERS.			
Giant Con.	35	@ 60½	60½	62	
Vigorit	100	@ 4½	4½	4½	
		SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. S.	485	@ 47½-48½	48½	49	
Honokaa S. Co.	100	@ 12	11½	12	
Hutchinson	25	@ 9-9½	9		
Paubau S. Co.	245	@ 12½-13	13½		
		GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Central L. & P.	50	@ 3½	3½	3½	
Mutual Electric	85	@ 12½-13	12½	13	
S. F. Gas & Electric	650	@ 62-63	62	62½	
		MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers	205	@ 140-143	141		
Cal. Wine Assn.	180	@ 91½-92	91½	92½	
Oceanic S. Co.	350	@ 35-43½	4	4½	

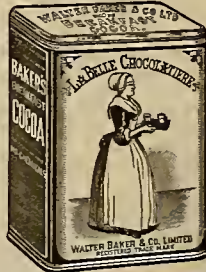
Alaska Packers sold off four points, to 140 on sales of 205 shares, closing at 141 asked. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 650 shares has about held its own in price, closing at 62 bid, 62½ asked; Mutual Electric 12½ bid, 13 asked. The sugars have been quiet, with narrow fluctuations, and have about held their own in price. Spring Valley Water was weak, selling off to 38½ on sales of 200 shares, closing at 39 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

Look at the Brand!  
Walter Baker's  
Cocoa and  
Chocolate



The FINEST in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.  
Established 1780    Dorchester, Mass.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits.    Opposite the Palace Hotel.

REMINGTON  
Standard Typewriter  
211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

THE  
Argonaut  
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tri- bune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quar- terly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Wilton Lackaye and Alf Hayman were talking of "Buffalo Bill's" divorce case during luncheon at the Lambs' Club. "What's this about Cody's wife trying to put poison in his coffee?" ejaculated the actor. "Search me," said Hayman; "perhaps she inserted a tablespoonful of gold cure."

Champ Clark, of Missouri, attended exercises in a kindergarten school, the other day. "Have any of you ever seen an elephant's skin?" Mr. Clark asked the youngsters. "I have," shouted one little fellow. "Where?" asked Mr. Clark, impressed with the youngster's earnestness. "On the elephant," he answered.

A new Southern story is going the rounds, this time with the mountains of Virginia as the setting. A revivalist who was holding meetings there met a man and asked him to attend service that evening. The man refused to promise, and the preacher said: "My brother, don't you ever pray?" "Naw," answered the villager; "I carry a rabbit's foot."

Typographical "errors" are often so fearfully and wonderfully made as to arouse suspicion. Thus there was consternation in the office of the *Chicago American* recently, and all excuses and loud asseverations on the part of proof-readers availed not. There it was in big black type on the first page:

"MICHAEL FARLEY DEAD FROM HEARST DISEASE."

Horace T. Eastman, the inventor of the locomotive pilot, said the other day: "This morning I was sitting in a drug store waiting to get a prescription filled when a young Irishman entered. The Irishman pointed to a stack of green Castile soap, and said: 'O! want a loomp o' thot.' 'Very well, sir,' said the clerk; 'will you have it scented or unscented?' 'O!'ll take it with me,' said the Irishman."

One of the last stories told to Andrew Carnegie before his recent departure for Europe amused him greatly. "Don't give unless you really feel you would enjoy doing so," said a father to his young son, who showed a disposition to shun the contribution-box, "for you know the Lord loveth only the cheerful giver." The boy was silent for a moment. Then he blurted out: "Gee, He must be dead stuck on Andrew Carnegie!"

Two New York booksellers were riding down town recently, and were reading "shop" gossip in the newspapers. A sporty-looking man sat just behind them. "Now, this paper," said the first bookseller, turning to his friend, "places 'The Virginian' first, 'Mrs. Wiggs' second, and—'Gentlemen,' interrupted the sporting man, eagerly, "excuse me for hutting in, but as I've followed this game for years I know what I am saying. That dope sheer you hold is a pure fake. There are no such horses running; take my word for it."

Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, expresses amazement at the cold-blooded way in which Republicans consider public questions. "They seem to regard every conceivable subject from a party standpoint," says Mr. Livingston; "reminds me of a story they tell about a New York drummer who died suddenly in an Atlanta hotel. The coroner telegraphed to his firm, saying: 'Your representative died here to-day. I await your instructions.' In a few hours this answer came back: 'Search his pockets for orders. Express his samples to New York. Give the body to a medical college.'"

John Barrymore was missing when the "half-hour call" was given at the Criterion Theatre, the other evening. As time drew on for the rise of the curtain, the stage manager grew nervous, for in "The Dictator" Mr. Barrymore is first on the stage. When he did appear, carrying a parcel done up in a napkin, he told how it happened. "Ethel and I went to So-and-So's for dinner," he said; "the thick-headed Dutchman that waited on us was slow, and just as we were leaving in he came with the steak. I gave Ethel half, and brought the rest with me." And, opening his parcel, he showed half a sirloin steak and a couple of baked potatoes, which he proceeded to eat while he was dressing. Miss Barrymore, up at the Hudson, is supposed to have eaten her dinner in the same unconventional fashion.

A short time before his death, Disraeli sat for his portrait to Millais. In his studio hung a proof engraving of Gladstone, with his hands hanging down before him lightly clasped, and an almost beatific expression on his face. Millais observed that Disraeli's eyes were frequently bent upon the portrait. At length he asked him if he would accept a copy. "I was rather shy of offering it to you," he apologetically added. "I should be delighted to have it," said Disraeli with what for him an almost eager manner;

"people think that more or less through our political lives I have disliked Mr. Gladstone. To tell the truth, my only difficulty in respect to him has been that studying him from day to day and year to year I could never understand him."

We all have our trials at the telephone, but we do not usually hear "Central's" opinion of us. A San Francisco lawyer, who had been trying for ten minutes or more without success to get the number he asked for, at last gave vent to his annoyance in very strong language. His wife, who was standing near, said, persuasively, "Let me try, dear." Then, in a gentle voice, which was intentionally a strong contrast to his angry tones, she called, "Hello, Central!" Her husband distinctly heard "Central" answer promptly, "Just a moment, madam. There is a crazy man on the line. Let me settle him first."

Dr. Seward Webb was one of a party of friends who listened to some tall tales from a young braggart. Then Dr. Webb told a story of an adventure he had with a grizzly. It happened in the Rockies, and culminated in the doctor being left defenseless on the edge of a high cliff, over which his rifle had fallen—and the bear only six feet away. When he had reached this point in his story, Dr. Webb paused, and appeared to have finished. Then the imaginative young man, who had been listening pop-eyed, broke in: "Well?" he said; "well? Go on. What happened?" Dr. Webb, looking him calmly in the eye, replied: "The grizzly devoured me."

## Conversation for Combatants.

"In the preparations for war the Japanese seem to have left nothing undone to contribute to the smooth working of the army and navy. A pocket Russo-Japanese dictionary, styled the 'Nichiro Gunyo Shu-chin Kaiva,' in which terms relating to naval and military affairs are chiefly noted, was published last month. It is proposed to present about fifty thousand volumes to the naval and military authorities. In relations of any kind with the enemy the Japanese will find such a volume most useful."—*Kear-Admiral Ingles in the Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. Punch, strongly approving the wisdom of the above proposal, ventures to go one better, and present to the helligerents a companion volume in the form of a pocket manual of Russo-Japanese conversation suitable to the circumstances. He appends a few extracts:

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

- (1.) Be so good as to direct me to the scene of hostilities.
- (2.) I am myself a stranger in these parts.
- (3.) The battle has commenced.
- (4.) I find the noise very fatiguing.
- (5.) They are about to fire their guns.
- (6.) I am unable to remain longer.

## ON BOARD SHIP.

- (1.) How many times has the fleet been destroyed?
- (2.) Pray be careful of the mines.
- (3.) That is a fine vessel of the enemy.
- (4.) Here are some torpedoes.
- (5.) I thank you, I have already sufficient.
- (6.) At what o'clock does the ship sink?

## THE ARMISTICE.

- (1.) What cold weather we are having!
- (2.) How did you leave the (Czar-Mikado)?
- (3.) I trust that the imperial family is well?
- (4.) Have you seen Mr. Tree in "The Darling of the Gods"?
- (5.) No, but I saw him in "Resurrection."
- (6.) I am delighted to have met you.

## THE PRESS.

- (1.) Where is the war-correspondent?
- (2.) We have cut off his head.—*Punch.*

Teacher—"What do you know of Mesopotamia?" Tommy (dubiously at first, but becoming more confident as he proceeds)—"Mesopotamia is—is an animal that inhabits the rivers of Africa. You shoot 'em with big double-barreled rifles."—*Kansas City World.*

## All Seamen

know the comforts of having on hand a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Horrors of the War.

Little scraps with outposts,  
Now and then a shot,  
Make the "mighty battles"  
That are being fought.

So the little skirmish—  
Three men on a side—  
Looms up in tall head-lines  
Seven columns wide.

So the shattered hen-coop  
And the wrecked pig-sty  
Bring the yellow "extras"  
That the suckers buy.

Little hits of rumors  
Caught upon the wing  
In blood-red are printed—  
War's an awful thing.

—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Record-Herald.*

## When Sweethearts Write.

When sweethearts write in olden days  
All coy their goose-quills tripped  
And penned the words that they might say  
In fine Italian script.  
So ladylike each proper sign!  
Each page in sequence wrought!  
Bold characters and scrawly line  
"Indecicate" were thought!

My sweetheart writes, her desk before  
Within her dainty den—  
She uses dips of ink galore  
And scratchy is her pen.  
Her b's reach up, her g's reach down,  
Each character has spines,  
'Til like a bristling forest frown  
The serried rows of lines!

Page one she fills, in strokes half-score,  
And dashes then to three;  
And back to two, and next to four—  
A system odd, but free.  
And pond'ring o'er the plan thereof  
I marvel, as I may,  
That 'midst the labyrinth poor Love,  
Tho' blind, still finds a way!

—Edwin L. Sabin in *Puck.*

## Paul Revere, According to the Norsk Nightingale.

Listen, Christina, and yu skol hear  
Bout midnight ride of Paul Revere.  
Seventeen hundred seventy-five,  
Hardly a geezer ban now alive  
Who live har ven Paul ban volunteer.

Some British fallers han getting gay  
So Paul yust giving his horse some hay  
And say "Ay skol mak a grand-stand play!"  
Den he tal Yohn Brenk—Yohn han his frend  
Who borrow venever Paul skol lend.

"Yohn, yust go up har in old church tower  
And yust so sune sum yu find out hour  
British skol march, give me good yal  
And ay skol hustle and ride lak hal!"

So op in the church go old Yohn Brenk—  
It han first time in his life, ay tenk;  
And von dese English get husy, he yal  
And vave big lantern to his gude pal  
Maester Paul Revere, who yump on mare  
And off for Lexington he skol tear!  
"Ye whiz!" he say; "after dis, ay guess  
Ay skol getting my picture in Success.  
Dey skol tenk ay'm smart old son of a gun  
Ven ay gallop into Lexington!"

Val, he mak dis ride—yu bet yure life!  
And fellers grah gun and drum and fife  
And march to scrap vith dese British men.  
Maester Paul ban yolly have hero den.  
And hack in the church tower old Yohn Brenk  
Climb from his perch and tak gude drenk!  
Val, dis han all, Christina, dear,  
Bout midnight ride of Paul Revere.  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
Shake Into Your Shoes  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itching, smarting, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by 1 Druggists and 50c Stores, etc. Do not accept an imitation. Send by mail for 25c. 10 stamps. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail. **MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS**, the best medicine for Feverish, Teething Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address: **ALLEN S. OLIMIST, Prop.** [Attention this paper.]

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH-CHERBOURG-SOUTHAMPTON

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

Germanic ..... May 7 Philadelphia ..... May 21

St. Paul ..... May 14 St. Louis ..... May 28

Philadelphia-Queenstown-Liverpool.

Friesland ..... May 7, 10 am Merion ..... May 21, 1 pm

Noordland ..... May 14, 10 am Westernland ..... May 28, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRAMPOLE LINE.

NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT.

Minnetonka ..... May 7, 11.30 am

Minnehaha ..... May 14, 4 pm

Minneapolis ..... May 21, 10.30 am

Mesaba ..... May 28, 9 am

Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal-Liverpool-Short sea passage.

Dominion ..... May 7 Canada ..... May 21

Southwark ..... May 14 Labrador ..... May 28

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK-ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Potsdam ..... May 10 Ryndam ..... May 24

Rotterdam ..... May 17 Noordam ..... May 31

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-ANTWERP-PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a.m.

Vaderland ..... May 7 Zeeland ..... May 21

Kronland ..... May 14 Finland ..... May 28

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic ..... May 4, 9 am Cedric ..... May 18, 7 am

Teutonic ..... May 11, 10 am Majestic ..... May 25, 10 am

Celtic ..... May 13, 4 pm Arabic ..... May 27, 4 pm

Boston-Queenstown-Liverpool.

Cretic ..... May 5, June 2, June 30

Cymric ..... May 19, June 16, July 14

Republic (new) ..... June 9, July 7

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.

Romanic ..... May 14, June 18, July 30

Canopic ..... May 28, July 2, August 27

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Doric ..... Wednesday, June 1

Coptic ..... Wednesday, June 22

Gaelic ..... Thursday, July 14

Doric ..... Thursday, August 18

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO KISEN KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan

Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,

and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904

America Maru ..... Thursday, May 12

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, May 5, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, May 29, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 24, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, T. T. DARGIE,  
President, Secretary.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. George Crocker, to Mr. John Langdon Irving, of New York.

The wedding of Miss Edna Barry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barry, of Oakland, to Mr. Philip Clay, will take place at St. John's Church, Oakland, this (Saturday) evening. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Edgar Gee. Miss Jane Barry will be the maid of honor, Miss Madeline Clay the first bridesmaid, and the four other bridesmaids will be Miss Letitia Barry, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss May Coogan, and Miss Marian Goodfellow. Mr. Robert Bain will be best man, and Mr. Moulton Warner, Mr. Arthur Geissler, Mr. Herbert Barry, Mr. Alfred Plow, and Mr. Aaron Broch will be the ushers.

Mr. Whitney Warren, architect of the city of New York for the remodeling and beautifying of the metropolis, and one of the best-known architects in the United States, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mr. James W. Byrne at the Pacific-Union Club last Saturday. Covers were laid for twenty-six. The entire Harriman party, with whom Mr. Warren came West, was present, including Mr. E. H. Harriman, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. W. E. Rockefeller, Mr. Robert W. Golet, Mr. J. J. Hill, Jr., and Mr. Caspar Farrar.

Mrs. Lovell White gave a luncheon at the Tavern of Tamalpais on Monday, at which she entertained Mrs. Wagoner, Mrs. G. Gorham, Mrs. F. V. Wright, Mrs. Edward Glaser, Mrs. H. H. Fassett, Mrs. T. H. Palache, Mrs. E. P. Snell, Mrs. Carl Wooster, Mrs. Renz, and Mrs. Alexander D. Sharon.

Miss Ethel Cooper gave a card-party on Wednesday. Her guests were Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, and Miss Susie Bixby.

Miss Lalla Wenzelberger gave a tea on Friday at her residence, 2960 Steiner Street, in honor of Mrs. Edward Hume (née Eckart), Miss Mabel Donaldson, and Miss Eleanor Warner. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. W. R. Eckart, Mrs. W. R. Eckart, Jr., Mrs. R. A. Donaldson, Mrs. Frederick Royal Sherman, Mrs. Howard C. Holmes, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Mrs. Allen Chickering, Miss Alice Dray, Miss Alice Treanor, Miss Edith Cutter, Miss Mahel Hogg, Miss Mahel Toy, Miss Edna Wemple, Miss Georgie Spieker, Miss Edna McClatchy, Miss Lutie Collier, Miss Jean Downey, Miss Edith Manning, Miss Helen Chase, and Miss Louise Howland.

Miss Ruth Knowles and Miss Alice Knowles gave a reception on Tuesday at their residence, 1302 Jackson Street, Oakland, in honor of Miss Ellen Chamberlain, of Santa Barbara. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Will Pringle, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Claire Chabot, Miss Ethel Valentine, Mrs. Bernard Ransome, Mrs. Irving Lombard, Miss Ella Sterritt, Mrs. George S. Wheaton, Miss Edith Gaskill, Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Miss Gertrude Allen, Mrs. Montell Taylor, Miss Susan Bixby, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Florine Brown, Mrs. J. P. H. Dunn, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Leslie Green, Mrs. M. J. Hawley, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Miss Grace Sanborn, Mrs. William Watt, Mrs. Maxwell Taft, Mrs. Beach Soule, Miss Jean Clift, Miss Helen Garthwaite, Miss

Viva Nicholson, Miss Bliss, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Jane Crellin, and Miss Elsie Marwedel.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will be "at home" on the first and second Fridays in May, at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Frederick Cutting and Mrs. Charles Owen Brown gave a reception on Wednesday at Mrs. Cutting's residence, 1404 Harrison Street, Oakland. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Newton Koser, Mrs. Vernon Waldron, Mrs. Lillian Brown Everetts, Mrs. Charles Rudolph, Mrs. Charles Walkley, Mrs. George Rudolph, Mrs. Frances Allardt, Mrs. Mailler Searles, Mrs. Allen Bahcock, Mrs. I. Emmett Nicholson, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Richard Lyman, Mrs. E. C. Morrison, Mrs. Francis Cutting, Mrs. Frank I. Kendall, Miss Mary Barker, Miss Martha Coffin, Miss Jane Rawlins, Miss Edith Selby, Mrs. Marion Walsh, Miss Georgia Strong, Miss May Coogan, Miss Isabella Kendall, and Miss Frances Van Rensselaer, of Dallas, Tex.

## Club Elections.

The annual meeting of the members of the Pacific-Union Club was held in the rooms of the club on Tuesday. At the annual election, held on April 19th, the following officers were elected: James W. Byrne, president; Wakefield Baker, vice-president; George A. Pope, treasurer; Timothy Hopkins, secretary; F. W. Van Sicklen, C. P. Eells, W. S. Keyes, and Charles S. Givens, directors.

The annual election of officers of the Bohemian Club will be held on Monday, May 2d. The following is the ticket to be voted upon: James D. Phelan, president; Frederick W. Hall, vice-president; C. S. Aiken, secretary; F. G. Sanhorn, treasurer; Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, David Bush, J. C. Wilson, Thomas C. Barbour, C. J. Dickman, William Letts Oliver, and Dr. D. Ernest Meliss, directors.

The entertainment for the benefit of the Infant Shelter will be given under the auspices of the Beehive Circle at Native Sons' Hall on the evening of May 6th at a quarter-past eight. Members of the Olympic Club will present pyramid building, wrestling and boxing matches; the Paul Gerson School of Acting will put on a drama, "The Other Woman," and a farce, "The Mousetrap"; and many local artists, including Mme. Ida de Seminario, will participate. Tickets are fifty cents, and may be obtained at the Byron Mauzy piano warerooms, or from any member of the Beehive Circle.

Miss Elizabeth Grant and Stewart Edward White, the author, who were married at Newport on Thursday, will have a unique wedding journey. They will spend six months camping in the mountains of Southern California, which Mr. White has thoroughly explored. They will be met at Mineral Spring, in Tulare County, by a pack train of five animals and two saddle horses, and with the simplest equipment, consisting of little except blankets, guns, ammunition, and provisions, they will start on their trip into the heart of the high mountains.

Tourist travel up Mt. Tamalpais is steadily increasing. The ride over the crooked railroad is extremely picturesque, and the view from the top of the mountain is unsurpassed in California. One of the greatest attractions is the Tavern of Tamalpais, a model hostelry.

A collection of paintings, done in the Canary Islands by F. E. Johnson, is on exhibition at the art rooms at 236 Post Street.

## Light at Last.

There is promise and hope that the American drama, now floundering in the mud, is to be rescued, wiped dry, and stood upon its feet for the admiration and betterment of the public; for in New York there has been formed "The Playwrights' League," which has for its object the exploitation of genius through coupons (interest bearing) to be purchased by genius. The organizers of this league, realizing that "there are thousands of excellent plays crumpling in manuscript," propose to put these great works before the public. The every-day managers, these issuers of coupons say, have no further ambition than the making of money. The Playwrights' League makes not only money but fame. Every purchaser of a ten-dollar bond will have a chance to have a play produced "at the earliest possible moment consistent with the rights of other purchasers and the merits of the piece offered." But, really, merit is to cut little figure. The Utopians who have founded this league expect that so much money will be made by putting on plays of transcendent merit (if the manuscripts, so long neglected, do not entirely crumple) that there will be enough left in the treasury to stage plays of no apparent merit, in the hope of discovering "ugly ducklings"—besides paying eight per cent. on the coupons, which may be bought in any size. A ten-dollar one entitles the holder to the publicity of a vaudeville sketch, and he may have one-act plays and real dramas put on by the purchase of larger coupons—besides, all this time, drawing eight per cent. interest; although it is provided that the directors may "in their discretion defer interest payments." "The most dissatisfied and hopeless playwright, one with 'art' ingrained into his very soul, may have his adequate hearing." Thus shall the Goliath of unappreciation be felled by a David hearing a bundle of coupons—drawing eight per cent., payment sometimes deferred "at the discretion of the directors."

## Mr. Yates's Success.

The London papers speak very highly of the work of Frederic Yates, the artist, who left here for a career abroad. "He has both portraits and landscapes," says the *Globe*, speaking of his work in a recent exhibit, "all of them distinguished by originality of observation and soundness of technical method. The most attractive are the half-lengths of 'Mrs. Hurst,' 'Mrs. Aitchison,' 'Mrs. Hugh Fletcher Moulton,' and 'Mrs. Pearse,' which have in high degree the qualities which make his work consistently attractive." The *Post*, in speaking of his work, says that he "paints with pronounced vigor. . . . His landscapes are marked by freedom of execution and force of coloring. He shows us little of the lakes but much of the woods and hills around them. A glimpse of shining water is visible, sometimes through foliage thinned by autumn, yet glorified by affluence of hue. In like fashion there is revealed between gaps in the leafage of 'Rydal Valley' something of the pale rose and lemon yellow of the Western sky. 'Bracken on the Hills' glows with the tawny-copper of brakes on the hillside, shadowed for the most part, but receiving stray glints of sunshine that changes their hue to a ruddy gold. Studies at a later season offer harmonized contrasts of green and purple gray; 'Snow at Rydal' has its whitened country, its stream, and bare trees clearly defined by the lustre of a midday sun."

## To St. Louis on the Overland Limited.

Everything points to the fact that, in size, in beauty of architecture and color scheme, in completeness of detail, in conception and in execution, the St. Louis Exposition will be the greatest "World's Fair" ever held in this country. Much of its interest, enjoyment, and educational value is lost when the visitor arrives jaded, fatigued, with nerves and stomach upset by change of habit. The continual interest of the scenery along the Southern and Union Pacific, the excellent track, the smooth-running train, the well-chosen library, the soft, electric-reading lamps in each berth, and the excellent dining-cars in which one can dine as if at home, insure arrival at St. Louis with every faculty alive for the keenest enjoyment of every moment spent at the exposition. It costs no more to travel, and you have the best on the Overland Limited.

At Washington, D. C., April 23d, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hearst.

—WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS IN GREAT variety at Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

## Wanted

by a young woman student of Stanford University, some employment for the summer vacation, May 18th to August 18th. Address H. T., 329 Lincoln Ave. Palo Alto, Cal. The best of references given.

—FOR SALE—THOROUGHbred HOLSTEIN COW with 1st milk and cream record. Apply to T. S. Montgomery, 7 W. Santa Clara Street, San José.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

—SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

Sold all over the world.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. X. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent.



## Menlo Park

We have for sale ONE OF THE FINEST HOMES IN THE FAIR OAKS DISTRICT. House, stables, and outbuildings in first-class condition. Thirty acres of land, highly improved; splendid oaks; electric lights throughout. Convenient to station. An ideal gentleman's country home. Particulars on request. Apply to

SELBY, RODGERS & CO.  
116 California Street.

Telephone Main 673.

There is no Substitute for

ROYAL



BAKING  
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## Wedding Gifts

be best one is Albertine Randall Wheelan's CUPID'S ROVERES, a wedding book. A large handsome present. Every first-class bookseller or stationer has \$3.00 to \$20.00. Circulars mailed free by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## ASK PECK! HE KNOWS

Literature and particulars on all the Summer Resorts and Camping Places of California.

11 MONTGOMERY ST.

## FREE INFORMATION



## GRAND EXCURSION

— AND —

## AUCTION SALE

Saturday, May 7, 1904

— TO —

## SANTA CRUZ

300 Homestead and Villa LOTS 300

To be Sold on Easy Terms

\$3.00 ROUND-TRIP TICKETS \$3.00

Good for 2 days

Special excursion trains will leave as follows:  
From Third and Townsend Street Depot, San Francisco, Saturday, May 7th, 1904, at 7:30 A. M.  
From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland, at 7:45 A. M.  
From Park Street, Alameda, 8:20 A. M.  
Returning, special trains will leave Santa Cruz, May 7th, as follows:  
Via Broad Gauge and Pajaro at 4:15 P. M.  
Via Narrow Gauge and Los Gatos at 4:20 P. M.  
Excursion tickets will also be good returning on any regular train, Broad or Narrow Gauge, Sunday, May 8th.

## LUNCH ON THE GROUNDS

Don't Miss This—We Want You To Come Along

BALDWIN & HOWELL AUCTIONEERS

25 POST STREET

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is expected to arrive from Japan next week.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. C. A. McNulty have left Santa Barbara, and at present are in Pacific Grove, the guests of Miss S. M. Spooner.

Mrs. M. H. de Young, accompanied by Miss Helen de Young and Miss Constance de Young, are at present in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough, who have spent the past winter in Europe, are expected home next month.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Miss Ethel Harrison arrived last Friday from a year's visit to Europe.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and Miss Helen Stubbs, who have been here on a brief visit, have returned to their home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kahn leave next week for Paris, which they intend to make their future home.

Miss Edith Chesebrough has returned from the Mare Island Navy Yard, where she was the guest for a couple of weeks of Mrs. W. G. Miller, who accompanied her to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver will be at the Hotel Rafael this summer.

Miss Helen Bowie is visiting Mrs. Barroilhet in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown, who have been at Santa Barbara, expect to spend the month of May in Pasadena.

Miss Katherine Herrin has returned from her trip to Los Angeles.

Miss Jessie Dorr returned last week from Honolulu, where she has been visiting friends since last December.

Mrs. Joel Raas, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. E. G. Lyons, at her residence on Pacific Avenue during the past winter, has returned to her home in Honolulu.

Miss Georgie Lacy is back from her trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and will spend the summer months in Oakland.

Mrs. William Howard, who has been in San Rafael during the past year, will spend the coming summer in Paris. She is at present in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Miller (née Burdge) have returned from their wedding journey to Santa Barbara, and have been the guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, at "Arbor Villa," Oakland.

Mrs. William J. Dutton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, and Miss Maylita Pease will spend June and July in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Miss Gertrude Eells, and Miss Dorothy Eells have gone to Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. Seebree, wife of Captain Uriel Seebree, U. S. N., has been the guest for a few days of Mrs. Winslow Anderson. She will shortly join her husband in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins have returned from Honolulu to remain here permanently.

Mr. Frederick W. Hotaling has returned from a seven months' stay in Europe.

Mrs. Taft, wife of Secretary of War Taft, has given up her residence in Santa Barbara, and will join her husband in St. Louis.

Dr. George Herman Powers has returned from the City of Mexico, to which place he accompanied his daughter, Miss Katharine Powers, who is visiting Mrs. Nuttall.

Mrs. William J. McClung and Miss Gladys McClung have returned from Southern California.

Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan and son have gone to Salt Lake to remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Liebmann have returned from Paris, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Adam Grant was a passenger on the White Star liner *Canopic*, leaving Boston for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Miss Alice Sullivan, and Miss Ada Sullivan leave in a few days for Santa Cruz, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. F. W. Tallant was a recent visitor at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., have arrived from the East, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Prince Luigi of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, on his way to represent the King of Italy at the St. Louis Exposition, arrived Sunday on the Italian cruiser *Liguria*.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin have gone East for a few weeks.

Miss Edna McClatchy, of Sacramento, is the guest of Miss Lalla Wenzelberger.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dillingham and Miss Dillingham have arrived from Honolulu for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman is sojourning at Pasadena.

Mrs. Dillingham, wife of Mr. Frank Dillingham, American consul-general to New Zealand, arrived from Auckland on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Tuesday, on her way to the St. Louis Exposition.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Dr. and Mrs. Spotteswood, of Orange, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. C. Dudley Deane, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Barr, Mrs. A. E. Kent, Mrs. F. F. Runyon, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Grace Barstow Perry, Miss Dodge, and Miss Laura Farnsworth.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel

Rafael were Mrs. Edward May, Miss Alice B. May, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dudley Dean, Mr. Dudley B. Gunn, Mrs. I. Franklin, Mr. T. C. Friedlander, Mr. W. L. Meussdorffer, Miss Williams, Mr. F. A. Woodward, Mrs. E. J. Jones, and Mrs. P. C. Deuroche.

## Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Comegys, Medical Corps, U. S. A., who is at present at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, will sail on June 1st for the Philippines, where he has been ordered for duty.

Colonel J. V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Middleton, accompanied by Mrs. Storm, left for the East last Monday, and will be away all summer.

Major Albert Todd, U. S. A., and Mrs. Todd have gone to Washington, D. C., where Major Todd is to be stationed.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Harold S. Pearce, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail for Manila on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).

Captain G. S. Turner, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to join the Seventh Infantry in the Philippines.

Captain W. S. Overton, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., who has been ordered to Fort McKinley, Me., will be relieved as officer in charge of the submarine defenses of San Francisco by Captain W. C. Davis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is due to arrive here on May 10th.

Captain George W. Read and Major John Bigelow, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., will be in command of the troops to guard the Sequoia and Yosemite Parks this summer. They will leave Ord Barrack, Monterey, May 10th.

Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Leonard, U. S. N., has been ordered to the United States steamer *Bennington* as executive officer.

Lieutenant G. L. P. Stone, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at the Yerba Buena Naval Training School, and ordered to the naval station at Samoa.

Lieutenant-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., retired, has returned to New York from a month's trip through Cuba, which he took to recuperate from a severe attack of grip.

Mrs. Gertrude Pullman Evans, wife of Lieutenant Franck T. Evans, U. S. N., has arrived in Washington, D. C., after two years' absence in the Far East, and is the guest of her father, Colonel John W. Pullman, U. S. A. Lieutenant Arthur McArthur, U. S. N., has been ordered to the United States steamer *Bennington* from his present station at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Colonel Lawrence S. Babbitt, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Babbitt will sail for the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

## Furnished Flat to Rent.

New Western Addition flat, newly furnished, beautifully located. To rent for four or five months, from May 1st. Rent \$75.00 per month. Apply Box 87, Argonaut office.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Mimeographing 121 Phelan Building. Phone, John 2311.

## A. Hirschman.

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, candeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

## CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—52 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. 202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom. ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge. Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

## GIANT STRIDES!

### All Records Broken

The DISTINCTLY HIGH QUALITY

—OF—

### MOËT & CHANDON

### "White Seal" Champagne

Never Varies

### WHY ???

Messrs. Moët & Chandon own more vineyards than all the leading Champagne houses combined and have over 11 miles of cellars, the most extensive in the world.

Their sales during the Year 1903 were

4,013,684

Bottles, a figure never before reached by any Champagne house

This Great House offers its choicest product in

### "WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY



William Wolff & Co. PACIFIC COAST AGENTS San Francisco, Cal.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS 308-312 Post St. San Francisco



# Santa Fe

## ALL THE WAY

### CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30 A. M.**—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives S. 5.5 a. m.

**9.30 A. M.**—THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.10 p. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives S. 10.50 p. m.

**4.00 P. M.**—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

**8.00 P. M.**—OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.35 p. m.

\* Daily.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 3.30, 5.10, 6.30 p. m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11.30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.50 and 11.30 p. m. SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.20, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 7.35, 9.30, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2.05 and 6.35 p. m. SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.40, 11.15 a. m.; 1.40, 3.40, 4.55, 5.05, 6.25 p. m.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect Sept. 27, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun- days.	Destination.	Sun- days.	Week Days.
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Ignacio.	9.10 a m	8.40 a m
9.30 a m	9.30 a m		10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	3.30 p m		6.05 p m	6.20 p m
5.10 p m	5.00 p m		7.35 p m	
7.30 a m		Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	9.10 a m	8.40 a m
9.30 p m	9.30 a m		10.40 a m	10.20 a m
5.10 p m	3.30 p m		6.05 p m	6.20 p m
	5.00 p m		7.35 p m	
7.30 a m		Fulton.	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 a m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
	3.30 p m			
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Windsor, Headshurg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	3.30 p m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 a m	3.30 p m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Willits.	7.35 p m	6.20 p m
3.30 p m	3.30 p m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 p m	Guerneville.	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	9.10 a m	8.40 a m
5.10 p m	5.00 p m		6.05 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Sebastopol.	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	3.30 p m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altura and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakemont, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hillville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall Vay House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkirk, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uval, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Gatherville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Sunday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket office, 630 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

C. T. WHITING, R. X. RYAN, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt.

**NORTH SHORE** TO SAN RAFAEL, ROSS VALLEY, MILL VALLEY, CAZADERO, ETC. Via Sausalito Ferry. Suburban and Standard Gauge Electric Depart from San Francisco Daily: 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 1.45, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.00, 8.45, 10.20, 11.45 p. m.

FROM SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO—Daily: 8.25, 9.15, 10.15, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 10.20 p. m.

FROM MILL VALLEY TO SAN FRANCISCO—Daily: 8.45, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55, 12.30 a. m., 12.35, 2.00, 3.15, 4.05, 5.05, 6.05, 7.05, 10.00, 10.35 p. m.

THROUGH TRAINS. 8.00 a. m. week days (Cazadero and way stations, 5.15 p. m. week days (Saturdays excepted)—To miles and way stations. 3.15 p. m. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations. Sundays only 10.00 a. m., Point Reyes and way stations.

Ticket Offices—426 Market Street. Union Ferry Depot, foot of Market Street.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is he a littérateur?" "Oh, dear no. Why, he's able to sell the stuff he writes."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"You Democrats seem to be all at sea." "Well, not quite as far out on the Bryany deep as we were."—*Puck.*

"He comes of a distinguished family, I believe." "Ycs. His people have worn glasses for three generations."—*Ex.*

"There isn't very much to eat," said the Eskimo hostess, as she handled a candle to each guest, "just light refreshments."—*Ex.*

*Madge*—"Physical culture is just splendid. I'm taking beauty exercises." *Marjorie*—"You haven't been taking them long, have you?"—*Judge.*

*His little son*—"Pa, what is a geologist?" *Mr. Purseproud*—"A geologist, my son, is a person who is interested in the wrong kind of rocks."—*Puck.*

"Whatever are you children doing?" "Oh, we've found pa's false teeth, and we're trying to fit them to the baby, 'cos he hasn't got any!"—*Punch.*

*She*—"I am very sorry, but circumstances over which I have no control make me refuse to be your wife." *He*—"What are they?" *She*—"Yours."—*Ex.*

*The teacher*—"Can any of you tell me for what purposes the Panama Canal is to be used?" *Little Georgie Grafton*—"Sure! Campaign purposes!"—*Ex.*

"Mamma, teacher whipped a boy to-day for whispering in school." "Well, that was right." "But, mamma, he hollered ten times as loud as he whispered."—*Ex.*

*Friend*—"If your washerwoman charges by the piece it must be rather expensive." *Young housekeeper*—"Oh, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high."—*New York Weekly.*

"A revolver?" said the clerk; "yes, sir; six-shooter?" "Yes," replied the determined-looking man, "that'll do. If I can't hit him, or at least wing his cornet in six shots, I'll give it up."—*Ex.*

"Sonny," said the good old man, "I'm surprised that you should tease that cat in that way." "Why," replied the boy, pausing in his inhuman work, "do yer know any better way?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

"I wasn't always in this condition," said the ossified man in the dime museum. "How did it happen?" asked the obese lady. "A girl once gave me the marble heart, and it spread," explained the hardened freak.—*Ex.*

"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, yet it hangs on and eventually achieves success by close application."—*Chicago Daily News.*

*Riter*—"I'm a shorthand reporter now." *Scribbles*—"I didn't know you understood stenography." *Riter*—"I don't, but the city editor is only employing me at present because he was short handed."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A hard shot: "Gee whiz! Dumley is mad this morning." "Yes. His boy's teacher sent home word yesterday that the boy's composition was the worst she had ever read." "Wounded his pride in his son, eh?" "No, in himself. Dumley wrote it for the boy."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A charitable young lady, visiting a sick woman, inquired, with a view to further relief, as to her family. She asked: "Is your husband kind to you?" "Oh, yes, miss," was the instant response, "he's kind—very kind. Indeed, you might say he's more like a friend than a husband."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Why is the council summoned?" asked the Emperor of Corea. "In order that we may be prepared for any emergency," answered the prime minister; "we are getting ready to change the name of our country from 'The Land of the Morning Calm' to 'The Land of the Cold Gray Dawn of the Morning After.'"—*Washington Star.*

"Don't worry, dear," said the magazine editor's wife; "it's too bad that you were burned out just a week before the time for going to press, but perhaps you can get other stories and poems to take the place of the ones that were lost." "It isn't that," he groaned; "I can get plenty of stories and poems, but the copy for our soap ads. has all gone up in smoke."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Tesla Biquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

—DR. F. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



It is the unanimous opinion of all who have tried it that

# THE RED LION

equals, if it does not surpass, the most exclusive and popular of the New York grills.

The cuisine and service are unfexcelled. The spacious dining room is luxuriously and tastefully fitted up. The prices are within the reach of all.

The manner in which this company has combined a luxurious service and the choicest viands with popular prices, is a revelation to our bankers, brokers, lawyers, merchants, and their families. Both ladies and gentlemen are delighted with the enterprise.

Red Lion banquets, dinners, and lunches are the sensation of the hour.

Located in S. F. Stock Exchange Building. Accessible from Pine Street, just below Montgomery. Also from Bush and Montgomery Streets, through the Mills Building. Special brand of wines bottled for The Red Lion.

## MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry, foot of Market Street.

Leave San Francisco, week days, 10.00 a. m., 1.45 p. m., 5.15 p. m. Sundays, 8.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 10.00 a. m., 11.00 a. m., 1.45 p. m., 3.15 p. m. Arrive San Francisco, Sundays, 12.05 p. m., 1.25 p. m., 2.50 p. m., 4.50 p. m., 5.50 p. m., 7.50 p. m. Week days, 10.40 a. m., 2.50 p. m., 5.50 p. m., 9.50 p. m.

\*Connect with stage for Dipsea and Willow Camp.

Ticket offices—626 Market Street (North Shore Railroad), and Sausalito Ferry, foot Market Street.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, or any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

## COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre, PARIS, FRANCE.

## IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME

Call on or Write

E. C. DAKES ADVERTISING AGENCY  
124 Sansome Street  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO FROM APRIL 10, 1904 FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey, Benicia, Suisun, Elinora and Sacramento	7.50
7.00 A.	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon	7.20
7.30 A.	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	8.20
8.00 A.	Shasta Express (Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7.50
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4.20
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Burrell, Golden Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	4.50
8.30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4.20
8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels	4.20
9.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	11.20
9.30 A.	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations	6.50
10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Fresno, Omaha, Chicago	6.20
10.00 A.	Vallejo	12.20
10.00 A.	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Burrell, Golden Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles	7.20
12.00 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3.20
11.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	11.00
3.30 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations	10.50
3.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7.50
3.30 P.	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Burrell, Golden Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles	12.20
3.30 P.	Yosemite Valley, Mon. Wed. Fri.	9.20
3.30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi	10.20
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Jose, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9.20
4.00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi	4.20
4.30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11.50
6.00 P.	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Golden State Limited Sleeper, Oakland to Los Angeles, for Chicago, via C. R. 1. & P. (last trip April 19)	9.20
6.00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton	12.20
6.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7.20
6.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	9.30
8.00 P.	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and Kent, Port Costa, Bakersfield, Suisun, Elinora, Davis, Sacramento, Rocklin, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Doon, Reno, Washoe, Winnemucca	5.20

A for morning. P for afternoon. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only. § Saturday only. ¶ Stops at all stations on Sunday. \* No † trains stopping at Valencia Street south-bound are 6.10 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 7.15 a. m., 11.30 a. m., 3.30 p. m., 6.30 p. m. and 8.00 p. m.

THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

## RUBBER

Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1899—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1892—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

6.00 P.	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday	7.50
7.00 P.	Vallejo, Sunday only	
7.00 P.	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11.20
8.05 P.	Oregon & California Express—Bakersfield, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.50
8.10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sundays only)	11.50

## COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street)

7.45 A. Santa Cruz Extension (Sunday only) 6.10 P.

8.15 A. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations 6.55 P.

8.15 P. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations 11.55 A.

8.15 P. Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations 11.55 A.

## OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

from SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip). —11.15 9.00 11.00 A.M. 1.00 3.00 5.15 P.M.

from OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—6.00 11.30 12.00 1.00 3.00 5.00 P.M.

## COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street)

6.10 A. San Jose and Way Stations 6.30 P.

7.00 A. San Jose and Way Stations 5.40 P.

7.15 A. Monterey and Santa Cruz Extension (Sunday only) 10.30 P.

8.00 A. New Almaden (Tues. Frid. only) 4.10 P.

8.00 P. The Coaster—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Pajaro, Castville (connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove), Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, principal stations thence Surf (connection for Los Angeles, Fresno, Sacramento, thence Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Burbank, Los Angeles) 11.15

9.00 A. San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations 4.10 P.

10.30 A. San Jose and Way Stations 1.20 P.

11.30 A. Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations 7.30 P.

1.30 P. San Jose and Way Stations 6.36 P.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1417.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 9, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 322 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Fifty-Eighth Congress and Its Work—Its Tribute to Cannon—A Résumé of Legislation—An Expensive Session—The Telephone Letter and Time-Saver—A Western Invention—Chicago's Plan for the Fourth of July—Noise to Be Eliminated—Taft on the Philippines—His Speech Before the New York Chamber of Commerce—A Salt-Water Fire System—Its Cost and Feasibility—Parker Boom a Trifle Groggy—The Outlook on the Isthmus—Slang as She is Slung in the Philippines—The Carmen's Strike Averted—A Great Battle Fought on the Yalu—Japs Exhibit Remarkable Strategic Ability.....	289-291
THE CAMPAIGN IN THE EAST. By Jerome Hart.....	291
"Bow-Wow" VERSUS MULLIGAN: The Patient Vigil on the Wharf. By Adriana Spadoni.....	293
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	293
"CAMP LICKSKILLET": A Night of Woe Upon the Desert. By Lowell Otus Reese.....	294
ABOUT THE ASTORS: Success in Sports of Two Sons of the Ex-patriate William Waldorf—"The Smartest Thing a Man Can Do"—Astor's Unapproachability. By "Cockaigne".....	294
OLD FAVORITES: "A Woman's Love," by John Hay; "Tita's Tears," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "The Test," by Edmund Clarence Stedman.....	294
A MAN WITH \$1,000,000,000: Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings" a Daring and Ambitious Book—Deals With Destiny of the Nations—What a Billionaire Might Do With His Money.....	295
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	296-297
DRAMA: W. B. Yeats's Plays at the Alcazar; "The Profitigate" at the Alcazar. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	298
STAGE GOSSIP.....	299
VANITY FAIR: The "Gusher"—Her Abstracted Air—What One May Say to Her—A Beautiful Gambler—Mlle. d'Alençon's Winnings—Riding Astride—Princess Victoria Learning—Middle-Aged Women—Their Change of Views—Wage-Earning Wives—The Styles in Walking Sticks.....	300
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Mack's Definition of a Bonanza—Mark Twain and the Mormon—Hard to Lose—The Cause of Paderewski's Gratitude—Ade Was Thankful—Marquis Ito's Secretary Interviewed—Whistler's Poodle—An Inherited Fault—Gladstone's Sarcasm—The Canny Farmer.....	301
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "From a Physician's Standpoint"; "She"; "The Ancient Russian Farmer"; "Preparation," by Eugene Geary.....	301
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	302-303
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	304

The spirit of irresponsible good humor and brotherliness that marked the closing hours of the second session of the Fifty-Eighth Congress was characteristic of it, though unprecedentedly strong. There is a good deal of "the boy" in the American character. There is a good deal of simplicity and homeliness, despite the glitter and ostentation of wealth, which sometimes seem so conspicuous in American life. Who shall say that the spirit of the "plain people" does not dominate the national House of Representatives when it adjourns singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," for all the world like the students of a Methodist College in the Middle West?

As was fitting, the two personalities which have dominated the session, dominated also the closing hours. John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the

House, offered a tribute of regard and respect to Speaker Cannon, whose popularity among his political enemies is the best testimony to his masterly administration of a difficult office. "Uncle Joe" was cheered to the echo. His march down the aisle after the resolutions of respect had been read, was a triumphal procession. He wore a carnation in the buttonhole of a new frock coat (all in honor of the occasion), but his voice when he tried to thank the House was choked and husky. It was the first time in the session that the Speaker had been unable to speak.

Perhaps the increase in public regard and respect for Mr. Cannon, and the swift rise into national prominence of John Sharp Williams, are as interesting as any features of the past session. Williams, by his skill in debate, his good nature, his wit and humor, and his general good sense, has won the confidence of his party. He is recognized as a man of Presidential size, a new and aggressive force in American political life. "Uncle Joe," for his part, has crowned his career of thirty years in Congress by proving himself the best of presiding officers, and he is now, in consequence of his popularity, almost swept off his feet by a general demand that he take the Vice-Presidential nomination. But it shall not be forced upon him, he says, "as long as the good Lord leaves me strength enough to write 'no' and sign my name to it."

The legislative achievements of the extra and regular sessions of the Fifty-Eighth Congress were not great. But the ratification by the Senate of the Panama Canal treaty will always remain a memorable event in American history. It stands out saliently above all other acts of Congress of whatever nature. And the vote was such that the building of the great waterway is safely removed from the domain of partisanship.

Other measures enacted may be briefly summarized. The Panama Canal zone has been placed by law under the sole control of the President, who may administer it in such manner as he sees fit. The Chinese commercial treaty was ratified. So, also, the Cuban reciprocity treaty. Provision was made for the extension of the coastwise shipping laws of the United States to the Philippine Islands after July 1, 1906. It was made a crime to crimp seamen. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition received a loan of \$4,600,000, and the government will participate in the Lewis and Clark Clark Exposition of 1905 to the extent of \$475,000. An investigation into the connection of the members of the House with postal scandals cleared them of all charges of improper conduct. An investigation of the Beef Trust was ordered. New government buildings in Washington were planned for. The Statehood bill passed the House, but not the Senate, and other important bills that failed were the Hoar bill for the protection of the President, the bill for the building of railways in the Philippines, the eight-hour bill, and the anti-injunction bill. Leonard Wood was made a major-general after much objection, but the impeachment case against Federal Judge Charles Swayne and the case of the Mormon senator, Reed Smoot, were allowed to go over until "after election." No legislation whatever was had on the tariff or the currency.

It is already evident that two features of the late Congressional session will be used as basis of attack by the opposition. One is the extraordinary brevity of the session. Not since 1818, it is credibly said, has the "long" session of Congress been so short. Most Congresses have sat until June, and the Fiftieth Congress did not adjourn until October 20th. The reason, say the Democrats, for the early adjournment this year is that President Roosevelt is of the opinion that such a course will best serve his political interests. "Mr. Roosevelt wants Congress off his hands," says the *Times*, while the *Sun* remarks: "Congress adjourned

to accommodate Mr. Roosevelt's campaign arrangements, and for no other reason known to man." There is doubtless some truth in the charge.

The other feature of the session past, and those that preceded it, of which the opposition will endeavor to make political capital, is the increase in national expenditures. Though the shortest of "long" sessions, Congress appropriated no less sum than \$781,574,629, which will, it is estimated, leave the treasury with a surplus of only \$6,000,000.

The total expenditures under President Roosevelt's administration are fixed at \$2,640,000,000, or \$211,000,000 greater than in the four years of the McKinley administration, and \$883,000,000 greater than in the four years of the Cleveland administration. Representative Hemenway, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, however, declares that, while "the expenditures of our government in their aggregate, as exhibited by the appropriations of Congress, are large, and by unthinking persons, and especially by misguided newspapers, are denounced as extravagant, yet, according to the very best authority, our national government is the most economically administered in the civilized world."

It costs money to be a world power.

Cowardice and Chicago are words never met in company. But it was hardly expected that the centre of the pork and beef packing industry would develop so sudden and rash a gallantry as to attempt to reform out of hand the Fourth of July. But one never knows what Chicago will do next. She is as unreliable as an old maid that does not like cats. In this instance she has tried to do a very big thing, and one that should have been done long ago. But she goes at it in her own way. Boston would have legislated and shaken a monitory finger; New York would have had a lively fight and suddenly given the final blow; San Francisco would have discussed it through interminable committees and associations till it occurred to everybody that it would be very hard to fix either the blame or the praise, and so passed it along to future generations; Chicago goes right out and buys it at the market price. She has paid \$1,250,000 for a noiseless Fourth of July. She has bought a holiday on which the deadly toy pistol and obnoxious firecracker shall not desecrate, and the coroner's wagon shall not bring up every parade.

Chicago does not often distribute tracts, but in this case it would be a very good thing if her virtue gained disciples. It is all right to celebrate the independence of America from British rule, but some of us can not rejoice as we should when the dominion of the small boy is equally distasteful, and far harder to shake off. For over a century and a quarter we have endured the fact that we have achieved freedom, and swallowed our spleens on the Fourth, while the glory of the day was manifested in barbaric noise. But even sweet independence grows stale when exploded under our noses, blown down our throats, and shot into our systems. Therefore all hail to Chicago, who has suddenly swept out her civic skirts and sat upon the irrepressible spirit of mischief. If San Francisco would only assure us of a peaceful day, too, the throne of grace would be besieged with prayers for the welfare of the supervisors, the perpetuation of their reign, and the utter downfall of that misrule which has masqueraded for scores of years in the garb of patriotism. A joint stock company, capitalized at one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and with shares non-assessable and non-dividend paying for five dollars apiece, is the organization that Chicago has authorized to celebrate hereafter the Fourth of July. This body mostly merchants of the city, will permit no indi-



celebrations whatever in the way of fireworks or pistols, and will itself give the most magnificent displays that any city has ever witnessed. Hereafter, it is expected, Chicago's Fourth will appeal to the eye beautifully and not to the ear brutally.

Secretary of War Taft delivered a very important address on April 21st before the New York Chamber of Commerce, in which he went to greater length than he has heretofore gone in expressing his views upon the future of the Filipinos and our duty toward them. His speech was to the point. His views are worthy of respectful consideration by people of all parties and shades of opinion. The burden of his argument may be expressed in one paragraph. "We hold the Philippines for the benefit of the Filipinos," he said, "and we are not entitled to pass a single act, or to approve a single measure, that has not that as its chief purpose. But it so happens, and it fortunately so happens, that generally everything we do for the benefit of the Filipinos and the Philippines will only make their association with the United States more profitable to the United States."

In support of the contention that we will in time benefit by ownership of the islands, Mr. Taft gave a lengthy account of their products. He tells us that the sugar and tobacco output is capable of being greatly increased; that coconut growing is profitable; that there is an inexhaustible supply of the most beautiful woods, of rubber and valuable gums; that there is much mineral wealth in the islands; and that the growing of hemp, already an important source of revenue, is destined to reach enormous proportions. He advocates taking the tariff off tobacco and sugar sent from there to this country, contending that the removal of the duty would do us little harm, and would work toward great benefit to the Filipinos. He calls attention to the fact that 5,000,000 acres of land are owned by the natives, and that there are 65,000,000 acres to be immediately opened for settlement. Mr. Taft says that the Filipinos are gradually being taught to work, and that the 7,000,000 Christianized natives have the making in them of good citizens, and are eager to adopt American ways. The uncivilized natives number 600,000.

Secretary Taft is strongly and unqualifiedly against granting the Filipinos their independence at present. He says that just now they are totally unfitted for it. They do not know what government means, or what is implied by personal liberty. One of his first experiences in Manila was explaining to an unusually bright native lawyer (one of the men who had helped frame the constitution drawn up at Malolos two or three years before) the meaning of a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Now that order has been established, a fairly stable currency provided for, and the people put in the way of bettering themselves, Secretary Taft argues, a continuation of the state of tranquillity now existing is all that is needed for some time to come. "Why not let the politics of the islands take care of themselves?" he asks. "Why should the good people who signed the petition [for Filipino independence] intermeddle with something the effect of which they are little able to understand? Why not take the broader policy, which is that of doing everything beneficial to the Philippine Islands, of giving them a full market, of giving them an opportunity of having railways built through the islands, and of having a tranquillity which is essential to the development of their business and their property? Why not insist on a spread of the educational system, of an improvement in the health laws? . . . When they have learned the principle of successful self-government . . . we can discuss the question whether independence is what they desire."

The hour is coming when the man with a future before him will be a back number, when hope will be a sign of barbarism and anticipation the confession of imperfection. In other words, we are saving up so much time that we are getting ahead, and presently shall not have to draw on the future at all. It will be very nice, then. The business man will not have to wait to find out the success of his investments, the crown will be simultaneous with the martyrdom, and the kiss with the opportunity. If anything threatens to make us wait we shall instantly draw on the time we have saved and avoid impatience.

The very latest time saver is the telephone letter. It is a letter which goes by telephone just as soon as the mail train deposits it at the nearest post-office. It is a Western invention, and the government is to be asked to make it a success by issuing a special stamp which, when applied to any letter, will insure its being opened and the contents sent by telephone to the addressee. It is expected to work wonders for the much hurried farmers of Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. They will

no longer have to await the tedious processes of the rural postmaster, or waste precious time in deciphering the script after receiving it. Instead of the rural delivery man's shrill whistle, the bell will ring and the honest agriculturist will not even be at the pains to open an envelope.

Of course, this is very fine, and the hardy pioneers of the Middle West ought to have every facility for transacting business. But the *Argonaut* ventures a prediction. The telephone letter will never be a start-up and prodigal success with the younger generation. Wheat may be sold by this public method, and it is quite possible that the housewife may order her groceries from the nearest city by the reverse process, but farther than that it will not go for the simple reason that the ordinary swain does not give a fiddler's oath for saving time in the matters of real moment. A wooing has no short-cut except an elopement, and that is certainly not to be transacted over the telephone-letter system. So far, the time savers have failed to shorten either aspirations of the young person or the period of gestation. Until they do, there will still be futures for a part of the world.

There is no doubt whatever but that the Presidential boom of Judge Alton B. Parker has suffered appreciable damage during the past ten days, though he is still far in the lead. Several weeks have elapsed since the New York convention instructed its seventy-eight delegates for him. It was expected that that action would set an example which the other States would be prompt to follow. On the contrary, however, Pennsylvania, Oregon, and West Virginia have since elected uninstructed delegations, Massachusetts has declared for Olney, and the Democrats of Iowa have instructed their representatives to St. Louis to vote for W. R. Hearst.

It seems clear that the Democrats of the country—even those of the ultra-conservative wing—do not intend to instruct their representatives for Parker until they know more about him. So far, he has preserved a dense and impenetrable silence. Armies of reporters march up to Esopus from New York, and then march back again with no more results to show than attended the historic manoeuvre of the King of France and his ten thousand men. The country is beginning to show its irritation at this sphinx-like attitude. What are the opinions of Parker about the trusts? What about the Philippines? What about Panama? If the New York Democratic platform had been highly satisfactory, it might have been accepted as an expression of his views. But the platform has not only been denounced by Mr. Bryan and the Hearst papers representing the radical wing, but it is also unsatisfactory to such conservative organs as the *New York Sun* and *World*. It almost seems as if it were a necessity for Judge Parker to win the confidence of the conservative Democracy by a forthright statement of his views if he hopes to be nominated.

Meanwhile, the list of delegates to the Democratic convention grows apace. A table of results to date may be interesting:

Rhode Island has chosen eight uninstructed delegates, of whom six are pledged to Hearst. The six have declared for the unit rule, so Mr. Hearst claims the entire delegation.

South Dakota has chosen eight instructed Hearst delegates. Kansas has elected twenty uninstructed delegates, and adopted resolutions in praise of Mr. Hearst. The delegates, by personal preferences, are said, in some quarters, to stand six for Hearst and fourteen against him, but in view of the resolutions, Mr. Hearst claims them all.

New Jersey has elected twenty-four uninstructed delegates. The Hearst minority in the convention withdrew and named a contesting delegation, but Mr. Hearst does not count them in his summary of Hearst delegates.

New Mexico has chosen six instructed Hearst delegates. New York has elected seventy-eight instructed Parker delegates.

Pennsylvania has elected sixty-eight uninstructed delegates. Oregon has elected fourteen uninstructed delegates.

West Virginia has chosen fourteen uninstructed delegates. The Nevada State Central Committee has elected six delegates, and adopted resolutions complimenting Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hearst claims the delegates.

The Massachusetts State convention chose four delegates-at-large, instructed for Olney, and also instructed the twenty-eight delegates elected by the several districts. The authority of the convention to instruct district delegates is, however, disputed, and the decision lies with the national convention.

New Hampshire has elected four uninstructed delegates.

Iowa has elected twenty-six delegates instructed for Hearst.

Washington has elected ten delegates, probably for Hearst.

There are so many *ifs* in the summary that it is impossible to say flatly that Hearst has now so many delegates or Parker so many. Impartial study of all the collateral facts, however, leads us to say that if the vote were taken to-day the 290 delegates already chosen would probably break up something like this: Parker, 174; Hearst, 75; Olney, 32; Gorman, 9. This is assuming that New Jersey and Pennsylvania, with a total vote of 92, would go solidly for Parker, rather than for Gorman, or some other conservative candidate, as is possible.

Only two more State conventions will precede the California State convention at Santa Cruz on May

16th. These are Florida, on May 10th, and Indiana, on May 11th. Indiana is good fighting ground, and the moral effect of a victory there for Hearst would be vastly greater than the late victory in Iowa. Indiana is a doubtful State; Iowa has gone Republican in Presidential elections for more than twenty years. The long officeless and demoralized Democracy of Iowa is therefore particularly susceptible to Hearst methods of persuasion, and the prestige of the victory is correspondingly small.

As to this State, the prediction is freely made by impartial political observers that the delegation selected at Santa Cruz will be bound hard and fast to vote for Hearst. Only 2,640 Democratic votes were cast at the primary in this city on Tuesday; there was only one ticket, that presented by the Democratic County Committee; and that the majority of the 168 delegates are for Hearst is to be supposed. In Los Angeles, Dockweiler won over Hearst in his district, but the majority of delegates are for the New York congressman. In Fresno, he won easily, but in Stockton is said to have only a minority of the delegates. An uninstructed delegation was elected in Humboldt. He won in Santa Clara and San Diego. The *Bulletin*, which is anti-Hearst, figures it out thus: Hearst delegates to Santa Cruz, 226; anti-Hearst delegates, 229; doubtful, 105, not counting San Francisco at all! This can not be considered a very cheerful prospect for the opponents of the editor-candidate.

We have it upon the authority of Theodore Roosevelt that the way to avoid trouble is to speak softly and carry a big stick. That is the method the United Railroads employed.

While trouble was brewing they kept still, but filled their car-barns with ranges, dishes, piles of blankets, and provisions; purchased vehicles to transport their men from place to place; organized a small army of strike-breakers, which included some of the best-known professional "scabs" in the United States; and had on hand a contingent of cooks, waiters, and bottle-washers, sufficiently large to keep the strike-breakers good humored. Result: no strike.

Doubtless, also, public opinion had something to do with the result, though its influence has been exaggerated. The *Call*, *Chronicle*, and *Evening Post* were exceptionally—wonderfully—outspoken, considering their silence during previous strikes. But it was not their views, editorially expressed, that influenced the carmen—it was rather arguments *ad hominem* delivered on the back platform by sore citizens.

To the mayor, however, belongs all the credit. Despite the preparations of the company and the cool tone of public opinion, the men would without doubt have ordered a strike on Saturday night, had not Mayor Schmitz, in an address, begged for three days in which to endeavor to effect a compromise. The carmen agreed. During the three days the hopelessness of success became apparent, and the slight concession granted by the company enabled the carmen to "save their face" in voting against a strike. The mayor deserves all praise. Apparently he waited until the psychological moment, and then hit hard. The public know to whom credit is due, even if the daily papers—excepting the *Call*—do not.

All serious difficulties that were in the way of beginning work on the Panama Canal seem now to have been removed. On April 22d, President Bo and Director Rushmann, as responsible officials of the French company, signed in Paris a contract of sale whereby the ownership of the Panama Canal passed to the United States. The action was unexpected, and was in the nature of a *coup* on the part of the representatives of the United States Government in Paris, and designed to influence favorably the action of the stockholders.

On April 23d, the stockholders met and ratified the action of their president and director—indeed there was nothing else to do, high authorities, including Waldeck-Rousseau, having stated that the previous day's action was entirely legal and binding.

On May 4th, the United States commission took formal possession of the property of the Panama Canal Company, and the United States flag was hoisted over the legation and the canal offices on the Cathedral Plaza. The canal work will for the present be under the immediate direction of Major Mark Brooke, of the Engineer Corps of the army.

Meanwhile, the Attorney-General has made arrangements with J. P. Morgan & Co. for the payment of the large sum of forty millions of dollars to the proper persons. The United States will deposit the amount with the bankers, and this is accepted by the canal company as equivalent to payment for the purpose of a delivery of the property to the United States. Morgan & Co. will then place twenty millions of francs in the Bank of France to the credit of Jean Pierre Gautron, five millions to the credit of the new Panama Canal Com-

THE TELEPHONE  
LETTER AND  
TIME-SAVER.



pany, forty per cent. of the remainder also to the credit of the new company, and sixty per cent. to the liquidator of the old company. When that is done, the part of France in the great enterprise definitely ends. *Finis* is written to a long story of fraud and disaster, so far as France is concerned.

The work of the United States now really begins. Congress has given Theodore Roosevelt full power and authority in the government of the canal strip and the prosecution of the work. The country has confidence that he will prosecute the enterprise with all vigor. The first thing to be done is to provide Colon and Panama with an unpolluted water supply, and an adequate sewerage system. This, in itself, is a tremendous task, not to be lightly undertaken. It seems to be probable that this work, as well as the actual work of canal construction, will be done under contract. The contractors who built the Chicago Drainage Canal are said to have thoroughly gone over the ground at Panama, and are ready to make bids on big contracts. Other contractors have representatives at the Isthmus. It is credibly said that most of them calculate on Jamaica blacks for labor, though with Chinese coolies, Italian laborers, and Japanese in mind.

More than a third of a century has elapsed since the world has witnessed a battle upon land in which three thousand men were left slain upon the field of war. That, if nothing more, would make notable the late encounter on the banks of the Yalu. But it will be also memorable because, as the first real battle of war, it has proved the soldier of Japan as great with the rifle and the bayonet, as is the sailor of Japan with the cannon and the torpedo. It has proved that the Japanese as a strategist has scarcely a superior. It has proved again that brawn in a soldier is less than brains; that skill is more than blind strength. Such a decisive victory of the armies of a yellow race over the armies of a white race must awaken in the Occidental mind not only admiration, but a certain vague uneasiness. Shall we, as was said from a platform in this city last week, some time, somehow, have to come to grips with the victor in this war?

May 1st is a date on which Russia and Spain may now mingle their tears. On that day, in the year 1898, Spain lost her colonies in the Pacific. On that day, in the year 1904, Russian armies burned and fled from the city of Antung on the Yalu. Though it is dangerous to prophesy, it would not be surprising if they never set foot within its walls again.

The main features of the week's operations are these: On Tuesday, April 26th, the Japanese general, Kuroki, dispatched troops to seize the Island of Kurito, in the Yalu above Wiju, and the Island of Kinteito, which is situated below Wiju. There was some casual firing, but nothing serious, and the Japanese were successful on Wednesday. There was also firing with batteries of field guns, both by the Japanese near Wiju, and the Russian position on the opposite bank.

On Thursday morning there was general, hut ineffectual, bombardment from batteries on both sides of the river. Later in the day, General Kuroki ordered two companies of infantry to cross the Yalu to reconnoiter. They encountered Russian troops, the engagement resulting in several killed and wounded. The Russian reports say the Japanese retired in disorder. The Japanese reports are silent regarding this.

On Friday the real movement of the Japanese troops began. First, a small body of Russians were driven from their position on the Manchurian bank of the Yalu, eight miles above Wiju. A pontoon bridge was constructed with marvelous skill and rapidity, and at three o'clock Saturday morning the main crossing began. All day they crossed, and by six o'clock that night a Japanese army for the first time lay facing a Russian army on Manchurian soil.

Meanwhile, during the same day, Saturday, the Russian batteries along the river had been firing upon other small bodies of Japanese who had sought to occupy various islands in the river, and the Japanese batteries on the Korean bank had replied. Besides, a flotilla of Japanese gunboats, under Admiral Hosoya, participated, ranging up and down the river, firing upon the several minor Russian positions, though without, apparently, doing serious damage. A bridge had also been constructed on Saturday, just above Wiju, and all through Saturday afternoon and night, regiment after regiment of the Japanese soldiers poured across it. Late that night, General Kuroki telegraphed: "I will attack the enemy on May 1st at dawn."

The situation on the morning of May 1st, then, was this: a strong Japanese force to the north of the main fortified Russian position at Chiu-lien-cheng, another Japanese force a few miles to the south of the town. The north Japanese division attacked first, fording the small Ai River, and storming the fortified heights beyond about Chiu-lien-cheng, simultaneously opening a bombardment from concealed batteries on the north of the Ai, across it. After a fierce and bloody battle, the Rus-

sians were forced to evacuate the place, and apparently then encountered the southern wing of the Japanese army. Lieutenant-Colonel Moravsky lost half his men, all his horses and guns, and was himself killed. The Eleventh and Twelfth Russian regiments cut their way through the Japanese lines, and finally retired in good order toward Feng-Hung-Cheng, bearing seven hundred wounded. Generals Zasseltch and Kashtalsky were wounded, and the total number of guns captured is fixed at twenty-seven, though it is asserted that the Russians bore away the breech-blocks, rendering them useless. The Japanese losses are fixed by General Kuroki at only 798 killed and wounded. The Russian general admits that 2,000 soldiers were killed. On May 2d, the Japanese appear to have pursued the Russians, and captured 300 men. The Russians are now established at Feng-Huan-Cheng, which is some twenty-five miles from the seat of the recent fighting, and reinforcements are said to have been dispatched to that point by General Kuropatkin. The Russians assert that their defeat was due solely to superior numbers of the enemy, the Japanese forces numbering 80,000, and their own but 30,000. The next engagement may be expected—and soon—in the vicinity of the new Russian position. Baron Hayashi, the Japanese minister to England, intimates that General Kuroki, who commands the Japanese army, will push on to Moukden, "perhaps to Harbin, perhaps even further." He further says that a landing of the second and third divisions of the army, whose whereabouts are unknown, may be expected shortly. One division will almost certainly endeavor to cut the railway above Port Arthur, and reduce that fortress by land and sea attack. The Japanese are depending upon the breaking down of the transsiberian railway under weight of traffic and the failure of crops in Manchuria, of which there is said to be a prospect. Then the Russians would face famine.

On sea, it seems certain that the Vladivostock squadron has found security in the harbor after its late sortie. Port Arthur has again been the scene of an attempt by Admiral Togo to block the harbor entrance. This time the attempt was made in the early morning, shortly after midnight. At that hour, twelve fire-ships, the *Shibata*, *Kokura*, *Asagoo*, *Mikowo*, *Totomi*, *Fudosan*, *Yedo*, *Nagato*, *Otari*, *Sogami*, *Arkoku*, and *Sokuu*, averaging more than 2,000 tons, advanced in three divisions. They were promptly discovered, and fired upon by forts, ships, and torpedo-boats. They also ran upon Russian mines, and all, according to Russian reports, sank before the channel was reached. The crews showed the greatest daring, amounting to a reckless frenzy. The channel, say the Russians, is open.

#### LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

*The next issue of the Argonaut will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique bookcovers, and other illustrative matter. In addition, it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy coated paper, handsomely illustrated, and will consist of thirty-two pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers would do well to send their orders in advance.*

#### The Argonaut and William Randolph Hearst—Two Opinions.

The *Argonaut* is a Republican paper, but it is honest and fair-minded as well, and no one has ever yet accused it of being blinded by partisanship. Hence intelligent and unprejudiced men turn to its columns frequently for information that they can not find in the partisan press. The current issue devotes large space to the candidacy of W. R. Hearst and to his work in Congress and elsewhere, using the reports in Eastern papers of like character with itself for its facts. The article is well worth perusing by men who do not believe that Hearst is a combination of ape and idiot, as his journalistic and some of his political opponents are so fond of trying to persuade the people. The *Argonaut* thus performs a distinct service for the public, and will receive the thanks of that great body of unprejudiced people who want facts and not partisan or personal prejudice and spleen.—*Alameda Encinal.*

#### CARULLAUA STATION, SONORA, MEXICO,

April 25, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am troubled, sorely troubled, to know just what this great tolerance of Mr. William R. Hearst means by your publication. Has Mr. Hearst bought the *Argonaut*? Or has he bought its good will, so that its just and upright pages can put him before the people, who won't read his own publications, as a little tin god?

I do not wish to make a mistake. Maybe the *Argonaut* is satirizing Mr. Hearst! What mild, milk and honey satire! Or maybe the *Argonaut* is writing of Mr. Hearst as he really is!

With what touching gentleness your issue of April 25th spoke of Mr. Hearst! A gentle, kindly, polite, grave man, moving in a refined atmosphere of soft green walls, mahogany furniture, and red leather. What a picture! That refinement was a little too thick.

Is a man who, as every thinking private citizen knows is a bad man, who publishes the worst papers in our big country, and who has done unlimited harm by these same papers—is this man to be held in this great, gentle tolerance by the *Argonaut* during this campaign?

*Argonaut*, I have loved your pages, and for many months they have brought me, every week, the brightest hours in a life of exile, and in proportion to my regard for you, *Argonaut* so am I troubled over your "velvet glove" handling of Mr. Hearst. Yours truly, CATHERINE STOW EALAND.

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN THE EAST.

By Jerome Hart.

I sat down to write intending to discuss the political campaign, but I find myself forced to discuss the campaign of man against the elements. Crossing the continent from West to East, I have been struck by the enormous amount of weather prevailing east of the Rocky Mountains. It would almost seem as if the Middle West and the Atlantic seaboard were over-weathered, so to speak. When we were passing through Missouri, St. Louis was obliged to stop work on her big fair on account of a blizzard. All through Eastern Kansas a heavy snowstorm prevailed, while in Western Kansas the farmers were mournfully contemplating their dry and dusty fields. The same blizzard was blowing in the North-Western States—even unto Chicago the land was wrapped in ice and snow.

Between Chicago to New York I observed similar conditions. Everywhere we saw clumps of gaunt and leafless trees; they might be orchards, but they showed no trace of bud or blossom. Along the shores of Lake Erie, vast fields of hummocky ice extended for miles out from the shore. Along the railway lines were mighty heaps of sooty snow, which discouraged Daggoes were shoveling into barrows. Other heaps of dingy snow were gathered around gates, paths, and yards of farm-houses, out of whose windows peered pale-faced women, weary with their long imprisonment since last October. As I saw these heaps of dingy, dirty snow mixed with muck, mud, cinders, and Sunday newspapers, I could not help but think of those touching lines, the work of E Pluribus Unum, Esq.:

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!  
Filling the sky and the earth below.  
Flying to kiss a fair maiden's cheek,  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak."

But not on mine, thank you. Personally, I have always thought the beautiful snow looks better on Christmas cards than anywhere else.

If the farmers' wives looked discouraged as they gazed out of the windows, fancy how the farmers felt. At this time of the "spring," the Eastern farmers usually have their plowing and spring planting done. But this year they have not yet been able to turn a furrow. Were they to blast the earth with dynamite they might succeed in plowing, but they confine themselves to blasting it with profane language. They have reason for their disgruntlement: the farmers have engaged their "help," as is usual here, for the season, beginning with the first of April; therefore every farmer has on his hands a job-lot of husky hired men, all of whom are eating their heads off in the house, while the horses are eating their heads off in the stable. Wages, food, and fodder in full blast, and no work done yet.

And all of this within a week of May Day!

Compare this with the conditions out in our favored land, the sun-kissed slope of the Pacific. When we left there the grain in some places stood over a foot high. During the winter gentle showers of rain came on balmy winds from the south, followed by a month of sunshine during March and April. At the end of March the tier of coast counties in Central California, from San Luis Obispo northward, were green as emeralds. As for the Santa Clara Valley, it was fairly ablaze with blossoms.

I may be prejudiced, but it seems to me that here in the East they have too much climate per month, or per year, or per square mile, or per something. This week people sat in the parks for the first time since last October—one hundred and twenty days of winter.

In lieu of the usual spring plowing and planting which the farmers here indulge in when Providence gives them a chance between a late and icy winter and an early and scorching summer, their principal occupation this year, as near as I can see, is scraping snow from the soil to make room for manure.

Yet it is a great State, the Empire State, and when one whirls across it through hamlets, villages, towns, and cities, strung along the line like the big and little beads on a trust magnate's fat wife's pearl necklace, it makes one wonder how the New Yorkers ever made so much money out of the soil when there is so little chance to till it between seasons.

But I wander from my subject, which is the campaign in the East. My interest in it was first aroused, on passing through Chicago, by Mr. Bryan's speech concerning what he considers the Parker platform. Mr. Bryan said he did not wish to cause discord in the Democracy by speaking under anybody's auspices, so he spoke under his own. He hired a hall, a big Chicago armory, and he filled it. There are three Democratic factions now fighting in Chicago—the Harrison, Hopkins, and Hearst factions. Mr. Bryan has reasons for avoiding entangling alliances, hence his independent course of action. His speech has doubtless been telegraphed, so I will not review it here. Suffice it to say that Mr. Bryan does not like Judge Parker, and does not like Judge Parker's platform. He didn't like



thing to Parker or his platform, but he seems to have a large, sharp knife ready for somebody next November. The only trouble with Mr. Bryan is that he doesn't seem to have enough knives to go round.

Here in New York the Democrats sneer at Bryan's speech. They say that the Albany platform is not necessarily the Parker platform; that the Democratic platform will be formulated at St. Louis; that anyway Bryan made two platforms, on both of which he led the Democracy to defeat; that therefore a discreet silence from him about platforms would be eminently fitting.

There is also not a little speculation among New York Democrats as to Bryan's attitude if Parker is nominated. They think he will bolt. It would be odd if he did, for Bryan since 1896 has never ceased to denounce most bitterly the Gold Democrats who bolted the Bryan platform. But they also say that it makes little difference—he would bolt another candidate just the same as he will bolt Parker. They seem to think that he is so egotistic that he still expects the nomination may come to him, and that his curious attitude toward Hearst is thus explained. He is friendly, but he does not commit himself as a Hearst henchman, for he implicitly believes that the Presidential lightning will strike him, Bryan.

It seems scarcely credible, but Democratic leaders here think that Bryan still has hopes. They do not fear his bolting, for they say he has completely lost his hold in the South, the silver question is dead in the West, and as to the labor question, they claim that Parker has absolutely no affiliations antagonistic to labor.

Leaving Chicago and coming to New York, the weather in Gotham suddenly grew warm. I refer to the actual weather. But so did the political weather. The nomination of Judge Parker at Albany was received with the heated disapproval of Tammany. It was recognized by Tammany as being a triumph for David B. Hill. The diplomatic friends of Judge Parker endeavored to sweeten the bitter dose for Tammany by offering them one of the delegates-at-large. To this Hill was opposed, but Parker's friends triumphed. The Tammany leaders wavered for a time, but at last accepted. They are still holding off, however, having earnestly opposed instructing the delegation for Parker. But if Parker be nominated at St. Louis, it is probable that Tammany will support him—or so, at least, say Tammany Democrats here in private conversation.

It can not be denied that the sending of a Parker delegation to St. Louis has caused some apprehension among the New York Republicans. There is a bitter faction fight in the Republican party here, which nothing can quell. The dissensions of the Hill men and the Tammany men are as billing and cooing and love-taps compared to the bitter reviling of the two Republican factions. Therefore New York Republicans have hoped for the nomination of some Democrat who could not command the independent vote in New York, thus insuring the carrying of the State by President Roosevelt. Now they express grave doubts as to the ability of the Republicans to carry it. Governor Odell does not seem to be an enthusiastic supporter of Roosevelt. He called on the President on his way through Washington this week, and it is rumored that he was made to wait longer than he liked.

Judge Parker's attitude is that of aloofness. He wraps himself in his judicial dignity. He says nothing. He says he can say nothing. He refuses to be interviewed. He declines to express himself until after the Democratic National Convention. Altogether, his attitude is an eminently discreet one. His chief advocate here among the newspapers is the *World*. That journal professes to have discovered and brought Parker to light. The *World* is a little lukewarm over the platform, but very strong for Parker. It is said by insiders here that the *World* does not love Parker so much as it hates Hearst, and that the Parker movement was started by the *World* to kill off the Hearst boom.

Hearst's boom has been ignored by most of the papers here up to a very recent period. Only one journal, the *Herald*, has printed the news about his boom. The *Herald* is eminently a newspaper. It always prints the news, and it does not allow personal or political rivalry to interfere with its functions as a newspaper. But Mr. Bennett has two reasons for this unique excellence. One is that he is not in politics and has no desire for political place; the other is that he lives abroad, and hence is out of the teapot tempests, the political tittle-tattle, the parochial wigwagging, and the sycophantic ear-wiggling to which other rich newspaper proprietors are exposed when they remain at home.

Which brings us to Mr. Hearst. It can not be denied that Hearst, like his boom, has grown a great deal in the public mind in the last few months. Not long ago the newspaper fraternity looked on his Presidential boom as a joke and Hearst as a weak-minded millionaire, lamed by designing employees. But that which they called a "fake boom" developed with such rapidity that it scared the daylight out of favorite sons like Mr. Gorman, Mr. Olney, Mayor McClellan, and Judge Gray. In fact, up to the very day of the naming of Judge Parker as New York's candidate, Hearst's boom looked formidable. Since then it unquestionably has flattened out.

One of the facts which changed public opinion concerning Hearst was his success in setting on foot legal proceedings by the government against the Coal Trust. His Argument before the House Judiciary Committee also impressed the public. His newspaper enemies have thus inculcated the belief that he is a fool. No one who knows him could ever believe that, and if any

one ever did believe it he would be forced to lay his belief aside after reading Hearst's argument before the committee. He was under a fire of searching questions by such keen-witted examiners as Littlefield, of Maine, and others, and he certainly came out of this ordeal with flying colors.

Since his boom has begun to diminish by reason of the Parker movement, Mr. Hearst has not shown that meekness which we were all taught in Sunday-school. Mayor McClellan has been spoken of as a possible candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Hearst has been awaiting his opportunity. The mayor, the other day, signed a document known as the Remsen Gas Bill, generally known in the New York press as the Remsen Gas Grab. Mr. Hearst has been lying awake nights ever since to swipe Mayor McClellan. In fact, he has been battling Hill, Parker, McClellan, and almost every other anti-Hearst head that he could hit. But that his boom is declining is shown by the fact that this week he closed his campaign headquarters here.

One of the topics in political circles in New York is the reappearance of Bourke Cockran in Congress. Cockran is a very brilliant speaker, and a skilled debater. It is only a few years since he left Congress, some say voluntarily, others because Tammany turned him down. Very probably the latter was true. Cockran is Irish, belligerent, and loves nothing better than a fight. He has been pro-Tammany and anti-Tammany, pro-Bryan and anti-Bryan, and in the State convention at Albany, the other day, he was anti-Parker. Probably after the St. Louis convention he will be pro-Parker. In the New York State Convention he made a powerful speech in favor of leaving the delegates uninstructed, but when the convention voted to instruct for Parker, he took his defeat gracefully, as a trained politician should do. He bolted Bryan in 1896, and although Tammany's sending him to Congress again shows that there has been a reconciliation, there have been many Democrats who look at Cockran cross-eyed. But his speech in the House last Saturday wiped everything off the slate. The Democratic party have taken him to their bosoms again. Were the convention to meet to-day, I believe they would nominate Cockran for the Presidency. True, he was born in Ireland, but then McClellan was born in Germany—*nicht wahr?*

In his speech Cockran spoke of Williams, of Mississippi, as being good timber for the Presidential ticket. This reminds me of the fact that Williams was unknown a few years ago, yet has come to the front so rapidly that he is now not only the leader of the Democratic minority in the House, but is almost the leader of the Democratic party in the country. What a thing it is to have brains! Here is this obscure planter, hailing from a sparsely settled State in the Black Belt along the Gulf coast; yet in a house of several hundred legislators elected from all over a vast country, many of them representing rich and powerful and populous commonwealths, he tacitly steps to the front. Here is another—he comes, an Irish boy, to the United States; he becomes a man, an orator, a politician; he goes to the House, spends a term there, retires, returns, and in two days goes to the front again, gains the eye of the Speaker, the plaudits of the House, and the ear of the country. Yet Mr. Robinson, an old and respected citizen of Peewee, Pennsylvania, with its six millions of people, will sit for six several and separate terms in the House, will never gain the Speaker's eye at all, and will gain nobody's ear except that of Mrs. Robinson when he goes back to Peewee, Pennsylvania. Our forefathers in the Declaration decreed that all men are created free and equal, and that they were endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights. They were certainly not endowed by their Creator with either free and equal brains or inalienable rights to them. The smartest of them usually control the other fellows' brains.

So with Cockran. His exploit in unhorsing so many Republican notables in the House, the other day, has caused much Democratic glee around New York. It has even caused some Republicans to smile. When he unhorsed Dalzell, the defeated knight won scant sympathy from the Republican side. When he upset Payne, the Republican leader, even some Republicans applauded, for Payne has been very arbitrary in his treatment of members who come from lesser States than the Empire State. So with Grosvenor—he has been unsparing with his ready tongue, and those Republican members who had felt its sting did not hesitate to rejoice at his defeat.

It is said that Dalzell is preparing to attack Cockran again. He would do better to let him alone. Cockran is vulnerable enough, for that matter; but he carries guns too heavy for Payne, Grosvenor, and Dalzell.

Personally, I have no sympathy for the badly battered Triumvirate. They think that they are the whole thing because they represent great States. Our own State has suffered repeatedly at the hands of these three little great men. They would give a week to a creek in New York, Pennsylvania, or Ohio, when they would refuse five minutes to a California congressman pleading for the Sacramento River.

I would prefer to see them castigated by a Republican, but I would rather they were lambasted by a Democrat than not lambasted at all.

If my lack of sympathy for Dalzell should cause me to be accused of lack of loyalty to the Republican party, I can only reply that it is Dalzell who is lacking in loyalty. He is trying to prove that the Republican National Committee, during the McKinley campaign of 1896, used Republican money to pay tribute to Democratic buccaneers; used the Republican campaign chest as a reptile fund with which to subsidize apostate

Democratic stump-speakers. This statement I repudiate with loathing. I consider it a calumny on the Republican National Committee, and a slander on the Republican party. That Mr. Dalzell is trying to prove this slander to be a truth, in order to help him in his private quarrel with Burke Cockran, does not mitigate his treacherous act against his party. If his statement is true, he destroys his party's reputation for truth and honor. If his statement is false, he destroys his own.

New York, April 27, 1904.

#### FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT FAIR.

On Saturday, April 30th, at 1:14½ P. M., President Roosevelt touched the golden key, setting in motion the machinery of the St. Louis Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This is easily the greatest of all fairs. Within its fences there are 1,240 acres. The World's Fair at Chicago occupied 633 acres; the Pan-American at Buffalo occupied 300; and the Paris Exposition occupied 336 acres. Chicago had 82 acres under roof; St. Louis will have 128. The total expense of creating the fair is estimated at \$33,227,985, of which the city of St. Louis appropriated \$5,000,000; St. Louis citizens, \$5,000,000; Congress, \$5,000,000; and the Federal government, \$1,488,000, for special exhibits. All the States, except Vermont and Delaware, have made appropriations. They aggregate \$6,067,986. Foreign governments have appropriated \$6,000,000. All the great nations of the world are represented at the fair by exhibition palaces, with the exception of Russia. Japan has spent \$1,000,000. The exhibits in the chief buildings are covered from view at 6 P. M. But the grounds and shows on the Pike—the Midway Plaisance in Missouri phraseology—are open until eleven o'clock each evening. The admission to the fair grounds is fifty cents. There are 35 miles of railway inside the grounds. Festival Hall, the central building, is 200 feet high, has a seating capacity of 3,500, and contains the largest organ in the world. Features of the grounds are a rose garden covering six acres, and a plant map of the United States of the same size. The Filipino Village will cover 40 acres, and will have a population of 1,000 natives. The display is made at the expense of the Insular Government, the cost being \$1,000,000.

The exposition buildings are not yet finished. Far less than fifty per cent. of the exhibits are installed. The Pike is largely completed, and fifty per cent. of the concessionaires are open for business. About half a dozen State buildings—including California's—are incomplete, but most of the foreign buildings are finished. It is calculated that the total shipment of exhibits will amount to 12,000 carloads. Not more than 4,000 have so far been received. During the few days preceding the opening, day-and-night shifts of 40,000 men were at work on the grounds.

The California building is an exact replica of the Mission Santa Barbara. It contains no exhibits, and will be used merely as a headquarters for visiting Californians. The San Francisco building contains big topographical maps, showing the Bay of San Francisco and its surroundings, and a half globe exhibiting the relation of San Francisco to the Panama Canal and the trade routes to the Orient. The principal California exhibits in the various buildings are as follows: In the Agricultural Building, a structure in staff 52 x 91 x 28 feet, representing on its sides grizzly bears, wreaths, grapes, etc., tinted appropriately and adorned with mottoes; 500 cases of wines and brandies surrounding it; a grizzly bear, twelve feet high, made entirely of prunes; a horse made of hops; 5,000 jars of preserved fruit; a model of the State Capitol, twelve feet square, made of almonds; an elephant of natural size, made of walnuts; 300 specimens of California woods; in the Mining Building, an arch made of stone from the principal quarries of the State; a grotto made of lepidolite, and a large collection of minerals.

Scientists are seriously considering the report of the commander of the French gunboat *Avalanche*, who tells of having twice seen a sea serpent in the bay of Fai-tsi-long, on the coast of Tonkin. It did not differ from the usual vision, being huge in size, with a ruffle along its back. Shots fired at it glanced harmlessly. Cameras were hustled on deck, but the monster disappeared.

*Law Notes* characterizes as "unique" the methods said to have been used in securing the jury that acquitted Tillman, who murdered N. G. Gonzales. It is asserted that lawyers, disguised as picture agents, went all through the county, talked with every man, and found how he felt about the murder, and prepared lists that made it easy to select a favorable jury.

The old common-law principle that a wife may not testify against her husband in criminal proceedings is now reversed in Massachusetts by the supreme court's interpretation of the statute. Hereafter a wife may testify against her husband if she wishes to, and she need not if she doesn't wish to, regardless of her husband's objection or his consent.

Until recently the leading newspapers of Alabama, with a single exception, and that in Birmingham, have omitted publication on Monday morning. The war in the Far East and other inducements have now caused the *Montgomery Advertiser* and the *Mobile Register* to issue papers on that day.



## "BOW-WOW" VERSUS MULLIGAN.

The Patient Vigil on the Wharf.

"If a man does not work neither shall he eat." That is in the Bible. If a man does not work, still he may drink. That is not in the Bible, but it is true nevertheless.

Any one around the wharf would have pointed to "Bow-Wow" and "Rusty" as the two best living examples of the text. For years they had been proving its truth, sitting at the very end of the wharf, each with his back against a post and his feet swinging idly over the water.

On the rarest occasions did either work, and never both together. No one knew their real names, nor from where they had come. Years ago some captain had christened them Bow-Wow and Rusty, and the names had clung. Once an aspiring young journalist had written them up for a Sunday edition, under the title of "The Flotsam and Jetsam of the Jackson Street Wharf," and a woman's club had used the material in its talk on "The Riffraff of a Great City." With this exception, Bow-Wow and Rusty were unknown to the world beyond the wharf.

All day they lounged on the pier, and when night came they went up to Antone's. If they had ten cents they got a bed—that is, Antone called it a bed. If neither had the ten cents, they went—no one knew where and no one cared.

At least that had been the programme as long as most of the captains on the wharf could remember. But within the last few days things had changed.

A week before it had been a scorching day. By nine o'clock the mercury stood well above eighty, and by eleven the heat was unbearable. Very early in the day Bow-Wow and Rusty began to feel the effects of the weather; so, when about twelve o'clock a careless teamster let several big glass bottles of alcohol fall and break, Bow-Wow and Rusty were no longer in a condition to be particular.

It was one o'clock when Bow-Wow received his last conscious impression of a dazzling bay, with big white ferry-boats lumbering across, and a line of haze-wrapped hills on the other side. It was ten when he awoke. The place beside him was empty. The trails behind the boats gleamed white like reflected milky-ways. The lights of Oakland glimmered and winked in the most coquettish fashion, while the Berkeley hills stood back silent and scornful.

For some time Bow-Wow sat, staring stupidly out over the moonlit water. Then slowly pulling himself together, he shambled off alone up the long, dark wharf, and the night-watchman let him out through the little door cut into the big, sliding one for freight.

The next morning Bow-Wow was back in his usual place at his usual hour. But Rusty did not come: neither that day, nor the next, nor the next. By the third day every teamster on the wharf and every deck-hand on the river boats that put into the wharf for cargoes knew that Rusty had disappeared. He had sat for so long in the same place that he had become part of the structure. He was missed just as the post against which he had leaned for the last ten years would have been missed if some morning the watchman had found it gone.

Every one had a theory as to Rusty's whereabouts. The only two who had no opinion, who refused to discuss the matter, were Bow-Wow and Mulligan, another bit of "flotsam and jetsam." But the seventh day after Rusty's disappearance, Mulligan appropriated the empty place, and together he and Bow-Wow began to watch the bay—and each other.

Hour after hour they sat on the hot, dusty pier, with the dry smell of tar and rope thick in the air. But neither drank now. When Captain Wilson, of the *Carrie S.*, came back from a trip up the river and saw the two unshaven, unwashed, slouching figures, watching, watching the swishing water and each other, he shuddered. He knew what it meant, and in spite of his twenty years on the wharf, had never got used to it yet. The teamsters, however, were not so thin-skinned, and the betting began to run high as to which would get the ten dollars the city pays for all that the bay leaves of a man—and sometimes of a woman.

It was the tenth night after Bow-Wow and Rusty had sat nodding side by side. It was hot, just as it had been then. But now the moon was full, and the posts of the wharf threw long shadows on the water that lapped silently against the piles as if it lacked strength to ripple. But this time the wharf was in an unusual bustle. Captain Wilson was giving a moonlight trip around the bay, and already most of the party had arrived. Here and there light dresses broke the gloom, while every now and then little feminine squeals of fright echoed from behind the big ghostly crates, and told where the bravest of the girls were exploring.

Every one was laughing and talking. All except the captain himself. The worried look deepened on his face every moment, as chaperon after chaperon arrived with her detachment, and still Jake, the usual "extra," did not come.

It was five minutes of nine, and the last delayed division were just coming through the watchman's little door, when Captain Wilson strode up to Mulligan and Bow-Wow. Both were good sailors when sober—and they had been sober for some days now. The captain began with Mulligan. In vain he offered double the usual price. Mulligan steadily refused. Then the captain turned to Bow-Wow, with the same result. He

had to have a man, and was willing to triple the price. It made no difference. Then the captain got desperate. It was no use pretending he did not know why neither would leave the other alone.

"See here," he began, more roughly than he had yet spoken, "I know what you are both waiting for, but the tide won't be in for hours, and we shall be back by then. If you're afraid to leave each other, I'll make it four to each, and I'll take you both."

Bow-Wow weakened. Mulligan watched him narrowly. For some moments he held out, and then agreed. Mulligan seconded him, a little too readily—if Bow-Wow had noticed.

The captain lost no time, but hustled his party on board. Bow-Wow was sent below, and Mulligan ordered to the stern. With a fierce little screech, the *Carrie S.* lumbered out of her dock. Five minutes later, as she steamed into the full, white moonlight, Bow-Wow came up on deck and looked back. There, standing at the very edge of the fast receding wharf, silhouetted against the darkness behind, stood Mulligan.

When the blackness cleared away from Bow-Wow's brain they had already passed Belvedere. Up the bay they went; up past Sausalito with its twinkling lights among the dark trees; up past the bigger settlements gleaming white against the black hills; up where only an occasional dairy showed, a white speck against the bare hillside.

The mandolins and guitars had long been tuned up, and some of the best "stunts" ever seen on board the *Carrie S.* were over. Still Bow-Wow sat in the shadow of the pilot-house thinking. Only the sharpest order from the captain could move him.

The unusual soberness of the last few days was playing havoc with Bow-Wow now. Great black waves rolled before him, and on the crest of each rode a Rusty, grinning wickedly, and pointing with outstretched arm toward a Mulligan.

Finally the captain took pity on him, and braced him up with several strong drinks, but it seemed years before the *Carrie S.* was ordered to swing about. As soon as Bow-Wow felt her turn, he left the pilot-house and went as far forward as he could. There he stood, straining his eyes toward the city, long before they could reach it.

When at last the white cottages of Belvedere once more shone among the trees, and Russian Hill and then Telegraph Hill loomed in sight, with row upon row of the city's lights behind, Bow-Wow leaned far out over the side of the *Carrie S.* The Jackson Street wharf lay in total darkness. Only a broad band of green light from a ship's lantern in the adjoining dock threw a long, livid line on the black water.

As the *Carrie S.* drew nearer, Bow-Wow clutched the railing with both hands. The flickering, shifting green band was broken in the centre by a bobbing, black object. Now it seemed about to be sucked into the blackness under the wharf. Now it came dancing merrily, as if bound straight for the ocean.

As Bow-Wow's staring eyes fastened themselves on the moving spot, a long, thin rope shot out from the darkness of the wharf, out straight to the centre of the rippling green band. Bow-Wow gave a choking cry. The rope shot out again. Bow-Wow went and knelt down behind the pilot-house. When the black line whirled through the air for the third time, Bow-Wow took off his coat, and, reaching for a coil of rope, dropped quietly over the side. The next moment a figure stepped out onto the edge of the wharf, bending almost double as it peered into the water. But the black object had gone, and the band of green light lay without a break. As the *Carrie S.* once more touched the dock, Mulligan slunk off.

The gay laughter of the party came echoing down the shed, as Bow-Wow climbed dripping onto the pier. Before he went over to the night-watchman's office, he made one end of a long rope safe to a pile, just under the flooring. The captain hurried his party off, but as he passed he heard the click of a telephone receiver being taken off its hook, and a thick voice asking for Main 1947. And almost before he had his charges safe on the car, just leaving the turn-table on its homeward trip, a black wagon rattled out from Washington Street and drew up before the wharf.

Then next morning Mulligan was back in the old place, but Bow-Wow did not come for many days.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1904. ADRIANA SPADONI.

There is a large book outside the door of the chief of the bureau of navigation in the Navy Department, Washington, in which all naval officers who report at the department are expected to write their names, when they arrived, and the probable date of their departure. The other day, a number of young women who are attending the congress of the D. A. R., at the capital, explored the department. They found the register, and filled a page with entries like this before Admiral Taylor's horrified messenger found out what was happening: "Name, Mary Jones, Oshkosh; date of arrival, April 27th; date of probable departure, unknown."

One of the important news centres of London is the inner lobby of the House of Commons. No newspaper man has access to that place unless he is entitled to a seat in the press gallery—a rare privilege. Not all London journals have representatives in the reporters' gallery, by any means. Alfred Harmsworth had to buy a Scotch newspaper, with a time-honored title to a gallery seat, to get a representative of his widely circulated *Daily Mail* in the gallery and inner lobby.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, the Austrian emperor recently shot his two-thousandth chamois. It has been stuffed and set up in the Hofburg.

It is now almost certain that Joseph W. Folk, the St. Louis boulder-hunting attorney, will be the next Democratic nominee for governor of Missouri. Indications now point to the belief that Folk will enter the State convention with not less than five hundred instructed delegates out of a total of seven hundred and ten. The "machine" is wrecked hopelessly.

Colonel F. E. Younghusband, the British officer in command of the force now invading Tibet, is supposed to know as much about Asia as any other man alive. He traveled in Manchuria in 1886, and later made a memorable journey from Peking to India through Chinese Turkestan. The colonel also explored the Pamirs.

Chin Yung Yen has won a fellowship in Columbia, the first ever conferred by that university upon a Chinese student. He won the award over a number of competitors, showing exceptional brilliancy in the school of political science. Though now only twenty-three years old, he was a graduate of the Imperial Tien-Tsin University before his enrollment in Columbia.

It seems that Judge Alton B. Parker, in younger years, had red hair. "My hair wasn't quite a pronounced red—but it was undeniably red," he is credited as saying to a reporter. "That hair brought me many moments of abasement when a youngster, and got me into many a fight." "Yes? The boys called you 'brick-top' and all those rude epithets?" "Yes, I got them all. It grew darker later in life, but it was still decidedly auburn before it turned gray."

According to an Oklahoma newspaper, the health of Geronimo, the famous old Apache chief, is still good, although he is very aged. His home is ten miles from Lawton, yet he usually walks to and from the place to do his trading. He is quite often asked to give an exhibition of his skill as a marksman with the bow. This he readily consents to do provided a nickel is made the target and it is to become his own in case he hits it.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts on April 21st celebrated her ninetieth birthday, and received hundreds of telegrams, messages, and presents. An amusing incident of the birthday was the arrival of a very small lady with her nurse, who left a bouquet, inscribed, "From the youngest baroness to the oldest baroness in England." It was an offering from the Lady Clifton, who departed, accompanied by her nurse, with an air of a duty well done. Every one will remember how the tiny four-year-old peeress was to have sat next the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at the coronation, when her stern guardians decided that she was too young to be present.

It seems that after all Lord Curzon is to return to India at the end of his holidays for a further term as viceroy—that is, provided the present administration remains in office. It is said that even a Liberal Cabinet might not be willing to assume the responsibility of withholding from him a renewal of his term, in view of the fact that the Ameer of Afghanistan has promised to pay him a state visit at Calcutta in September, and to avail himself of the opportunity to make a tour of the principal cities of India. Lord Curzon is a personal friend of the Ameer of many years' standing. It is doubtful indeed whether the Ameer could be induced to visit India were Lord Curzon to be replaced at the present juncture by any other viceroy.

President Roosevelt has succumbed utterly to the hand-shaking necessity. When he undertook the duties of the Presidency, he had an idea that much valuable time had been wasted by his predecessors in unnecessary salutations of this kind, and for many weeks he did little promiscuous shaking. But the pressure from the pump-handle brigade has been severe, and he has felt it necessary to yield from time to time, until he is now one of the most expert grippers of the palm known to the trade. Every day, just before luncheon, he holds an informal reception, at which from twenty to fifty persons, mostly women, are presented and greeted in the stereotyped manner. The other morning he received a visiting delegation of one of the fraternal organizations, and report credits him with shaking hands with twelve hundred men in twenty minutes. On that day he cut out his Japanese wrestling practice.

Judge Peter Stanger Grosscup, of Chicago, has sprung forward in the political arena, and commanded public attention by his platform regarding the trusts. He wants the supremacy of "some political party" with a settled policy with reference to the great corporations, and proposes a platform of two planks. The first declares that the corporations must be recognized as permanent factors in the economic world. In the second he asks that their capitalization represent their assets. Judge Grosscup, who since 1899 has been a member of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, was born at Ashland, O., February 15, 1852. After graduating from the Boston Law School, he practiced law in his native town until 1882, when he went to Chicago. From 1892 until 1899 he was United States judge of the northern district of Illinois. Among his more notable judicial acts is the injunction issued by him against Eugene V. Debs and other officers of the American Railway Union.



## "CAMP LICKSKILLET."

A Night of Woe Upon the Desert.

There may have been an on'rrier houn' than Ole Bluey, but I would have to have proof before believin' it. That n'gly blue animal ought never been allowed to be born into this yere onfeelin' world, because he didn't have the sense that any self-respectin' fishworm ought to have; an' what was worse, his pore master, which the same was me, had to suffer for his ignorance.

Long Bill Burke an' me was campin' out on the Moharvey Desert several years ago. We'd hit up ag'in tough luck at Randsburg, and was doin' the long hike down to Kramer to investigate some little excitements we'd heard about in that vicinity.

Now crossin' the desert aint no picnic excursion. You have to figger mighty close or you'll decorate the desert with a choice assortment of bones which once belonged to yourself. Me an' Long Bill Burke had calculated about how much water an' provisions was goin' to be necessary, an' we'd have pulled through all right; but about half way across to Kramer the jackass snagged ag'in a yucca spine an' went dead lame. So we had to crawl along, as it were; an' on the evenin' of the day I'm figurin' on tellin' about, we went into camp with nothin' to eat but a hunk o' bacon an' a pot o' coffee. That gone we hadn't a crumb ner a drop of water—and Kramer was nigh onto a day's travel ahead of us.

"This yere is tough luck, Bill!" says I.

"You've named it all right," says Bill. "But we'll just boil that pot o' coffee and pour it in our canteen so's to have it to drink on the march to-morrow. We'll fry the bacon, too; an' by economizin' right down to the limit, I deems we pulls through to-morrow—some little hungry an' thirsty, but all there."

So after we stakes out the burro an' gets him started to gnawin' greasewood, we gets out the bacon an' slices it up ready for the pan, puts the coffee in the pot, and empties in the last drop of our precious water. Then we goes rompin' around huntin' chunks of petrified yucca to cook it by. Wood's scarce in them wastes, and you has to hunt mighty assiduous before you finds enough to cook a pot of coffee.

We're returnin' to camp plumb tired out, when Bill remarks to me that he could eat a bulldog stuffed with carpet-tacks.

"And I'm that thirsty," says I, "that I could drink soapuds an' never bat an eye."

Just then we comes into camp an' looks around for our bacon. They aint none to be seen, an' there Ole Bluey sat with a happy smile on his face, and waggin' his tail a heap furious as he welcomed us back to camp with our armloads of wood which we was to cook our bacon with—an' there wasn't any bacon left!

I 'low I've heard considerable profanity in my time, from first to last, but the article Long Bill Burke dishes up for this yere special occasion shore excels anything I've ever listened to before. I keeps silent and hears him plumb through to the end; and when he stops and wipes his fevered brow, I hasn't anything to add.

Ole Bluey listens with a look of doubt on his face; and he searches first one face an' then the other to see what it's about. He don't seem to get a line on it at all; but after awhile he sort o' gets a notion that we're feelin' onfriendly to him about somethin', and he scoots out in the dark to keep the burro company.

But we builds the fire—for the evenin's are chilly on the desert—and then we discusses Ole Bluey's future a heap grave and serious.

"Of course we slays him," says Long Bill.

"Shore!" says I, for I was hungry, and I was yearnin' for revenge. "But, Bill," says I, "they's nothin' to eat between yere an' Kramer; so let's let the durn coyote live till we get good an' ready to chaw him—and then he'll be fresh meat a whole lot!"

Long Bill cogitated plenty deep. "That's a good idee," says he, "an' we let's him live till dinner to-morrow."

Then we spreads out our blankets and tries to go to bed. But that awful gnawin' simply won't let us. We're shore hungry and no mistake.

I goes over to the pack after awhile and starts rum-magin' in an aimless sort of a way, hopin' to pick out a dried prune that 'd been o' escaped us, when suddenly I runs onto a pint of corn meal which we'd tied up in the heel of the little meal bag and forgot utter!

"Bill!" I yells, "we're saved!"

For a moment I thinks Bill shore means to go loco. But after awhile he tears out into the dark after some more wood. I picks up the canteen and runs over to a brackish little sink-hole, and after workin' a good while manages to get a few drops of the greenish water. It 'd make a sort of a flapjack, anyway, even though it was too alkali to drink. Then I goes back to the fire and meets Long Bill just comin' in with another load of wood.

We both stops simultaneous, and bursts into long, loud, and heartfelt cussin' which wells up from the bottom of our souls and flows like water.

For there was that dod-durned jackass busy chawin' the string that 'd been on the little meal bag! The coffee pot was upset! The meal bag was gone!

We takes a stick of wood apiece, and chases the burro away out into the bresh. But the faithful beast don't go away none. Neither does Ole Bluey. And all night they takes turns a-howlin' their woes and a tellin' their wrongs to the silent stars, while me an' Long Bill rags up some greasewood roots and astonishes

our pore sufferin' stomachs with the same, roasted to a nasty, sizzlin', black wad.

Along about midnight, just when I'm thinkin' maybe I'll get asleep after all, Long Bill Burke raises up sudden an' paws at my blankets to wake me up.

"Sam," he says, "I names it 'Camp Licksillet!'" They aint no answer. Away out in the desert pore Ole Bluey is fightin' with a coyote. The jackass is wanderin' around the camp with tears in his eyes an' an occasional skreaky sigh.

An' that's how Camp Licksillet got its name.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1904.

## ABOUT THE ASTORS.

Success in Sports of Two Sons of the Expatriate William Waldorf—  
"The Smartest Thing a Man Can Do"—A Curious  
Story of Social Ways.

William Waldorf Astor ought to feel proud of his sons. That is to say, from an English point of view, which is the way he looks at things. When he came to England, some dozen years or more ago, and settled down as a resident, preparatory to becoming naturalized, he sent his sons to Eton. As a rule, all English men of standing send their sons to one or other of the six leading public schools, and for preference, Eton heads the list. Mr. Astor knew this. And young Astor fulfilled his father's hopes. I never heard that he excelled at his studies, but when he reached the Sixth Form, he took front rank as a rowing man, and for two years rowed in the school boat at the Henley regatta, winning every heat both years for the "ladies' plate." This was a big thing, for Eton's chief sport is rowing, and a man (all Eton boys are "men" in school parlance) who excels on the river is a great swell. And this was not all. Just before he left Eton to go up to the 'varsity, he filled the proud position of "captain of the boats" at the fourth of June procession. This is the highest honor, from a sporting point of view, that an Etonian can have conferred upon him, exceeding even the captaincy of the school cricket eleven. It need not be said Mr. Astor was proud of his son. Language would fail to describe the degree of his elation.

After that, young Astor went up to Cambridge. Every one thought, of course, he would eventually get a place in the 'varsity boat one of the years of his stay. But he never got his "blue," and never made one of the Cambridge crew at the university boat race.

However, the house of Astor is not destined to remain obscure in the sporting world of the present, depending for fame upon the prowess of the past. Young John Jacob, who in due course followed his brother to Eton, has just been chosen with one other to represent his school at the rackets tournament at the Queen's Club in London. This is a great annual event, in which all the leading public schools take part. To be selected as one of the champions is an honor second to none in school estimation. And so, again, is William Waldorf Astor in high glee. This is something that money couldn't buy, and is an honor of the highest degree in England, where to excel in games and sports is thought more of than anything else—even birth, yes, and even than money. It is the *smartest* thing a man or woman can do. You can't say more than that.

Apropos of Mr. Astor: I was much amused, the other day, at an account a friend gave me of his endeavors to make the great millionaire's acquaintance through the medium of a letter of introduction. This was of a purely social complexion (it had not the suspicion even of business about it), and it came from one of New York's literary shining lights, who is withal a well-known figure in the very best society there. "I didn't particularly want to know Mr. Astor," my friend said, "but this Johnny in New York said he knew I'd like him, and pressed me so to take the letter that I took it. Well I first went to the office of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in Charing Cross Road, as I heard Mr. Astor spent much of his time there. 'No, sir, Mr. Astor (that's the way he has it pronounced, I'm told) don't come to the office as much as he used,' said a sort of door-keeper in a lively like a shop commissionaire. 'Any message?' 'No. I'll call at his house,' I told him. 'Ah,' his face fell, 'he's down at Clyvedon.' (That's how he pronounced it). I thought it didn't signify, and told him so, much to his surprise, it seemed, for Mr. Astor is regarded as a little god in the *Pall Mall* office. So I drove off to Carlton-House Terrace, and, for the sake of the form of the thing, asked the very fine butler if Mr. Astor was at home. Much to my chagrin, he said 'Yes, sir,' but on my making a motion to enter, he held up his hand as a sort of bar. 'Ah, no one admitted, sir.' 'I'm glad to hear it,' I replied; 'here, give his majesty these,' and I handed him the letter of introduction, which I hastily fastened up, and my card, and ran down the steps and jumped into my cab. I suppose it was rude of me, but the butler seemed to think it all right, and smiled on me civilly, which he hadn't done before. No doubt, majesty was the correct thing in his estimation. Well, about a week later I had a very stilted letter from a chap called McQuhay (what a time I had deciphering the name) to say that Mr. Astor had received the letter I had left for him, and would be glad to know the nature of my business, and would perhaps be able to arrange an interview. I of course have taken no further notice, nor has Mr. Astor, of his friend's letter."

LONDON, April 20, 1904.

COCKAIGNE.

## OLD FAVORITES.

A Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory  
Heard this shrill wall ring out from Purgatory:  
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!"

"I loved,—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.  
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.  
For God is just, and death for sin is well."

"I do not rage against his high decree,  
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;  
But for my love on earth who mourns for me."

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again  
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain  
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent  
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent  
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!  
I can not rise to peace and leave him so.  
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,  
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,  
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,  
And like a wounded hird her pinions trailing,  
She fluttered hack, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea  
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—  
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!  
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in  
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!  
To be deceived in your true heart's desire  
Was bitter than a thousand years of fire!"

—John Hay.

Tita's Tears.

A certain man of Ischia—it is thus  
The story runs—one Lydus Claudius,  
After a life of threescore years and ten,  
Passed suddenly from out the world of men  
Into the world of shadows. In a vale  
Where shoals of spirits against the moonlight pale  
Surged ever upward, in a wan-lit place  
Near heaven, he met a Presence face to face—  
A figure like a carving on a spire,  
Shrouded in wings and with a fillet of fire  
About the brows—who stayed him there, and said:  
"This the gods grant to thee, O newly dead!  
Whatever thing on earth thou holdest dear  
Shall, at thy bidding, be transported here.  
Save wife or child, or any living thing."  
Then straightway Claudius fell to wondering  
What he should wish for. Having heaven at hand,  
His wants were few, as you can understand,  
Riches and titles, matters dear to us,  
To him, of course, were now superfluous:  
But Tita, small brown Tita, his young wife,  
A two weeks' bride when he took leave of life,  
What would become of her without his care?  
Tita, so rich, so thoughtless, and so fair!  
At present crushed with sorrow, to be sure—  
But by and by? What earthly griefs endure?  
They pass like joys. A year, three years at most,  
And would she mourn her lord, so quickly lost?  
With fine, prophetic ear, he heard afar  
The tinkling of some horrible guitar  
Under her balcony. "Such things could he,"  
Sighed Claudius: "I would she were with me,  
Safe from all harm." But as that wish was vain,  
He let it drift from out his troubled brain  
And strove to think what object he might name  
More closely linked with the hereaved dame,  
Her wedding-ring?—'twould he too small to wear;  
Perhaps a ringlet of her raven hair?  
Such trifles jarred with his severity.  
At length he thought: "The thing most meet for me  
Would be that antique flask wherein my bride  
Let fall her heavy tears the night I died."  
(It was a custom of that simple day  
To have one's tears sealed up and laid away,  
As everlasting tokens of regret—  
They find the hottles in Greek ruins yet.)  
For this he wished, then.

Swifter than a thought  
The Presence vanished, and the flask was brought—  
Slender, bell-mouthed, and painted all around  
With jet-black tulips on a saffron ground;  
A tiny jar, of porcelain, if you will,  
Which twenty tears would rather more than fill.  
With careful fingers Claudius broke the seal  
When, suddenly, a well-known merry peal  
Of laughter leapt from out the vial's throat.  
And died, as dies the wood-hird's distant note,  
Claudius stared; then, struck with strangest fears,  
Reversed the flask—

Alas, for Tita's tears!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Test.

Seven women loved him. When the wrinkled pall  
Enwrapped him from their unfulfilled desire  
(Death, pale, triumphant rival, conquering all.)  
They came, for that last look, around his pyre.  
One strewed white roses, on whose leaves were hung  
Her tears, like dew; and in discreet attire  
Warbled her tuneless sorrow. Next among  
The group, a fair-haired virgin moved serenely,  
Whose saintly heart no vain repinings wrung.  
Reached the calm dust, and there, composed and queenly,  
Gazed, but the missal trembled in her hand:

"That's with the past," she said, "nor may I meanly  
Give way to tears!" and passed into the land.

The third hung feebly on the portals, moaning,  
With whitened lips, and feet that stood in sand,  
So weak they seemed,—and all her passion owning,

The fourth, a ripe, luxurious maiden, came,  
Half for such homage to the dead atoning  
By smiles on one who fanned a later flame.

In her slight soul, her fickle steps attended.  
The fifth and sixth were sisters; at the same  
Wild moment both above the image hended,  
And with immortal hatred each on each  
Glared, and therewith her exultation blended.

To know the dead had 'scaped the other's reach!

Meanwhile, through all the words of anguish spoken,  
One lowly form had given no sound of speech,  
Through all the signs of woe, no sign nor token;

But when they came to bear him to his rest,  
They found her heavy-paled,—her heart was broken:  
And in the Silent Land his shade confest  
That she, of all the seven, loved him best.

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.



## A MAN WITH \$1,000,000,000.

Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings," a Daring Book—Deals With Destiny of the Nations—What a Billionaire Might Do.

Have women imagination?—read Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings," and discover. It is a book of grandiose ideas, daring, very vulnerable to adverse criticism, yet withal undeniably fascinating. How could it be otherwise? The destiny of the United States, the personality of William of Germany, the problem of how a man worth hundreds of millions shall use his power in influencing the national destiny, to-day's tangles in European politics—these are subjects that would have to be handled very unhandily indeed to become wholly uninteresting. And Mrs. Atherton has not done so badly as that. Full of absurdities as is the book, it still has a certain grandeur of conception, a certain dignity of execution, that dwarf into pettiness those improbabilities which, in a less virile work, would be damning.

The daring spirit of the author is apparent in the very first extraordinary paragraph, which runs:

When Fessenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred millions of dollars, he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe.

What a sentence with which to begin a book! What vistas of romance!—"millions," "moonlight," "princess," "midnight." And Mrs. Atherton almost keeps up the pace.

In the first part of the novel we witness the development from boyhood to manhood of the hero. His father is the richest man in the United States. When the hero—this man's only son—is three years of age, and motherless, the father takes the boy up into the Adirondacks, and leaves him with a family of mountaineers. There, in utter ignorance of his father's wealth, Fessenden grows up. He learns the secrets of the woods. He dominates by superior muscle and superior intellect the rough boys of the rough country. He learns to handle an axe with the best of the men. He grows tall, resolute, daring. In the mountains, he passes safely through his first love-affair, and he learns what it means to earn a living by the sweat of the brow.

A tutor is sent him when he is ten or eleven, a well-selected library is furnished him, and ideals are created by "passionate brooding on the careers of Washington, Hamilton, Napoleon, Nelson, Cromwell, Kossuth, the great Hunyadi, Alexander, Caesar, Rudolph the First of Austria." Then comes college. The boy goes to a Western institution, where he impresses his individuality alike upon his fellow-students and his teachers. His father (whom he still supposes to be a poor inventor) requires him to make his own way. His curious, indomitable mind—Rooseveltian it is—grapples with the problems of physical science, political economy, politics. He graduates high in his class, with ambitions that do not stop short of winning a vast fortune by his own unaided will.

Then Fessenden goes to New York to meet his father, and is dumfounded to be ushered into a magnificent mansion. When he is told that he is sole heir to a fortune of four hundred millions of dollars, all his dreams of hewing out a career with his own hands take flight. Such a fortune seems an intolerable weight upon his shoulders. Hence his discouragement. But his father points out a new career:

"I own [said Mr. Abbott] twenty-eight members of Congress, seven of the most imposing figureheads of the British aristocracy, one sovereign, and several minor presidents. . . . I have told you enough to demonstrate to you that the day approaches when you may be the most powerful man in the world if you choose. You will have heard that the Rothschilds dictate to Europe—that a nation may be unable to go to war if they refuse to advance the money. What the Rothschilds are as a family I am as an individual—and doubly so, for I can act on the moment; I am obliged to consult no one. When the coffers of the United States Treasury are low I can fill them; if I refused, and lifted my warning finger to others, they would remain empty. I can reduce the President of this great country to a mere figurehead. When the right moment comes, I can push the United States into the front of nations, or force it to continue to play a third-rate part. In time I can—and shall—make her the most powerful, the most feared, the most hated, of all the countries on the globe—through such concentration of capital as no one at the present moment has had more than a tantalizing glimpse. Fifteen years from now this country will not only be the clearing-house of the world, but the autocrat of commerce. Do you begin to see light?"

Fessenden does. His ambition is fired. The two men, father and son, plan a cruise in European waters on their "steam yacht of seven thousand tons." On the way, the elder Abbott further explains to his son:

"Apply yourself to the study of Europe. If churches and picture-galleries happen to interest you, polish them off as quickly as possible, and then get down beneath the surface. Study politics, the financial and commercial conditions of the first-rate powers—make yourself master at first hand of national traits and idiosyncrasies; you will have letters that

will carry you everywhere. There are going to be two controlling forces in the world in the next thirty years, yourself and William of Germany—if he lives!—if he lives! Keep a hawk-eye on him, and don't make the common, shallow mistake of underrating him. He alone can hock the progress of the United States; all the other nations put together are not worth considering. He only needs certain conditions to scoop in Europe like another Charlemagne. It may be that he will create these conditions. It may be that he will help him to them, if you both happen to fall in the same direction. It is not too soon to begin checking him, and it can always be done by this country; but it must be done by the individual. Washington is blind by too much occupation with other things.

The father and son reach Europe on their yacht, and in a fjord on the Norway coast encounter the yacht of the German emperor, and the young American is invited on board. William asks him a thousand questions; they debate vexed points; and there quickly rises between the two men feelings of respect and admiration. The chapter in which the events of the visit are narrated ends thus:

Fessenden sat for an hour and pondered deeply on all that had passed between himself and the Emperor of Germany that day. Then he started up suddenly, opened the door of the adjoining state-room, and awakened his father.

"What does William want?" he demanded. "Europe and South America," murmured Mr. Abbott, sleepily.

Next day the young American Napoleon of millions and the Kaiser have another interview. The talk is of *la haute politique*. The emperor remarks:

"The Monroe Doctrine only maintains its fictitious life by courtesy, or perhaps I should say the indifference—the present indifference—of Europe. It means nothing until you have established it by force of arms. It would be better to abandon it gracefully while there is yet time."

The two men were picking their way through an uneven pass. Fessenden halted and leaned against the wall of rock. He fixed his eyes, which in the brilliant night light shone like steel, on the imperious and searching orbs which swung round him abruptly.

It is by converting the Monroe Doctrine from a theory into a principle of international law without a war with Europe that I propose to make my fame," he said. . . .

The emperor's face did not soften. He felt anything but sentimental. "Why are you so sure that Europe—that I—could not balk you?" he asked.

"Because I have a hundred million dollars at my disposal at the present moment, and the work will be done before you can cook up a war with the United States."

The emperor turned gray, and let his temper fly. "Damn your American billions!" he cried. "If I could lay my hands on that amount—"

"Well," said Fessenden. "When the time comes you can have it."

Of Fessenden's achievements during the next ten years we get only a passing glimpse. It is all told in a paragraph:

But he had accomplished a great deal, and he was only thirty-one; . . . his fortune . . . was now close upon a billion dollars; still far in the lead of all the other colossal fortunes which in the past decade had raised the United States to a position no less menacing to herself than to the rest of the world. The three years in South America Fessenden looked back upon as the most picturesque and satisfying of his life. Where immediate bribery has availed not with the suspicious villain in temporary power, he had tracked the hiding rival to his lair, furnished him with the necessary outfit and promises, while Keene and other agents persuaded the ever-dissatisfied people that another revolution was due. With the inipromptu gunboats and inexhaustible ammunition sent down by Mr. Abbott, the revolution was an invariable success, and the enthroned dictator, with all the vices of his kind, was still shrewd enough to comprehend that did he wish his reign to be permanent he must be true to his benefactor and give a free hand. As a state passed into Fessenden's control, he built a railway close to the coast, and as he employed native labor as much as possible, and there was a rapid influx of American merchants, he was revered as the White God who had brought security and prosperity to a tormented country.

This is all reminiscent. Fessenden is reminiscing on the plans of Hungary, and is about to fall desperately in love—for the first time—with the Princess Ranata, daughter of the emperor. In what original way he prosecutes his suit we may leave the reader to discover for himself. Here, however, is Fessenden's ideas of the mission of the United States, as he tells them to the princess:

"Do you suppose that the sole destiny of the United States is to live and prosper? Every day envy of her grows in the European, ridden by police, his individuality cramped by social laws, his manhood dwarfed by a ridiculous institution that should have disappeared with the first year of free schools. . . . William of Germany will not admit it, but his mission is to sweep the kinglets of Europe off the board and unite their states into a peaceful whole which shall convert itself at the right moment into another great republic founded on the few sound principles of socialism. . . . He pretends not to believe that the result must be a republic, but in the depths of his great intelligence he must."

The most dramatic scene in the whole novel is that conference at which are present the German emperor, the Austrian emperor, Fessenden, and his father. Fessenden's engineers have at last developed an idea of his, so that he possesses an engine of war of terrible efficiency. The officers of the German

emperor have tested it, and now Fessenden offers the secret to the Austrian emperor in exchange for the hand of the princess. But the emperor is odhurate:

"She can be shut up," he said, briefly. "There is no necessity to marry her at all." Fessenden strode forward, and stood in front of the table.

"Is that your answer?" he said.

"That is my answer."

"That you would shut up a woman like that as if she were a lunatic or an idiot, without liberty, without friends, until she went mad or killed herself?"

"What would be done would be for the good of the state, and she herself would see it in time." The last words were not emphatic, but it was evident that the gorge of the emperor was rising.

"Well, sir, you will do nothing of the sort," said Fessenden.

"What?" The emperor was on his feet. Angry as he was, he stood erect and majestic against the red wall, an imposing figure; but the old man and the young man, the old world and the new, glared at each other between the tall candelabra.

The other man had also risen. The Emperor of Germany, who had had an instant

of deep depression, felt his spirits rise, and at the same time resented the light treatment of majesty.

"You will do nothing of the sort," repeated Fessenden. . . . "If you withhold your consent for twenty-four hours, I shall take the train to-morrow for St. Petersburg and make the same offer to the Russian Government. You may imagine how long they would hesitate. With such assurance of success they would strike to-day instead of waiting a half-dozen years for greater preparedness. Then, sir, when Austria was a province of Russia, your daughter would be the first prisoner set free."

The emperor rose. His face was almost purple. His heavy Hapsburg mouth was trembling.

"I shall give you your answer before to-night," he said to Fessenden, although he did not look at him. "And now I beg that you will excuse me. I am unable to stand any more."

He passed out. William turned to Fessenden. His eyes sparkled with excitement, but he frowned.

"The battle is won," he said. "But what a coup d'état!"

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

## IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

### HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

By  
**Mr. HENRY W. ELSON**

An accurate, full, and really interesting history of our country, complete in one 12mo volume, has long been needed. The proportions of Mr. Elson's book are unusually well devised, and it is graphic and absorbing throughout.

Cloth, \$1.75 net (Postage 24 cts).

### PROBLEMS OF THE PRESENT SOUTH

By  
**Mr. EDGAR G. MURPHY**

Sec'y of the Southern  
Education Board

"It is impossible to overpraise such a book—to overestimate the effects of its poise, its sanity, its wisdom." (*Louisville Post*.) The negro problem, the child-labor problem, and the educational, industrial, and political issues in general confronting the Southern States, are the subjects of this singularly candid and most interesting discussion.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net (Postage 11 cts).

### OLD-TIME SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL-BOOKS

By  
**Mr. CLIFTON JOHNSON**

Author of "Among English Hedgerows," etc.

A readable and entertaining account of a very vital part of the old-time life; its 250 illustrations include reproductions from school-books, pictures of school-buildings or implements, and attractive or unusual school scenes.

Cloth, crown 8vo, \$2.00 net (Postage 20 cts).

On NET books ordered from the publishers, carriage is uniformly an extra charge.

### NEW NOVELS

### JUST READY

By  
**Mr. JACK LONDON**  
Author of  
"The Call of the Wild,"  
etc.

### THE FAITH OF MEN AND OTHER STORIES

is a new evidence of the extraordinary versatility and power of the writer, who is beyond question the most pungent force in American literature to-day.

Cloth, \$1.50.

### DAUGHTERS OF NIJO

By the author of "The Heart of Hyacinth." This is an exceptionally dainty-love story, and moreover well expresses the characteristic life of the Japanese court.

Illustrations and decorations in color  
by Kiyokichi Sano. Cloth, \$1.50.

### THE COURT OF SACHARISSA

is said to have been "compiled from the traditions of the Irresponsible Club"; it is a graceful piece of delicate fooling, delicious in its humor. A good book for a holiday's reading. The New York Tribune calls it "demurely droll, capricious, poetic, and charming."

Cloth, \$1.50.

### THE MERRY ANNE

is the story of a young captain on the Great Lakes, suspected on good evidence of smuggling. There is a love interest of a charming kind, and the whole story is told with a crisp freshness and power of description worthy of its spirited plot. Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY.

Cloth, \$1.50.

### THE SINGULAR MISS SMITH

Sets forth with decided cleverness the difficulty of living the modern social idea, as seen by a woman with a keen sense of humor. It is a distinctly attractive story; its heroine's solution of the problem, "How to become a social success" is particularly amusing.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

PUBLISHED  
BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK



LITERARY NOTES.

The Newest Books.

There may be technically better caricatures than John T. McCutcheon, who draws for the Chicago Tribune, but they none of them get closer than he to what Fourth of July orators sometimes call "the great heart of the American people." He is a typical American of the Middle West. He is sincere, genuine, bubbling with the sort of humor that never hurts. His new book, "Bird Center Cartoons: A Chronicle of Social Happenings at Bird Center Illinois" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is simply delicious. More amusing, if anything, are "the society notes from the local paper" which accompany the spirited and characteristic drawings. Here is a sample:

The little bird tells us that Mr. W— K— B—, of P—, Pa., is in our midst for a tenderer purpose than a business investment. Here is our hand, W—!

Many were the beautiful presents received by the happy couple. They were displayed in the parlor, and attracted much favorable comment.

J. Milton Brown, the well-known artist of the Bird Center Tintype Studios, was present with his bride, Mrs. J. Milton Brown (née Lucille Ramona Fry) formerly daughter of Cap. Roscoe Fry.

"Bird Center Cartoons" is a volume calculated to warm the cockles of the heart of all "city folks" who were "raised in the country."

After the genuineness of McCutcheon's work, the labored humor of John Kendrick Bangs' "The Inventions of the Idiot" (Harper & Brothers) succeeds only in being boring. Bangs has been at it too long; it's chronic, a long rest is the specific. Neither do the "Later Adventures of Wee MacGregor" (Harper & Brothers) throw us into spasms of inextinguishable laughter. To begin a book with a glossary is rather deadening, anyhow. And certainly the volume is not so good as the original adventures. It is a varied repetition. However, philological enthusiasts may take delight in learning what are the meaning of such words as *slithering, snashiers, soom, sweirt, taeitic, thon, jawbox, daidley, hogmaney, and yin*. It needs a megalomaniac person to read "Wee MacGregor."

The current interest in Japan has resulted, at length, in the translation, under the title "Nami-Ko" (Herbert B. Turner & Co.) of a realistic novel by Kanjaro Tokutami—a book which has had a circulation of several hundred thousand copies in the vernacular, and which treats of that very interesting topic, the psychological transformation that the Japanese character is now undergoing under the influence of Western ideas. Speaking particularly, divorce and the spirit of patriotism are leading themes. It is a book worth reading, because it furnishes a glimpse of the Japanese mode of thought. But one would not care to read another like it. True, it is delicate, poetic, and graceful, but not what the average reader would call interesting for its own sake.

Another book which arrives seasonably is Lafcadio Hearn's "Kwaidan" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It contains a score of weird and ghostly tales, told with all that delicate literary artistry for which Hearn is famous. We hear of a blind player on the *biwa* whom the spirits lure to a lonely graveyard to sing them of a memorable sea-fight in the Straits of Shimonoski, and who loses his ears when he attempts to resist them; we hear of a worldly priest who is changed to a ghoulish of ghostly lovers and strange births. Terrible some of the stories undoubtedly are, but they are redeemed by their native poetry. There is no more picturesque figure in the literary world to-day than Lafcadio Hearn—the son of an Irish officer and a Greek girl, educated in Ireland, trained in the ways of writing on the journals of the United States, now married to a daughter of Dai Nippon, and the translator of the soul of Japan into terms which the Occidental mind may comprehend.

Miss Josephine Daskam is now known in private life as Mrs. Selden Bacon, but we understand that her new book, "The Memoirs of a Baby" (Harper & Brothers), is not based upon intimate personal experience. But it might be, so far as realism goes. The fat, pink hero is a real baby. Here we have no psychological investigation the book is only an audacious, sprightly, irresponsible record of two deliciously human and lovable parents, and a real boy. As a tract against race suicide, the work will be useful; after reading it they will be hard-hearted folk who don't think that it would be nice to have one about the house. Fanny V. Cory's drawings are, as usual, in tune with the text.

In fiction we have "The Vineyard" (D. Appleton & Co.), by John Oliver Hobbes, of which the hero is Gerald Federan, a solicitor and soldier, and the heroine Jenny Sussex, the daughter of a baroness, red-haired and pretty, who lives with two maiden aunts. "The Vineyard" is not the best of this author's books, but contains humorous smart passages. For example: "Her figure was not ill had been in some respects, and very different from than it had been in others." "The young of both sexes often take the

still happiness of being loved for love itself." Another novel of brightness rather than strength is Hildegard Brooks's "The Daughters of Desperation" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The Daughters are delightful but hored young women who hurglarize a silver service with the help of one nice though amorous young man. The situations are perfectly preposterous and highly amusing. It is emphatically a hook for a hot afternoon and a hammock. Charles Egbert Craddock gives us another book in her accustomed vein in "The Frontiersmen" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This time it is short stories, and, if it must be said, they seem to us a bit uninspired—rather history than fiction.

In biography, the week brings three books of distinction. Henry Greenleaf Pearson writes in two volumes a capable and satisfactory "Life of John A. Andrew" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). John Andrew was the famous war-governor of Massachusetts; he was one of the strongest of the early anti-slavery agitators; during the war he exhibited great executive ability; he was a vital force in bringing the Northern public to support Lincoln. It has been said of him: "No man believed in the people more or truckled to them less." William Lloyd Garrison said in 1868 that his services to his commonwealth were "a signal part of the history of the times, to be admirably rehearsed by a grateful posterity." Mr. Pearson's book gives to the public for the first time a veracious record of a useful life. Quite a different biography is William Barry's "Cardinal Newman" (Charles Scribner's Sons), written without pronounced ecclesiastical bias. It is one of the Literary Lives Series, and as such deals less with Newman the man than with Newman the writer. In the author's opinion, this cardinal, who progressed or regressed from Calvinism to Laudism, and from Laudism to Catholicism, was "the one Catholic who understood his country, who handled his prose as Shakespeare handled his verse, and whose devotion to creed and dogma found expression in undying eloquence." "The Apologia" is, of course, regarded by Mr. Barry as Newman's greatest work. Its style, he declares, revealed him at his best and greatest—"the loftiest and deepest intellect then extant among Englishmen." His writing is "common English made perfect." Another ecclesiastic whose life is helatedly added to the English Men of Letters Series is "Jeremy Taylor" (the Macmillan Company). Edmund Gosse is the biographer of the author of "Holy Living and Holy Dying," and he makes a readable as well as authentic book. The bishop was born in 1613; he died in 1667. George Rust's description of him is worth quoting:

This great prelate had the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of the philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college virtuosi, and had his parts and endowments been parceled out among his poor clergymen that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the best dioceses in the world. He is fixed in an orb of glory, and shines among his brethren—stars that in their several ages gave light to the world and turned many souls unto righteousness.

Coleridge "used to reckon Shakespeare and Bacon, Milton and Taylor, four-square, each against each." Mr. Gosse's estimate of the great churchman is somewhat less extravagant and certainly more just.

Music lovers will be interested in "The History of American Music" (the Macmillan Company), by Louis C. Elson, the capable and experienced critic of the Boston *Advertiser*. Despite its Boston origin, the volume is in no sense provincial or cliquish. Of Theodore Thomas, of Chicago, for example, it is said: "What Wagner achieved in composition, Thomas did in his concert programmes; he would not descend to the public, but forced the public to come up to him." In speaking of San Francisco, Mr. Elson pays tribute to Fritz Schell as an orchestra director, as also to Dr. H. J. Stewart. In

the opinion of Mr. Elson, Dr. Stewart "is of chief importance to the Far West as a composer." The work is especially notable because of its luxurious make-up and its large number of excellent portraits of musical Americans.

In new editions, it is a pleasure again to praise the finely printed and artistically bound volumes which contain Ivan Turgeneff's works (Charles Scribner's Sons). Three new volumes are at hand—Vol. VII containing "Smoke," and Vols. VIII and IX containing "Virgin Soil." The equally attractive and very similar new edition of Thackeray (Charles Scribner's Sons) has had added to it recently "Henry Esmond" in two volumes, X and XI.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Mechanics', and the Public Library, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
2. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
3. "The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
4. "The Vineyard," by John Oliver Hobbes.
5. "The Gordon Elopement," by Carolyn Wells and H. P. Taher.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Rainhow Chasers," by John H. Whitson.
2. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
3. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "Katharine Frensham," by Beatrice Harraden.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
2. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
4. "The Bridge," by Winston Churchill.
5. "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.

New Publications.

"The Day Before Yesterday," by Sara Andrew Shafer. The Macmillan Company.

"The Curse of Caste," by N. J. Le Cato. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company; 50 cents.

"Heart of Lynn," by Mary Stewart Cutting. Illustrated by Helen Stowe. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25—an attractive, wholesome story for girls.

"The Yellow Holly," by Fergus Hume. The G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.50—a simply enticing detective story—quite as good as his earlier "Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

"The Professional Training of Secondary Teachers in the United States," by G. W. A. Luckey. Columbia University contributions to philosophy, psychology, and education. The Macmillan Company; \$2.00.

"A Woman's Will," by Anne Warner. Illustrated by J. H. Caliga. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a smart, vivacious story of a capricious flirtation between a headstrong young widow and a queer musical German.

"Japan, the Place and the People," by G. Waldo Browne. Illustrated with over three hundred colored plates and half-tones. Dana Estes & Co.—a popular hook, chiefly interesting because of its varied and excellent illustrations. There is an introduction by Minister Kogoro Takahira.

"The South American Republics," by Thomas C. Dawson, secretary to the United States legation to Brazil. In two parts. Part I: Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil. Story of the Nations Series. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons—a valuable book by a well-informed person, who takes a very optimistic view of the countries of which he writes.

We manufacture glasses on oculists' prescriptions.

We put brains into our work, honesty into our materials, and keep faith with our customers.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

Spain in 1903

TWO  
ARGONAUTS  
IN SPAIN  
BY  
JEROME HART

PEN-SKETCHES ON  
THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA  
Payot, Upham & Co.,  
Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.  
Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address  
THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F.

HOT  
AND  
HANDY  
TESLA BRIQUETTES  
Now Greatly Improved.  
TESLA COAL CO.  
Phone South 95.

EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, or any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,  
21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

Educational.

Oregon. Portland.  
ST. HELEN'S HALL  
Has a Normal Kindergarten training class in connection with its Academic Department. Separate residence. Two-year course. Model kindergarten. Provides practice work. For details address  
ELEANOR TEBBETTS,  
Principal.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.  
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.

BOHM  
BRISTOL CO.  
Are displaying a most comprehensive  
collection of  
DIAMONDS, PEARLS, PRECIOUS STONES,  
JEWELRY, and SILVERWARE  
A cordial invitation is extended to call  
at their beautifully appointed show rooms.  
104-110 Geary Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Russell, Riley, and "Leonaine."

Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent Englishman, who discovered, a few weeks ago, that James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Leonaine," is the most characteristic Poe poem that Poe ever wrote, refuses to admit that he was mistaken. In an article which he contributes to the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Wallace intimates that he believes Riley really found the "Leonaine" poem in an old dictionary, as was alleged at the time the hoax was concocted.

"The moral of all this," comments a writer in the *Record-Herald*, "is that Americans who get up literary jokes should be careful to keep them confined to our own country. A joke ceases to be a joke when an Englishman gets hold of it, and if Mr. Riley is at this late date to be exhibited before the world as an impostor, he has only himself to blame. His hoax should, in the first place, have been accompanied by a diagram for the special use of Englishmen who might by any chance come in contact with it."

Mr. Riley is now doing the best he can to clear himself. He thus "fesses up" in an interview printed in the *Sun*, and dated at Indianapolis, which runs:

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, has made a statement about "Leonaine," the poem which he wrote in his youth in imitation of Poe, and which Alfred Russell Wallace recently published in the *Fortnightly Review*, crediting it to Poe, and giving the circumstances of the find. "It was a mistake due to the folly of my youth that I ever wrote that poem," said Mr. Riley, "and God knows how I have suffered from it. It is always coming up at the most inopportune times, and I suppose it will do so until the end of my life; but I must stand by my error. Of course, I assert that I wrote it, but as to its merits I am not the judge. This same man who wrote this article published one several months ago in the same magazine. It was at the time I was in Philadelphia to receive a degree of honor that it came out, and I was humiliated beyond belief.

"All I have to say about the author is that he is entitled to his belief, as I have stated both that I did write the article and that I did not. In fact, he is as good a man as he believes me to be bad, and that is the greatest praise I could pay him.

"About eighteen years ago I was working on the *Anderson Democrat*. A lot of us got to talking one day about critics, and I said that they did not know what they were talking about. I said that some of my poems were just as good as others poets', but I could not sell them because I signed them simply 'J. W. Riley,' and no one knew who I was."

Riley then told the story of writing the poem and of having it published in a Kokomo paper, with a story to the effect that it had been found in an old book. The poem was widely copied, and led to much discussion, and when proof was demanded, a young man named Richards was employed to write it in the fly-leaf of an old dictionary. He wrote with a quill pen, and with diluted ink, to make it look old, and it was almost a perfect imitation of Poe's handwriting. The old dictionary was purchased by a Mr. Foote, of New York, and Paul Lemperly, of Cleveland, O., now has it.

"When the truth came out," continued Mr. Riley, "I lost my position on the *Anderson Democrat*. No paper would ever print my explanation of the affair. The memory of that time still stands out as one of the saddest experiences in my life, and one that I can never outlive. Even as it is now, there is nothing for me to do but to acknowledge that I wrote it, as I do; but that does not stand, since I once denied being the author. I wrote it, but I did not; I did not write it, but I did, and I am a liar any way you put it."

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

For each of his stories in an English magazine, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle receives five thousand dollars. Nor is this his sole reward. The stories are simultaneously published in an American magazine, and when the series is concluded there will come the book, of which the author has reserved the exclusive rights.

A new volume by Wallace Irwin, author of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.," is to be published in the fall by Dodd, Mead & Co. under the title "The Nautical Lays of a Landsman."

Stephen Phillips is still at work on his new play, which is now definitely promised for autumn. The title originally chosen for it, and announced, was "David and Bathsheba." Inasmuch as that title has recently been appropriated by another author, Mr. Phillips tentatively rechristens his play "The Sin of David."

One year ago, Dr. I. K. Funk promised to make further investigations about the curious finding of the "widow's mite" coin through the so-called "Beecher spirit" and to give the results to the world. Dr. Funk now announces that this investigation has been brought to an end, and that the new book will be ready on May 7th, under the title "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena."

Sir Hiram Maxim, in his just published book on "Monte Carlo Facts and Fallacies," expresses a desire to see roulette introduced into England as a popular pastime, instead of horse-racing. Race horses he regards as

worthless creatures, which are bred simply "for the purpose of deciding gambling bets." Better for the nation to play "an honest game of roulette" than to put its faith in tipsters. So this reformer wants to see "national roulette rooms" established by the government all over the kingdom. The revenue thus amassed would pay off the national debt, supply every conceivable demand for the army and navy, and, instead of the useless race horse, give us "a useful animal suitable for military purposes." To this beneficent policy, says Sir Hiram, nobody would object, except "some of the screeching sisterhood and grandmotherly old gentlemen."

John Uri Lloyd has named his new book "Scroggins," after the principal character, a coachman who, having made much money, tries to live a life of ease.

Whether there is any connection between the popularity of Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby" and a new baby book about to be published is a question which may be left to the wise. The point is that the new baby book, entitled "Bruver Jim's Baby," is by a man, Philip Verrill Mighels.

Louis Tracy, the author of "The Wings of the Morning"—one of the popular books of the day, and a rattling good story of the "Treasure Island" sort—is well known in the sphere of journalism, though his plunge into fiction is a matter of this season's history. He was educated in France, went into journalism, spent six years in the East, and owned and edited newspapers in India and in England. In 1894, he bought, in conjunction with the Harmsworths, the *Evening News* of London. In the winter of 1894, Mr. Tracy, unaided, ran twenty-six soup kitchens for six weeks, spent nine thousand pounds, and fed one and a half millions of hungry London folk—of which feat he is said to be very proud.

A. C. Benson's little biography of Alfred Tennyson is attractive chiefly for its moderate, decorous, and not ineffective iconoclasm. Although Mr. Benson observes a prudent restraint, he judiciously qualifies the portrait of Tennyson given in his son's life. He refers frankly to Tennyson's well-known Rabelaisianism in conversation. He points out that Tennyson rather demanded affection than gave it, and that his absorption in his work and his active interest in the details of life saved him from much suffering. "His affections were essentially of a tranquil kind. His friends found him invariably the same, but it may be doubted whether, in their absence, he thought very much about them."

George Madden Martin, the popular author of "Emmy Lou," has named her new novel "The House of Fulfillment." It will begin serial appearance in May. It is primarily a love-story.

The late Guy Wetmore Carryl laid his new story, "Transgression of Andrew Vane," in Paris, the scene of his "Zut and Other Parisians." The author gives a picture of the American colony in the French capital. The book will be published late this spring.

There will be published this month a new adventure story, entitled "Romance," by Joseph Conrad, author of "Lord Jim," "Youth," and "Falk."

The Macmillan Company has nearly ready for publication a new edition of Aristophanes' "Thesmophoriazusa," acted in Athens in B. C. 410. The Greek text has been revised and "freely" translated into English verse by Benjamin Bickley Rogers.

A new story by Maarten Maartens, called "Dorothea," is announced.

When George R. Sims invented "Tatcho," and made a new fortune with that widely advertised hair tonic, it was evidently only a question of time when some other popular writer would imitate his example. For why should Mr. Sims be the only writer with a hair restorer? A lady novelist has been the first to follow in Mr. Sims's footsteps. She has invented a "Hair Food," which is duly advertised in company with her books.

## A Story of the Two Literary Arnolds.

John Denison Champlin tells an amusing story of Matthew Arnold and the late Sir Edwin Arnold. "Some twenty years ago," he says, "when walking with Matthew Arnold on the banks of the little River Test, near Romsey Abbey, conversation turned on Sir Edwin Arnold and 'The Light of Asia,' published four or five years previously. It is not necessary to enter into Mr. Arnold's opinion of the poem. During the conversation I took occasion to ask him if he were related to Sir Edwin. He paused a moment, as if shocked at the suggestion, and then said:

"No, we are not of kin. Indeed, I doubt if he has any right to the name of Arnold. I have been told that he is of Jewish descent."

"A few weeks later I happened to meet Sir Edwin at a dinner in London, and, prompted by, I hope, a not unpardonable curiosity, propounded a similar query to him.

"No," he replied quickly, with what seemed a shade of asperity in his tone, 'I am not related to Matthew Arnold. We are of wholly different families.'

"Then his face breaking into his peculiar

smile, he added: 'Matthew Arnold is an intellectual dyspeptic. His brain does not digest properly.'

## Byron's Popularity in Russia.

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* of London, commenting on the waning popularity of Byron in England, writes: "It is a little curious that throughout Eastern Europe Byron is almost the best known of our English poets. In country houses, both in Hungary and Russia, I have found complete editions well thumbed and with marginal notes showing a careful study which made me ashamed. At Kieff, in Russia, I was informed by one bookseller that he always kept complete editions in stock and found they had a ready sale. At the little town of Veszprém, in Hungary, Byron's works formed the only volumes of the Tauchnitz edition (or indeed of any other library of English books) available. Byron's works have been quoted to me in conversation at sugar factories in South Russia, where the speaker's knowledge of English was too limited for easy conversation, and I have found translations of some parts in out-of-the-way villages in the Carpathians. The available statistics do not, unfortunately, give any idea of the average yearly sale on the Continent, but I may perhaps add that in two wealthy houses in Russia I have inquired for a copy of Tennyson's poems and found that the late laureate was a person of whom my hosts had never even heard."

The Chicago *Chronicle* runs amuck at the ghost of Poe in this surprising fashion: "There is grave question whether Poe ever did anything to entitle him to lasting fame. He had no imagination at all of the broad, noble, uplifting type. Poe was a past-master in phrase-making, in textual gymnastics, in verbal juggling. He had a certain ingenuity and brilliance of expression that was and is dazzling, but there are many intelligent and clear-thinking people who can not find much of any real content, of solid vital significance, behind the verbal glitter of his work. To them his famous 'Raven' was a bit of artificial, morbid, unmeaning imagination in a narrow, lurid way."



POPE MFG. COMPANY

Bicycle Innovations

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

Pope Quality in Every Wheel

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping, } 401-403 Sansome St.

REMINGTON Standard Typewriter 211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Now Ready Everywhere

SCRIBNERS

THE GREAT POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY OF THIS GENERATION

# The American Natural History

A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America

By WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Director of the New York Zoological Park and author of "Two Years in the Jungle."

With 464 double-column pages and 343 illustrations. \$3.50 net. (Postage extra.)

The fruit of years of study, research, and observation.

The author's aim is to make clear each animal's place in the great system of Nature, and to describe the animal in such a way as to make the reader personally acquainted with it. In scope and arrangement the book is scientific; the manner of presentation is non-technical and popular. It is designed to fill the unoccupied place between the "nature books" and the zoologies. It is thus a book for the student, the teacher and the general reader.

Drawings by Beard, Rungius, Sawyer; Photographs by Sanborn, Keller, Underwood

## MANKIND IN THE MAKING

By H. G. Wells, author of "Anticipations," "The War of the Worlds," etc. \$1.50 net. (Postage extra.)

The ingenuity and audacity of speculation shown in Mr. Wells's novels of the future are fully as characteristic of his serious philosophical thought, and this striking and unusual book suggests a new point of view in the consideration of human affairs. Mr. Wells finds evolution and the new knowledge of hereditary development changing the whole approach to questions of human enterprise, all of which, in his belief, may be judged "from the standpoint of an attentive student of human births and development." Along these lines the new book is written, a very practical and concrete inquiry as to the best methods of securing the physical and mental progress of the race. The book has had a marked success in England, and has excited a great deal of serious discussion.

## THE ROOSEVELT BOOK

Selections from the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, with an introduction by Robert Bridges. Illustrated, 50 cents net.

This is the first volume that has been made which fully represents the various volumes written by Mr. Roosevelt, and reveals the versatility and vigor with which he has written about a wide range of subjects.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS - New York





"The Profligate," which is Pinero's first problem play, was written some fifteen years ago, and is therefore but little suggestive of his later manner. At that epoch of his literary productivity, Pinero had not fallen into the cynicism which is now one of his fixed characteristics. Neither had his dialogue acquired that easy play and diamond glitter which has since lent such distinction to his style.

The problem that is exploited in the play lies in what should or would constitute the attitude of a pure and loving wife when she first discovers the profligate past of the husband she has hitherto believed in. This is a subject of universal interest in a world of marrying and giving in marriage, but scarcely a problem that one man can solve without authority. Wives solve it according to their varying temperaments. With some the wound inflicted upon their love and trust is skinned over, and they study to acquire callousness—and blindness. Some depart in the silence of a broken pride that is never healed. Others stay and fight; rend the welkin with their cries, and take a belligerent satisfaction in getting even by a lifetime of domestic skirmishing. And since profligates are but too often most winning companions during their brief transits across the domestic horizon, the wives of such often take the goods the gods provide, and for the sake of charming companionship and a cloudless domestic sky, and perhaps for more material considerations as well, ignore the earthquake rumblings under their feet, and, profligate-accompanied, go their way in life with dignity, and an outer semblance of serenity.

Pinero's heroine acts the part of the average wife, and is thus true to life. At first, frozen with horror and despair, she cuts herself loose as from an unclean thing, and then, believing in the repentance, unquestionably sincere, and the promises—more open to doubt, but still containing some possibilities of accomplishment—she forgives and reinstates the humbled husband to his place beside her: for is it not the destiny of prodigals and profligates, male or female, to be forgiven seventy times seven?

It is in the handling of his theme that the author showed the prentice hand; a hand which has since acquired an almost unrivaled skill in this special department of dramatic composition. The worldlier-minded Pinero of to-day would never be guilty of allowing a man—and a lawyer, too—to so pass the limits of reserve imposed by friendship, even if he loved the girl whose life was to be wrecked by the viciousness of his friend's past, as to burst into a full-fledged sermon, flung, like a gauntlet, into the teeth of his friend, who is informed that "his mind is vicious and his heart callous"; a sermon, too, so heavily weighted with an over-used figure of speech as to acquire an unwieldy eloquence that is positively soporific. Nor would there occur in his present-day plays such a curious confusion of social conditions as to countenance the nursing and petting of a lady's maid, ill and good-samaritanized though she be, in the drawing-room of an English family—the high sanctuary of caste distinctions, if ever there was one.

In the third act, a situation that is pregnant with emotional possibilities is developed. The wife, believing that her husband's friend is the libertine who has seduced the girl she is befriending, has the two confronted, only to meet with a double humiliation. In insulting the man, from a marriage with whom she wishes to save her friend, she discovers at one blow her humiliating error and the guilt of her husband. In this scene, when Lord Dangers, gravely fixing a monocle in his right eye, politely disclaims all previous acquaintanceship with his suppositions victim, the situation brushes the borderland of the ridiculous, and partakes, too, somewhat of the nature of an anticlimax. But here Pinero's innate ability comes to the front, and he saves the situation by leaving the husband and wife to themselves, and the act is brought to a dramatically strong conclusion.

The final act consists of a series of exits and entrances of the people for whose bruised and battered destinies the profligate is more or less responsible. It is distastefully minor in key, and is strongly in need of some tonifying influence. Even the comic relief would be almost a welcome diversion, but old Murray, the unappreciated and silent worshiper of the young wife, acts as a sort of buffet for the broken hearts around him, and in the midst of a satirical woe, in comes the profligate, desperately down on his luck and bent on suicide.

Such, as a general thing, are abnormal

and unpleasant people; but when they go to a friend's house bearing the death-dealing vial and ready for action, their undesirable attributes become poignantly offensive. It is quite impossible to think of an up-to-date Pinero profligate of Dunstan Renshaw's stamp committing suicide, and this last proposition fails utterly to carry conviction.

The play, however, closes with the reconciliation of the married pair, the wife tendering forgiveness with this postulate: "I will be your wife and not your judge."

As she is a young thing of nineteen, and the profligate seems to be a good-hearted scamp, fully persuaded, moreover, that she is to be the last and only love of his future, it seems to be the most suitable way of settling their difficulties. This leaves the lawyer man, who remains in a low state of mind all through the play, unacted; likewise the profligate's brother-in-law, who is desperately gone on the betrayed girl; likewise the girl herself, who, as played by Frances Starr, is pretty, piteous, and, in her honorable rejection of the young man's suit, altogether too high-minded to be condemned to a future of sackcloth and ashes. She fades away in a penitential exit, with a ticket to Australia in her pocket, accompanied by the spectators' good wishes and a shrewd conviction that pretty, piteous, high-minded penitents embarked for Australia are morally certain to pick up Australian husbands—men in the abstract being given to plucking fruit that he favors, even though it be spotted.

"The Profligate" went rather haltingly on its first night at the Alcazar, the men being particularly ill at ease. The women were much better, although the conjugal go-goings between the profligate and his bride were almost destructive to gravity. These were the most un-Pinero-like scenes in the play, the conversation between the bridal pair being of the sploshiest and squashest description. They my-deared each other some fifty times in the course of one act, and wreathed their arms around each other in the presence of guests and the servants. Smiles and happiness are particularly unbecoming to Adele Block, her face gaining beauty and almost distinction with the gravity and dignity of serious emotions. That is perhaps one reason why her Kundry was so strikingly handsome in her penitential robes during the last act in "Parsifal." Miss Block, however, when the wife faced the tragedy of a dishonored faith, had her opportunity, and availed herself of it by the quiet, concentrated force of her acting. Mrs. Stonehay, who was a forerunner of the more elegant, and less openly heartless but worldly wise women of the later Pinero plays, was very suitably represented by Marie Howe. Frances Starr, who is always surprising us by her versatility, displayed a sincerity in the acting of emotional scenes that is rather rare in young actresses of her standing in a stock company.

Mr. Durkin shared honors with Miss Block and Miss Starr, while Mr. Conness, shorn of all his glittering villain attributes, was obliged to be very low-voiced and quiet and good and kind. Moreover, he wore a smoking-jacket while tendering hospitality to the broken-hearted. Could inoffensive and harmless domesticity be more convincingly indicated?

Although it attracted but little attention from the public, a recent afternoon performance at the Alcazar deserves more than a passing notice. On this occasion, Margaret Wycherly enacted the leading roles in two plays by William Butler Yeats, the founder and leader of the Celtic Revival, as well of the Irish National Theatre at Dublin, with its resultant dramatic movement which is inspiring the working people there to attempt the enactment of Irish dramas of peasant life left from the past.

Mr. Yeats's recent lecture tour through America, and the views he then expressed concerning the commonness and vulgarity of modern literature and drama, have had the effect of opening the eyes of the public to the personality and convictions of this able young apostle of a cause whose success is problematical.

Mr. Yeats is a born poet, with all a poet's

instinctive paganism—the love of earth's natural beauty, and of the mysticism of these twilight ages which peopled each wooded glade or passing cloud or leafy dell with some spirit of earth or air. A passionate patriotism has impelled him to seek to revive in Ireland, "the one country in Europe," as he puts it, "not debased by commercial ideals," a more general taste for the poetic drama; he desires greatly to bring before the English-speaking Irish of to-day some of the ancient thought and simplicity of ideals that inspired the folklore of the past.

To this end he has written a number of one-act plays, whose motive is based upon the folklore of Erin, and whose charm is best expressed in Robert Louis Stevenson's words of commendation: "Quaint and airy, simple, artful, and eloquent to the heart."

To Margaret Wycherly, formerly of the Alcazar company, belongs the credit of having placed before the San Francisco public two of these plays, "Land of Heart's Desire" and "The Hour Glass." The former, in reviving the ancient Irish legend that the fairy-folk shall carry away the young bride who proffers milk or fire to the strange beggar at the door, is used also by the poet as a vehicle for the symbolism which is characteristic of his muse. Maire Bruin, surrounded by her uncomprehending kindred, with her vague longings for the land of the little people "where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood, and joy is endless," is, no doubt, typical of the poet stifling and a thirst for spiritual ideals in an arid land of sordidness and practicality. The second piece, "The Hour Glass," is a morality, less simple and spontaneous in form, being modeled upon the mediæval miracle plays, which aim to stimulate religious faith. It is, however, in effect but another protest against the doctrine of universal logic—a plea for kinship in things of the spirit. Both plays are tacit records of a poet's flight from actualities into the lost fairyland of the imagination, where reason shall not prevail; for, as it turns out, the salvation of the wise man is wrought by the unquestioning faith of the fool.

Fresh, pure, and genuine as is the poetic quality of these two plays, the possession of inherent dramatic quality is open to question. The majority of the Yeats plays are too strictly national in character to appeal to the mind of the outsider, besides lacking in directness and depth of spiritual meaning. Their misty symbolism is beautiful to read of, but is not suited for stage representation. The looker-on is penetrated with a sense of poetry, but not with emotion; and emotion is the life of the drama.

Miss Wycherly's powers have matured considerably during the time of her absence, and she is fully competent to interpret Mr. Yeats's poetic meanings, and breathe life into his characters. The dreamy exaltation of Maire Bruin's mood and the artlessness of her Teigue the Fool were alike in sympathy with the conception of the author, and although her efforts were not rewarded by a financial success, the artistic quality which stamped them was appreciated by her limited audience. Miss Wycherly was assisted by a group of players of various degrees of ability, but on the whole the characters received tolerably faithful representation, save for that inability of the average actor to drop the intonation of prose in the land of poetry.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Workmen are tearing down the old Tivoli Opera House, which will be replaced by a modern brick and steel structure.

A. P. Hotelling & Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotelling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE**  
Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Beginning next Monday night, the greatest of all musical comedies.

**-- A RUNAWAY GIRL --**

Six hundred nights in London. Three hundred nights in New York. Perfect cast. Beautiful costumes. Picturesque scenery and effects.

Popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, Matinée Saturday only, Klaw & Erlanger present

**GUS AND MAX ROGERS**

In John J. McNally's latest

**THE ROGERS BROS. IN LONDON**

Last time, Sunday, May 15th.

May 16th—Mr. Richard Mansfield.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. One week, commencing Monday, May 9th, the New York and London laughing success, (in four acts), by Alfred Capus,

**-- THE TWO SCHOOLS --**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, May 16th—Colinette.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Week beginning Monday night, May 9th, Mr. MELBOURNE MACDOWELL in a magnificent production of Sardou's dramatic spectacle,

**-- CLEOPATRA --**

Mark Antony—Mr. MacDowell.

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Next production—Empress Theodora.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Beginning Monday, May 9th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the celebrated romantic drama,

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Next—Beyond Pardon.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinee, May 8th. Stars from two continents! Mme Slapofski, England's Greatest Prima Donna Soprano; Midgley and Carlisle; Clara Ballerini; George H. Wood; Ballerini's Dogs; Sisters Gasch; Hal Merritt; Brandow and Wiley; and last week of Davis, Macauley, and Company.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

**THE AL-VISTA CAMERA**  
MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5x12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

**OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN**

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

**MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,**  
1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

**TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS**

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

**PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER**

**ARTISTIC AND DURABLE**

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Mansfield's Engagement.

"The Rogers Brothers in London" at the Columbia Theatre has been viewed by some immense audiences during the past week, and the demand for seats for the second and last week is already great. There will be Sunday night performances, and matinees on Saturdays only. The dramatic festival to be inaugurated at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, May 16th, by Richard Mansfield, promises to prove the most momentous dramatic event of late years. The great actor and his company will come here by special train of even cars, and will be seen in five different plays during the two weeks. The repertoire for the first week is as follows: Monday, "Ivan the Terrible"; Tuesday, "Old Heidelberg"; Wednesday, "A Parisian Romance"; Thursday, "Beau Brummel"; Friday, "Old Heidelberg"; Saturday matinee, "Beau Brummel"; Saturday night, "Ivan the Terrible." It is announced that Richard Mansfield's tour will not include any city in the State of California outside of San Francisco. The management has arranged for the running of special theatre trains from the nearby cities. There have already been sent into the box-office several hundred orders for seats.

French Farce at the Alcazar.

The first San Francisco production of the French comedy, "The Two Schools," will be given at the Alcazar Theatre next Monday evening. The play is by Alfred Capus, is in four acts, and is said to abound in sparkling dialogue and clever situations. The plot is a long series of complications due to the relations of a susceptible young husband, his most equally impressionable father-in-law, and a young woman of the middle class. The situations in which the three are placed are of a broadly farcical nature. The full strength of the Alcazar company will be required in the presentation of this comedy, and Miss Block, Miss Crosby, Miss Starr, and Miss Howe will be seen in the principal feminine roles. Durkin, Maher, Connors, Osbourne, and Hilliard all have parts particularly suited to their respective personalities. Henry Guy Carleton's "Colinette," which Miss Marlowe appeared in with great success, will follow "The Two Schools." This play is so entirely new to San Francisco theatregoers.

Change of Bill at the Tivoli.

Monday night will witness the first performance at the Tivoli Opera House of "A Runaway Girl," which enjoyed a continuous run of six hundred nights at the Gaiety Theatre, London, and which had a career in New York at Daly's Theatre of three hundred nights. "A Runaway Girl" is Winifred Grey, ward of Lord Coodle. She escapes from convent school in Corsica, and joins a band of wandering Corsican minstrels, because she is at the expiration of her studies, to be married to a man she has never seen. She of course meets the man, and ignorant of his identity, falls in love with him, and all ends with a fairy-tale like happiness. This rôle will be impersonated by Dora de Fillippe. Morris Hartman will have the character of the jockey, and lots of fun is anticipated. Teddy Webb will be Professor Tarantini, who, for love of a cockney girl from lackfriars, known in the Corsican band as Armentia, becomes an itinerant minstrel. Miss Myers will be capitally suited as the cockney girl, Carmenita. The rôle of the hero is allotted to Arthur Cunningham. Bessie Annehill will appear as Lady Coodle; Esther King will be seen as Alice, maid to Lady Coodle. The piece is said to be unusually light, witty, and tuneful.

Romantic Melodrama.

The Central Theatre will follow "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with the standard drama, "The Three Musketeers," which is to be staged Monday evening with new scenery and costumes. In this romantic play, Herschel Mayall will have the star part of the brave and reckless D'Artagnan, who carves his way to fame and fortune with his trusty sword. "The Three Musketeers" is brimful of exciting incidents, intermixed with the most delightful kind of comedy. It introduces the royal court of France, with Cardinal Richelieu the central figure. The plot is woven about a intrigue to prejudice the king against his teen, and accident throws into D'Artagnan's way the coveted chance that makes him the teen's champion. The cast will embrace the full strength of the Central stock company, together with several additional actors and actresses.

A Varied Bill.

The Orpheum Circuit Company takes great pleasure in announcing that it has succeeded in securing Mme. Slapofski, England's great prima donna, for a limited engagement, beginning Sunday afternoon, May 8th. She is coming for nine years with the Carl Rosa company in London, and has just completed three years of success as star for Musgrove in Australia. She has a repertoire of forty-two operas, ranging from "Tannhäuser" to "The Artisan Teller," and is thoroughly at home in sixteen oratorios. Her voice is said to be of a phenomenal range and power, rich and

full. Her selections will embrace both high-class and popular compositions." Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle will reappear in their latest edition of the Sammy and Sarah series, entitled "Taking a Tonic." Clara Ballerini, the Italian stage beauty, will reappear in her trapeze act. Another face familiar to San Franciscans will be that of George H. Wood, "the somewhat different comedian." He comes with a big load of his own songs and stories. Arthur Ballerini brings his school of performing dogs direct from London. Hal Davis, Inez Macauley, and company will continue Edmund Day's melodramatic sketch, "Pals." The pretty Gasch Sisters, European equilibrist; Hal Merritt, in his "Poster Girl Monologue"; and Brandon and Wiley, the colored singers and dancers, will complete the programme.

Melbourne MacDowell at the Grand.

Melbourne MacDowell will appear at the Grand Opera House Monday night and all the week as Mark Antony, in a production of Sardou's "Cleopatra." Mr. MacDowell's greatness in this rôle is acknowledged all over the United States. He will be supported by Ethel Fuller as Cleopatra, a rôle in which she has won recognition in the East. "Cleopatra" will be succeeded by "Empress Theodora." Particular attention is to be paid to the staging of "Cleopatra," the stage at the Grand Opera House offering great opportunities for scenic display.

Robert Grau, theatrical manager, has been sued in New York for a printer's bill, and while on the stand he threw some interesting side-lights on the recent Patti tour. He asserts that the contract with Patti called for sixty concerts, and that he, having organized a company to back her, received fifty dollars per week as manager. Only thirty-four concerts were given, there not being "enough territory," to use Mr. Grau's naïve expression, to make the tour a success. He said that the singer became discouraged at continual frosts, and refunded forty thousand dollars rather than continue the tour. Patti must have forgotten this ere she reached England. The London Express quotes her as saying that only one concert was cancelled.

The Bostonians, the most successful opera company in American history, has been disbanded. It was first formed as the Boston Ideal Opera Company, and was one of the first to give "Pinafore." Geraldine Ulman was one of the early stars, and was replaced by Zelle de Lussan. Then there were quarrels, and Henry Clay Barnabee, George Frothingham, William Macdonald, Jessie Bartlett Davis, and others left the company, organizing the Bostonians. They struggled along with little success until 1891, when they produced "Robin Hood," and their fame and fortune was made. Alice Nielsen, Grace Van Studdiford, Camille d'Arville, and Helen Bertram are among the stars who at one time sang with the Bostonians.

"I saw 'Hamlet' played by and adapted for Malays at Singapore," says a correspondent of the Sydney Bulletin; "it was sung instead of spoken, and mostly to English tunes. Hamlet addressed the Ghost to the tune of 'Her Golden Hair,' and killed Polonius to 'Listen to the Band.' Polonius addressed his son to 'That's English, You Know,' and with the king and queen, sang 'Mary Was a Housemaid' to other words. The ghost scene included three ghosts, two clowns, and a bottle of whisky."

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has brought from Egypt some rare treasures for the Stanford University Museum. Among them is a flint statue of Cheops, the builder of pyramids. It dates from 7000 B. C. It, with jewels, rings, necklaces, and bracelets, came from a tomb that was opened just before Mrs. Stanford left Egypt.

Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Death of an English Favorite.

Nellie Farren, star of the first Gaiety company that came to the United States, died in London last week. She came in 1888, and, in company with Fred Leslie, Marion Hood, Lettie Lind, Charles Danby, and others, she played in two burlesques, "Monte Cristo" and "Esmeralda." She was not a great success here, but in London she had acquired the dignity of a British institution, being for thirty years one of England's most popular actresses. She was born in the early forties, and in private life was Mrs. Robert Soutar. In 1898, a benefit was given for her at Covent Garden, she having been afflicted with rheumatism, besides losing most of her money in unsuccessful ventures. All the noted actors in England took part in this benefit, which netted thirty thousand dollars.

William H. Crane will next season appear in "Business is Business," an English version of Octave Mirabeau's "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," which achieved a tremendous success at the Comédie-Française last year. The French production, it will be remembered, was described at length by "St. Martin," the Argonaut's Paris correspondent.

WILSON & CO.

Headquarters for

Fine Shirts  
Underwear  
Hosiery  
Neck Dress, etc.  
All the  
Latest Novelties  
Right Prices

910 MARKET ST.

Bet. Stockton and Powell.

REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5357. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

4 1/2 per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4 1/2 per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-in Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President; W. W. MONTAGUE & CO., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Manager; Jena Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE FOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlndt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. PONO, Pres. W. C. B. OE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier,  
Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary

Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Oupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn.....President  
Geo. D. Gray.....Vice-President  
George F. Lyon.....Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark.....Cashier  
W. F. Williamson.....Attorney

Directors—F. W. Oehrmann, Jr., Geo. O. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.

Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President; HORACE L. HULL, Vice-President; H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
215 Sansome Street. Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.



VANITY FAIR.

According to the dispatches, the youthful Princess Victoria of Wales is being taught to ride astride. This fact is not astonishing, for although the ancient prejudice in favor of the side-saddle for women is uncommonly long in dying, the masculine style has made a bold bid for popularity in recent years. The columns of the London fashion papers contain several advertisements setting forth the advantages of the new divided skirt, and many of the best-known tailors have found it necessary to make special arrangements to cope with the demand in this direction. The advocates of astride riding say it lessens the danger of accident and insures greater comfort for both the rider and the horse. The latter fact is recognized at several hunting centres, notably Exmoor, where a large proportion of the ladies have adopted the latest style, and find it enables them to cover much greater distances with less fatigue than that obtained under the old system.

Mlle. d'Alençon, who is claimed by the Parisian play-going public to deserve the title of the most beautiful actress in the world, is described by Sir Hiram Maxim, in his new book on Monte Carlo, as follows: "As we entered the Casino we noticed one of the most beautiful women we had ever seen, young and graceful, and elegantly attired in one of the smartest of costumes. She passed into the *trente-et-quarante* rooms, and as she took her place at one of the tables I heard an Englishwoman say, 'What a darling—isn't it a pity to see one so young and beautiful in such a place as this?' Among a group of French ladies I heard the expression, 'Quelle Mignonne!' The beauty took a roll of thousand-franc notes from her purse and changed them into plaques—one hundred franc gold pieces—and no matter where she staked she appeared to win. Others were soon following her lead and staking on the same chances; but after having finished her game, the beauty quietly gathered together her pile of gold, changed it back into paper, and majestically floated out of the Casino. I afterwards learned that it was no less a personage than Mlle. d'Alençon."

Regarding woman after middle age. Mrs. L. H. Harris makes, in the *Independent*, a very remarkable statement. She says: "After middle age the average woman begins to care more for women than she does for men. Her allegiance undergoes a psychic change, her eyes are opened, her judgment cleared, and she learns to appreciate her own sex fully. The characteristics that seemed to her hateful frailties long ago, are defended now as their poetic distinctions. She sees in every girl the fair mirage of her own youth; in the pathetic, care-worn face of the young matron the gentle heroism of her other years; in the mother of a grown family her own queen days when sons and daughters suddenly grew tall and proclaimed her. And for them all she has a chastened affinity. Men have passed out of her calculations. They are the things with whom she failed or succeeded, from lover and husband down to her youngest son. And, however much she remains dependent upon them, she is no longer related to them in the same way. She has survived them, and returned to her own."

Charles Battell Loomis has recently been unburlendering his soul on the subject of the feminine "gusher" which one meets at afternoon teas. "You are presented to her," he says, "as 'Mr. Mmmmm,' and she is 'delighted,' and smiles so ravislingly that you wish you were twenty years younger. You do not yet know that she is a gusher. But her first remark labels her. Just to test her, for there is something in the animation of her face and the farawayness of the eye that makes you suspect her sincerity, you say: 'I happen to have six children—' 'Oh, how perfectly dear! How old are they?' She scans the gown of a woman who has just entered the room and, being quite sure that she is engaged in a mental valuation of it, you say: 'They're all of them six.' 'Oh, how lovely!' Her unseeing eyes look you in the face. 'Just the right age to be companions.' 'Yes, all but one.' The eye has wandered to another gown, but the sympathetic voice says: 'Oh, what a pity!' 'Yes, isn't it? But he's quite healthy.' Its a game now—fair game—and you're glad you came to the tea! 'Healthy, you say? How nice. It's perfectly lovely to be healthy. Do you live in the country?' 'Not exactly the country. We live in Madison Square, under the trees.' 'Oh, how perfectly idyllic!' 'Yes; we have all the advantages of the city and the delights of the country. I got a permit from the board of education to put up a little bungalow alongside the Worth Monument, and the children bathe in the fountain every morning when the weather is cold enough.' 'Oh, how charming! How many children have you?' 'Only seven. The oldest is five and the youngest is six.' 'Just the interesting age. Don't you think children fascinating?' 'Again the roaming eye and the vivacious smile. Yes indeed. My oldest—her fourteen and quite original. He says that when he grows up he doesn't know what he'll be. Really? How cute!' 'Yes, he says every morning, a half hour before break-

fast.' 'Fancy! How old did you say he was?' 'Just seventeen, but perfectly girl-like and masculine.' She nods her head, bows to an acquaintance in a distant part of the room, and murmurs in musical, sympathetic tones: 'That's an adorable age.' 'What, thirteen?' 'Yes. Did you say it was a girl?' 'Yes, his name's Ethel. He's a great help to her mother.' 'Little darling.' 'Yes; I tell them there may be city advantages, but I think they're much better off where they are.' 'Where did you say you were?' 'On the Connecticut shore. You see, having only the one child, Mrs. Smith is very anxious that it should grow up healthy' (absent-minded nods indicative of full attention). 'and so little Ronald never comes to the city at all. He plays with the fisherman's child, and gets great draughts of fresh air.' 'Oh, how perfectly entrancing.' Her eye now catches sight of an acquaintance just coming in, and as you prepare to leave her, you say: 'Hope you don't mind a little artistic unconventionality. We always have beer at our teas served with sugar and lemons, the Russian fashion.' 'Oh, I think it's much better than cream. I adore unconventionality.' 'You're very glad you met me, I'm sure.' 'Awfully good of you to say so.' Anything goes at an afternoon tea. But it's better not to go."

Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, advances a new solution of the social problem. This is that among the people earning small wages the wife shall continue a wage producer after as before marriage. He is reported as saying in a recent lecture: "The whole social problem would be solved were the wife to become an income producer. Of course, I refer to the young married couples, where each, before marriage, is earning between \$10 and \$12 a week. I believe that each should continue a wage-earner until the husband's income increases to at least \$20, when the wife can add more to the utility of his money by withdrawing from the wage-producing class."

"For the past few years walking-sticks have been more generally used by the gentlemen of the frock coat," says the *Sartorial Art Journal*; "they will, however, be seen on all occasions during the spring and summer season. The well-groomed man carries his walking-stick to business for service all through the day. It would be quite impossible to say what style of handle is most favored. Each is good if not clumsy in treatment. Thoroughbreds carry the cane for service rather than to twirl in the hand."

The temperate, thoughtful, and reasonable tone of a letter to the *New York Times* from one of its correspondents on "the moral condition of society" gives it a certain weight which letters of this sort seldom have. "No observer of middle age can deny," he says, "that the wonderful increase in material prosperity, the astonishing discoveries made along a hundred roads of learning, and the general expansion of life, have not been followed, as we were once carefully taught to believe would be the case, by a raising of the moral standard in the public mind, but rather by a distinct decline of that standard. What man fifty years old, who has lived that fifty in New York City, can deny that, judged by the usual tests, the average theatrical play is broader, the favorite novel has less respect for the Ten Commandments, manners are not so polished, and, in fact, society is coarser and louder than it was forty years ago? When we seek to discover the cause of this deplorable condition, many men will give many reasons. But against two great sources of evil, though recognized, little seems to be done. From time immemorial stories and plays have had a tremendous influence on the human mind, and were the father of evil openly to manage the campaign, he could hardly do more than is now being accomplished. Until recently, with some exceptions, it was the uneducated mind that was

appealed to, by the gallant robber of the Bowery Theatre, and the polite bandit of the dime novel. But now we have the gentleman burglar on the stage, and clever novels portraying all sorts of vice, to suit all sorts of tastes. The great effort seeming to be to go just as far as possible. The tremendous effect of written matter on the young is well known. Its power is almost magical. No one entirely resists it."

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
April 28th.....	58	48	Tr.	Clear
" 29th.....	60	50	"	Clear
" 30th.....	54	48	"	Cloudy
May 1st.....	56	46	.30	Clear
" 2d.....	64	48	"	Clear
" 3d.....	66	48	"	Clear
" 4th.....	62	50	"	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 4, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.		Shares.		Closed Bid, Asked	
Bay Co. Power 5%	2,000 @ 101			101	101½
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.					
C. T. 5% .....	9,000 @ 81¼-81½			81	81½
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	5,000 @ 98			97½	98
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	43,000 @ 111½-111½			111½	
N. R. of Cal. 5% ..	5,000 @ 117			116½	117
Oakland Gas 5% ..	1,000 @ 107			106½	107
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	6,000 @ 105			104½	105½
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5% .....	7,000 @ 116½			116½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909 .....	11,000 @ 107½-108½			107½	108½
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910 .....	5,000 @ 109			109	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. A. .....	2,000 @ 101½-101½			101½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. B. ....	2,000 @ 102½			102½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906 .....	22,000 @ 104½			104½	104½
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd. ....	2,000 @ 107½			107½	
S. V. Water 6% ..	3,000 @ 104½			104½	105½
S. V. Water 4% ..	10,000 @ 99½-100½			99	99½
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	2,000 @ 99½-100			100	100½
Stockton G. E. 6%	10,000 @ 95			95	97½

STOCKS.		Shares.		Closed Bid, Asked	
Water.					
Contra Costa .....	35 @ 37½			37	40
Spring Valley.....	165 @ 38½-39			38½	39½
Banks.					
Bank of California	5 @ 427½			427½	430
First National.....	25 @ 155				
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	115 @ 60½-61			61	61½
Vigorit.....	150 @ 4½			4½	4¾
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C.S.....	385 @ 49-49½			49	49½
Honokaa S. Co.....	65 @ 11½-12			11½	12
Hutchinson.....	75 @ 8½-9			9	9½
Gas and Electric.					
Mutual Electric.....	25 @ 12½			12½	13
S. F. Gas & Electric	395 @ 62-62½			62	62½
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers ..	50 @ 137½-140			140	140½
Cal. Wine Assn.....	70 @ 91½-92			91½	92½
Oceanic S. Co.....	250 @ 4½			4½	4¾
Pac. Coast Borax ..	20 @ 167-168			165	168

The market has been very quiet, the sugars being traded in to the extent of 475 shares only, with quotations unchanged with the exception of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold up one point to 49½. The water stocks have been steady, with no change in price. Giant Powder, on small sales, advanced one-half point to 61, closing at 61 bid, 61½ asked. The gas stocks have been inactive, without change in price.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



Are the original bottled Cocktails, made of the choicest old liquors and properly aged to perfection. When other brands are offered it's for the purpose of larger profits—the original of anything is best.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. Hartford New York London

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO. 400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.



THE CALL Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody. The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign. Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year. JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critic.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00

"Who has the right time?" The man who has ELGIN TIME every time

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, was asked, the other day, to define the word bonanza. Mr. Mack has had some experience in mining propositions, and replied: "A bonanza is a hole in the ground owned by a d—d liar."

A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice. "Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"

F. Hopkinson Smith, the author and artist, told this mother-in-law yarn at Washington, D. C., the other evening: "Arrah, you're lookin' very sad," said Pat O'Hollihan, addressing his friend Denis, the other day. "Oi feel sad!" responded Denis; "Oi've lost my mother-in-law. I tell you it's hard to lose your mother-in-law!" "Hard!" exclaimed Pat; "b'gorrah, it's almost impossible!"

Paderewski stood festooned over the back of a carved oak chair at an evening reception with the purring of much femininity around him. One insignificant woman, after alienating all her friends by snatching a three-minute talk with him, prepared to move away. "I beg that you will stay, madam," said Paderewski, with the melancholy of Poland's snows and his own personal *ennui* patent in his voice; "you are the only lady in the room to-night who has not asked me how I feel when I play."

George Ade's new opera, "The Sho-Gun," was "tried on the dog" in Milwaukee. It was found too long at the first performance. It was cut, but at the second and third presentations it was still too long, so Ade, Luders, the writer of the music, and Colonel Savage, the manager, sat up nights pruning and cutting, even looking for superfluous words. Ade was crossing the stage, still figuring on more cuts, when a chorus-girl approached him, and said, beseechingly: "Mr. Ade, I wish you could write two or three little speeches to brighten up my part. You know I have nothing to say." "Thank the Lord," said Ade, fervently; "I wish there were more people in it that had nothing to say."

When Marquis Ito was in the United States, in 1901, an inexperienced St. Paul reporter sought an interview with him. He met Ito's secretary, and thus made known his mission: "Me newspaper man. Me write news. Me heardee marquis velly ill. He better to-day? You save?" began the reporter, to the secretary's amazement. But the latter was equal to the occasion. "Me save," he said, gravely; "marquis he no better. Velly bad. Catchee cold. Doctor him no lettee him leave hied to-day. You save?" The interview proceeded this way, but at its termination the secretary, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked: "The marquis is greatly fatigued by his arduous journey, but—" But the reporter fled.

"Jim," an old colored retainer, had never been on speaking terms with truth. One day his mistress lost her temper, and rated him soundly. "Jim," she said, "you have been on this place ever since before I can remember, and ever since I can remember you've been the most unmitigated liar I have ever known. To my own knowledge, you've been promising these forty years past that you'd learn to tell the truth, but you never learn. Now, I want to know, once for all, will or will you not, in one single instance, tell me the truth?" "Deed, Miss Lizzie," Jim answered, his head hung in shame, "I'll try; but you mus' member I was bo'n in this family, and I s'pect I've herited some of de family traits."

James McNeil Whistler was extravagantly fond of a French poodle that he owned, and once, when the animal had throat trouble, its owner had the audacity to send for Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great throat specialist. Mackenzie was not a bit pleased at being called to treat a dog. But he prescribed, and got partial revenge by charging a big fee. He still further "got even" the next day by sending for Whistler to come to him immediately. The artist, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work, and rushed like the wind to Mackenzie's. On his arrival, Sir Morell said, gravely: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

Senator Spooner tells a story of a Wisconsin lawyer who had as a client a farmer, who had gone to court with a neighbor over the ownership of a strip of land. The farmer, in talking it over with his attorney, suggested that a present to the presiding judge of a fine pair of turkeys might help his case. The lawyer, horrified at the suggestion, told him that if he did such a thing he would surely lose his suit. Nothing more was said of the turkeys until after the trial, in which the

farmer was winner. When the news was brought to him, he expressed his satisfaction, adding: "I sent him the turkeys!" Too astonished at the man's temerity to say anything, the lawyer merely stared at his client. "Yes," chuckled the farmer, "I sent him the turkeys, but I sent them in my opponent's name!"

Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures—an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "hear, hear," ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly, and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honeyed tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."

## A Real Conversation.

[In a newspaper office.]

EDITOR—How do you do? Won't you sit down?

LADY—Thank you very much. I hope I'm not interrupting your work.

EDITOR—Not at all.

LADY—I won't keep you a moment. You have read Mr. Richardson's letter of introduction, have you not?

EDITOR—Yes. He says something about a fashion article. Of course, our arrangements with regard to—

LADY—Oh, yes I know. I simply mentioned fashions to Mr. Richardson because that seemed the most likely thing. But, as a matter of fact, I would much rather do you something in the way of society notes or something of that kind. You see, I know a great many people in society, such as—

EDITOR—I'm afraid we have no opening in that direction. Our society—

LADY—Of course, what I really meant was the sort of thing that the ordinary lady journalist, for instance, couldn't get hold of, such as house-parties and—

EDITOR—I'm afraid—

LADY—Private receptions and—

EDITOR—No, I'm afraid—

LADY—All that sort of thing, don't you know. I should be very pleased to send you in some specimen notes so that you could see whether they were likely to be of any use to you.

EDITOR—I don't like to trouble you to do that. As a matter of fact, we have no use for that class of work at all. You might try—

LADY—Mr. Richardson suggested that I might write you a short story. You do have a short story every week, don't you?

EDITOR—Oh, yes, but—

LADY—I brought a story with me that I thought might be suitable for your paper. It's rather—oh, yes, here it is. I was going to say it's rather longer than you usually have, but there's nothing like variety, I suppose, is there?

EDITOR—I'm afraid this is far too long for us. Our stories are about a quarter this length.

LADY—I see. At any rate, you might just read it through, and then, if necessary, I could cut it down a little.

EDITOR—Oh, I'll look through it with pleasure. Good-morning.

LADY—Good-morning. Thank you so much. Oh, I was nearly forgetting my purse. Thank you. Good-morning! [She goes out.]

EDITOR—Send that back about the end of the week.—Reported by Keble Howard in London Daily Mail.

## Many Appetizing Dishes

can be made doubly delightful and nutritious by the use of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which is not only superior to raw cream but has the merit of being preserved and sterilized, thus keeping perfectly for an indefinite period. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## From a Physician's Standpoint.

He who eats  
And runs away  
Will have dyspep-  
Sia some day.  
—Baltimore American.

## She.

Her sleeves are 1830,  
And her skirt is '61.  
Her tresses in the manner  
Of Louis Quinze are done.  
Her hat is quite Colonial,  
Her brooch is pure antique.  
Her belt is 1850.  
But when you hear her speak,  
What year the maid belongs to  
You do not wonder more.  
Her dress is many periods  
But her slang is 1904.  
—Washington Post.

## The Ancient Russian Mariner.

It was an ancient mariner  
Who stopped a Journal cub;  
"Unhand me!" the reporter said,  
"Thou art a fresh old dub!"

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"  
The young reporter said;  
"Methinks I hear the merry buzz  
Of drivewheels in thy head!"

"I am a ghost," the sailor said  
In accents strange and low;  
"I sailed from old St. Petersburg  
About a month ago."

"Snug in our strong torpedo-boat  
For ten long days sailed we;  
We were the worst that ever burst  
Into the Yellow Sea!"

"And when we struck the Yellow Sea  
We went upon a drunk—  
The Japs attacked us savagely  
And straightaway were we sunk!"

"Upon the bottom lay our boat;  
Happy? Well, I don't think!  
Water, water everywhere  
And not a drop to drink!"

"When we were tired of staying sunk  
We rose with might and main,  
And then the Japs would rally round  
And sink us once again!"

"Thus were we sunk, my lad, about  
Three dozen times, I guess;  
First by the Japs and then by the  
Associated Press!"

"And Hears, he sank us fifteen times  
With much red ink and gloom,  
So I have journeyed here to haunt  
His Presidential boom!"  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Preparation.

In spring the young man's fancy turns to where  
The blissful summer holidays he'll pass  
And radiantly shine in fashion's glass  
Among the glittering throng of maidens fair.  
He cuts expenses that he may prepare  
To hook the pliant heiress from the mass  
Of budding beauty. Twelve per week, alas!  
This counter-jumping job is dark despair!  
Instead of good cigars and cigarettes,  
A corn-cob pipe he smokes with thoughtful brow,  
And vows free lunch is, after all, not bad.  
This sacrifice for love brings no regrets—  
He even feels a slight affection now  
Around the region of his liver-pad.  
—Eugene Geary in Judge.

Siliens—"Life is full of trials." Cynicus  
—"Yes, but there are not half enough con-  
victions."—Philadelphia Record.

## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.



In this package you get both liquid and powder. This is the Large Size.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

St. Paul ..... May 14 | St. Louis ..... May 28  
Philadelphia ..... May 21 | Germanic ..... June 4

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Noordland ..... May 14, 10 am | Westernland ..... May 28, 10 am  
Merion ..... May 21, 1 pm | Friesland ..... June 4, 1 pm

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha ..... May 14, 4 pm  
Minneapolis ..... May 21, 10:30 am  
Minnetonka ..... May 28, 9 am  
June 4, 10 am

Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Southwark ..... May 14 | Labrador ..... May 28  
Canada ..... May 21 | Kensington ..... June 4

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Potsdam ..... May 10 | Ryndam ..... May 24  
Rotterdam ..... May 17 | Noordam ..... May 31

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.

Kronland ..... May 14 | Finland ..... May 28  
Zeeland ..... May 21 | Vaderland ..... June 4

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Teutonic ..... May 11, 10 am | Majestic ..... May 25, 10 am  
Celtic ..... May 13, 4 pm | Arabic ..... May 27, 4 pm  
Cedric ..... May 18, 7 am | Oceanic ..... June 1, 8 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric ..... May 10, June 16, July 14  
Cretic ..... June 2, June 29, August 11  
Republic (new) ..... June 9, July 7, August 22

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic ..... May 14, June 18, July 30  
Canopic ..... May 28, July 2, August 27

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Doric ..... Wednesday, June 1

Coptic ..... Wednesday, June 23

Gaelic ..... Thursday, July 14

Doric ..... Thursday, August 18

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO

## KISEN

## KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan

Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,

and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904

America Maru ..... Thursday, May 12

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 14, at 11

A. M.

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, May 25, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, May 29, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily consid-  
ered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is  
not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, T. T. DARGIE,

President. Secretary

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its  
real worth apart from the quality of the materials  
which enter into its construction, and the artistic  
beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympa-  
thetic tone, in the possession of which it stands alone.*

## CLARK WISE &amp; CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance Lawrence, daughter of Mrs. M. V. Tingley Lawrence, to Mr. Robert Armstrong Dean. The wedding will take place in June.

The wedding of Miss Edna Barry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barry, of Oakland, to Mr. Philip Clay, took place at St. John's Episcopal Church, Oakland, on Saturday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward Gee. Miss Madeline Clay was maid of honor, and Miss Letitia Barry, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss May Coogan, and Miss Marion Goodfellow were bridesmaids. Mr. Robert Bain, Jr., was best man, and Mr. Herbert Barry, Mr. Arthur Geisler, Mr. Moulton Warner, Mr. Alford Plaw, and Mr. Aaron Brock acted as ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Clay, upon their return from their two weeks' wedding journey, will live in Blythe-dale until their residence on Steiner Street is ready for them.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, 2885 Washington Street. Others at table were Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Miss Gwin, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Mrs. James Robinson.

Miss Mary Barker gave a reception on Wednesday at her residence, 1119 Castro Street, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. Bernard Miller (nee Burdge). Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Lillian Moller, Miss Ethel Parker, Mrs. Grace Waterhouse, Miss Florence Starr, Mrs. John Hampton Lynch, Mrs. James P. H. Dunn, Miss Mona Crellin, Mrs. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Miss Jane Crellin, Miss Ethel Crellin, Mrs. William Hamilton Morrison, Mrs. Walter Starr, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Grace Holt, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Pheby, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Emma Wellman, Miss Georgie Strong, Miss Eva Powell, Mrs. John Henry Dieckmann, Mrs. Walter Hughes, Mrs. Frederick P. Cutting, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Miss Jane Rawlings, Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Emma Mahony, Miss Mary Wilson, Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr., Miss May Coogan, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Florinne Brown, Mrs. Edmund Baker, Mrs. Henry Drew Nichols, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Ellys, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Mrs. Frank Marion Smith, and Mrs. Theodore L. Barker.

The naval officers at Mare Island gave a dance on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. Theodore H. Hittell, 808 Turk Street, the Sequoia Club, which is to be in the nature of a *salon*, and which is to encourage art, music, literature, and the drama, was founded. The club was organized by Miss Ednah Robinson. The officers elected at Wednesday night's meeting were: President, Charles S. Aiken; vice-president, Miss Jessie Peixotto; secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding; treasurer, British Consul-General Courtenay W. Bennett; directors, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Franklin K. Lane, Miss Ednah Robinson, and William Greer Harrison.

The University of California Glee Club singers will start for St. Louis on May 22d.

## Dr. Stewart's Concert.

The programme of Dr. H. J. Stewart's concert, which takes place at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, May 12th, contains several of the composer's recently published songs which will be heard for the first time in public, and among these may be mentioned "Contrasts" and "A Boat Song," Mrs. Carrie B. Dexter; "A Winter Love Song," Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson; "A Little Way," Miss Ella V. McCloskey; "For Love of Thee," Miss Camille Frank; "A California Night Song," with cello obbligato, Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs; "The Lords of Song" and "The Angelus," S. Homer Henley. Mrs. Blanche King Arnold will sing Beethoven's "Adelieda" and "In questa tomba," and Paul Freidhofer will contribute some violin-cello solos. The concerted music includes the celebrated trio of the Rhine-Maidens from Wagner's "Gotterdammerung."

## Banquet to Mr. Burnham.

D. H. Burnham, the Chicago architect, was given a banquet at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening, the object of the gathering being to hear Mr. Burnham's views upon the beautifying of a large city. He spoke at length upon the topic, giving much valuable advice. Others who spoke upon the subject of architectural art were Mr. Allen Pollok, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. H. U. Brandenstein, Mr. John McCaleb, Mr. John McNaught, Mr. A. A. Watkins, Mr. James Ried, Mr. John Galen Howard, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, and Mr. Leon Sloss. The banquet was attended by a large number of representative citizens.

## The Success of the Red Lion.

The managers of The Red Lion Grill, confident as they were of success, hardly looked for the rush of patronage that their venture has attracted. Business and professional men have hailed The Red Lion with joy, for it enables them to obtain, close at hand, food and service that heretofore had necessitated a trip up town. The soft colors and harmonious furnishings of The Red Lion, its crimson-shaded lights, its snowy linen, glittering glass and silver, also make an appeal to the feminine heart, and the result is that the dinner crowd is increasing day by day. The Red Lion can be entered from Bush or Pine Streets, below Montgomery, or from the Mills Building.

The Mechanics Savings Bank, incorporated January 21, 1904, after three months spent in temporary upstairs quarters—during which time assets of \$400,000 were accumulated—has opened for a regular savings and loan business at the south-west corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets. The new quarters are attractive in every respect, and the officers are receiving congratulations upon the location and progress of the bank.

The summery weather that has arrived has made welcome to tourists and other visitors the sea breezes that blow over Mt. Tamalpais. All who make the trip come away enthusiastic over the ride up and down the mountain, the view from the top, and the hospitality and good cheer of the Tavern of Tamalpais.

To-day (Saturday), the last day of the racing season, will draw a large crowd to the Oakland Track. The fourth race, a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, with a purse of six hundred dollars, will be one of the main attractions.

## Two "Camilles."

New York, of which Broadway is a part, and where dramatic critics have been made cynical and acrid by witnessing many poor productions, has been all torn up over two revivals of "Camille," one by Margaret Anglin at the Hudson Theatre, the other by Virginia Harned at Harlem. The majority of the critics have chosen to laugh at this matinee girls' classic, and to smother its cough and tears in showers of laughter and sarcasm. Miss Harned's acting is given much praise, but there is a wide difference of opinion as to Miss Anglin. The *Herald* says that she was "one of the fairest and most lovable Marguerites the metropolitan stage has seen, . . . and won all hearts." The *Sun* and *World* aver that her greatly increased weight unfits her for the rôle. The *Sun* also says that the part is "beyond her reach." The *Times* says: "In spite of puffs preliminary that have come across the continent from the Pacific Slope, one was not prepared to see Miss Anglin take a metropolitan audience quite so completely by storm." Others had nothing good to say of her, averring that she was a Sunday-schoolish, Quaker-like, goody-goody Marguerite Gautier. Henry Miller, her co-star, played Armand with sincerity and force, but is too mature for the part, and lacks the necessary temperament, according to the critics. Nearly all of them have taken the play as a theme for paragraphs or columns of ridicule. William Winter, of the *Tribune*, too serious to joke about affairs dramatic, excoriates it in language that is vigorous, picturesque, and pyrotechnic. He says little or nothing of the players—he has not much room after a column of "roast" of "Camille," of which the following is a sample:

A sporadic exhalation of pulmonary love occurred last night, causing thrills of solicitude, medical as well as sentimental, partly in town and partly in the suburbs. In other words, Margaret Anglin, at the Hudson Theatre, and Virginia Harned, at the Harlem Opera House, appeared as Marguerite Gautier, commonly known here as Camille. This suffering female's cough had not been heard for a long time, and there was prevalent a resigned conviction that she had been quietly inured. The belief proves to have been illusory. A cruel Fate has prolonged her misery, and still she lives. Not horebound, paregoric, lucent squills, jalap, nor lubricating oil of cod, nor all the oxygen that ever fizzed, can, as it now appears, relieve her chest, nor keep her pipes from wheezing. And yet, as it likewise appears, she can not expire. This is a melancholy state of things, as well for the anxious friends as for the distressed patient; but it can not be helped—the disease being slow and the victim tough. . . . Camille, no doubt, is an object of pity, but the stage presentment of such a figure as a proper object of sympathy and respect is both foolish and vicious. The questions implicated in the play are questions for private judgment. The subject should not be intruded into the theatre. It concerns the medical profession and the clergy; it does not concern the arts. Least of all should it be thrust upon the consideration of young people, who, for the most part, compose the theatrical audience. . . . The thing that they do vitiate, or directly tend to vitiate, is refinement—and that mischief they accomplish on the obtrusion of foul topics into daily observance and conversation. Grace and gentleness of mind, sweetness of thought, delicacy of feeling, the beauty of refinement—which is the soul of perfect manners—those are the virtues which lie at the basis of civilization, and those, accordingly, are the virtues that every form of art should foster.

To add to the interest, there have been interviews with the principals. Miss Anglin says that Camille was an ingénue, and that, while she was a depraved woman, her heart was as pure as a child's, keeping her from realizing the enormity of her sin. She insists, too, that a woman might be morally bad, still have some of the higher instincts. Miss Harned takes another view of the matter. "Camille was no chicken," she says. She adds, though, that she became ennobled through love, and rose to "beautiful heights of pure love and sincere religious devotion." Miss Harned further says: "The American women, barring those in so-called society, are the most moral women of any nation on earth. Of society women I have nothing to say. They have too much leisure time to be moral." On the other hand, according to Miss Harned, American actresses are extremely moral, being too busy to be otherwise.

Mr. Miller, though, grew savage at New York's lack of appreciation, and at the closing matinee, made a speech scoring the public in general and the dramatic critics in particular. "I think they are a lot of ignoramus," he said of the latter, when interviewed afterward. "They wanted to write something funny, and some of them succeeded. . . . You must not think I am 'sore,' or that they have got under my skin. They have got into my pocketbook. The critic who goes to a serious play and does not take it seriously is worse than a thief. That is the worst I can say about him."

—THE IMPORTATIONS OF MOET & CHANDON White Seal in New York during 1903 were 92,198, or an excess of 28,551 cases over any other. This brand has the preference at a smart functions.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. You can trust a soap that has no biting in it, that's Pears'.

Established over 100 years.

## FIRST REGULAR EXHIBITION

— OF —

## Paintings of Californi Landscape

— BY —

## ELMER WACHTEL

One of the most prominent artists  
Los Angeles

From May 7th to May 20th

— AT —

## Schussler Bros. Art Galler

119 GEARY STREET.



Summer homes are far more attractive when

**Dorflinger Glassware**

is used for the table and sideboard. Find the dealer.

*Glassware*

## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells, etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

## NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

455 Sutter St., San Francisco,  
Telephone Bush 639.

## Menlo Park

We have for sale ONE OF THE FINEST HOMES IN THE FAIR OAKS DISTRICT House, stables, and outbuildings in first-class condition. Thirty acres of land, highly improved splendid oaks; electric lights throughout. Convenient to station. An ideal gentleman's country home. Particulars on request. Apply to

## SELBY, RODGERS &amp; CO

116 California Street.

Telephone Main 673.

**There is no Substitute for**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**It is a Matter of Health**



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford arrived from Japan last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip are at the Hotel Richelieu for the summer months.

Miss Agnes Tobin has returned from Europe.

Miss Jane Wilshire has gone East to visit relatives and friends, and will not return until the autumn.

Dr. Harry Tevis will leave on Tuesday for the East and Europe.

Miss Pearl Sabin has returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels and Mrs. Shiels's mother, Mrs. Charles A. Bennett, sail on the steamer *Mongolia* to-day (Saturday) for a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. Charles Fernald is here from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray returned on Sunday from a visit to Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent (*née* Harris) have gone to New York. After remaining there for several weeks, they will sail for Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Bowman will occupy the Gedge residence on Steiner Street during the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Gedge in Europe this summer.

Miss Ethel Shorb has returned from Mare Island, where she has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Glennon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Ashe will spend most of the summer months at their country place at Tres Pinos.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne leave town in a few days for their country place at Mountain View, where they will pass the next three months.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Burden (*née* Twombly) arrived last Sunday on their wedding journey, en route to Honolulu, sailing on Thursday.

Mrs. John B. Casserly has been visiting friends in Los Angeles during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Younger have gone to San Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Nannie Rodgers has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rodgers at their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Kent has arrived from the East, and will spend the summer with her brothers, Mr. Horace Platt and Mr. John Platt.

Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman has returned from Paso Robles.

Mrs. Cole is expecting a visit soon from her daughter, Mrs. Martin Crimmins, who will probably spend the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have gone on a trip abroad, and will be away for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Younger were among those recently registered at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Camillo Martin and Miss Grace Martin have returned to their country place in Marin County for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hume (*née* Eckart) have returned from their wedding journey.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned this week from a trip which included Oregon, Montana, and Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Merrill have taken a cottage in Sausalito for the summer months.

Mrs. S. M. Damon and Miss Damon, of Honolulu, are the guests of Mrs. John F. Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones were among the recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion A. Hirschman will spend the summer months at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Carrie Merry will be the guest during May of Miss Constance Borrow, of Sausalito.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper and Miss Elsa Draper have returned from the East.

Miss Anna Perkins, of Ventura, has been the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins.

Baron and Baroness von Horst sailed from New York on Saturday for Europe.

Mrs. George W. Stone leaves next week for an extended trip to New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis.

Mrs. E. C. Horst is expected back from Europe within a few days.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. Ernest Tack and Mr. Richard Taher, of Germany, Mrs. L. Townsend, Miss L. S. Wright and Miss Hammon, of New York, Mrs. D. Desmond and Miss Desmond, of Los Angeles, Miss C. E. Seahury, Miss C. O. Seabury, and Miss N. F. Cummings, of New Bedford, Mr. E. M. Seligman, of London, Mr. J. A. Colby, of Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. P. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Carroll, Mrs. J. J. Mackinley, Mr. J. L. Samuels, Mr. J. H. Harold, and Mr. H. G. Hinckley.

The week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Fitch and Miss Fitch, of Magdala, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Soderberg, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. M. Welcker, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Grinbaum, Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Truitt, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hunsaker, Mr. and Mrs. F. Israel, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. Pauline Franklin, Mrs. Long, Mrs. G. E. Whitman, Miss Whitman, Miss M. Miller, Mr. C. Sonntag, Mr. Robert McMahon, Mr. Leavitt Baker, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. S. L. Jones, Mr. C. Pomeroy, Mr. P. H. Lombard, Mr. M. D. Miller, Mr. W. H.

Morrison, Mr. W. L. Meussdorfer, Mr. Harry P. Franklin, Mr. Julius Van Vliet, and Mr. F. L. Berry.

## Army and Navy News.

General Lucien Foote, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Foote expect to go East soon.

Major Guy L. Edie, Medical Department, U. S. A., who is at present in Philadelphia on duty, will be joined there in the near future by Mrs. Edie, who, with her daughters, has been spending the past few months in San Francisco.

Captain James Ronayne, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from his leave of absence.

Captain Robert S. Ahernethy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred with his company from Fort McDowell to the Presidio.

Major Joseph Pendleton, U. S. M. C., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Thomos* last Saturday. Mrs. Pendleton and her daughter will remain in the East during Major Pendleton's absence.

Lieutenant W. L. Reed, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will be regimental quartermaster while Captain E. A. Root, U. S. A., is absent on sick leave.

Lieutenant J. C. Nicholls and Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Thomos* for Honolulu, where they will be stationed for the next two years.

Captain A. S. Conklin, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., in command of the Twenty-Seventh Company of Coast Artillery, has been ordered to take station at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant Henry T. Bull, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bull sailed on the *Thomos* last Saturday for the Philippines.

Colonel Henry Wygant, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Leavenworth, Kas., where he will join Mrs. Wygant.

Naval Constructor F. B. Zahm, U. S. N., was registered at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mrs. Bull, wife of Captain James H. Bull, of the United States steamer *Sofoce*, will remain here until that boat returns in August.

Captain J. F. Moser, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the United States steamer *Pensacola*, and granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant James G. Bollinger, U. S. N., has reported for duty as executive officer of the United States steamer *Manning*.

Lieutenant Julian Decout, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., will report for duty at the St. Louis Exposition.

Paymaster David Potter, U. S. N., who succeeds Paymaster John Irwin at the Mare Island Navy Yard, arrived Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Potter.

The United States steamer *Mohicon* is expected to sail for the Philippines to-day (Saturday).

## Mr. Wachtel's Pictures.

Interest has been attracted this week by the exhibition at Schussler Bros. Gallery, 119 Geary Street, of paintings done by Elmer Wachtel. Mr. Wachtel, who is well known in the East, has chosen Southern California landscapes for his subjects, and while faithfully following their colorings, he has infused into his pictures a poetic feeling that makes them doubly attractive. Brilliant as they are in coloring, they are soft, reposeful, and of the kind that invite continued acquaintance. The coast line, meadows, poppy-fields, with their great splotches of gold, are among the subjects treated, and one and all show a mastery of color, technique, and composition. There are two large canvases: "Montecito Coast" and "Evening Glow, Sierra Madres." It is hard to choose between them, although preference seems to fall to the later, with its soft, dusky, evening effect. The exhibition continues until May 20th.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

The University of California members of the Bohemian Club will entertain the other members of the club to-morrow (Sunday) evening with songs, papers, and scenes from an Elizabethan comedy.

—THE SALES DURING THE YEAR 1903 OF MOET & Chandon White Seal were 4,013,684 bottles, a figure never before reached by any other champagne house. White Seal is the champagne of the day.

## Enormous Yosemite Travel.

Santa Fé travel to Yosemite Valley is assuming enormous proportions. By the Santa Fé alone may the famous California Big Trees be seen without side trip or extra expense. It is also the short, quick way. Seats on the stage may be reserved at 641 Market Street, Santa Fé office.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT-waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

## A. Hirschman.

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

Just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

## THE HORSE FAIR.

The First in New York—Interesting and Exciting—Several Accidents—Fine Draught Horses—Riding and Polo Games.

The first annual Horse Fair took place at Madison Square Garden, New York, on April 26th and 27th. It was very interesting, and at times exciting. It began with a race between eight thoroughbred horses, each one mounted by a jockey in cords and silks. But while the arena is a large one, it is scarcely large enough for a race with eight starters. Therefore there were several accidents. One horse ran into the barrier at the west end of the arena, hurling his rider over his head into the crowd. Another fell and rolled over his rider. A third caught his fore feet in the posts marking the race-course, and fell under another horse's feet. Both jockeys were thrown heavily. They were, however, not seriously injured. In the second heat, King-holt, a fine jumper, fell, breaking his leg, and had to be shot. After this race, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals met with some of the officials of the fair, and ruled that thereafter not more than four horses should be started in each heat.

One of the most interesting features of the fair was a trotting race, under saddle, in which three heats of a mile each were trotted. There were nine laps to the mile, the course being marked off close to the boxes. There was no promenade between the boxes and arena, as in the annual Horse Show.

More in the line of a fair was the exhibit of draught horses. Twenty-five magnificent animals were led around the ring, their average weight being two thousand pounds. The gray gelding Sampson, nineteen hands high, weight twenty-five hundred pounds, is said to be the largest draught horse in the world. Eighteen of the twenty-five draught animals exhibited were sold during the fair.

Among the more showy features of the fair were the high-school riding and polo games. Miss Lillian Shaffer and Miss Helene Gerard rode some perfectly trained high-school horses. Miss Shaffer rode one peculiarly marked animal, its ears, mane, and neck, and part of its body, being black, and its legs and face milk white. Another highly trained horse was a handsome flea-bitten roan, ridden by Miss Gerard.

Polo matches were played between two teams, the Durland Riding Academy and the Horse Fair team. They were very good, considering the small size of the arena for polo. The men played with a round inflated ball, nearly as large as a football.

To many the most interesting part of the programme was the exhibition of four-in-hand driving by Charles K. Townes and Morris E. Howlett, sons of two famous professional whips, one in London and the other in Paris. Their driving was superb. It would be difficult to say which excelled. An amusing feature of this part of the programme was that the two professional whips acted very much like two opera prima donnas, each refusing to take second place on the programme, and their absolutely refusing to drive together. After a vast deal of diplomacy on the part of the board of managers, Mr. Fownes was placed first and Mr. Howlett last on the programme.

The fair was so successful that the managers announce its repetition next year. New York, April 30, 1904. FLANEUR.

—WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS IN GREAT variety at Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

## Wanted

by a young woman student of Stanford University, some employment for the summer vacation, May 18th to August 18th. Address H. T. 329 Lincoln, Ave. Palo Alto, Cal. The best of references given.

## CAMPING



Provide yourself with one of our **Provision Boxes**—the freshest and very best quality staples and delicacies. Packed in sizes for a day's trip or a week's outing. We pay the freight and deliver to your nearest station. Send or call for our price list.

**SMITHS' CASH STORE Inc.**

25 Market St., S. F.

Phone us—Exchange 560.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the BALL ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Palmard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. X. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.



# Santa Fe

## ALL THE WAY

### CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30 A M**—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL. Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

**9.30 A M**—THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED. Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.10 p. m., Bakersfield 5.50 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 11.50 p. m.

**4.00 P M**—STOCKTON LOCAL. Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

**8.00 P M**—OVERLAND EXPRESS. Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.35 p. m.

\* Daily.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

### LESSEE

### SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tithuron Ferry, Foot of Market St.

#### San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 3.30, 5.10, 6.30 p. m., Thursdays—Extra trip at 11.30 p. m., Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.50 and 11.30 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.20, 11.30 p. m.

#### San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 7.35, 9.50, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20 p. m., Saturdays—Extra trip at 2.05 and 6.35 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.40, 11.15 a. m.; 1.40, 3.40, 4.55, 5.05, 6.25 p. m.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect Sept. 27, 1903.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	Week Days.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Ignacio.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.		10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.00 p. m.		6.05 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Novato	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	Petaluma	10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.00 p. m.	Santa Rosa.	6.05 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Fulton.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.		10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Windsor.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	Healdsburg.	10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Lytton.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	Geyersville.	10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Cloverdale.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.		10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Hopland.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	Ukiah.	10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Willits.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.		10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Guerneville.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.		10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Sonoma.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	Glen Ellen.	10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Sebastopol.	9.10 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	3.30 p. m.		10.40 a. m.	10.20 a. m.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altura and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyersville for Skages Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lake, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pono, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hallville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Calito, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Iyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Sunday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket office 641 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RVAN, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.

## NORTH SHORE

TO SAN RAFAEL, ROSS VALLEY, MILL VALLEY, CAZADERO, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry.

Suburban Service, Standard Gauge Electric—Depart from San Francisco

Daily 7.00, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 11.45 p. m.

FROM SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO

Daily 8.25, 9.40, 10.35, 11.05, a. m., 12.20, 1.45, 2.55, 3.40, 4.45, 5.40, 6.45, 8.45, 10.30 p. m.

FROM MILL VALLEY TO SAN FRANCISCO

Daily 8.45, 9.55, 10.55, 11.20 a. m., 12.35, 2.00, 3.15, 4.05, 5.05, 6.05, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 10.35 p. m.

THROUGH TRAINS.

8.00 a. m. week days—Cazadero and way stations.

5.15 p. m. week days (Saturdays excepted)—To male, and way stations.

3.15 p. m. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.

Sundays only 10.00 a. m., Point Reyes and way stations.

Ticket office—641 Market Street.

Ferry—Union Depot, foot of Market Street.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Skunkint*—"If anything should happen to me, dearest, you will be all right. I've just insured my life." "But suppose nothing does happen to you?"—"Life."

*First boarder*—"What's that loud thumping noise in the kitchen?" *Second boarder*—"It's the landlady hammering the steak and wishing it was the beef trust."—"Ex."

*Ricardo*—"Some one stole the star ballet-girl's wrist-bag, and it caused a dreadful commotion." *Edwardo*—"How so?" *Ricardo*—"Why, it contained her costume!"—"Ex."

*Fond father*—"The man who marries my daughter, sir, wins a prize." *Guest*—"My word, that is a novel idea! Is it a money prize, or just a silver cup?"—"Boston Globe."

*Jemima*—"Why does dat Paderosky McGinnis wear his hair so long?" *Minerva*—"Why, don't yer know dat he's de champeen mouth-organ player of de block?"—"Chicago Daily News."

*Grinnand Barrett*—"What cured Cawlbey of his desire to be a tragedian?" *Irving Henry*—"The open-air treatment. He walked home from Fon-du-Lac with the thermometer at zero."—"Ex."

Experiments have proved that water is a dangerous element in which to entrust Russian war vessels, the eighteen torpedo-boats ordered by Admiral Makaroff are being sent by railway.—*Punch*.

"Great guns!" exclaimed the absent-minded man; "I just stuck the lighted end of this cigar in my mouth." "How fortunate you were in discovering it at once, dear," rejoined his good wife.—*Ex*.

*Mrs. Cobwigger*—"So your husband thinks his position in society is now secure?" *Mrs. Newrich*—"Yes. He is so sure about it that he has stopped biring a dress-suit, and is having one made to order."—"Judge."

*Mr. Chic*—"My automobile nerves didn't cut any dash at all at the sanatorium." *Mrs. Chic*—"Why not?" *Mr. Chic*—"Oh, the doctors were all wildly enthusiastic over a man who has flying-machine nerves."—"Puck."

"In India barbers rank high. Socially they are the equals of the priests." "Say, where do poets come in over there?" "Same place they do here." "Where's that?" "Among the illustrious dead."—"Chicago Record-Herald."

*Ian Dauber*—"So old Gotrox fell in love at first sight with that impossible Jones girl. Why, she is a perfect freak!" *Friend*—"Just so. Do you know, old chap, it wouldn't be a bad idea to get the old boy around to look at your pictures."—"Puck."

"Good-morning!" said the old gentleman. "I'd like to look over some of your spectacles." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, absently, "that's what most of our customers do. It's just as good as looking through them."—"Philadelphia Ledger."

*She*—"Somehow women don't get along so well as men in a parliamentary body." *He*—"Of course not. A man considers it a great honor to be called upon to preside, but a woman is pretty apt to regard it as a mean attempt to keep her from having her share in the talk."—"Boston Transcript."

"News from the war?" queried the managing editor in the tone of a forlorn hope as he entered the telegraph-room at midnight. "Many rumors, but nothing doing," returned the boss of the wires with resignation; "the Yalu still separates them." The managing editor's face grew grim with determination. "Cable this," he cried—"cable this in duplicate to the Czar and the Mikado: 'If you fellows don't get together and mix it up by a week from to-night, the Universe will take you both off the front page.'"

—Steedman's Soothing Powders are termed soothing because they correct, mitigate, and remove disorders of the system incident to teething.

*Convict*—"Well, I reckon I'd rather be in the penitentiary than outside." *Visitor*—"Why?" *Convict*—"I'm in here for bigamy."—"Chicago Chronicle."

Tesla Bricquettes are Excellent domestic fuel. Since recently improved. Let us send you a ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

—DR. E. O. COCHRAN, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry, foot of Market Street.

Leave San Francisco, week days, 10.00 a. m., 1.45 p. m., 5.15 p. m., Sundays, 8.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12.00 a. m., 1.00 a. m., 1.45 p. m., 5.15 p. m., 5.15 p. m.

Arrive San Francisco, Sundays, 12.05 p. m., 1.25 p. m., 2.50 p. m., 4.50 p. m., 5.50 p. m., 7.50 p. m. Week days,

10.40 a. m., 2.50 p. m., 5.50 p. m., 9.50 p. m.

\*Connect with stage for Dipsea and Willow Camp.

Ticket office—641 Market Street (North Shore Railroad), and Sausalito Ferry, foot Market Street.

## OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.  
Drifted Snow.  
Golden Gate Extra.

## Sperry Flour Company

## ASK PECK! HE KNOWS

Literature and particulars on all the Summer Resorts and Camping Places of California.

11 MONTGOMERY ST.

## FREE INFORMATION

### Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.



Trains leave and arrive due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. FROM APRIL 10, 1904. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7.00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey.....	7.50
7.0 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elinora and Sacramento.....	7.20
7.30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon.....	8.20
7.30 A	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	7.20
8.00 A	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows + Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.....	7.50
8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	7.50
8.30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4.20
8.30 A	Port Costa, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	4.50
8.30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millerton), Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4.20
8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels.....	4.20
9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	11.20
9.30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	6.50
10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	6.20
10.00 A	Vallejo.....	12.20
10.00 A	Los Angeles, Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Bakersfield, Fresno, Hanford, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	7.20
12.00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3.20
11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	11.00
3.30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.....	10.50
3.30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	7.50
3.30 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Bakersfield, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa.....	12.20
3.30 P	Yosemite Valley, Mon. Wed., Fri. 3.30 P. Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	9.20
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....	10.20
4.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	4.20
4.30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.....	11.50
5.00 P	The Overland Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Golden State Limited Sleeper, Oakland to Los Angeles, and Chicago, via C. R. 1 & P. (last trip April 19).....	9.20
6.00 P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton.....	12.20
6.50 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	7.20
6.00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	9.50
8.00 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elinora, Davis, Sacramento, Rocklin, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Wadsworth, Winnemucca.....	5.20

A lot morning. P for afternoon. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only. § Stops at all stations on Sunday. ¶ Only trains stopping at Valencia Street south-bound are 6:10 A. M., 7:00 A. M., 7:15 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M. and 8:00 P. M.

The UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

## RUBBER

LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company

713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

### PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

### LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—145,297 volumes.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Van & Co., 741 Market Street.

6.00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.....	7.50 P
7.00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only.....	
7.00 P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11.20
8.05 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pnet Sound and East. Way Stations.....	8.50
8.10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11.50

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

7.45 A Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only) 8.10 P

6.15 A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations..... 5.55 P

12.15 P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations..... 10.55 A

4.15 P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations..... 10.55 A

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Ship—

—7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.

From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—18:00 13:00

18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

8.10 A San Jose and Way Stations..... 5.30 P

7.00 A San Jose and Way Stations..... 5.40 P

7.15 A Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)..... 10.30 P

8.00 A New Almaden (Thurs., Fri., only)..... 4.10 P

8.00 A The Coast—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Pajaro, Castroville (connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove), Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, principal stations thence Surf (connection for Lompoc), principal stations thence Santa Barbara, Santa Buena Ventura, Burbank, Los Angeles. 10.15

8.00 A San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations..... 4.10 P

10.20 A San Jose and Way Stations..... 1.20 P

11.30 A Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations..... 7.00 P

8.00 P San Jose and Way Stations..... 8.35 P

8.00 P Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connection for Santa Clara, except Sunday, for Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge Points) at Gilroy for Hollister, Tres Pinos, at Pajaro for Santa Cruz, at Castroville for Salinas..... 12.15 P

3.30 P Tres Pinos Way Passenger..... 10.45 A

4.30 P San Jose and Way Stations..... 18.00 A

15.00 Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, and principal Way Stations (except Sunday)..... 9.00 A</



# The Argonaut.

Publishers' Spring Number.

Thirty-Two Pages.

VOL. LIV. No. 1418.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 16, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beames Buildings, Clancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Coming War—A Contest of Civilizations—How Will Occidental Philosophy Be Modified by Closer Contact With the Orient?—The Colorado Trouble, According to Mr. Baker—His Account of the Strikes There—His Conclusions—Important Decision in the "Rio" Case—Company Held Liable on Account of Chinese Crew—The Japs Hold South Manchuria—Stirring News from the Far East—A Boycott of the Blind—Affairs at Panama—The Progress of Parker and Hearst—Chinese in South Africa.....	305-306
AN HISTORIC EPISODE: The Full Story of the Great Cockran-Dalzell Debate in Congress—One of the Most Exciting Incidents of a Decade—The Rebel Yell Heard Once More	307
THE POOR BROWN ONE: A Tale of Sacred Gold. By Charles Fleming Embree.....	309
A WAR-TIME SPRING: Economizing in Japan—The Empress and Her People's Devotion—A Strange Proclamation—The War and Art—Soldiers and Cherry Blossoms. By Helen Hyde.....	310
ANTONIN DVORAK: Death of the Great Bohemian Composer—Wrote "Stabat Mater"—His Views of American Music—A Varied Career.....	311
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	311
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	312-313
DRAMA: Mme. Sembrich in Concert—"The Rogers Brothers in London," at the Columbia Theatre. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	314
STAGE GOSSIP.....	315
VANITY FAIR: The "American Beauty Book"—The Owners of Fair Faces Recorded There—An Expensive Volume—An English Illustrator's Opinion—What He Thinks of American Women—Their Remarkable Personality and Command of Themselves—Love Between Men and Women—A Striking Extract from Gertrude Atherton's New Book—A Considerate Widow—Harry Lehr's Dazzling Jewelry.....	316
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Prayed for Lucy Grey—Lillian Russell's Age—Daniel Sully "On His Feet"—President Eliot's Hat—Roosevelt's Distinguishing Point—Champ Clark's Classical Quotations—Robert's Expensive Lecture—Colonel Higginson and the Priest—Nobody Could Understand Bachelier—The President Reproved—A Compliment to Irving.....	317
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Their Points of View"; "All in the Name," by Lurana W. Sheldon; "The Literary Model," by Wallace Irwin; "Old Prob," by Laura Simmons.....	317
THREE GREAT ARTISTS: Franz von Lenbach, Benjamin Constant, and James McNeill Whistler. By H. H.....	319
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	318-319
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out By the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	320
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.....	321-326

Francis Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was a popular book, and so to-day is H. G. Wells's "Anticipations." Both are endeavors by men of imagination to paint the world of the far, dim future. The world loves to speculate what is in store for it in the Womb of Time. It is forever impelled to try to solve the inexpressible mystery of the years beyond. And it may not be amiss, therefore, considering the world-struggle in the Far East, to try in imagination to push aside the veil and trace the future course of history—should Japan win! Nothing seems surer than that final victory for Japan would result in affecting the solidarity of Asia; that China would be stirred from centre to circumference with the spirit of emulation; that India would be

roused to a sense of the shame and indignity of being ruled by a handful of conquerors of alien race and religion. Particularly in China—and especially in view of the intense interest with which the war is being watched—there can be little doubt but that the progressive party would at last gain the upper hand; that Western learning would be embraced with all ardor by the younger generation; and that the native press, already a tremendous power, would at length be given its entire liberty.

In the Occidental world such an outcome of the war would necessarily result in increased respect, tinged, perhaps, with apprehension, for the man of Mongol race. An intense, vital interest in all things Oriental would inevitably follow. For the first time in the world's history the two great, and, in many respects, antagonistic, civilizations would face each other, not in contempt, but on a plane of comparative equality.

Then will begin (if these vaticinations have any shadow of truth) a great battle—perhaps not a contest at arms, though it is possible; perhaps not a contest for trade, though it is probable; but certainly a tremendous, enduring battle of ideals, of traditions, of philosophies. For it is impossible that when the Oriental and Occidental civilizations come in contact, not superficially—as in the past—but vitally, that each shall be profoundly modified by the other. Not for many decades can they exist separate and distinct. Slowly but surely they will merge until, at length, principles that are fundamental to each shall be common to both, as fundamental principles are to-day common to all the nations of Christendom. Three things may be instanced wherein the Oriental and Occidental world are profoundly antagonistic:

In religion.

In the attitude toward woman.

In the attitude of children toward parents.

Since Confucianism is rather a system of morals than a system of theology, it may properly be affirmed that the religious issue will lie between the anthropomorphic theology of Christendom and Buddhism. Will China be Christianized? Or will a sublimated Buddhism, which, under the name of Theosophy, has already a foothold in the West, grow in strength and power? The contest may not be so unequal as it seems. With the decay of belief in Christendom, the impulse to proselytize appears on the wane. The pulpits are many which are open to the charge, made only the other day by the president of Princeton, that they preach, not Christianity, but "pretty little amenities of morality and sociology." Such a keen intellect as Lafcadio Hearn's not only rejects Christianity for the religion of Buddha, but harmonizes it with the theory of evolution, biologic and cosmic; in a word, harmonizes it with the teachings of modern science.

Another fundamental difference between Occident and Orient lies in the attitude toward woman. The five hundred millions of China and Japan have no conception of the idea of the equality of the sexes. The Japanese woman is not wooed. She is a chattel of whom her male parent may dispose as he will. In her husband's house, her function is that of servant and bearer of children. On the street, she walks behind, not beside, him. When he feasts with his fellows, she does not illumine the occasion with her presence, but gives way to women who correspond to the *hetaira* of ancient Greece. It is unthinkable that the attitude toward woman of the West should fail to prevail. Yet the Orient has no "race-suicide" problem (as has the United States, where the doctrine of equality of the sexes finds readiest acceptance), and divorce is infrequent.

In the attitude of child to parent the East and West

differ *toto calo*. Filial devotion is a marked characteristic of both the Chinese and Japanese. A man's duty is first to his parents, and after that to his wife. The wife is in practice the mere slave of the mother-in-law. Old age is all but sacred. This contrasts strongly with the loose bonds which hold together the family in the West. In truth, it seems that decade by decade these bonds grow weaker. Especially in America the tendency to individualism has brought about a condition where government pensions for the aged and filially uncared for are seriously discussed. In Japan, on the other hand, the difference in attitude toward parenthood has brought about a condition where in the whole country there are but twenty thousand paupers as against a million in England. This is attributed almost solely to the solidarity of the family, which saves any member of it from the necessity of seeking aid from the state while kith and kin are able to render help.

In religion, in the attitude toward woman, and in the attitude of child to parent, therefore, East and West are widely at variance. So are the two civilizations in a thousand other ways. And it ought not to be forgotten by those inclined to think the Occident will readily impose its philosophy and ideals of life upon the man of the East, that the Oriental civilization is incommunicably old; when our ancestors were cracking bones, for their marrow, with dull rocks, in German forests, there were even then treatises in China on the polite and proper use of the fan. Shall, then, Caucasian civilization easily succeed in replacing, with its young philosophy, the ancient philosophy, the long-held beliefs, the venerable views of life and living, of the immemorial East?

In material things, we of the West are supreme; we are the makers and masters of the Machine. But do we know better how to live? Do we know better how to die? Is our hurry and fret preferable to the fatalist's philosophic calm? Is it quite certain that, in the coming war of civilizations, only the Orient, not at all the Occident, will be transformed?

The article by Ray Stannard Baker, in *McClure's Magazine* for May, on the trouble between the Colorado mine-owners and their employees, purports to be an unbiased, unpartisan account of the trouble, of the causes that led to it, and of the events that have taken place. Mr. Baker has won a reputation as a fair, unprejudiced observer and reporter of labor conflicts, and for that reason his opinions are entitled to respect.

The demand for the eight-hour day of labor is one of the great underlying causes of the existing struggle, according to Mr. Baker, who affirms that for years the employees of the mines and smelters fought for that concession, twelve and fourteen hours being the regular day. At last, in 1899, after long and systematic effort to secure legislation, the miners gained the passage through the legislature of a law making eight hours a day's work. The employers fought the law, and the supreme court of Colorado declared it unconstitutional. Then the miners began the work of getting an amendment to the constitution, whereby the law could be made to hold, and in November, 1902, the question was submitted to the voters of Colorado. The amendment was carried by an enormous majority, and assemblymen of all parties solemnly pledged themselves to add it to the constitution in the legislature of 1902-3. It was not done. Mr. Baker says that the amendment was lobbied to defeat by some of the most prominent citizens and mine-owners of Colorado, who "had a lawless legislature to deal with." There came near being bloodshed during the session. Armed men guard



both senate and house—and in the end the amendment was defeated. "Rarely, indeed," to quote Mr. Baker, "has there been in the country a more brazen, conscienceless defeat of the will of the people, plainly expressed, not only at the ballot, but by the pledges of both parties."

Previous to this, in 1901, the great Telluride strike, backed by the Western Federation of Miners, occurred. It was a bloody, brutal strike. Mr. Baker is authority for the statement that two hundred and fifty rifles and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition were ordered from Denver directly by the union; that the "scab" miners were fired upon from ambush as they left the Smuggler Union Mine on July 3d; that the battle continued for hours; that finally the non-union men surrendered under the promise that they would be allowed to leave peaceably; and that, as they left, they were set upon by union men, horribly beaten, some of them left for dead, others pursued for miles by their persecutors, and their effects stolen. An Italian union miner, who was killed in the battle, was given an imposing funeral, and a six-hundred-dollar monument put over his grave.

There has been no real truce in Colorado since the Telluride strike. In spite of the action of the legislature, the unions gradually gained the eight-hour rule in most of the mines of Colorado. Early in 1903, an attempt was made by the Western Federation of Miners to put all the mines under the same rule. Success did not attend their efforts, and in August a sympathetic strike was called in nearly all the mines of the Cripple Creek and Telluride districts—a strike not desired by a majority of the employees, and forced by a few leaders. There has been no peace since. Mr. Baker tells clearly how the trouble evolved into a condition of military rule, with Governor Peabody on the side of the owners. The troops who are guarding the mines are paid, Mr. Baker tells us, with money furnished by the mine-owners. Totally innocent people have been arrested by the militia, and imprisoned in the "bullpen," or driven from the country. A press censorship has been established. In short, military rule, in all that the term implies, exists. Governor Peabody has even suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. The miners say it is despotism of the most pronounced type. Their employers retort that only such measures can avert a repetition of the Telluride affair of 1901. Mr. Baker does not hesitate to censure both sides. "If military rule has been despotic," he says, "many citizens have been lawless, and civil government ineffective. The miners' union has broken the law, there have been dynamiting and assassination; the corporations have broken the law, there have been bribery and corruption; the citizens' organization, representing in some degree the great third party—the public—has broken the law; even the legislature itself, wherein the law is made, has been lawless. We have to-day, indeed, in certain parts of Colorado, a breakdown of democracy, and, through anarchy, a reversion to military despotism."

The eve of the Democratic State convention at Santa Cruz finds the political prophets inclined to hedge a trifle on their predictions that Hearst will surely have an instructed delegation. Some seem to think that a mere indorsement of the editor is all that he can reasonably look for. The sentiment against positive instruction is said to be quite strong. From the country districts there are many uninstructed delegations, and what their precise attitude may be is unknown. To add further to the uncertainty, there are rumors of secret agreements and combinations among the San Francisco delegation, which numbers one hundred and sixty-eight. It is said, for example, that Gavin McNab is carrying water on both shoulders, representing to the anti-Hearstites that he is really on their side, and to the friends of the editor that he is his loyal adherent.

In any event, the convention at Santa Cruz on May 16th promises to be a lively affair. James H. Barry may be counted on to denounce Hearst on the floor of the convention as a monster of ingratitude and treachery. The ghost of Stephen M. White will be summoned forth, and made to bear witness that Hearst is a black-hearted ingrate. Mr. Barry will doubtless be ably supported by Ed S. Leake. It will be a halcyon and vociferous time.

Evidently the editor-candidate is making a vigorous effort to secure harmony in all the interior counties where it is now conspicuously absent. It had been rumored that relations between Congressman Bell, of Napa, and Mr. Hearst were sadly strained. It was reported that, on the last day of the Congressional session, Hearst's man, Livermash, with malice aforethought, talked one of Bell's bills to death, the alleged reason being that Bell had refused to support Hearst. And now comes the *Examiner* of May 11th with a picture of Mr. Bell, in oratorical action, while

the adjoining columns set forth that the reception "tendered to Theodore Bell will go down in the history of Napa as the greatest demonstration ever given in honor of one man." It almost looks as if an *entente cordiale* had been arranged between the congressman of the eleventh New York district and the congressman of the second district of California.

The impartial press of the country seems to be in agreement with the opinion expressed in these columns last week that the Parker boom has suffered appreciable damage. "The Parker canvass is beginning to sag," says the *Tribune* in the last issue at hand. "Judge Parker is in the lead, clearly enough," says the *Sun*, "but he is a long way from such a control of votes in the St. Louis convention as would warrant . . . thrusting him peremptorily under the nose as the sole possible alternative to Roosevelt." Undoubtedly, however, Hearst's success in Iowa and Washington has given new strength to Parker's candidacy. Wherever Hearst's boom rears its horrid head, conservative Democrats give it one swift glance and flee shrieking in the opposite direction. And since Parker is in the lead, he still draws the affrighted ones to him. Connecticut sends an instructed delegation, and the Indiana Democrats, on Thursday, May 12th, elected a delegation of thirty and instructed them, as a unit, for Parker.

The slight "sag" in the Parker canvass brings renewed talk of other candidates. It is alleged, for example, that the political record of George B. McClellan is so colorless—excelling even that of Parker—that Bryan can not possibly object to him. He would be stronger in New York than Parker, his adherents say, and with John Sharp Williams as a running mate, there would be no question about carrying the border States between North and South. A few papers still cling to Cleveland. Most prominent among them is the *Chicago Chronicle*. "We do not believe," it says, "that the Democratic party can escape Hearst by nominating Judge Parker, good citizen and staunch Democrat as he is. We do know that the nomination of Grover Cleveland would do the business. Is it not time to put an end to the fanaticism of Bryan and the diabolism of Hearst within the Democratic party? Can it be done any other way?" One fact that gives hope to Cleveland admirers that he may still cherish the idea of becoming a candidate if sufficiently pressed, is his recent publication, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of an elaborate defense of the famous bond-issue. After a silence of so many years, it does seem strange to find him endeavoring to set himself right with the people on the eve of a national campaign.

With our fifty years experience with cheap Chinese labor, the people of California will watch with interest the experiment of South Africa with Chinese contract-labor for the Rand mines. Nearly ten thousand coolies are said already to have been engaged. The arrangements with the Chinese Government are practically complete. From Hong Kong it is reported that the steamship *Tweeddale* has sailed with fifteen hundred coolies on board. Pamphlets, with details of service, etc., are being scattered broadcast in China, but a stringent medical examination results in the rejection of thirty per cent. of the applicants. In London, stock in the Rand mine shows a strong upward tendency in anticipation of the success of the plan. And the people of South Africa appear to be tolerably resigned. The leaders of the opposition in England who were declaring, recently, that the introduction of contract labor was "a great departure from the principles by which England had made her way in the world," and who were saying that the "plan practically establishes slavery," seem to have been silenced.

But perhaps only temporarily. South Africa has a population of some five million Kaffirs. Between the several million people of Dutch descent and the several millions of Englishmen there is no love lost. Add to this mixture of races a few hundred thousand Chinese and it takes no prophet to foresee that complications will arise.

But the greed for gold of the mine-owners evidently nerves them to face any difficulties on that score which may come. Indeed, if we can believe Herbert Samuel, a distinguished member of Parliament, who writes in the *Contemporary Review*, the bringing of Chinese coolies to the Rand is only a shrewd move on the part of the powers that be to retain political control of affairs. The introduction of modern machinery would, according to this writer, permit the mines to be worked at large profit with white labor. At present few devices to economize labor are in use. Every tubful of rock, for example, is pushed from the working-place to the shaft by men. But the mine-owners will not introduce labor-saving machinery, and they do not want white men. Why? The answer is given in the words of a director of the Goldfields Company: "If two hundred thousand native workers were to be replaced by

one hundred thousand whites, they would simply hold the government of the country in the hollow of their hand, and without any disparagement to the British laborer, I prefer to see the *more intellectual section* of the community at the helm!" In other words, this person hopes that the stockholders of the mines will rule the country.

Did we ever hear, anywhere, that the Boer war was fought upon the cry of a "White Man's Africa"? Was there ever pictured to our imagination a great, liberty-loving South African Republic? What was it, anyhow, that Kipling wrote of the future of South Africa in "The Settler"?

"Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough  
And the good heasts that draw,  
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow  
According to Thy Law.  
After us cometh a multitude—  
Prosper the work of our hands,  
That we may feed with our land's food  
The folk of all our lands!"

Was it "a multitude" of Chinese coolies to which Kipling made such touching, poetic reference?

Our attention has been called to what purports to be extracts from a statement made by seventy blind men and women, inmates of the Home for the Blind, maintained by the State of California, in the City of Oakland. These blind persons, as appears from their statement, have in the past occupied themselves with making brooms. They say:

Compelled by indigence or idleness we sought admission to the home as the only place where the blind could learn a handicraft and earn their clothing and comforts. Those who see can form no conception of the blessings of work to the blind. Without it we who live in darkness have nothing to divert us from the sadness and sorrows of our situation. With work we have happiness. Without work we have sadness and misery for our companions.

These pathetic words, it will be noted, refer to what was. They no longer make brooms. They have been boycotted by the broommakers' union. They protested, but in vain:

An appeal to them to be merciful to the blind has been made, but is unheeded. Retail dealers, under penalty of a general boycott on their business, do not dare buy the blind man's brooms, and now the same cold-hearted policy is closing our wholesale trade against us. Nearly all of us were laboring people when blindness fell upon us, and many of us were labor-union men. We can not now belong to a union. We are a community by ourselves, joined in bonds of a common misfortune. . . . The purpose of a labor union is declared to be humane. If this be so, our misfortune should make us first among the objects of that humanity. But instead of this, we are treated by our brothers who see as if our blindness had outlawed us from human sympathy and set us among the beasts that perish.

We refuse to believe that this statement is *bona fide*. It is some cruel joke. Able-bodied men, able-bodied Americans, boycotting the brooms of seventy poor, sightless men and women—the thing is impossible! This must be a deep-laid plot of some grasping, selfish broom-manufacturer, some conscienceless corporation. Our respect for the American workingman is too great to permit us to believe that he would give sanction and countenance to a boycott designed to compel these seventy stricken and forlorn, to pass their days in idleness, as they must in darkness. "With work we have happiness," they say, and there is no man but can imagine how interminably long and unutterably dreary must be the day (which is no day) to those who can not see and whose hands are idle. Would union men be guilty of such baseness as to deprive them of their work? Would union men lay upon the shoulders of the already burdened a still heavier one? Again we say we refuse to believe it. There *must* be some mistake. There *must* be some egregious error. Yet—But no—it can't be true.

Events move rapidly in the Far Eastern war. When it is considered that the war began on February 8th, and that three short months have sufficed to secure the Japanese absolute mastery of Korea; to destroy the greater part of the Russian fleet; to block the mouth of the harbor at Port Arthur; to land troops on the Liao Tung Peninsula, and to invest Port Arthur by land; to drive the Russians back from their strongly entrenched position on the Yalu; and to force a continuance of that retreat successively from Feng Wang Cheng to Hai Cheng and thence to Liao Yang, a point one hundred and twenty-five miles from the Yalu and one hundred and fifty miles from Port Arthur, leaving all Korea and Southern Manchuria (excepting Port Arthur) in their hands; leaving them absolute masters of the sea and of one hundred thousand square miles of territory—when it is considered, we say, that three months have sufficed for all this, it is difficult to withhold from the Japanese sincere admiration for their masterly skill in the difficult art of war.

The Japanese are adhering with remarkable close-

PARKER, HEARST,  
CLEVELAND,  
AND MCCLELLAN.

THE LABOR  
EXPERIMENT IN  
SOUTH AFRICA.

A STIRRING  
WEEK  
OF WAR.



ess to the line of strategy they so successfully pursued in their war with China. On September 25 and 26, 1894, the Japanese forces fought their way across the Yalu at Chiu-lien-cheng under circumstances very similar to the crossing on May 1st. On November 1, 1894, the Japanese landed a force at Pitzwo, precisely where they landed last week; five days later they captured Kin Chow, and fifteen days after that—on November 1, 1894—Port Arthur fell. If it be true, as reported officially from St. Petersburg, that the Russians have now utterly destroyed the fiat city of Dalny, twenty miles from Port Arthur—a city that cost Russia twenty millions of dollars—to prevent its docks, warehouses, and railroad termini from being an aid to the Japanese landing, the Russians evidently have little hope of any different result than that which attended the siege of Port Arthur ten years ago. For would Russian generals utterly destroy a city that it has required years of time and millions in money to construct, if it were expected that Port Arthur would hold out and that the Kuropatkin would fulfill his boast and drive the Japanese army into the sea? If the Russians expect cars to pass before the Liao Tung Peninsula is again in their possession, then it is good strategy to destroy Dalny, and thus prevent the use of its magnificent harbor by the Japanese; if they expect to have the site of Dalny back again in a few months, it is the height of folly to destroy the city. Its destruction is, therefore, at least an admission of doubt of success. Another thing that leads to the belief that Port Arthur will not hold out is the haste of General Alexieff and the Grand Duke Boris to escape from the beleaguered city. It is categorically denied by the officials in Tokio that there has been either railway or telegraphic communication between Port Arthur and the outer world since the Japanese army cut the wires and destroyed the track near Pitzwo on May 6th. Kuropatkin's steady withdrawal northward gives no indication that he will do anything whatsoever to relieve the city. The Japanese forces, therefore, seem to have met with no disaster, and to have only one foe to fight—the garrison of Port Arthur. According to the reports, the Russian line of defense is at Kin Chow, some twenty miles from Port Arthur, on the railway, and toward this point the Japanese army which landed at Pitzwo is slowly advancing. It is expected that at Kin Chow the first engagement will occur, and in the event of Russian defeat, the troops will of course retire upon the city. In his connection, the opinion of the correspondent of the London Times, who examined Port Arthur just before the war broke out, is interesting. "From the sea," he said, "I think it would be almost as impossible to capture as Gibraltar." This opinion is evidently sound, or Admiral Togo has hammered at the gates of the harbor steadily for three months now without success. From the land side," continued the Times's expert, "it is difficult to judge of the value of the defenses, but it appears to me that a determined foe might very conceivably be able to rush the place by concentrated attack from several points."

Turning, now, from Port Arthur to the scene of war in southern Manchuria, we find the army of General Kuroki advancing one hundred thousand strong in three divisions toward Liao Yang. The latest advices place the three divisions at a distance of no more than eighty miles, and not less than fifty miles, from his city where it is supposed that Kuropatkin, with an army of unknown strength, is entrenched. The southern division of Kuroki's army is not only advancing indirectly toward the left of Liao Yang, but it is only fifty miles distant from the Japanese landing at Pitzwo and may easily move in that direction if the need arises. There is no reason to suppose that Kuropatkin has abandoned his announced intention of drawing the Japanese forces farther and farther into Manchuria, away from their base of supplies, meanwhile concentrating his entire army, waiting for time and place when he believes himself sure of overwhelming the Japanese army at one blow. All authorities agree that the disastrous battle of the Yalu was an error, due entirely to the thick-headed stubbornness of General Zassalitch, who stoutly opposed a superior force, at Chiu-lien-cheng, on May 1st, when all considerations of caution and policy dictated a quiet retreat during the night of April 30th. This error cost the Russians three thousand men and at least twenty-eight guns.

Two battles, then, may be expected in the near future. One is between the garrison of Port Arthur and the Japanese army, under General Oku, at Kin Chow, near the extremity of the Liao Tung Peninsula. The other is between Kuropatkin's army and the three divisions of the army of General Kuroki, in the vicinity of Liao Yang. If Kuropatkin refuses to join battle at Liao Yang, he will undoubtedly withdraw to Moukden, forty-two miles due north of Liao Yang by railway, one hundred and ninety-two miles northerly from Port Arthur, and a little less than two hundred

and seventy-five miles south-west from Harbin, the seat of supplies.

Mr. William Denman, in a letter transmitting to the *Argonaut* a copy of his argument as proctor for claimants suing the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for loss of life in the wreck of the *Rio de Janeiro*, remarks:

It was the *Argonaut's* article on the happenings at the wreck that suggested to me the theory on which the Circuit Court of Appeals has just decided the case.

The decision is a rather important one. It will be remembered that the crew of the *Rio* was composed of Chinese. They did not understand English. Under ordinary circumstances they were communicated with by means of an interpreter—one interpreter for the whole ship. But for the launching of life-boats, on a dark night, from a sinking passenger steamship, they were manifestly insufficient. There were eleven life-boats, but there had never been a boat drill for the crew. The boats were in perfect condition, the ship was twenty minutes in sinking, it only takes five minutes to lower a life-boat in calm water, yet not a single boat was lowered by Chinese, and only one by white officers. The cause, as argued by Mr. Denman, was simply the inability of the Chinese crew to understand commands.

The revised statutes of the United States provide that "no steamer carrying passengers shall depart from any port unless she shall have in her service a full complement of licensed officers and full crew, sufficient at all times to manage the vessel."

Mr. Denman argued that the Chinese crew, owing to its inability to understand commands in the emergency that arose was not "sufficient," and in this contention he is now sustained by the court, the previous decision being reversed. The Pacific Mail Company is therefore liable for the full amount of damages for loss of life and personal effects, this being the first case in which such a decision has been rendered since 1853. The small chance of success, it seems, led most of the possible claimants against the company to refrain from suit, and their rights, it is said, have lapsed under the statute of limitations. The sum of \$35,125, therefore, covers all the claims actually allowed.

An appeal may yet be taken to the United States Supreme Court on a writ of certiorari. Since the effect of the decision as it stands will be either to force the steamship companies to man their ships with Chinese who understand English, or officers who speak Chinese, or to place them under foreign registry, an appeal may be expected to be taken if there is the slightest hope of success.

On Monday a meeting was held at the Chamber of Commerce rooms to discuss the issue of bonds by the State for the improvement of San Francisco's water front. The meeting was attended by members of the different business organizations, and preliminary steps were taken toward a plan of campaign that, it is hoped, will secure for our harbor shipping facilities in some measure adequate to its needs. The end that is to be worked toward is the issue of bonds, by the State, in the sum of two millions of dollars, for the extension of the seawall, additions to the present wharfage, and other port improvements.

Most bond issues are burdensome to the taxpayers, but it is proposed to make this one without any present expense, and ultimately profitable. The receipts from wharf dues at present rates will not only pay the interest on the bonds, but will provide a sinking fund toward their final discharge; and after they are paid the docks will be a source of continual profit. It is a question of borrowing money that will more than pay its own interest, and will, in time, earn money.

Leaving aside the question of expense, better wharves and more of them are an imperative necessity. San Francisco's water front is a generation behind the times, poorly equipped for present needs, and ridiculously inadequate for future demands, such as the steadily developing Oriental trade, and the business that should—and, under proper management, will—be done through this port in connection with the building of the Panama Canal. Our present condition is strikingly and perilously analogous to that of a millionaire starving on a desert island. Unless our magnificent harbor keeps pace with the increase of commerce, it will soon be as useless as his gold would be. We must have sufficient room and facilities for the handling of imports and exports, or the wealth that is in our mines and wheat-fields and orchards will avail us little, and the stream of trade that is expected to go through here will be diverted. It is a fact that drays have to stand on the wharves for thirty hours at a stretch, waiting to be unloaded. The fact is not surprising when we reflect that we have only ten miles of improved water front; and New York four hundred.

## AN HISTORIC EPISODE.

The Full Story of the Great Cockran-Dalzell Debate in Congress—  
One of the Most Exciting Incidents of a Decade—The  
Rebel Yell Heard Once More.

It has been many years since the rebel yell rang through the halls of Congress, but it was heard among the shouts and cheers that greeted Burke Cockran at the end of his great battle of wits with John Dalzell, of New York, just before the adjournment. Such a striking fact may perhaps be taken as some indication of the depth and intensity of the feeling aroused among the minority in Congress by this memorable speech. In the evening, after the debate, it is said that the Democrats had a sort of jubilee all over Washington. Wherever there were two or three Democrats together they were toasting each other, and reciting all they could remember of Cockran's speech. It resembled a jollification over a great victory at the polls. In the hotels the scene was like that on the eve of a national convention. The Democrats are vastly heartened by what they consider a great tactical victory. They think that when Congress again convenes, with Williams as leader and Cockran as orator, a new era will open in the House of Representatives. They think they have won back their old place; that they have again the upper hand.

It is this feeling that the stirring encounter of Cockran and Dalzell marks a turning-point in Democratic history—is, in fact, an historic episode—that makes worth while a somewhat extended account of it here—a review and summary such as is only obtainable by judicious amalgamation of newspaper versions and the *Congressional Record*—the one for description, the other for the facts. For instance, we have to go to Walter Wellman for a picture of Cockran in action:

As an orator, the big Irishman from Tammany Hall is without a peer in his party. He has every equipment for effective public speaking—a big voice, an impressive personality, a fluent tongue, and a brain which possesses the happy faculty of turning out well-rounded generalizations and clever epigrams in profusion. His favorite posture was with either hand resting on a desk beside him. But they did not stay there many seconds together. Most of the time one or the other, and frequently both were up in the air, swinging in vigorous, yet graceful, gesture. This is an orator who fears not work. Everything he has he throws into his speech—brain and tongue and lungs and arms and legs and gall—and all work together. Now he hits the desk at his left a blow which sends an ink-bottle flying. Next a faithful and admiring Democrat at his right finds it necessary to dodge as the orator swings himself forward toward the Republican side with a fierce and belligerent motion.

At times Mr. Cockran stamps the floor, throws his head from side to side or cracks one hand resoundingly into the palm of the other. But he seems to be made of steel. He does not tire. He goes on and on, and the fires of his eloquence burn with undimmed brightness, the energies of his physical expression show no diminution of their invigorating fascination. There is no perspiration, no mopping of the fevered brow. And the wonderful voice, unmistakably Celtic and yet so resonant and mellifluous, rings true and carries far and clear to the last.

It is obvious that Cockran's words, robbed of their magnificent emphasis of personality, read from the printed page, rather than heard, amid frantic cheers, from the House gallery, become far less stirring. Yet here are passages that do not lack of vigor even in cold type, and minus their context:

[Mr. Cockran began his speech with an attack on the Ship Subsidy Commission bill, which he declared to be protection carried to its conclusion]. "The question," he said, "is as to the advisability of encouraging a losing business. If it is proper to pay a man for going into a losing business, why would it not be well to pay him for going into a profitable business? Why not subsidize plumping?"

"Did not the gentleman vote for the protective Wilson tariff?" asked Mr. Marsh, of Illinois.

"I voted for the Wilson bill that went out of this House. I voted against the emasculated edition of it that came back from the Senate. The protected industries were sufficiently rich to tie up the Senate and write their own schedule."

"Will the gentleman yield?" said Mr. Marsh.

"I won't exactly yield, but I'll submit," said Cockran.

"That schedule made in the Senate," said Marsh, "was put there by the present Democratic leader in New York—David B. Hill."

"The truth," retorted Cockran, "needs to pay no respect to persons, according to Democratic doctrine. [Cheers.] I am very much obliged to the gentleman, as the whole House is, for these luminous contributions, but I doubt whether the measure of its gratitude can rise to the value of the contributions."

"The gentleman from Ohio [Grosvenor] said we were divided, while the Republicans were united. True. You have differences, but no division on principle suffices to prevent you from operating as one man when you see a chance to grab something. You are animated by an appetite. We are animated by beliefs."

"We are going into this campaign disputing with each other, but that means that we are going to hold a convention. You are exposed to no such peril. [Cheers.] We have a convention with all its excitement; you have a mass-meeting with all its regularity. Your arrangements have been completed in a public building at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue."

"In the whole course of our history nothing has been forced into our political system that did not proceed from Democratic principles." At this the Republicans gave a derisive laugh.

"I wonder if there was any hilarity in that laugh?" said Mr. Cockran, inquiringly, and the Democrats roared. "Why, the Republican floor leader [Payne] led in that demonstration, and if his laugh was a demonstration of joy I hope this House will never see him in a state of madness." [Great laughter.]

"I am delighted," said Mr. Payne, "with your speech, and I am delighted with the reception it gets on the Republican side."

"I am afraid," retorted Cockran, "that the Republican floor leader is not sufficiently submissive. He didn't accent the first syllable of his delight. If this goes on you may yet hold a convention." [Laughter.]

"You," he shouted, addressing the Republican majority



"believe in making prosperity by legislation. We believe in making it by labor. [Applause.] Here is the great underlying moral law of government. It is the creed of my party—the only platform the Democracy needs: a good government, a government that deserves to live, will not do anything for one man that it refuses to do for all men!"

It was such rapid-fire, torpedo-like, rough-and-tumble, watch out for yourself style of debate which set the Democrats aflame. "The Democrats," says one account, "were beside themselves throughout Cockran's speech. They did not applaud, they cheered and yelled at almost every sentence." The climax came, of course, upon Dalzell's interruption. He was at that time advocating tariff reform:

"Are these the same views the gentleman entertained when he was making Republican campaign speeches for McKinley?" asked Mr. Dalzell.

"I never made a Republican speech," replied Mr. Cockran. "I never spoke in that campaign without declaring my abhorrence of everything for which Republicanism stood. I supported McKinley, and if the same conditions arose again, I would support him to-morrow. I supported him when I thought he was right; the gentleman supported him when he thought it profitable."

Dalzell stepped into the aisle, and said, sneeringly: "I am informed that the gentleman found it profitable to support him."

"That," said Mr. Cockran, "is a statement that has been made wherever there has been found a mouth foul enough to utter words behind which there was no conscience."

At this the Democrats hushed out in wild cheering. Dalzell stood there through it all growing whiter in the face every moment. When the cheering had subsided so that he could be heard, Cockran continued in a voice of thunder: "I challenge the gentleman from Pennsylvania, and all the cohorts of vice and crime and corruption that are embodied in the Republican party, to say that the national committee ever contributed as much as my railroad fare during all that campaign."

Again the cheering broke forth, wild and unrestrained. When it was over, Dalzell, who was so furious that he could hardly articulate, said: "I do not suppose the gentleman paid any railroad fare."

"I paid my own expenses wherever I went," replied Mr. Cockran. "I challenge the gentleman now, as I challenged Mr. Hanna while he was living, as I challenged the New York Tribune last fall in New York while Mr. Hanna was still living, and as I now challenge every one on any side, to show where, in the last twenty years, I have not been a subscriber to, instead of a recipient from, campaign funds. The gentleman attributes to me what he knows to be the universal custom of every Republican politician." [Prolonged cheers and applause by the Democrats.]

"I can say to myself," said Mr. Dalzell, "precisely what the gentleman has said as to himself with respect to campaigning."

"I should not have suspected the gentleman," retorted Mr. Cockran, "but it has been my experience in life that no man is quick to accuse another of any infamy unless he has become intimate with it himself."

There was more applause and wild cheering on the Democratic side.

"The gentleman better apply that logic to himself right now, and let me say to him what I said I had been informed—"

"By whom, by whom?" roared Mr. Cockran. "Name him, name him." By this time the galleries were packed; senators came over to witness the battle; every one sat perfectly still, awaiting Dalzell's answer. The suspense was painful.

"By a Democratic congressman," replied Mr. Dalzell, and was about to continue.

"Name him. Name him," again shouted Mr. Cockran.

"Name him, now and here."

"Name him, name him," came in a chorus from one hundred and fifty Democratic throats.

Dalzell started to say that he would not name his informant now, when Cockran broke in: "Name him here and now, or confess that you are—!" Here he made a long pause, and ended significantly—"what can not be named in this House."

Then the whole Democratic side arose, shouting at Dalzell: "Name him! Name him!"

Dalzell made no answer. Cockran strode down the aisle, swinging his fists, until he was opposite the place where Dalzell stood. Then, resting one hand on a desk, he bent across it, pointing his finger at Dalzell, and shouted, "Name him!" Again the Democrats took it up, shouting at Dalzell, and pointing their fingers at him.

"Of course I won't name him," said Dalzell at last.

A storm of hisses broke from the Democratic side, mingled with shouts of "Sit down! Sit down!" Dalzell still stood in the aisle, facing the hisses and the shouts with a vain attempt at a smile, and at length he turned and sat down.

"Then," said Mr. Cockran, with deadly impressiveness, turning to the Speaker, "the man who rises here and accuses me of infamy, and who seeks to hide behind a person unknown and unnamed, can never again interrupt me on the floor of this House, nor will I voluntarily permit him to come within the range of my vision."

A great burst of cheering followed this. There was a short silence, and then the cheers broke forth again.

When Mr. Cockran finally concluded, the entire Democratic side, numbering one hundred and fifty men, arose simultaneously and rushed down upon him. Then Ollie James, the Kentucky giant, began clapping his hands. In a second, the whole Democratic side was applauding violently, and there they stood, surrounding Cockran, clapping their hands in irrepressible enthusiasm.

All this was on Saturday, April 23d. On the following Tuesday, Mr. Dalzell endeavored to reply to his opponent, and there occurred one of the most sensational scenes known to the history of the House of Representatives. Long before Dalzell's speech began, the galleries were crowded to their capacity, and long lines reached from every door out into the corridors. It was in the air that something was going to happen. Half the Senate at times was present upon the floor of the House to listen to the speeches, and every member of the House in town was in his seat.

Mr. Dalzell began his speech about three o'clock. He is not, it may be remarked without offense, a great orator, as Mr. Cockran is. His voice does not ring out and fill every nook and cranny of the hall. He is not an actor. But he makes telling points just the same, and is abundantly able to take care of himself in debate. Oratorically speaking, therefore, Mr. Dalzell is not a fair match for the Tammany spellbinder. He is brilliant, learned, and resourceful, but not eloquent. Besides, he has not the commanding presence of Cockran. S. all in stature, and possessing a voice pitched too

high to be agreeable, his appearance in the arena of debate does not create a strong impression. Close attention, however, was given to him, and, while his speech did not produce the enthusiasm which was created by Mr. Cockran, he was applauded frequently. During the entire speech of Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Cockran sat across the way, either looking him directly in the eye or jotting down notes to refresh his memory in replying.

Mr. Dalzell spent some time in discussing the question of the tariff, then the words, "there is a personal matter which I wish to discuss," brought House and galleries to attention.

Taking up Mr. Cockran's speech of Saturday, Mr. Dalzell said (this is the *Sun's* account):

"Only a few days ago a distinguished and eloquent orator—I might say the most distinguished and eloquent orator of whom I know anything—a representative of Tammany, and a citizen of New York, instructed and delighted us for a period of two hours with a very able speech."

The Democrats, he said, had received this speech with enthusiastic applause, and he assumed, therefore, that it voiced their sentiments.

"I shall not quote all that he said," continued Mr. Dalzell, and the Democrats, remembering Mr. Cockran's rebuke to Mr. Dalzell, laughed in derision.

"Oh, he said nothing I am afraid to quote," exclaimed Mr. Dalzell.

"No, but it might be embarrassing," shouted a member on the Democratic side.

"No, nothing that would be embarrassing," said Mr. Dalzell, heatedly.

Mr. Dalzell then read the report of the colloquy from the *Record*. Continuing, he said:

I asked a civil question, and got a brutal reply. [Applause.] I did not encroach upon the courtesy of debate. I did not question his honesty. I asked him the question that might have called into question his consistency; that was perfectly proper; no fault could be found with it. It was asked in a gentlemanly way; it deserved a gentlemanly reply. [Applause.] The reply was that he stood on the high plane of conscience while I was playing politics for profit. I never voted anything but the Republican ticket. I am an intense partisan; but I think I can call upon brethren on the other side to witness that I am a gentleman.

Then Dalzell dipped into Cockran's political history—we are quoting from the *Congressional Record*:

What is the gentleman's history? He started out as a greenhacker. [Laughter and applause on the Republican side.] He traveled up and down the State of Maine endeavoring to persuade those Yankees that the best way to get money was to get it from a government printing press. He advocated fiat money, a hundred cents of fiat on the dollar. Yet in the McKinley campaign he could not join the other side! He could not stay with the McKinley side, because he was for sound money! [Laughter on the Republican side.]

For sound money in 1896; traveling all over the continent in support of Bryan in 1900; greenhacker, sound-money man, free-silver man. He has been a Bryanite and an anti-Bryanite. He was for Bryan in 1900. Is he for Bryan now? So far as I can judge, he is for some gentleman up in New York, possibly in New Jersey; and if he is for Grover Cleveland, he has more wisdom than I think most of his brethren have. [Laughter and applause on the Republican side.] Possibly he is for some respectable political nonentity who has no opinion, not a single conviction upon any public question, and who is willing to stand upon any platform that may be made for him.

But my friend has been a Tammanyite, and as such he has been a member of Congress. He has been an anti-Tammanyite, and as such he ceased to be a member of Congress. [Laughter and applause on the Republican side.] The gentleman is a Tammanyite again, and now again is a member of Congress. [Renewed laughter.]

Now, I ask you whether that checkered career would not have a tendency to make people suspicious, if there was no other reason for their suspicion, about the gentleman's convictions—the convictions of a gentleman with such a harlequin career?

After quoting further and at great length from newspapers as to the record of Mr. Cockran, Mr. Dalzell reached his climax, speaking with great intensity and excitement, and amid breathless silence. We quote from the *Record*:

Now, Mr. Speaker, I have given you, fairly, extracts from the speeches of the gentleman from New York during the McKinley campaign and during the campaign of 1900 which followed, and I do not care to follow him further. The high moral plane on which the gentleman from New York supported McKinley in 1896 stands out in strange contrast with the demagoguery of his support of Bryan in 1900.

On February 1st of this present year the gentleman from New York was nominated as a candidate for Congress. He made a speech to his convention, in which he said, among other things: "We have reached the point where America is regarded as an international hoodlum."

That is a sentence that is interesting to you, gentleman, upon the other side of the House—Americans as we all are—as much as it is of interest to me.

If there be any "hoodlums" among us, they are not the product of American soil, American institutions, or an American civilization. [Applause on the Republican side.] They are to be found among those adventurers who, having left their own country for their country's good, find in the field of American politics a prolific source of notoriety and pelf; men who, without conscience and without convictions, find an opportunity now with one party and now with another to secure a market for their peculiar wares, among which is not respectability. [Loud and long-continued cheering and applause on the Republican side.]

Mr. Cockran had sat through the entire speech of Mr. Dalzell unmoved, waiting for him to finish. Then, rising from his seat, he was greeted with tumultuous applause by the Democrats. When order was restored, he began his reply, speaking with the greatest deliberation and appearing to weigh every word. He said:

From the position of the newest and the humblest member of this House, I seem to have been suddenly exalted to the dignity of a political issue. I can scarcely realize that this extraordinary display of personal rancor and vituperation will be accepted by the Republican party of the country as the keynote of this Presidential canvass. Personally, sir, I do not care to engage in any war of abuse with the gentleman from Pennsylvania. You will observe, sir, how carefully I observed the rules of the House—the gentleman from Pennsylvania.

He has thought proper to justify a charge of infamy against a fellow-member by searching in the nameless channels

through which the calumnies of the calumniators circulate in a political campaign and, with hands no cleaner than that with which he deals, hurls it over the deliberations of the House. . . . I have never thought it worth while to notice a lie. I never knew a lie to injure anybody but the liar. I have always been content to leave any lie concerning myself to defile the persons who utter it.

We may summarize, briefly, the body of the argument:

Mr. Cockran denied the charge that he had received fifteen thousand dollars from the Palmer and Buckner campaign committee. He also denied in the most positive manner that he ever had received money for supporting President McKinley's election in 1896. He denied the charge that he ever was a greenhacker, and said in the campaign of 1896 he comported with all his energy what he believed to be a heresy regarding the finances, advocated by Mr. Bryan. He had believed Mr. Bryan to be an absolutely honest man, and had predicted that when he saw his error on the financial question he would be the first to take the plank out of the platform. Within the last few days, however, he said Mr. Bryan had demonstrated that he was attached to an idea and would tear down everything rather than yield.

Mr. Cockran then said:

Now, sir, I have perhaps dwelt too long on the personal aspect of this controversy. As I, however, said in the beginning, this reaches a point of immense national importance and foreshadows and threatens what I believe to be a calamitous condition of public affairs.

There is a statement that is widely circulated, and it is that the Presidency was purchased during that very campaign of which he speaks. I confess that I never paid any attention to the charge, as I have never believed that the American people were culpable of general corruption.

Sir, I have heard it charged that sixteen millions of dollars were expended by the national committee in that campaign.

There has been but one such case as that: that is the case in the time of the depraved masses in the decline of the Roman Empire, to which we look back as the very lowest type of empire; that was put up at auction, and the man who actually paid for it paid an amount of something like a thousand dollars to every single member of the Praetorian Guard. Putting the number of guards at sixteen thousand, which is the last record that I have ever found, the sum paid for the Roman Empire by Didius Julianus was precisely the sum Mark Hanna paid for the purchase of the Presidency. But there was a striking difference between the two. The empire which was purchased by Julianus could not hold for over sixty days. He fell, and his head fell with it. He could not with all his money command one man who would strike a blow for him. Things are different in this republic.

Then came the dramatic dénouement. We quote from Mr. Wellman's account of the scene:

While a hush came over the great crowd which filled the hall of the House from floor to galleries, and all eyes were centered on the eloquent Irishman from Tammany Hall, Mr. Cockran drew from the pocket of his carnation-decorated coat a piece of paper which he held aloft.

"Mr. Speaker," he shouted, his voice quivering with emotion or with a clever simulation thereof—for if Mr. Cockran had not become America's foremost orator he might easily have been a distinguished actor—"Mr. Speaker, I ask this House to heed what I am about to say and to agree with me on a question of the ethics governing every one of us here. If I am guilty of the infamy with which I have been charged, I am not worthy to sit in this chamber. And if the gentleman from Pennsylvania has made a false charge against a fellow-member he is not fit to remain within the precincts of this body. I ask for judgment between him and me."

Thunders of applause from the Democratic side greeted this statement, and while his admirers were making the welkin ring, Mr. Cockran unfolded the piece of paper which he had taken from his pocket, and with his right arm uplifted in the most approved fashion of the histrionic art, awaited the silence which would permit him to continue.

"Mr. Speaker," he resumed, "I demand an investigation of the charge by a committee of my fellow-members. [More cheers and yells from the minority side.] I present to this House here and now, sir, the resolution which I shall send to the clerk's desk, and ask this House to permit its immediate consideration and passage. I ask for unanimous consent for the immediate passage of this resolution. If this resolution be adopted and a committee be appointed to inquire into this charge, with power to send for persons and papers, we shall learn whether or not the election of Mr. McKinley in 1896 was procured by the improper use of money. If this resolution be adopted, we shall learn to what extent there is basis for the charge often heard that the election of 1896 was compassed by corruption; we shall see what the facts are, and whether or not these Republicans who now deride and sneer will then have the temerity to rejoice at their own infamy."

Mr. Cockran then read his own resolution, calling for the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate the charge and to report to the House next December.

More Democratic cheers greeted this extraordinary resolution, and all eyes turned to the Republican leaders. What would they do? Would they permit the proposed investigation of their own campaign methods? Would they regard Mr. Cockran's motion as a "huff" and call it? Or would they seek escape through parliamentary tactics and points of order? The excitement was intense. Members flocked to the area in front of the Speaker, the better to see and hear. The galleries were in a flutter of expectancy.

Finally "Uncle Joe" Cannon came to the rescue. Perceiving that his lieutenants were not getting out of the scrape, he tried to lift them out all by himself. In his sweetest and most persuasive voice, he exclaimed: "The chair would like to recommend to the gentleman and to the House that they sleep over night on this matter."

"No, no, no!" shouted the Democrats in chorus, and the Republicans smiled.

Mr. Cockran reiterated his demand for immediate consideration.

"The chair wishes to say a word or two more. The chair has a right to suggest, because he is not only the Speaker but a member of this House, that everybody cool down and that we have a sleep before taking action. To-morrow will come, and there will be plenty of time to dispose of this case."

For once Uncle Joe's gentle emollient failed to soothe the ruffled surface of the waters. But by this time Mr. Payne, of New York, nominal leader of the majority, had got his wits into operation, and he made a point of order. Whereupon the Speaker grabbed the lifeline and ruled: "There is a question whether or not a question of personal privilege has been raised by these resolutions. On that question the chair needs time to consult the authorities and precedents, and proposes to take it. The whole matter will go over till to-morrow."

And amid laughter and cheers on the Democratic side over the dilemma into which the hold Mr. Cockran had thrust the majority, the curtain was rung down upon one of the most sensational episodes recorded in the annals of the American Congress.

On the following day, the chair ruled "that the resolution does not present a matter of privilege." Mr. Williams appealed, and the appeal was laid on the table—169 to 125—a strictly party vote.



## THE POOR BROWN ONE.

A Tale of Sacred Gold.

Martina, Harrison Bittrolff's Mexican maid, came and laid some shining object down on the arm of his Morris chair.

"Mr. Bittrolff," she said, plaintively.

He had his handsome face buried in his hands. It was with tone of deep longing that she called again.

"Mr. Bittrolff, look, please look."

He looked, seeing her, the most beautiful of her dying, and in the main somewhat unlovely, race. The thing she had brought was a small gold hand of crude workmanship, having the appearance of age.

"What is it?" he asked, gloomily.

"Gold!"

"Bah—it would take a thousand of them to help me." There was tragic bitterness in his words.

"Where did you get the thing?" She had a mysterious look. "You don't tell me about your troubles any more, Mr. Bittrolff, but I learn them just the same. You don't love me any more, but I love you just the same. I can get enough things like this to cover up the trouble in the bank."

He sprang up, the blood rushing to his face. "Does every Mexican and heathen Chinese in San Diego know this miserable business?"

She cowered as though he had hit her.

"Oh, Mr. Bittrolff! Nobody, not a soul, knows it, except them in the bank that are going to put you out of it!"

"Where in the devil did you get it, then?"

"Out of your sleep," she said, with her soft note of yearning. "Mr. Bittrolff, you're all too fond of looking down on us; but I love you a thousand times more than any white woman could. And never one of them that you drive about so gayly with could creep in and yearn over you in the night with a broken heart like mine, when you lie talking about the bank. It's gold, and I can get you, maybe, a thousand of them—and save you—and die for it!"

"Martina—girl!—what do you mean? My affection for you is just the same."

"Yes, yes," wearily. "The same. I'll show you that we know how to love; for I'm ready to risk my life to take you where you can get these things—like picking berries off the bushes!"

He wondered if she were losing her mind.

"Well, where?—God, girl, if there is any last straw you can throw out to me—"

She laughed a low thrilling laugh; her big dark eyes swam. She shook her beautiful head oddly.

"Poor man! We'll have to travel far, and alone, and part of the way on foot. And the one condition that the low-down Mexican demands is this: That you take me out, once, before the public, and show the very people that you dash about so gayly with that you love me and respect me! Then—" she flung back her head—"I'm ready to die for saving you."

"Some crazy foolery," he said. "Why did you torture me with this?"

He went out upon the streets where he had been a public figure of the young and audacious sort for the last four years, and from which he knew that he must flee in disgrace before another fortnight, unless some miracle saved him.

At night he came in haggard, full of his ruin, and as he sat at a desk, Martina slipped softly up behind, and placed another shining object beside his hand.

"Look, Mr. Bittrolff," she said.

The thing was a piece of gold about an inch long, shaped like a human foot.

"Where did you get these uncanny things? What are such trinkets to me? Once more, if there is any real way in which you can help me—"

She smiled; her face was Oriental and alluring; her teeth were very white; the mere tone of her voice showed how she worshipped him.

"I told you," she said. "Give them one proof, just by the way you drive me about the streets, that you have given me, too, some of the things you spend on them, and I'll take you where you can gather these like berries off the bushes—and die for it!"

He became absorbed. "Why die for it?"

"Oh, Mr. Bittrolff, it is a deadly sin that I have taken even these! God will kill me when I show you the rest."

"You stole them. From whom?"

"From nobody. From God!" she cried, with the quick tragedy of primitive natures.

"Martina, explain this lunacy. You know that I love you."

"Love! Love! Then make that public show of it. Oh, please! You won't even have to see me afterward, for I shall surely die, getting you these. Will you?"

Thinking it some aboriginal lie, mixed with child-love, he said, "No; and quit stealing these queer things." Then he added, burned with his own shame, "One thief in the house is enough."

A few days went by, and some breath of the coming crash in Bittrolff's banking affairs began to blow idly about. Then one midnight when he came in flushed, reckless, she stepped quickly into his room. She was dressed in black, her figure was slender, and she had much of the taste of a modern American. Her face wore its alluring Oriental look, and out of her eyes peered aboriginal mystery.

"Martina, already they are slinking off like rats. You are the only human being who will prove faithful to me!"

She went right down on one knee, and clasped her hands.

"Let me save you—because I love you—look!"

She held up a third shining thing. It was as tiny as the others, and shaped like a human ear. It, too, had an aged look.

"These horrible things. What is it?"

She whispered, half-closing her eyes, "Gold!"

"What is this trickery? Where did you get these?"

She rose. "Do you know the Mission of Santa Martina?" she asked, mocking.

His mind ran over the names of those religious settlements with which the *padres* adorned this unregenerate land.

"There is no such mission," he said, in disgust. "Tell me no more lies. There—good-night—after all, you are my only friend."

"I hate the word, I hate it!"

The days passed; the disaster was near at hand; and out of his desperation and her devotion displayed daily, grew belief in her. And then there awoke in him a kind of love.

"Don't you see, Martina, that even if I love you, and you save me, my loving you can bring you nothing but misery in the end?"

"Did I ask you to marry me? I asked you to lift me up, by one show of affection, to the people of this town. Then shall you see to what extent a Mexican woman can love!"

He had a ruined and daring look. "Can you save me!" he cried.

"I can. Let me have only the chance to lose my soul in doing it. Come—"

Thus she half made him believe.

"The buggy is ready," he said, drawing a long, slow breath.

She went and dressed in the best gown she had; kneeled to kiss the pillows of his bed; then came out.

"I am ready."

When he plunged into anything he did it with his whole heart. So he lifted her into the vehicle as though she had been his wife. She was serene, sincere, and as mysteriously beautiful as the shadows that come in the evenings of summer. She had the look of one who contemplates death.

He drove her to and fro slowly through all the streets, past all the houses of his fairer friends—and to them lifted his hat sedately. It suddenly swept over him that he was getting a strange happiness out of it. He said with a ring of truth in his words: "Martina, I find it is not for the gold alone that I do this. I find that I wish to do it, and wonder that I never did it before."

At that her eyes were wet. "Thank you," she said, trembling. "Then this is enough. You need not show me any more. Let us get what is necessary for the journey, and drive away."

When one crosses the line into Old Mexico, civilization and the white man's deeds seem falling from off the face of things like veils; the mists of man's many thoughts and many actions roll upward and away, and the naked rocks of life are bare. The further one penetrates toward the far weird heart of Lower California, the more does the savage soul in him beat against its artificial barriers.

"Martina," he said, as they paused to pass the night in a remote Indian town, "these people who glare so strangely seem to know you."

"I was born down this way," she said. "My father was a great man here."

Now they sat upon a rock before a hut; a stretch of desert before, mountains to the rear, the sunset red.

"I love you," he said. "I begin to understand, and to sink to life's bottom with you. I have been blinded by the web that civilization weaves and hangs before our eyes."

She covered her face with her hands. "But you will forget again, when I save you and send you back; the web will hang before your eyes once more. Do not delude yourself."

And again, in a spot still more remote, when the moonlight made a lonely thing out of the bare, wild scene, he came and woke her. He was agitated.

"Martina, what did you mean by talking of death, and saying that this will lose your soul? I thought it half savage superstition. Tell me these things are only emotions and untrue."

"Go sleep, poor man," she said, and laughed a sad, little laugh. "Leave these sorrows and these heart-aches to women, who are born for them. Men must not understand. Go sleep."

Nature hollowed out a jagged bowl, a tiny valley, in the heart of a harsh range. Here was once a spring, and vegetation laughed; but some secret change in the earth's vitals dried up that beauteous fecundity. Behold, hid from the world, ruin of little orange groves, blasted; ruin of a lonely field that bears but alkali; ruin of a little edifice, half cave, half house, with a stone cross before its door. These in the bottom of the jagged bowl, the ground all parched, the mountain barrier a shriveled rim, quivering in the heat of the sun, shimmering in moonlight, or nearly lost under the everlasting stars.

Into this depression they came on foot, stealthily, in the late hours of a night when the moon was a golden hook. The horse was tied a mile to the rear, where the road ended.

"Give me your hand; the path is rocky; I know it well; to slip is easy. We must be very still."

"Martina, Martina—this is lunacy; your love for me has made you mad. There is nothing of value in a

spot so hellish. Can it be the twentieth century that we have just stepped out of? You are a sorceress. You make me love you in this weird place till the touch of your hand is fire."

Her laugh was velvet; she led on. "Mad, mad; it is a gentle word to toss about. Love, love; it is an omen; it is a thing for women; it is that which men are scarce allowed to taste. I am now preparing my soul for hell."

"You craze me with such talk. Will you never be civilized?"

"In hell? Who knows! We may all be civilized in hell—hay-hum. From now on we must talk in whispers. I told you that I was to lose my soul, poor man, just to save your honor in the eyes of those white women. I saw you with them seven times in a box at the theatre. Ah, thought I—and went home fainting—could I, too, but be in the box with him!"

"When we get back I swear you shall be!"

"To swear is to lay up trouble. When we get back!—hay-hum—from where? Surely one seldom gets back from hell. Careful; walk gently; and only whisper. See, here is the door. This is the cross. Kiss it."

"In the name of the damned, what is this thing?"

"The cross. Kiss it, you."

"I can not, you accursed witch."

"Accursed—you said something about love—There—there—Oh!—do not embrace me any more. I will believe you. But kiss it, for me. That is good, thank you, poor dear. Now, let us go in."

"This old wall is scarcely distinguishable from the rock. What infernal place is this?"

"God has dwelt here; it is not infernal. Be very quiet; it is not often he sleeps near, but sometimes he does. I shut the door after us—it is a very rotten one. Light your candle."

"Who sleeps?"

"He who will take away the soul out of me if he finds me."

"This is some aboriginal religious rot," he muttered, lighting the candle.

"Souls are all aboriginal," she said. "Did you not know this? There is nothing so aboriginal as the soul. The light throws out a kind of pale round gossamer; it is as though the Holy Virgin wore a bridal net of some sort. Now, if it can hold down my heart long enough I shall stand with you in front of those things. Kneel first—this is the altar. How beautiful she is!"

The hideous wooden image was dressed in colors.

"I will be damned if I will kneel to it."

"Although damned, you would be with me in hell, even my love can not go so far! You must kneel."

"I will not! Where are those accursed hands and feet and ears, and let us be out of this creepy spot."

"Now that I think of it, I will leave it to God whether you be damned or no, and leave a door open for you to be sent to me. This makes me tremble, to think of us together—there! Then, too, after I save you there are many ways for your damning, with those white ones, who are all rich. You need not kneel. Blessed, blessed Mary!"

"Come—the feet and the ears! I want to know whether this is all sheer idiocy or not!"

"Turn your light upon this wall."

He thought that he heard breathing behind the altar.

"What's that!" he whispered, agast.

"It is your fear waking up in your ears, coward," she said, gently, and touched his cheeks with her finger tips. "Look at the wall."

The discolored surface was hung thick with those gold things, also with crude little paintings of accidents, amputations, horrors, wild animals eating babies.

These are common in ignorant Mexican localities.

When any good Catholic is preserved from sickness, or from accident, or is made well in the feet, or saved by a taking off of a hand, it being the Virgin Mary who did it, they make little souvenirs to her. The walls of many an old church are covered with them, but the mementos are usually made of something less precious than gold.

He stared, and turning, saw that she was crying.

"What are you crying about?" he whispered, dry in the mouth.

"To see how above love is gold to civilization."

"Where did they get it? There must be a mine near by!"

"A mine of love for you, but not worth much. See, here they got it."

She touched a large, hacked nugget on a pedestal under the hanging feet and hands and ears. His eyes glittered; he took from his pocket a bag which she had told him to bring.

"Stop!" she said, terrified. "This is my task and sacrifice—not yours."

He paused, thinking that he heard those spasmodic sounds which people sometimes make in their throats on awaking—behind the altar.

"What is that?"

"Nothing! Here! Quick!" As in a frenzy she plucked all those things, and swept them into the bag, then the nugget, too. She had a superb and daring look. "Take it!" And she thrust the bag upon him. "Now come."

She held the candle close to another wall, and said, triumphant, "Read!"

An old faded inscription in Spanish ran thus:

Because of my sin against Father Junipero Serra, driven out by him into exile from his holy labors, I came hither into these fastnesses to die, but was suddenly blessed and forgiven of God, who, having come to me in a dream, bade me here establish a mission in secret; whereupon, having come out of that vision, I beheld the water spring from this rock; and



knowing it for a miracle, I established this mission alone; grew gray in it; never having returned to the world. And great concourse of souls has Christ saved through me. Then God furthermore blessed us with a new miracle: for in a pool of the stream He did suddenly make this great nugget of gold to shine forth on Easter morning, in the year of our Blessed Lord, 1802. May these offerings glorify His mercies. And upon whosoever shall remove this gold from the wall, my curse and the Lord's curse be forevermore; and they will go down to hell fire and burn with an everlasting damnation.

FATHER JOSE BALLARE.

He turned upon her where she stood, transfixed.

"Martina, Martina—you don't believe this folly!"

Again the velvety laugh, quavering, broken.

"Don't you know, foolish man, that if one believes he commits a great sin, and does it, anyhow, it is sin, and leads to hell, no matter what your civilization says? I am more philosopher than you! The belief is the reality. I came to show you what a poor brown woman will do for the man she loves."

He flung the bag down. Her face was so thin-looking that he saw the terrible truth of the thing to her. "I will not take it!"

"Too late," she said. "I will show you what else a poor brown woman can do, who does not want to live any more because she can not marry the white man she loves." She had been whispering, but now cried, shrilly: "Father! Father!"

Something roused behind the altar; a snort; the form of a newly awakened man sprang out. He was brutish, with hanging lip, and a long blade.

"You wench!" he growled in rage. "What are you doing back here?"

"I have stolen the gold!"

The savage started, glared; his eyes about to leap from their sockets; his veins horrible.

"You lie! Is it not enough to flee from your father's tribe, consorting with whites, but that you must wither my heart with that lie? Who is this white thing here?"

"It is true—see! I stole it for him!"

One moment more the savage glared; then some loathsome, superstitious fury broke all bounds in him—his blade was plunged into her body.

Bittrolf flew on the brute; the two wheeled, staggered; the white man wrenched away the blade, and slew his adversary.

"Run away—quick," she moaned, fallen.

His shaking and bloody hand held the candle over her.

"Martina—my God, my God!"

"Fly—others will learn, and kill you. Take the gold. I am dead—for you—having shown you—what a poor brown—what a poor brown one—a poor—brown—one—"

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1904.

Hundreds of negro preachers and laymen, attending the twenty-second quadrennial conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Chicago, the other day, halted at prayer to give voice to their appreciation of President Roosevelt for his treatment of the negro race. Bishop W. J. Gaines, of Georgia, offered a prayer, in which he said: "O God, bless the President of the United States, who has had the manhood and courage to stand up and do his duty at all times to men of every color and creed in spite of bitter criticism. If consistent with Thy will, O God, when his term of office expires, send him back to the White House to serve another four years." The utterance of this sentiment was the signal for shouts of "Bless him, O God!" "Yes, yes!" "Amen, Amen!" and it was some time before the bishop could proceed with the service.

The chief procurator of Russia, in a late report to the Czar on the state of Russian religion, brings out the fact that the power and wealth of the Greek Church are immense. There are 66,780 of these churches in the empire. During the last year 833 new places of worship were consecrated. In connection with these churches there are 16,658 monks and 36,146 nuns. There are 2,050 head priests and 43,743 ordinary priests. These, together with 58,156 deacons and under deacons, make a grand total, along with seven other divisions, the figures of which are not given exactly, of 170,000 persons in official positions. A sum of nearly \$30,000,000 was paid by the Russian people last year for the support of this vast organization.

Collector of the Port Stratton has prepared some statistics which show that more than \$40,000,000 worth of munitions and supplies have been bought here by the Japanese and Russian Governments since the war began. The Japanese have sent several millions in gold yen by every Oriental steamer for several months. In December they sent \$2,000,000; in January, \$2,500,000; in February, \$2,800,000; in March, \$6,250,000; and in April nearly \$7,000,000. Russia has purchased most of her supplies through Chicago and New York, and Mr. Stratton estimates that these purchases have been fully as large as those of Japan, making a total of \$40,000,000.

Mrs. Arthur Balsano, a dwarf actress of New York, recently gave birth to an eight-pound boy. The mother is thirty-eight inches tall, and weighs only fifty pounds herself. She was attended by a Coney Island physician, who said that the child seemed perfectly normal. The husband and father is the son of a fruit seller of Coney Island, and a man of average size.

## A WAR-TIME SPRING.

Economizing in Japan—The Empress and Her People's Devotion—  
A Strange Proclamation—The War and Art—Soldiers  
and Cherry Blossoms.

The train from Kamakura took its slow way through the rice-fields on to the capital. There was no sign of war in sleepy Kamakura. The great Buddha seems to hypnotize the villagers into his own endless and eternal calm. I looked at him among the flowering cherries, and thought of all the upheavals, natural and political, he had seen serenely through.

All along the way, the late plums mingled their sweetness with the pink peach blooms and the fast-budding cherries. Flags of the Rising Sun were floating everywhere, some of them worn into shreds; and others had been out in the rain, and the red suns had left their proper spheres, and had run gorily over the margins, showing that the less economical and more patriotic folk had left theirs out in all weathers to cheer the outgoing soldiers.

As the train passed one thatched farm-house, two young men in gray silk came out and bowed low, their palms together outstretched before them. Three young women took their places behind them, and also bowed devotionally, and an old woman hurried out to join the others. I craned my neck around to see if I could glimpse a shrine—could they be having morning prayers in the garden? The train moved on. Many police were at every station. We whirled by a company of school-children, drawn up beyond some intervening rice-fields in martial order. At the end of the line, as the train passed, their two teachers bowed low—bowed not as to mortal man or woman, but as before a shrine. And then I knew. The empress was on our train.

I had heard she was to pass at nine, but thought, of course, her special express had long since gone on ahead. So there was no express! She had probably refused it on account of the expense. For she is setting her people an example in economy, doing away with all but necessary expenses, giving up, as did the emperor, many treasures, and sending away, with thanks and gifts, but with stirring, patriotic words, to their places in the field or at the front, officers who had the honor to be attached to her service.

And now her majesty was on this train, and a slow train at that, stopping at many stations, and going into Yokohama for a tedious wait before resuming the journey on to Tokio. I wonder what she thought of the dragged flags; of the pathetic little arches across the narrow roads between the rice-fields to show her that the poorest of the people, in the midst of the trouble in every home, still tried to do her honor. They think of the imperial family before they think of themselves.

An old oyster-woman in Yokohama told me, the other day, that she had no one going to the war, but that there were thirteen soldiers in her street, and she had not slept all the night before, thinking and grieving about it all. Not grieving for the thirteen families especially, because each gave but one son, but grieving for the august emperor's sorrow, for he gave them all. Were they not all his children? And was his, not the sorrow for one boy, but for thousands?

Economy is raging like a fever among the people, but Toyo's beautiful coiffure is a daily delight.

"Did the hair-dresser come yesterday?" I asked, the other morning.

"Yes," said she.

"How is her business?" quoth I, bent on prying into my neighbor's affairs.

"Well, for her it is very good; the cherry-blossom season is always a good season for hair-dressers, for every one goes blossom-viewing, and the hair must be arranged—all the common people—but the hair-dressers for the middle and higher classes are having a very hard time, as all those ladies are doing their hair in foreign fashion."

Some days ago the following was handed in to all the houses in a certain district, sent out by the "head man." In rough translation, it reads as follows:

### ADMONITION.

Since the imperial proclamation against Russia, on the tenth day of the second month of this year, the nation has rejoiced in the successes of the navy.

By autumn it is hoped that Japan will conquer by the aid of our wise emperor's power and the devotion of the army and navy.

It is the important duty of the nation to consider ways of help, by gifts of money for the army and the navy, with devotion, and with loyalty. We have already had great success in raising a public loan, but it is not enough to last to the end of the war. Therefore, we must determine to give money to the government many times over, according to our means. Especially so as the enemy, Russia, is so strong, and is so large and important a country in Europe, and because they have such vast lands and a population ten times that of Japan. Therefore, to encourage the spirit in the army and navy, it is very important to strike against Russia unitedly. In the future we must save as much as we possibly can to give to the war fund, in order to show our fidelity to the emperor.

I wish the residents of —ku to do these things surely, and set an example to the other districts.

The thirty-seventh year of Meiji, the third month, and the nineteenth day.

### PART SECONDO.

Lately, in the home, it has been the fashion of both men and women to be luxurious in dress and footgear. Be careful to live simply.

Second. Be careful to simplify the wedding and funeral ceremonies, and yet conduct them with all due decorum.

Third. Dress the hair in foreign style, except in cases of great ceremony, when the Japanese hairdressing is necessary.

Fourth. Stop general giving of presents at the New Year and at the Bon [festival of the dead in midsummer] the girls' festival, the boys' festival, and at the end of the year.

Fifth. Also stop huying *mochi* [cakes made of fine rice flour], rice and fish sandwiches, red rice [used only on festival occasions], and temple offerings, sweet cakes and *hanghi mochi* at the time of the equinox. It is a useless custom. It not only wastes money, but is injurious to our health.

Sixth. Be advised with conscientiousness in meeting with many people and giving entertainments where there is much eating and drinking.

Seventh. Teach children in the ways of economy, and do not waste money on toys and sweets for them.

We who are more interested on the humanitarian side (for are we not bidden by our government to keep our fingers out of this war pie?), feel, if anything, constrained to employ more people than we otherwise would, whenever we can.

But what will become of the thousands of men and women who make their living amusing children, if the tots are no longer given *rin* and *sen* to encourage them. And what will become of the little army of hair-dressers? The women are taking to wearing cotton instead of silk and crepe, making a vast difference in the silk trade, and sad news comes from the silk centres.

Wealthy men have stopped the building of their new houses, thus throwing all the workmen out of employment.

There came a morning last week when a soft haze lay over the city, and the great Out-of-Doors called I told my happy *kurumaya* to take me to Neno. He came with a pink camellia and leaves pinned on the slope of his mushroom hat. It was such a contrast to his very plain, middle-aged face that I amusedly asked him why he wore it.

"Because I am going blossom-viewing, and must be dressed appropriately," he answered.

It is very *bourgeois* to talk to your *kurumaya* en route, or for him to talk to you, but blossom time levels barriers. He turned down a different street, and over his shoulder he said, as he ran: "This way, blossoms, because of, honorably going." And a little later: "By honorably pleased to look again; like snow on the trees are the blossoms."

Neno was quiet in the morning. Parties of soldiers wandered through enjoying themselves, and drinking in the sweetness all about. The picture exhibitions were in full blast, and most of the visitors were the soldier boys. The admission is only two cents and a half, and the semi-annual exhibitions are visited by all classes as a matter of course. Even Chusan and his pink camellia got permission to go with me, and enjoyed what he saw.

The war has not touched the art of the country yet. With the exception of a few bad cartoons, the pictures were of the usual charming, impersonal quality: misty snows and rains, little birds singing their ways from tree to tree, a wagtail on a rock in the middle of a cool stream. I thought a remark of one of my teachers might be changed to: "It eases the heart to look at Japanese paintings."

A terrific galloping broke in on the quiet of the exhibition room, and I flew out with my camera. "A race!" said one of the attendants. Ten or a dozen yellow caps were speeding their horses up and down on the cherry tree avenue, with the light-hearted laughter of children and as if the terrible Cossack never existed.

In the fullest bloom of the trees, Toyo and I went out to Neno again in the afternoon, and then the effect of the war was noticeable. The crowd was not colorful—it was gray as the tree trunks. There was little gaiety in the dress of the girls, little and big. There were fewer brilliant babies. There was less laughter and no drinking. Down under the cherry trees, where the morning before the cavalry men were racing, several companies of imperial guards marched, singing as they went through the blossoms.

We were detained, Toyo and I, and the sun was low when we turned our faces toward home. On a beautiful afternoon, I know nothing that fills me with such profound contentment as the prospect of a long ride through Tokio; but in cherry-blossom time it is better than the best—as if all one's beautiful dreams came true, as if a fairy-tale combination could be made of all the loveliest pictures, the most exquisite music and tenderest poetry, and from it all distilled a new sensation never to be forgotten, and rendered more perfect if possible by bugles softly sounding over the moats and among the snowy trees.

"Barracks?" said I.

"Honorably is," said our men. "Takahashi Barracks."

"Why, that is where Shiu is."

"Honorably is," said his late comrades in duet.

Across the moat the buglers stood on the old gray wall. Other soldiers loitered along, looking over the city. Through the fretwork of old pines behind them we saw the faint blush pink of the cherries, and before them as far as their eyes could see were pearly gray tiled roofs and clouds upon clouds of the softest color of blossoming trees.

The cherry blossom is the symbol of the army and the navy, because as the trees burst into bloom almost as one flower, so do the people respond to the call to arms. It is the most cherished flower of the nation and the most precious. A soft gust of wind filled the air with flying petals, and the third analogy came sadly as the cherry blossom's life, so is the soldier's, often brief.

HELEN HYOE.

TOKIO, April 25, 1904.



## ANTONIN DVORÁK.

Death of the Great Bohemian Composer—Wrote "Stabat Mater"—His Views of American Music—A Varied Career.

The recent death at Prague of Antonin Dvorák, Bohemia's most famous musician, and one of the foremost of great modern composers, recalls the page in his history most interesting to Americans. For three years, from 1892 until 1895, he was at the head of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, and during his residence there he was one of the notable figures of the metropolis. At this time, he devoted much thought to the founding of a national style of music in this country, and his methods, as well as his firm belief in nationalism in music, provoked much discussion among American composers. His theories were based on the conviction that folklore songs should be the foundation of national music, and that our negro melodies of the South, combined with the chants of the native Indian tribes, formed a fitting substitute for the folk songs of the old world, a species of music altogether lacking among us. As a result of these theories, the famous "Fifth Symphony," sometimes called "From the New World," was written. This remarkable work, composed in America, and produced for the first time in New York, incorporates the Southern plantation songs with the primitive Indian music, so indigenous of the soil, while running in and out are many original themes, embodying the same characteristics. The symphony was given in 1893, under the direction of Anton Seidl, and aroused so much enthusiasm that the modest and retiring composer was altogether overpowered at the ovation he received. Although the theme worked out in this composition provoked a storm of controversy, the hearty and originality of the music was at once conceded, and, in America at least, the Fifth Symphony will always be ranked as one of the composer's greatest works.

Dvorák's early history was one of privation and struggle. Born in 1841 of humble parents, in the little village of Mühldhausen, in Bohemia, he showed from the beginning a persistent determination to work out for himself a musical career. Against heavy odds, he succeeded in obtaining some early training on the violin, and at sixteen he entered the Prague Organ School, where he studied under Físch, graduating when he was twenty-one. During early manhood, his livelihood was gained by playing in bands, in cafés, or in orchestras, or by giving music lessons, while all his spare hours were devoted to composition. In his own country, his first success came from the publication of a Bohemian patriotic song, "The Heirs of the White Mountains." A position as organist in Prague was soon offered him, and he became the recipient of two musical scholarships. An income was thus assured, and, thereafter, his advancement was rapid. In 1878, his Moravian Duets, brought out in Berlin, won him wider recognition, and were followed by the captivating and original "Slavic Dances." These fascinating measures, modeled in theme on the folk songs of his own country, possess the peculiar rhythm and accent that marks the music of Bohemia, and they have gained a popularity that extends into many countries.

From this time Dvorák's fame as a composer steadily rose. Brahms and Joachim had already become alive to the creative genius of the Bohemian musician, and by their efforts he was further aided on the pathway of success. New opportunities were offered to him, and compositions long laid aside now for the first time received publication. In England Dvorák's music has always been received with peculiar favor. His oratorio, "Stabat Mater," composed five years before, was performed in London in 1883, and was at once greeted as a masterpiece.

Two years later, commissioned to write a cantata for the Birmingham Festival, he produced "The Spectre Bridegroom" with success. Following this came an oratorio, "St. Ludmila," which was brought out at the Leeds Musical Festival, Dvorák himself conducting.

In 1892, he accepted the offer, made him by Mrs. Jeannette Thurher, to come to New York as director of the National Conservatory of Music, receiving an annual income of fifteen thousand dollars as compensation for his services. During his three years' stay, he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the advancement of music in America, and his rare ability as a teacher and leader among musicians was fully recognized. Musicians whose compositions have already won them renown were among his pupils, most notably, perhaps, Rubin Goldmark, a nephew of the older Goldmark, and Shelley, composer of many popular songs.

In his efforts to found an American school of music, based on the elements of negro melodies, Dvorák did not confine himself to the production of the well-known "From the New World." In three other compositions he embodied his ideas of what the American spirit of music should be. These are a quartet and a quintet, now played only at infrequent intervals, and a cantata called "The American Flag," which has become one of his most popular works.

When, in 1895, he returned to Bohemia, partly from a longing for home, partly to superintend the education of his children, his departure was followed by keen regrets. A few years later, he took the position of director of the famous Conservatory of Music in Prague. In the same year his opera, "The Water Nixie," was brought out, and the following year another opera, "Armida," was produced. Dvorák has always been a most tireless worker, and the complete list of his works is an exceedingly long one. By many, his chamber music is preferred, and by such, the Third Symphony, with its marvelous scherzo movement, is reckoned his finest composition. More than any other, it is a type of the extreme individualism of the Bohemian school of music. Like the "Slavic Dances," the scherzo is built upon Dvorák's favorite folk-song themes, and it moves on in rapidly accelerating time to a stormy accompaniment until a climax of rapidity and excitement, not often paralleled, is reached.

The "Stabat Mater," a wonderful tone-picture of the tragedy of the story of the Cross and of the sorrowing mother's grief, is even more universally admired. The orchestration in particular, while peculiarly original in treatment, is of majestic and solemn beauty.

"The Spectre Bridegroom," an old folktale of a bride lured to a charnel house, where she is so encompassed by horrors that her brain is turned, is more weirdly impressive than pleasing. The supernatural has never received more adequate expression in music than in the weird strains of the accompaniments, but the gressiveness of the tale removes it from the realm of the purely enjoyable.

Besides cantatas, oratorios, symphonies, and chamber music generally, Dvorák has written many beautiful songs, and he has also composed several operas. The latter, however, have always seemed to miss fire. Encumbered with poor librettos, and in each instance lacking dramatic fire and point, they have been little more than experimental essays in a new direction.

Among musicians, Dvorák takes rank, in the fervor of his national spirit, with Chopin, Glinka, and Grieg, but most of all with Liszt. Just as Chopin interpreted the Polish national spirit through his music, and Grieg has made distinctly typical his Norwegian melodies, so Dvorák and Liszt have embodied in the wild and half barbarous themes and rhythms that they love, the very reflex of the Bohemian and Hungarian temperament.

During his early primitive years, Dvorák was much under the spell of German masters, and in some of his work of that period the influence of Wagner can be traced. His first opera shows this most markedly. Later, however, when the creative soul and strong individuality of the artist had asserted themselves, this influence was thrown off, and his greatest allegiance was given to Liszt, the musician above all others to whom he was most akin.

His years hardly extended into extreme old age, for his sudden death from apoplexy on May 1st took him out of life at the age of sixty-three.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

According to the official announcement published at Rome, it is toward the latter part of July or early in August that Queen Helene hopes to present to her husband and to the nation a male heir to the throne of Italy. The queen is now living very quietly in the chateau of Porziano, near Rome.

Dr. Derrick N. Lehmer, instructor in mathematics at the University of California, has been voted the sum of five hundred dollars by the Carnegie Institute to be devoted to hiring assistants, in order that he may complete a table of "smallest divisors," which he has been preparing during the last three years under a new and successful method. Dr. Lehmer's achievement is the discovery of a new and simple process for finding the factors of all numbers up to ten million. The task has been rarely attempted on account of the enormous labor involved. Dr. Lehmer's method is brief and complete. While his tables will be finished after only four years' work, other tables, carried out to the ten million, would take a period of forty years.

The mere enumeration of the events of the life of Henry M. Stanley, who died in London May 10th, at the age of sixty-four, reads like a page of romance. He was born in Wales of peasant parents; he spent his boyhood in an almshouse; at fifteen he sailed as cabin-boy for New Orleans. There he attracted the attention of Henry Morton Stanley, a wealthy business man, and was by him adopted. He ran away, and lived several years among the Indians. The death of his adopted father left the future explorer in poverty, and he enlisted in the Confederate army, and later in the Union navy. Then he became a journalist, being reporter on the New York Herald, and in 1869 was sent by James Gordon Bennett to find Livingstone. He found him, and in 1874 explored a vast wilderness in East Africa, discovering the source of the Congo. Later he became a governor of the Congo

Free State, and in 1886 went to the relief of Emin Pasha. In 1890, Stanley married Miss Dorothy Tennant, the artist, and has for the last decade lived quietly in England.

Hardly seven years ago Dr. Jameson was convicted and sent to prison by a British jury, urged thereto by a British judge, and was universally reproached by English public opinion. Now he is premier of Cape Colony. Not less romantic and striking were the earlier transformation scenes of his life. Assistant in a London hospital; then fashionable physician in Kimberley during the great diamond boom; then friend and admirer of Cecil Rhodes, who persuaded him to throw physic to the dogs and go as a special ambassador to Lobengula, king of the Matabeles. Dr. Jameson carried his diplomatic point by curing the tyrannous old chief of gout, and won Rhodesia for the British Empire. Then came his apogee in the famous raid on Johannesburg, when, with a few hundred troopers, he invaded the Transvaal. Jameson was made the scapegoat, and served several months' imprisonment, being finally liberated on medical certificate. He was for two years an invalid, and was for a long time not expected to recover. His star rose once more, however, and now he is Cape premier.

Nicholas Georgantas, of Greece, holder of the world's record for throwing the discus, is on his way to America to compete in the Olympic games at St. Louis. Georgantas comes to capture the discus-throwing event, and hopes to lower his present world's record of one hundred and thirty-three feet ten inches. The American record, held by Martin Sheridan, is one hundred and twenty-

seven feet eight and three-quarter inches. Georgantas is well-bred, a man of social standing, a college graduate, and at the present time is a teacher in the public schools. In the first of the Olympic games held in Athens in 1902 Georgantas broke the world's discus-throwing record, and the figures he established stand to-day. He is a young man twenty-three years old, of magnificent physique, and a pure Grecian type. He weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and is six feet one inch tall. In throwing the sixteen-pound stone, Georgantas has a mark of seventy-four feet seven inches.

Andrew McNally, of the publishing firm of Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, died at his country residence at Altadena, a suburb of Pasadena, on May 7th. Andrew McNally was of Scotch descent, and was born in the north of Ireland in 1836, where he received a good education. Early in life he was apprenticed as a printer in the printing-house of John Walters, of Armagh, where he remained seven years. From proof-boy he rose to a position where he obtained a clear insight into the publishing business. In 1858, he emigrated to America, shortly afterward starting in Chicago the *Evening Star*, a penny paper. Subsequently he took charge of the *Tribune* job office. In 1864, he became associated with W. H. Rand in the printing business, but the fire of 1871 burned out the young firm, and Mr. McNally found himself almost as poor as on the day he arrived in the city. Undismayed he purchased on the West Side the only printing office that had escaped, and in a few days the firm was again doing a thriving business. During the subsequent thirty years it was one of the most successful publishing houses of the country.

## New MACMILLAN Books

## JUST READY

In one 12mo volume.

HENRY W. ELSON'S *History of*

## The United States of America

**Convenient:** No other equally comprehensive history of the United States is in one volume.

**Accurate:** It is in line with the results of the best and most modern research.

**Interesting:** Well proportioned in the fullness of its treatment, with clear-cut sketches of the main personalities, and vivid, fascinating pictures of the life of men and times.

Cloth, \$1.75 net. (Postage, 24 cts.)

A new volume in

## The American Sportsman's Library

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

Mr. W. P. STEPHENS'

## American Yachting

The background of the story is the long struggle for the possession of the America Cup, which has been the dominant factor for many years in both the sporting and the technical side of yachting. It is most entertaining in its sketches of leading yachtsmen and their efforts in furthering the popular interests of the sport.

Cloth, crown 8vo, gilt tops, \$2.00 net. (Postage, 15 cts.)

As Entertaining as Fiction

Mrs. THEODORE THOMAS'

## Our Mountain Garden

"One can not help liking the unspoiled personality revealed in its pages, nor can any one with an iota of nature-love fail to respond to its unforced enthusiasm. It has in it the tonic of mountain breezes."

—*Record-Herald, Chicago.*  
Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net. (Postage, 13 cts.)

Dr. JOHN W. STREETER'S

## The Fat of the Land

"It is as fascinating as a novel, . . . exasperating because it awakens envy. But it is also charming, and should be enthusiastically recommended."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Third Edition. Cloth 12mo, \$1.50 net. (Postage, 12 cts.)

On NET books ordered from the publishers, carriage is uniformly an extra charge.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

## NEW NOVELS

The new book by the author of "The Call of the Wild."

Mr. JACK LONDON'S

## The Faith of Men

Virile, pungent stories in which the author returns to the scenes of "toll of trace and trail," from which he drew his wonderful picture of Buck.

Published this week. Cloth, \$1.50.

The best novel of Western life, in paper covers, at 25 cts.

Mr. OWEN WISTER'S

## The Virginian

In good type, from the same plates as the expensive edition.

"OWEN WISTER has come pretty near to writing the American novel. He has come as near to it as any man can well come."—*The Times Saturday Review, N. Y.*

Published this week in Paper, 25 cts.

ONOTO WATANNA'S

## Daughters of Nijo

By the author of "The Heart of Hyacinth." This is an exceptionally dainty love-story of the Japanese Court. Illustrations and decorations in color by Kiyochi Sano.

Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. MERWIN'S

## The Merry Anne

is the story of a young Captain on the Lakes, suspected of smuggling. The whole charming love-story is told with a crisp freshness and power of description worthy of its spirited plot. Illustrated in color by THOMAS FOGARTY.

Cloth, \$1.50.

Mrs. KINGSLEY'S

## The Singular Miss Smith

The author of "Titus" sets forth with decided cleverness and a keen sense of humor, a distinctly attractive love-story. Its heroine's solution of the problem "how to become a social success" is particularly amusing.

Cloth, \$1.25.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## No Over-Production of Fiction.

Every little while some literary person of more or less importance affirms more or less emphatically in print that there is an over-production of books. "The literary deluge" is a familiar phrase in the mouths of critic and criticaster. It is even said, more or less facetiously, that a rigorous censorship ought to be exercised upon the output of fiction. It is nothing less than a literary crime, we are told, to dump upon an innocent public thousands of mediocre books a year. The nascent author ought to be implacably oppressed. *Cacoethes scribendi*, it is affirmed, is a real and serious national malady that calls for cure.

This is the popular—nay, the fashionable—view of the literary situation. But is it the true one? Is it really true that the flood of admittedly mediocre books are mentally or morally injurious to the "public welfare"? There seems a reasonable doubt of it. In the first place, the person who deplores in print the literary deluge is usually (in the nature of things) a literary critic, or at least a reviewer of books. But critics and book reviewers are the last persons who might be expected to pass a perfectly fair and unbiased judgment on the question.

What they say about "over-production" is bound to be vitiated by personal feeling and prejudice. Practically all of them are making desperate but vain efforts to "keep up" with the new books. They are in a chronic state of irritation because of their personal inability to read and judge the product of the busy presses. It is excessively annoying to the book-reviewer to waste time over a mediocre book, as is necessary in order to determine the mere fact of its mediocrity. It is natural, almost inevitable, therefore, that those whose business it is to write about the new books, should let this personal irritation appear in their work—should continually harp on the theme that there are too many books—where there are for their personal convenience. Human nature being what it is, reviewers look jaundicedly askance, from their own little over-heaped desks, at the record of book-production, and declare it too great.

Obviously, however, it is not in the least necessary that the production of books should be limited to such number as can be conveniently disposed of by any particular literary critic, as even so logically minded a person as Mr. Fitch seems to suppose. He says: "In these days, even, the professional critic, single-handed, finds the hulk of new books beyond his capacity to handle. . . . The day for this process of selection and valuation is swiftly passing, for if the production of books shall increase . . . the critic will go down under the avalanche, and the public be at the mercy of modern presses, compelled to snatch at random for chance volumes turned out by the million each year."

A horrible prospect!—but only, we opine, to those who still cling to the outworn idea that professional critics form the public taste. Of course they do not. They no more form the public taste about books than newspaper reporters form public opinion. Book-reviewers are in fact literary reporters; they report what they see in a book, and the public forms its own opinion about their veracity and their capacity to speak with authority.

The railing at over-production of books, then, comes largely from critics unable to suppress their personal feelings and preferences, and unable to look at the question from the standpoint of the public at large. But does it still remain true that the public at large has any shadow of reason to complain?

Certainly it is true that the production of a book does no harm to its writer. On the contrary, it appears to us that there is no better intellectual training than writing a book—any book. "Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man," said Bacon. The mere act of reducing thoughts and ideas, perhaps previously inchoate, to the absoluteness of print can only result in the broadening of the mind. To think out a thing, to weigh it all down in black and white, may not be appreciably advantageous to the world at large, but certainly he who does these things will intellectually have taken a long step forward. In our educational system, no fact is better realized than that the way to think is best taught by compelling the student to express in fair English that which he knows. What greater stimulus is there to exact observation, what more effectual remedy for loose thinking? In truth, if we were asked to name the most profound educative influence (besides the newspaper) at work in the land to-day, we should name the ambition, the aspiration, the impulse, or what you will, whose result is to bring daily to the office of every great newspaper, of every magazine, scores of poems (so-called), stories, essays, descriptive articles, and fragments of plays, and to every reputable publisher thousands of bulky manuscripts of all sorts yearly. The worst spelled and most badly written poetic effusion that reaches this office, or any office, betokens in its writer an intellectual aspiration which is bound to result in intellectual growth. It is said that

of every thousand manuscripts of novels received by the publishers only five, on the average, are accepted and printed. Therefore, all told, about forty thousand ambitious works of fiction are produced in the United States yearly. Not one of their writers, it seems to us, wrote *finis*, and laid down the pen, without having laid a firmer hold on life, without having come a little nearer to the eternal verities.

But it is said that not in the writing but in the printing of many mediocre books lies the evil. The chief argument of those who so contend is that, were there fewer mediocre books, better books would be more read. Put concretely, if Mary Johnston had not written "Sir Mortimer," Henry James would have more disciples. This, too, it seems to us, is doubtful. The mediocre novel—it is fiction of which we speak more particularly—is to the infantile-minded young person what the primer is to the child: a bridge to better things. It is not at all certain that the many trifling novels decrease the number of readers of the few good ones. In the case of newspapers, it has been discovered that the "yellow journals" draw their readers very largely from the class which, before the advent of the yellow journal, read no newspaper at all. So it is with books. The vast output of literary mediocrity furnishes to the mediocre that which it demands, and in default of which it would find solace in diversions other than literary.

Published novels very quickly find their level among readers. This novel circulates in such and such intellectual and social strata; that novel at some other level; a third in none at all—falls quite dead from the press; a fourth appeals to nearly every class. In numbers of novels there is certainty of reaching all tastes and classes. For mediocre minds mediocre books are a necessity. Because the primer is not the highest type of literature shall it be decreed that the infant intelligence should first tackle Addison's Essays or the Canterbury Tales? Certainly not; and it were as absurd to try to tempt the average young person to stray in the pathways of literary delight by first baiting him or her with a Mrs. Wharton or a Joseph Conrad.

H. A. L.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jeannette L. Gilder, the well-known editor of the *Critic*, and author of the successful "Autobiography of a Tomboy," has finished a sequel to that book, which will be published under the title, "The Tomboy at Work." The story is written around a modern girl's experiences in business.

Rumor has it that the author of "Letters from a Chinese Official," supposed to be the authentic work of a real Chinese, is Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, a well-known English writer.

In gathering the material for "The Adventurer in Spain," S. R. Crockett lived for nearly three months with a family of smugglers on the eastern Pyrean frontier; he spent a week in a camp of Carlists, and with them ran away from the gendarmes; he passed three nights with a hermit who dwelt among the rocks at the upper end of the Valley of the Arriaga; in a fortnight among charcoal burners he discovered that they were mostly ex-brigands, and "not so very much 'ex' either!"

Kate Douglas Wiggin has sailed for Scotland, and will spend a month or more in Edinburgh.

An anonymous work of fiction which attracted much attention in Germany will be published in an English translation by Everleigh Nash, entitled "The Letters Which Never Reached Him."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman's consideration of man as a laborer, called "Human Work," will be published shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Howells were entertained by Mrs. John Lane at 8 Kensington Gardens Terrace on a recent evening. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert K. Chesterton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harland, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Carruthers Gould.

Samuel Smiles's "Self-Help," a book fated to sell by its millions, and be translated into almost every European language, lay unprinted for six years in its author's desk condemned by publishers. It was printed and published finally at Dr. Smiles's expense.

James Lane Allen has sailed for Europe, and will remain abroad until December.

The royalties of General Lew Wallace are said to amount to fifty thousand dollars a year.

Helen Keller's "The Story of My Life" has just appeared in Hindustani for the especial benefit of the deaf mute children in the school at Bombay.

"Spencer Kellogg Brown, His Life in Kansas and His Death as a Spy," published by D. Appleton & Co., has resulted in a supreme court action being brought against the publishers by the spy's son, Spencer K. Brown, who alleges that the manuscript was wrongfully and unlawfully procured by the

defendants. He contends that the copy and the right to publish, of which he was the sole owner, was easily worth fifty thousand dollars.

The Macmillan Company will publish Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Crossing," probably in May. Its theme is largely the peaceful conquest of the Louisiana territory by American settlers. The book will be illustrated in colors.

Sir Hiram Maxim has deserted flying machines and guns long enough to write a book entitled "Monte Carlo: Facts and Fallacies." He deals therein with gambling laws and chances, and also with the odds in horse-racing.

Reports concerning fiction are to the effect that George Meredith is writing a novel in which Mr. Chamberlain will have a leading part; that Mrs. Voynich, the author of that strong story, "The Gadfly," is bringing out a novel dealing with exile in Siberia, and that Hall Caine has made Arthur Balfour the hero of a new story.

The April importations of Charles Scribner's Sons include a "Guide to Hand-Reading," by "Phanos." The book is prefaced by a letter from a prominent Parisian palmist, "Cheiro," and contains numerous illustrations and diagrams. It treats of the seven types of hands, with a description of the flexibility, color, texture of the skin, and the four fingers and the thumb of each hand, and then of both hands. This is called "Cheirognomy." "Cheiromancy," which is next treated of, is the science of reading the lines on the hand—the line of life, of the head, of fate, of sun, of health, lines relating to marriage, the girdle of Venus, and other lines.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and the Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster.
2. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
4. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
5. "The Japanese Nightingale," by Onoto Watanna.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Rainbow Chasers," by John H. Whitson.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "Shutters of Silence," by G. B. Burgin.
4. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
5. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
2. "Extracts from Adam's Diary," by Mark Twain.
3. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "When Wilderness Was King," by Randall Parrish.
5. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.

The best advertisement is a pleased patron.

We retain our patrons from year to year because we spare no efforts to please them.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

ROBERTSON'S  
Stationery Department  
HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVING  
PLATE PRINTING  
and DESIGNING  
126 Post Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

SOZODONT

BETTER THAN GOLD

for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.

SAVES YOUR TEETH

HOT  
AND  
HANDY

TESLA BRIQUETTES  
Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.  
Phone South 95.

Now Ready Everywhere

SCRIBNERS

A NEW BOOK BY MRS. WHARTON

## THE DESCENT OF MAN

By Edith Wharton. 12mo, \$1.50.

Mrs. Wharton's new volume is the first collection of her stories made since the publication of "The Valley of Decision" won for her the wider audience that she now enjoys. They show her striking gift for the writing of the short story in its full maturity, and mark another step in a literary career remarkable from the first. The titles are suggestive of a wide range of interest.

The Descent of Man  
The Quicksand  
The Reckoning  
The Dilettante

A Venetian Night's Entertainment

The Other Two  
The Mission of Jane  
The Lady's Maid's Bell  
Expiation

## CYNTHIA'S REBELLION

By A. E. Thomas. 12mo, \$1.50.

The author is a new writer who brings into the field of social romance mature powers as well as a fresh touch. The vivacity, sprightliness, and rapid movement of his story are but the exterior of a substance that is full of sentiment and charm. Cynthia is a delightful, demure maiden in love with a young man, and, through misunderstanding due to pique, engaged to another who is favored by her mother. The characters are as vividly conceived as the narrative is bright and breezy. Mr. Thomas's obviously genuine gift for fiction stamps him at the outset as a born story-teller.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS - New York



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Revolt of Mrs. Wiggs.

Mrs. Wiggs, she of the famous Cabbage Patch, the mother of Asia and Australia, the protector of Lovey Mary, and the general consoler of the neighborhood, is in revolt. Having been, she says, "pestered to death" by curious visitors, she did on a recent date willfully and maliciously empty the contents of a slop jar from a second-story window on the person of Mrs. Frederick Guy Smith—the wife of an estimable citizen of Hazlewood. What is more, a learned judge of Louisville has decided that the action was lawful and proper, and dismissed, on general principles, the complaint at law of the moist and angry Mrs. Smith.

With this judicial decision all lovers of fair play will concur. At the hands of a literary person Mrs. Wiggs—or Mrs. Mary A. Bass, to give her proper name—has suffered cruel wrong. She has been brought into undesired notoriety. And she gets nothing for it. While Alice Hegan Rice and her husband are touring Europe on a fraction of the proceeds derived from the literary depiction of Mrs. Wiggs, Mrs. Wiggs herself is grubbing along in comparative poverty. While they are viewing shrines and galleries, Mrs. Wiggs is—or has been—explaining to inquisitive strangers who muddy her front stoop that there aint no sich a person as Lovey Mary; that her children are not seven, but two; and their names are not Australia and Asia, but plain James and Mary Ann. For literary reasons, Mrs. Wiggs is represented in the hook as living in a house of two rooms, and being financially in dire distress. In fact, Mrs. Wiggs's house has two stories, and, thanks to the circumstance that the late Mr. Wiggs—or Mr. Bass—was "a good provider," and James and Mary Ann are old enough to work, there is always enough to eat at the Wiggses.

It is evident, therefore, that Mrs. Wiggs's grievances have a just basis. We are told that uninvited visitors to the Cabbage Patch home are numbered by hundreds. Tourists passing through Louisville on the way to Mammoth Cave invariably visit the Patch, generally bearing the book conspicuously in hand, like American tourists abroad with their red Baedeker in search of the house of Thackeray or the grave of Goldsmith. And Mrs. Wiggs not only suffers mental distress under what she calls "pestering," but physical loss—the literary enthusiasts carry off as souvenirs anything that happens not to be nailed down. But let Mrs. Wiggs speak for herself—we quote from the newspaper account of the lego-literary proceedings:

"She said that on the Saturday morning when the trouble occurred she had been interrupted a great deal in her weekly cleaning.

"There is hobo after hobo that keeps my steps soiled with mud comin' to see me," continued Mrs. Wiggs. "I was through cleaning up, and I had two huckets of water, and I commenced sweepin' out the front kitchen porch, and the first noise I heard I looks up, and then I sees them," looking toward Mrs. Smith and her companion.

"I lets them have the huckeful. It's funny, aint it? When you go to see a circus, you get a slop pail. Well, I reckon, anyhow, this one aint comin' to see the circus no more. They didn't start, neither, when I said go. They just stopped. They was like the rest. They wanted to see me good. I gave them some more, and said, kind o' sharp like, 'Now will you go?'

"They certainly do annoy me," she continued, with some resignation.

When asked to tell how, Mrs. Wiggs said: "They come in droves and act like fool idiots. I can't live downstairs in my own house no more. They won't give me time. Since that hook, judge, I haven't had a minute's peace. I'm worn out, my children are worn out, and I reckon we'll all be crazy. That fool book's done it. It's brought people from all over the United States and across the ocean, too, to my house. They come to the door—three or four of them, maybe—they knock, and I open the door. 'What do you want?' I asks. I used to ask it polite and civil like, but now I don't waste no words. They don't say a word for a minute, and we stand looking at each other like a passel of gumps. Finally one of them says, weak like, 'Well, we've read the book, and grins. Everybody would grin until I was that mad I could 'a' skinned 'em.' 'Well, I would say, 'if that is all you know about me, you kin git.' Then I slams the door, and they go way. Slamming the door don't do no good, judge, to some of them. You take some of those folks from the North, why, if I don't answer the door they walk right in, and begin to talk. Why, some of 'em fairly tear me to pieces. That aint all, judge. I aint got a rosebush, a flower, or a fence picket left. They've gone for memorials, they call 'em—all on account of that book—why, the way some of these folks act is scandalous. They come out here troopin' all over the place. I got my shutters closed, but I'm a-watching. Then they hegin to pick up things. If they're in the house they try to slip a spoon or a knife or a fork in their pocket. They even try to get away with a chair, and the fool things they ask about 'Lovey Mary' or some other fool-girl is enough to try the temper of a brick-bat. First they pulled out my rose-bush, and when they'd got the yard cleaned up, they started in on the picket fence. Judge, there was a fat woman from somewhere's, the other day, who actually tried to lift the gate off the hinges, and that's the truth. I can't get no

enjoyment out of life any more. I've got to keep shut up all the time. I'm afraid to see even my own friends."

"How is that?" asked the judge.

"Why, I can't go downstairs no more for fear of running into these hoboes, and one day Mrs. Young, the wife of Colonel Young, called and knocked at the door. She had one or two little ones with her, and I thought it was another one of those things, and I smashed the door to in her face, and may God forgive me."

"Why don't you treat those visitors politely—wouldn't that be better?" asked Mrs. Smith's lawyer.

"No, it wouldn't," snapped the defendant. "If I let 'em in the house they would talk me to death asking me about fool things that never happened."

The only other witness was Frederick Wardman, who guided Mrs. Smith to the Bass home, and then stood by to watch results. He corroborated Mrs. Smith as to the drenching, and there was no dispute over this, for Mrs. Bass admitted it. In allowing her to go, Judge McCann said: "This complainant came to Mrs. Wiggs's, or, I mean, Mrs. Bass's house, without invitation. The defendant has been brought into great notoriety by a literary production, her home has been invaded, and the peace and quiet of her life continually disturbed. I think she has had great provocation, and I dismiss her on general principles."

"There'll be two buckets of water at every window now," announced the defendant as she left the court-room. "Maybe I'll be able to spend my old age in peace, and maybe my trees 'll grow out where all them memorial souvenirs has been pulled off, and maybe my yard won't be full of hoboes every Sunday, and I can move down stairs where I used to live."

We certainly hope that Mrs. Wiggs's modest desires as to her shade trees and front yard will be fulfilled. But we fear not. Human nature being what it is, we foresee that all the buckets that the Cabbage Patch can furnish forth will not restrain a multitude of pseudo-literary "hoboes" from endeavoring to gratify an insatiable curiosity. Mrs. Wiggs (née Bass) is doomed to be famous. Already, Louisville, Kentucky, is chiefly known to the great careless world as the home of the two great W's—Henry Watterson and Mrs. Wiggs.

## A Quartet of Scotch Stories.

From Geikie's "Scottish Reminiscences," recently published, we extract four clever stories:

A man who was wending his way homeward very unsteadily from a lengthened carouse was heard to address the whisky inside of him, "I could ha' carryt ye easier in a jar." The quantity of liquor he had consumed may be imagined from the size of the vessel he required to contain it.

A shoemaker came to the minister asking his advice because "that sweep [his land-lord] had given him notice to quit, and he would have nowhere to lay his head." The minister could only advise him to lay his case before the Lord. A week later the minister returned, and found the shoemaker busy and merry. "That was gran' advice ye gied me, minister," said the man: "I laid my case before the Lord, as ye tell't me, an' noo the sweep's deid."

At a funeral in Glasgow a stranger, who had taken his seat in one of the mourning coaches, excited the curiosity of the other three occupants, one of whom at last addressed him, "Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?" "No, I'm no a brither o' the corp," was the prompt reply. "Weel, then, ye'll be his cousin?" "No, I'm no that." "No! then ye'll be at least a frien' o' the corp?" "No that either. To tell the truth, I've no heen that weel myself, and as my doctor has ordered me some carriage exercise I thoct this wad be the cheapest way to tak' it."

A clergyman was rebuked by one of the

ruling elders for sauntering on the Sunday along the hillside above the manse. The clergyman took the rebuke in good part, but tried to show the remonstrant that the action of which he complained was innocent and lawful, and he was about to cite the famous example of a Sabbath walk, with the plucking of the ears of corn, as set forth in the Gospels, when he was interrupted with the remark: "Ou ay, sir, I ken weel what you mean to say, but for my part I hae nefer thoct the better o' them for breaking the Sabbath."

## Maurus Jokai.

Maurus Jokai, the famous Hungarian patriot and novelist, who died in Buda-Pesth on May 5th, was one of the most prolific writers of the age. He was born at Komorn, Hungary, April 19, 1825. His father, who was an advocate, died when the hoy was twelve years old, but Maurus was studious, and diligently coned his books. In 1844, he went to Pesth, and was attitled to an advocate, but speedily gave up the law for literature. Five years later he became the editor of the *Wochenblatt*, a paper famous at the time. Next he became editor of the *Abendblatt*, and soon had to flee for his life. After a few years, however, he settled in Pesth, betook himself to fiction, and published hundreds of novelettes and scores of romances, besides writing several plays. Later in life Jokai again turned his attention to journalism, and was editor of the government paper, *Memzet (Nation)*. His novels generally display the seamy side of life, but he was a humorist as well as a realist in his methods. The funeral of Jokai was held on May 8th. There is reported to have been an enormous attendance. Among those present were all the members of the Hungarian ministry and the members of parliament.

## California and Authorship.

The New York *Sun* has the following to say of Western writers—and the Bohemian Club:

Miss Miriam Michelson is the young woman novelist most conspicuously in the public eye just at present—or perhaps one might more accurately say in the publishers' eyes.

She has scored a hit with her first hook "In the Bishop's Carriage," and immediately, as is the up-to-date custom, many publishers have arisen and besieged her, clamoring for books and offering gold—yea, much fine gold.

Miss Michelson belongs to the Pacific Slope group of writers, and lives in San Francisco, but she was in the East for a time, engaged in newspaper work. Her next hook, "The Madigans," goes to the Century Company, and will be published serially before coming out in book-form.

That same Pacific Slope brings to itself a goodly number of clever literary folk nowadays. Gouverneur Morris has been living out there during the past year, and has a house just outside of San Francisco.

Chester Bailey Fernald, too, has settled down in California for a time.

Louise Forsslund, who won a name with "The Ship of Dreams" and other Long Island stories, is in California collecting material for her next book.

Stewart Edward White has built a home at San Diego.

And then there are the native Californians who have made the Bohemian Club famous, and another group, not of Bohemian Club calibre, but well known despite that barrier to real fame.

A new anonymous novel, "The Highroad," contains this keen saying: "I always look with contempt upon the women and men who 'do not care for society.' They are advertising themselves as poor things, lacking in some vital nerve, some sense of equality, for we never shun the places where we are comfortable and our vanity is soothed."



POPE MFG. COMPANY

Bicycle Innovations

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

Pope Quality in Every Wheel

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

## PRESS OPINIONS

—OF—

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

NEW YORK TIMES: "The book is not heavy"—"The graver and heavier shadows were not sought for"—"Nothing about religion or politics."

PROVIDENCE (R. I.) JOURNAL: "A diverting book"—"Brisk and forcible"—"Bright and readable rather than profound"—"Pleasantly chatty"—"Volume does not pretend to be learned, but author appreciates the serious side"—"He sometimes speaks lightly, but shows a thoughtful disposition"—"A delightfully keen sense of humor"—"Some episodes are irresistible."

SALT LAKE TRIBUNE: "Book is excellent reading"—"Touches upon a surprising number of things"—"A brilliant panoramic glimpse at Spain"—"Very entertaining"—"Of the utmost interest"—"A decided success."

SAN JOSE MERCURY AND HERALD: "The book is encyclopedic"—"Yet absolutely unegotistical"—"Author is a splendid story-teller"—"Writes crisply, easily"—"Wholesome freedom"—"Interesting and instructive"—"Replete with vivacious anecdote."

SACRAMENTO BEE: "Most interesting book"—"Entertaining as well as useful"—"Contains much valuable information."

Price, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter Street, S. F.

## It Fills the Bill

This is the business man's verdict concerning the

## New Remington Billing Typewriter

It writes neat, compact, legible bills, with twice the speed of the pen. Adaptable to all billing systems.



REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 337 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 228 Bush St., San Francisco.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chaty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

## WARNING!

The following Manufacturers and Importers are licensed under the pioneer patent Number 549,160, granted to George B. Selden, dated November 5th, 1895, on

## GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES

In view of their license agreement they and their agents will not sell, keep on hand, or in any manner dispose of or deal in directly or indirectly any unlicensed new or second-hand gasoline vehicles, infringing said Selden patent.

## MANUFACTURERS

Electric Vehicle Co.  
Winton Motor Carriage Co.  
Packard Motor Car Co.  
Olds Motor Works  
Knox Automobile Co.  
The Haynes-Apperson Co.  
The Autocar Co.  
The George N. Pierce Co.  
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.  
Locomobile Co. of America

The Peerless Motor Car Co.  
Standard Motor Construction Co.  
Waltham Manufacturing Co.  
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.  
H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.  
Pope Motor Car Co.  
Smith & Mabley, Inc.  
The Commercial Motor Co.  
Berg Automobile Co.  
Cadillac Automobile Co.

Northern Manufacturing Co.  
Pope-Robinson Co.  
The Kirk Manufacturing Co.  
Elmore Manufacturing Co.  
E. R. Thomas Motor Co.  
Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co.  
The F. B. Stearns Co.  
Pope Manufacturing Co.  
Sandusky Automobile Co.  
Crest Manufacturing Co.

## IMPORTERS

Smith & Mabley, Inc.  
Central Automobile Co.  
Alexander Fischer

Hollander & Tangeman  
Standard Automobile Co.  
E. B. Gallaher

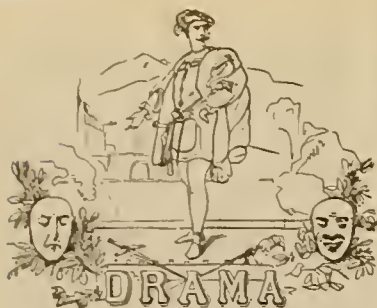
Auto Import Co.  
F. A. LaRoche Co.  
Sidney E. Bowman Automobile Co.

Both the basic Selden patent and more than 400 other patents owned by members of this Association will be enforced against infringers. Manufacturers, Importers, Dealers and Agents, also Users of unlicensed machines are liable.

## ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

NO. 7 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK





We have had previous samples in this city of the Rogers Brothers species of entertainment, so that the only novelty in the present season at the Columbia lies in the presence of the brothers themselves, who appear in their well-known specialty of Dutch comedy. Some day, perhaps, the ubiquitous Dutch comedian will run himself out of public favor, but as yet the endless multiplication of the type does not seem to lessen its ability to amuse.

The Rogers Brothers are good examples of this class of stage jester, being able to maintain with unabated energy and apparent zest, for twenty minutes at a stretch, that ceaseless gabble of ingeniously confusing Dutch-American word-play which is so successful in tickling the risibles of the masses. Like Weber and Fields, and, in fact, like all the purveyors to musical comedy patrons, the Rogers surround themselves with unlimited quantities of girl. Now, pretty girls, like pretty children, are the human blossoms that brighten the vistas along life's dusty pathway. But nature runs to graceful and charming variety. Take, for instance, a bunch of columbines, and all of a kind though these swaying blossoms be, observe the variations in hue and form and foliage. The eye is gladdened, and the sense of beauty inexpressibly delighted by the numerous minor and delicate divergences from the main type. But with the chorus-girls their exhibitors run more and more to cultivating a maddening monotony. Every girl has a pompadour tipped over one eye. Each one in a group of a dozen or so is costumed precisely like her mates, from the buckle on her slipper to the wreath of flowers in her hair. Every toe is pointed rhythmically in the same direction at the same moment, every hand gesticulates in unison. And, when these pretty automatons burst into speech, every voice raises its unmodulated, untrained, unmusical shriek, and utters precisely the same comment at precisely the same moment.

Without these pretty creatures, musical comedy would come to an end. Their drawing value is immense, and fully recognized, and the men who get up these shows for the eye, overlooking nothing which will add to the attractiveness of their feminine element, tax the ingenuity of the evolvers of costumes to the uttermost. In one scene some fifty or sixty girls, divided into groups of a dozen or more, were dressed, regardless of expense, in uniform costumes of the most beautiful rainbow silks of changeable hues, whose shadings and blendings of color were like nothing so much as the delicate transitions of tints on flower petals. All this galaxy of beauty, revolving around one young man with a raucous tenor, who bore his honors modestly, wove long, suspended garlands that matched their costumes in color, in and out in a sort of May-pole effect. Or, in a twinkling, the electrician, without any previous gradations of light and shade to warn the beholder of the waning of day, turned daylight off and the twilight on, or what passed for twilight. And in the torrid, unpoetic glare of the lime-light, an unabashed couple warbled in robust tones of their mutually enamored state, while quantities of young persons, each a gorgeously gowned replica of her mates, filed in from the wings to express, in song and pantomime, a thoroughly cordial concurrence in their sentiments.

Monotony, monotony, all monotony! There is nothing new under the limelight except the costumes. The songs are all of a piece. The music has no distinctive qualities, and is of the most superficial character. The audience had learned to sing "By the Sycamore Tree" before they left the theatre. There are seldom any fascinating, baffling little snags in musical-comedy tunes to haunt and elude the ear. They are all as easy as a b c.

The singing of the Rogers Brothers company is not its strong point. Max Rogers has a voice like the concentrated clannor of a boiler factory. It has its comic value, but reduces his partner's vocal efforts to apparent pantomime, while all his henchmen, male or female, nearly burst their buttons off in their efforts to be audible when they sing with him.

One would think the singers would be exhausted after their efforts; but, on the contrary, they seem to thrive on them. It is a noticeable trait in singing youth that it frequently enjoys making an unmelodious noise just as a vent for physical exuberance and the joy of life. These young creatures in the chorus are full of the joy of life. I noticed one yawn and weary one on Tuesday night, but the furrows of fatigue or illness plowed on

her painted cheeks. But she was a remarkable exception. The rest, with their dancing feet, their tiltings of ruffled skirts, and flip-flops of huge hats, were alert, bright-eyed, blissful to be in the glare of the calcium, and perfectly confident that their vocal efforts were the acme of melody and charm.

And all the time, Sembrich, a few blocks away, was pouring forth liquid notes of perfect beauty; and if a couple of belated Martians had dropped through space and wandered into these two houses of entertainment, their queries as to the nature of the sounds made in either place would have been responded to by the word "music."

Yet all this inartistic *mélange*, called musical comedy, is popular—deservedly so, perhaps—with its mingling of pretty women, popular music, and harmless fun; although I noted that a few vulgar jokes were permitted in the Rogers Brothers piece. We can not all think alike, and what wearies one stimulates and delights another. Nevertheless, there is a great need of change, new standards, an influx of originality in the artisans—one can not call them artists—who construct these shifting kaleidoscopes of fun and fancy. They grow too much alike, and genuine music, such as the heavenly maid would countenance, is becoming rarer in the halls of mirth.

For the third time Mme. Marcella Sembrich has come to San Francisco, and once more the exquisite beauty and purity of her voice, and the flawless perfection of her execution—for which she is so noted—has attracted large numbers to listen to this greatest coloratura soprano of our day.

The largest number, as is generally the case, turned out at her Saturday afternoon concert, as at the Schumann-Heink concert, the Alhambra being packed on that occasion with an almost exclusively feminine audience of rapt enthusiasts, who applauded frantically, essayed some soprano-voiced bravos, and occasionally, in the excess of their appreciation, began the applause before the final notes of a beautifully executed trill had rippled away to silence. These last are doubtless the same ill-regulated, self-satisfied zealots who show such persistence in demanding an over-allowance of encores; a sort of hold-up method of forcing famous singers to give more than they have been paid for, which some observers declare particularly characteristic of San Francisco audiences.

Saturday's programme contained but one song with English words—words, by the way, that were sung by the diva in the most enchanting of foreign accents. The quick and delighted response of the audience gave unmistakable proof of how grateful is perfectly sung music when its sentiment is expressed in the language of one's birth. At the Schumann-Heink concerts, all the numbers of which were sung by the German contralto in her native tongue, the English-speaking audience was prevented from feeling at a disadvantage from the fact that all present were supplied with a complete translation of the words of each song.

It was a disappointment not to be equally favored at the Sembrich concerts, although the programme was of a totally different character, the soprano singing in four different languages. There was a French ballad by an unknown composer; a group of famous German songs, in which Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Richard Strauss were represented; a couple of selections, one by Lotti, and one by Paradies, sung in Italian; a waltz by Ardit, and an aria from "Ernani." Mme. Sembrich is naturally most at home when rendering music of the Italian school, of which she is probably, of all the sopranos in the full tide of their careers, the most celebrated exponent. As with most of these world-famous song-hirds, experience, the mastery of her art, and the certainty of giving the keenest pleasure to her listeners, tend to give Mme. Sembrich a most winning and attractive personality on the concert stage. Although not strongly dramatic in temperament, she conveys an effect of lightness and joyousness which appeals to receptivities of a different kind in her listeners, and wins

for her the appreciation that we extend to those who show us the sunny side of art. The sympathetic quality is equally present in those numbers in which the sentiment is grave and sincere, but the archness and gaiety with which she rendered the Brahms numbers and Schumann's "Auftrage," although in the latter her vocal brilliancy was less fully displayed, and seemed particularly appropriate to her temperament. Richard Strauss's beautiful "Cacilie" she sang with thrilling sweetness. The "Involami," *passé* as it is, fully exhibited the vocal brilliancy and ease of execution which is her most marked characteristic. It showed her at once an Italian of the Italians in training and method. She even runs off the stage with that little hop and skip which is an ingrained habit with singers trained in that school.

Mme. Sembrich is still a fresh and pretty woman, with bright eyes, dark hair, and beautiful teeth. In fact, she looks not a day older than during her first disastrous trip to San Francisco, when her brief season in opera was, after a gallant effort on her part, cut short by a calamitous and unextinguishable cold.

Her accompanist, Rudolph Ganz, is a pianist of well-controlled temperament and fine execution. He was placed at some disadvantage by the tone character of his instrument during the heavier harmonies of his solos, notably so in the Brahms Rhapsodie and Liszt's "Storm," but gave beautifully light and delicate effects in "Spring," by the same composer, as well as in several of the accompaniments to Mme. Sembrich's songs.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Wills and Successions.

The estate of Mrs. Emily F. Pope has been appraised at \$1,569,687.68, and the inventory filed in court. The estate consists of cash, bonds, and stocks. The estate's cash in banks amounts to \$133,768. The deceased held 534 shares of stock of the Pope Estate Company, valued at \$966,406.50, and her other stocks were as follows: Fifty-one shares Bank of California, 250 shares Nevada National Bank, 402 shares San Francisco National Bank, 200 shares Sather Banking Company, 100 shares Mercantile Trust Company, 10 shares Union Trust Company, 350 shares San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, 100 shares Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company. Mrs. Pope held 50 United States four-per-cent. bonds, valued at \$54,000, and the following other bonds: Twenty Southern Pacific Branch Railway of California, 45 Northern Railway of California, all of these being five per cents.; 25 six-per-cent. Southern Pacific of Arizona, 13 Bay Counties Power Company, 25 Oakland Transit Consolidated, and 5 Edison Light and Power Company. From the estate of George A. Pope \$32,600 was due her, and from Maria P. Murphy's estate \$25,712.50.

In regard to the paragraph in the *Argonaut* of last week, to the effect that the Bostonians had dishanded, Emile A. Bruguière writes to tell us that the statement is misleading. Hereafter the organization, which has been formed into a stock company, will be known as "The Bostonians, Incorporated," and instead of playing repertoire, a separate company will be provided for each opera to be played. Mr. Barnabee will continue in "Robin Hood" for a year or two longer, another company will be sent out with "The Queen of Laughter," a new opera, and a third will produce "The Three Kings of Korea," which was written by Mr. Bruguière and J. Cheever Goodwin.

Dr. A. W. Scott, principal of the Alameda High School, has been chosen as principal of the Girls' High School of San Francisco, to succeed Elisha Brooks.

#### Enormous Yosemite Travel.

Santa Fé travel to Yosemite Valley is assuming enormous proportions. By the Santa Fé alone may the famous California Big Trees be seen without side trip or extra expense. It is also the short, quick way. Seats on the stage may be reserved at 641 Market Street, Santa Fé office.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Only matinee Saturday. Beginning next Monday night, second week of the famous musical comedy,

**— A RUNAWAY GIRL —**

A bright, merry, enjoyable entertainment. The theatrical sensation of the week.

Popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Fourteen appearances. Beginning Monday May 16th,

**MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD**  
Monday, May 16th, Saturday, May 21st, Tuesday, May 24th, "Ivan the Terrible"; Tuesday, May 17th, Friday, May 20th, Monday, May 23d, Thursday, May 26th, matinee May 28th, "Old Heidelberg"; Wednesday, May 18th, "A Parisian Romance"; Thursday, May 19th, matinee, May 21st, Wednesday, May 25th, "Beau Brummel"; Friday, May 27th, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Saturday night, May 28th (farewell), a scene from each of five plays. Seats now selling for all appearances.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar," BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. One week, commencing Monday, May 16th, Henry Guy Carlton's comedy of French manners,

**— COLINETTE —**

Julia Marlowe's greatest success.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, May 23d—A Possible Case.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Week beginning next Sunday matinee, MELBOURNE MACDOWELL in a magnificent production of Sardou's

**— EMPRESS THEODORA —**

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Sunday matinee, May 22d—Sardou's *Fedora*.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Beginning Monday, May 16th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the beautiful romantic, maritime comedy-drama,

**— DOWN BY THE SEA —**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

May 23d—The Great Temptation.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, May 15th. Diverging vaudeville! Marcel's Living Art Studios; Charles Deland and Company; Hume, Ross, and Lewis; Yung Ju Kim and Chi Suke Oke, Korean Magicians; Midgley and Carlisle; Clara Ballerini; George H. Wood; Ballerini's Dogs; and last week of Mme. Slapofski.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

#### LYRIC HALL.

MME. ABBIE CARRINGTON presents

**Mme. Adrienne St. Clair**

(Mrs. Cora Hall)

COLORATURA SOPRANO

— ASSISTED BY —

**EMLYN LEWYS, Pianist**

Tuesday eve, May 20th, at 8:15

Reserved seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Thursday and Friday, May 19th and 20th. Tickets, \$1.00.

## Schæffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.



## BOHM BRISTOL CO.

Have especially arranged an extensive display of their exclusive productions in—  
**JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE**  
particularly appropriate for wedding gifts.

104-110 Geary Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Mansfield's Engagement.

The repertoire for the Richard Mansfield season of fourteen appearances at the Columbia is as follows: On Monday, May 16th, Mansfield's first appearance here in nine years, he will be seen as the Czar Ivan in the massive production of Count Alexis Tolstoy's Russian tragedy, "Ivan the Terrible"; Tuesday, May 17th, first appearance here of Wilhelm Meyer-Foster's play of German student life, "Old Heidelberg" (Mr. Mansfield as the Prince Karl Heinrich); Wednesday, May 18th, a revival and only time of "A Parisian Romance" (Mr. Mansfield as the Baron Chevalier); Thursday, May 19th, a revival of "Beau Brummel"; Friday, May 20th, "Old Heidelberg"; Saturday matinée, May 21st, only matinée of "Beau Brummel"; Saturday night, "Ivan the Terrible." During the second week, Mr. Mansfield will appear in the following plays: Monday, May 23d, "Old Heidelberg"; Tuesday, May 24th, the last time of "Ivan the Terrible"; Wednesday, May 25th, last time of "Beau Brummel"; Thursday, May 26th, "Old Heidelberg"; Friday, May 27th, only time of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Mr. Mansfield as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde); Saturday matinée, May 28th, last matinée and last time of "Old Heidelberg"; Saturday (farewell) night, Mr. Mansfield will appear in a scene from each of five plays of his repertoire. Accompanying Mr. Mansfield is a company of one hundred and six people. Among the principals are A. G. Andrews, Arthur Forrest, Leslie Kenyon, Henry Wennan, Ernest Ward, Hamilton Coleman, Francis McGinn, Edward Fitzgerald, A. E. Greenaway, Ida Conquest, Irene Prahah, Adelaide Nowak, Vivian Bernard, Annie Wood, Ruth Holt, and Laura Eyre. For "Old Heidelberg" Mr. Mansfield brings a male chorus of fifty-two voices.

## Musical Comedy at the Tivoli.

Musical comedy in the form of "A Runaway Girl" is the bill at the Tivoli for this week and next. It is the first production by a local company of this piece, which enjoyed long runs in London and New York. It has a tangible plot, the heroine, impersonated by Dora de Philippe, running away from a convent, and having many romantic experiences thereby. There are congenial rôles for Ferris Hartman, Annie Myers, Esther King, Edward Webb, and others of the Tivoli company. The music and lyrics of "The Runaway Girl" are pleasing, and the humor of the lines appeals to the audiences.

## Living Pictures, Korean Jugglery.

The art reproductions of Jean Marcel and his twenty-five Parisian models, first shown here two years ago, will return to the Orpheum this coming week. They include reproductions of marble statuary, bas-reliefs, and tableaux vivants, and are classic, chaste, and accurate. Charles Deland and company will appear in this city for the first time, presenting J. M. Allison's one-act musical comedy, "A Broker from Batesville." For those who have an eye for the pretty type-writer girl, the skit will prove most interesting. The broker has four of them in his employ. Yung Ju Kim and Chi Suke Oke, the only Korean magicians who were ever persuaded to leave their native land, will perform their mystifying feats for the first time in America. Hume, Ross, and Lewis, a comedy trio, will also be new to this city. The medium for their introduction will be a sketch entitled "The Duke and the American Heiress," said to be full of hilarious lines and situations. Mme. Slapofski will change her selections. Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle, for their farewell performances, have reserved their funniest farce of child life, "After School." George H. Wood will present an entirely new monologue; and Clara Ballerini, the danseuse and aerial artist, and Arthur Ballerini and his performing dogs, will complete the performance.

## Adapted From the French.

The Alcazar will produce, on Monday evening, another play entirely new to San Francisco. It is a comedy-drama, entitled "Colinette," adapted from the French for Julia Marlowe by Henry Guy Carleton. The action takes place in France during the time Louis the Eighteenth was on the throne, and the heroine is a *bourgeois* girl, Colinette, an army officer's wife, with whom the king falls in love, bringing about some dramatic situations. Mr. Durkin will be the husband; Miss Block the wife, Colinette; and Fred J. Butler will have the rôle of King Louis. Maher, Osbourne, Conness, Hilliard, Frances Starr, and Marie Howe are in the cast. Following "Colinette," Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, "A Possible Case," will be produced for the first time at the Alcazar.

## MacDowell in a Sardou Drama.

Melbourne MacDowell will begin the third week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House to-morrow's (Sunday matinée) with a production of Sardou's "Empress Theo-

dora." Mr. MacDowell will appear as Audreus, a man of the people, and Ethel Fuller will be Theodora. The play is in six acts and seven tableaux. Theodora was of low birth and rearing, and when, as empress, she became surfeited with regal pomp and ceremonial stiffness, she indulged in masquerading through the common haunts of Rome in her disguise, meeting and falling in love with Audreus, a man of comparatively low rank. Theodora risked for him her reputation and life, and finally gave him, in mistake for a love potion, a cup of poison intended for Justinian, and killed him. She was then beheaded at Justinian's orders for her sacrifices for Audreus. At the Sunday matinée, May 22d, Sardou's "Fedora" will be produced.

## Rustic Drama.

The Central Theatre has prepared for the week starting Monday evening the new romantic maritime comedy-drama, "Down by the Sea." The play is on the order of "Shore Acres" and "Hearts of Oak." The plot involves those familiar and interesting passions, jealousy and revenge, woven around strong dramatic situations. The schoolmaster, the parson, the fisherman, the boat-builder, the light-tender, the sailor, the village innkeeper, and the life-saver, are a few of the personages around whom the plot revolves. Among the scenic features will be an illuminated cathedral on the sands, the old inn at the landing, the East Haven Lighthouse, an electrical storm at sea, and a sensational rescue.

## Mme. St. Clair in Concert.

Mme. Abbie Carrington will present her pupil, Mme. Adrienne St. Clair (Mrs. Cora Hall) in a song recital at Lyric Hall on Friday evening, May 20th. Mme. St. Clair, who is a California girl, is described as a singer of great merit. She will be assisted at her concert on Friday night by Emyln Lewys, pianist, and will present the following programme:

"Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," Meyerbeer; piano solo, Ballade, G-minor, Chopin; "Hush Thee, My Little One," Beugnot; "Auf dem wasser zu singen," Schubert; "Violet," Mozart; "La Farfalletta," Scarlatti; "Dieu Theure Halle" from "Tannhäuser," Wagner; piano solo, Minuet, Dreychock; "En automne," Moszkowski; "Soirée de Vienne," No. 6, Schubert-Liszt; "Ständchen," Strauss; "Regnava nel silenzio" from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti.

William Winter, the distinguished dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, will be in California shortly to attend the wedding of his daughter Viola, who is to be married to Fielding Stilson in Los Angeles in June. The Winters have maintained a California home at Montone for some years. One of his sons is on the stage, and one of his daughters, Elsie Leslie, has made a name for herself. Mr. Winter will be sixty-eight years of age next July, but is still a vigorous and incessant worker.

Rejane is coming to New York in November in a new play, "La Montansier," by Gaston de Cailllevet, Robert de Fless, and Jeoffin. "La Montansier" is the French Nell Gwynne, and it is said that, as played by Rejane, she is a most charming and sympathetic figure.

The Minetti Orchestra, under the direction of Giulio Minetti, will give its last concert of the season at the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday evening. R. Laraja will act as concert master, and the soloists will be Miss Grace Freeman, violinist, and Miss Paula Wolff, harpist.

A New York critic, in writing of a recent performance of "Love's Pilgrimage," says that Ethel Barrymore, who witnessed the play, "is entirely too sensitive for an actress. She cried in act four until her big eyes looked like emotional soup plates."

## Fair Property Changes Hands.

A transfer of realty was made this week by which Rudolph Spreckels, James D. Phelan, William A. Thomas, and Frederick E. Magee, and Gustav Sutro became possessors of most of the property owned here by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Mrs. Oelrichs retained her Fairmont Hotel, North Beach, and Holly Park properties. The pieces sold comprise the Lick House property, 70,000 square feet; the north-east corner of Ellis and Taylor Streets, 275 by 137.6; a lot on Golden Gate Avenue, above Taylor Street, 55 by 137.6; a Sutter Street lot, south of Powell Street, 136.3 by 137.6, with an extra lot, twenty feet wide, running to Powell Street; the south-east corner of Fulton and Franklin Streets, 166.9 by 103.1½; the south-east corner of Front and Oregon Streets, 60 by 90; the north-west corner of Pacific and Davis Streets, 183.4 by 137.6; the south-west corner of Vallejo and Davis Streets, 137.6 by 137.6; the south-east corner of Jackson and Davis Streets, 120 by 80; lot on Howard Street, 135 feet west of Third, 40 by 160, with 80 feet on Tehama Street; south-west corner of Pine and Taylor Streets, 137.6 by 137.6; north-west corner of A Street and Twenty-Seventh Avenue, 120 by 195. Of this property, Mr. Spreckels owns seven-twelfths, Mr. Phelan three-twelfths, the Magees one-twelfth, and Mr. Sutro one-twelfth. The price paid for the property was \$2,600,000.

Professor Albert W. Smith, head of the departments of mechanical and electrical engineering at Stanford University, has resigned his position in order to accept the post of director of Sibley College of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering at Cornell University. He has gone East to take up his new duties.

Travelers who go up Mt. Tamalpais, over the crooked road in the world, agree that no more picturesque ride exists, and that the view from the top of the mountain can not be excelled. Also, they all have many words of praise for the Tavern of Tamalpais.

## A. P. Hotaling &amp; Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk," and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS &amp; JOHNSON

## TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President; W. W. MONTAGUE & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Manager; Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Or., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

536 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,332,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier,  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK ..... President  
L. A. ABBOT, JR. .... Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY ..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy ..... President  
Arthur Legallat ..... Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz ..... Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. G. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn ..... President  
Geo. D. Gray ..... Vice-President  
George F. Lyon ..... Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark ..... Cashier  
W. F. Williamson ..... Attorney  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Admistrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President; HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
Branches—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, O.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid in .....2,250,000.00  
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00  
WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## Union Central Life Insurance Co.

Largest annual dividends. Largest interest earner. Lowest death ratio.  
Lowest annual payments of any old line company.

ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Mgr.

419 California St., San Francisco.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

The portraits of more than one hundred and fifty American women are contained in the newly compiled "American Beauty Book," which is said to be one of the most luxurious volumes yet produced in America. The most expensive edition (limited to twenty-five copies) sells for five hundred dollars, and the cheapest at twenty-five dollars. A jury of six prominent artists selected the pictures. The women whose portraits appear are the following:

Mrs. John Allen, of Lexington, Miss. Eliza Duncan, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, of New York, Miss Ava Willing, of Philadelphia, Miss Alice Babcock, of New York, Miss Helen Barney, of New York, Mrs. Frederick Beach, of New York, Miss Camilla Moss, Mrs. Cortlandt Bishop, of New York, Miss Amy Bend, Miss Alice Blight, of Philadelphia, Miss Eleanor Boshier, of Richmond, Mrs. Reginald Brooks, of New York, Miss Phyllis Langhorne, of Virginia, Miss Gwendolyn Burden, of New York, Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, of New York, Miss Josephine Houghtaling, of Chicago, Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, of Maryland, Miss Marion Langdon, of New York, Mrs. William E. Carter, of Philadelphia, Miss Lucille Polk, of Baltimore, Miss Alice Castleman, of Louisville, Mrs. Samuel S. Chauncey, of New York, Miss Alice Carr, of Louisville, Mrs. Henry Clews, of New York, Miss Lucy Worthington, of Kentucky, Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., of New York, Miss Louise Morris, of Baltimore, Mrs. Leslie Cotton, of New York, Miss Marietta Benedict, Miss Gladys F. Crosby, of Colorado, Miss Nina F. Crosby, of Colorado, Miss Violet Cruzer, of New York, Mrs. John de Forest Danielson, of Boston, Miss Pauline Root, Miss Anna Dodge, of New York, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia, Miss Margarita Armstrong, of Baltimore, Mrs. John R. Drexel, of New York, Miss Alice Gordon Troth, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Elliott, of New York, Miss Sallic Jeannette Hargous, Mrs. Walter Farwell, of Chicago, Miss Mildred Williams, of Washington, Miss Sylvia Fox, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, of New York, Miss Irene Langhorne, of Virginia, Mrs. George Gould, of New York, Miss Edith Kingdon, Miss May Handy, of Richmond, Miss Mary Meredith Hare, of New York, Mrs. C. W. Hargens, of Hot Springs, Miss P. Carley, of Louisville, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of New York, Miss Grace Carley, of Louisville, Mrs. Barkie Henry, of Philadelphia, Miss Alice Belknap, of Washington, Mrs. Ellis Hoffman, of New York, Miss Sibyl Sherman, Mrs. Charles Hyde, of New York, Miss Edith Godfrey, Miss Eleanor Jay, of New York, Miss Martha Johnston, of Macon, Mrs. Foxhall Keene, of New York, Miss Mary Lawrence, Mrs. Ladenburg, of New York, Miss Emily Stevens, Mrs. James Lanier, of New York, Miss Harriet Bishop, Mrs. George Law, of New York, Miss Alga Smith, Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, of New York, Miss Catherine Bulkley, Mrs. William B. Leeds, of New York, Miss Nonnie Stewart, of Cleveland, Miss Daisy Leiter, of Washington, Mrs. Charles Leshar, of Lexington, Miss Daisy Stiles, Mrs. Jay Lippincott, of Philadelphia, Miss Camilla Hare, of Washington, Miss Maude Livingston, of New York, Mrs. George Cabot Lodge, of Washington, Miss Elizabeth Davis, Mrs. Philip Lydig, of New York, Mrs. Rita de Alba de Acosta, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, of New York, Miss Katherine Duer, Mrs. Charles Marshall, of New York, Miss Josephine Lenox Banks, Mrs. Peter Martin, of New York, Miss Eleanor Winslow, of Boston, Miss Hazel Martyn, of Chicago, Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, of New York, Miss Elizabeth Hall, Miss Elizabeth Morton, of New York, Mrs. Ral Parr, of Baltimore, Miss Laura Jenkins, Mrs. Benjamin C. Porter, of New York, Miss M. L. Clark, of Connecticut, Mrs. Edwin Post, of New York, Miss Emily Bruce Price, Mrs. Edmund Randolph, of New York, Miss Isabella Carter, of Philadelphia, Miss Frances Redfield, of Albany, Mrs. Oakley Rhineland, of New York, Miss Edith Sands, Mrs. Moore Robinson, of Philadelphia, Miss Aileen Ivers, of San Francisco, Mrs. Burke Roche, of New York, Miss Frances Work, Miss Cynthia Roche, of New York, Miss Alice Roosevelt, of Washington, Miss Nathalie Schenck, of New York, Mrs. Langhorne Shaw, of Virginia, Miss Nancy Langhorne, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, of New York, Miss Caroline Bertyman, Mrs. Rosamond Street, of New York, Mrs. Lee Taiter, of New York, Miss Marie Sterling, of Baltimore, Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, Miss Rose Farwell, Mrs. Edward Thomas, of New York, Miss Lina Lee, of Louisville, Mrs. William Thompson, of New York, Miss Edith Blight, of Philadelphia, Miss Mathilde Townsend, of Washington, Mrs. Jesse Tyson, of Baltimore, Miss Edythe John, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, Miss Grace Wilson, Mrs. Richard Wallach, of Warrenton, Miss Edith James, of Washington, Mrs. Thomas Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, Miss Mary Lowber Welsh, Mrs. Frederick Watrous, of New York, Miss Sara Thompson, of Philadelphia, Miss Elsie Whelen, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, of New York, Miss Mira Boardman, of New Orleans, Mrs. Payne Whitney, of New York, Miss Helen Hay, of Washington, Mrs. Henry P. Whitney, of New York, Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, Mrs. Joseph Widener, of Philadelphia, and Miss Ella Hancock, of Boston.

A correspondent, who signs himself (or herself) "Experience," sends us a passage copied from Gertrude Atherton's new book, "Rulers of Kings," in which a Hungarian lady of rank sets forth some striking ideas on the subject of love between men and women. Our correspondent suggests that these opinions may not possibly represent the views of Mrs. Atherton. Regarding this, we have no opinion to express. But the passage has undeniable interest, and runs as follows: "Love, my dear, is one exquisite disappointment from first to finish—for the woman, I mean. Men are rarely psychological enough for the disappointments that grind the heart of woman until it is callous. When they are, they are not able to hurt us, so may be left out of the question. The thoroughly masculine man, the only sort that is capable of in-

the primal attributes designed by nature that he may fully mate with woman, is in the very completeness of his equipment blind to all that is most subtle and feminine in woman, giving her, therefore, twenty strokes of torment to one of happiness, or even pleasure. What is the result? We live, the most irresistible of us, three-fourths—five-eighths—of our lives alone, striving to find in imagination what man will never give us. . . . She paused for a moment. "But I have also wondered, *ma chere*," she continued, "if, did man give us what that craving thing we call our soul demands, would we enjoy ourselves even as much as we do. It is always a gamble which will tire first, the man or the woman; and on the whole I am inclined to believe that the woman of charm and brain, and the position in life which enables her to find much distraction, is the surer prey to disenchantment. If she be of a deeper nature, or if she has deluded herself for a little that the man actually loved her and not himself, she may not tire, but be so bitterly disgusted and disillusioned that, for a moment at least, she is capable of tragedy. But the average man, so particular with charm at first, merely lets us down in *ennui*. If he gave woman more of himself than he does now, perhaps she would tire sooner. He needs all the mystery he has. However, the fact remains that man is eternally unsatisfactory and woman eternally unsatisfied. I doubt if a woman of imagination ever lived who, having won what rent her soul and body while withheld, would not, after the first short chapter, exchange the reality for the previous lost world of her imagination. Good God! the disillusionment, the readjustment, the struggle through terror and despair to philosophy! If I were ordered to live my life over, I should demand, in compensation, the ever-fresh memory of a great and unsatisfied passion—after having known one man in the daily life of Matrimony. A woman is briefly happy twice in her life—when a man—the man—is pursuing her, and palpitating doubt alternates with delicious certainty; and again, during the man's first ardor, when he is so anxious to please, and so certain that he loves the woman, not himself, that his concentrated charm blinds, yet irradiates the universe. Shortly after, he becomes as matter of fact as he is. And then men are, no matter what their brains, utterly, irretrievably stupid where women are concerned. A man is never so happy as when he has lost the love of the woman, and she, taking refuge in duty, makes him thoroughly comfortable."

This story is told upon the authority of the New York Times: "There is in one of the departments in Washington a handsome and still young widow, who has made two matrimonial ventures already, and is now engaged to a bachelor business man of that city. A few weeks ago, a friend asked her when the wedding was to occur. 'Oh, not before next year,' she replied. 'But why do you have such a long engagement?' the surprised friend inquired. For a few moments the widow hesitated, and then replied: 'I'll tell you the real reason, but you must solemnly promise never to repeat what I say.' Of course, the friend, consumed with curiosity at the mysterious manner of the widow, promised as requested, and then told the story to all her confidential friends, which accounts for its appearance here. 'Well, you see,' she said, 'when my second husband died I had a fine monument erected over his grave, and have since been paying for it on the installment plan. I will not have it completely settled for until the early part of next year. Of course, you will appreciate the impossibility of my telling Harry and asking him to finish paying for it, and that is what I would have to do if we were married very soon.'

Harry Lehr has once more achieved a sartorial sensation. On entering a Philadelphia hotel, the other evening, he revealed a creation in shirt studs that no rival can hope to emulate. Three studs he wore, large as the old-fashioned two cents, carved in black enamel, with a gold rim and a diamond cross in the centre. Cuff buttons and waistcoat buttons were chosen to match this chaste design.

Two noted London illustrators, Tom Browne and Lance Thackeray, have recently arrived in this country to draw a series of pictures for the *Tattler*. Of course, they have the old, old story to tell of the fascination of the American girl. "They are," says Mr. Thackeray, "the most charming, fascinating creatures one ever beheld." Then he goes on to expand and modify the sentence—thus: "Still, they seem to have a preoccupied look—I won't say a tired look. But they seem unobserving of things around them, having a far-away look, gazing at something in their mind rather than in a flesh and blood way at things going on around them. In the shape of the head the American women have a striking appearance and remind you of France. They wear their hair in an exaggerated Parisian fashion, not only piled up on their heads (done to somewhat less extent in England). It seems to me pulled up from every part of the scalp into a mass under the hat, so that one would know an American girl at a glance in any part of the world. The

striking thing about the American woman's face is her angularity of features. You seldom see an oval face here. The lines and angles are pronounced. The women look as if they could take care of themselves, every blessed one of the charming creatures. Having seen them, one can understand why they're able to travel around the world at their ease. They have a personality and command of themselves that is remarkable. They are all graceful, and all wear beautifully fitting frocks. They know how to wear a hat, and their feet are a revelation. The American girl is perfectly shod. But how changed this preoccupied American woman becomes in conversation! The expressionless look instantly vanishes. She is all animation. With every word you catch glimpses of new beauty and new fascination."

"Herbert has been running an auto so long that he had forgotten all about horseback riding." "What did he do when the horse balked?" "He crawled under it to see what was the matter."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

## Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
May 5th.....	62	45	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 6th.....	64	50	.00	Clear
" 7th.....	76	50	.00	Clear
" 8th.....	86	54	.00	Clear
" 9th.....	76	58	.00	Clear
" 10th.....	76	54	.00	Clear
" 11th.....	68	54	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 11, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,600 @ 106½			107			
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	3,000 @ 101			101			
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.							
C. T. 5%.....	20,000 @ 81½-82			81½	82½		
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	5,000 @ 98			97½			
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	6,000 @ 111½			111½	112		
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 114			113½			
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	6,000 @ 107½			107	107½		
Oakland Tr'nst 6%.....	1,000 @ 119½						
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	7,000 @ 104½-105			104½	105		
Sac. E. G. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 97½			97			
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	15,000 @ 116½			116½	117		
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%.....	3,000 @ 108½-109			109			
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	3,000 @ 101½			101½			
1905, S. A. ....	7,000 @ 104½			104½	104½		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	54,000 @ 108			107½	108½		
Stpd. ....	4,000 @ 133			132			
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	53,000 @ 99-99½			99½			
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000 @ 100			99½			
S. V. Water 4% 3d. ....							
STOCKS.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Water.							
Spring Valley.....	981 @ 37½-38½			38½	38½		
Banks.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Bank of California	11 @ 427½						
Powders.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Giant Con.....	30 @ 61			60½	61½		
Sugars.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Hawaiian C. S.....	570 @ 49½-50			49½	50		
Honokaa S. Co.....	25 @ 11½-11½			11½	12		
Hutchinson.....	435 @ 9-9½			9½	9½		
Makaweli S. Co.....	25 @ 20½-21			20½			
Paauhau S. Co.....	125 @ 13½			13	14		
Gas and Electric.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Central L. & P.....	100 @ 3			3			
Mutual Electric.....	260 @ 11½-12½			12			
S. F. Gas & Electric	572 @ 61½-62½			62½			
Miscellaneous.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Alaska Packers.....	70 @ 140-140½			140	141		
Cal. Wine Assn.....	150 @ 91½-91½			91½	92		

Spring Valley Water on sales of 980 shares sold down one point to 37½, closing at 38½ hid, 38½ asked.

The sugars were in better demand, about 1,180 shares changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar closing at 49½ bid; Honokaa Sugar Company, 11½ hid; Hutchinson, 9½ hid; Paauhau Sugar Company, 13; Makaweli Sugar Company, 20½ hid.

Alaska Packers was quoted at 140-140½; California Wine Association at 91½-91½; Bank of California at 427½; Giant Powder at 61.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and sales of 570 shares were made at 61½-62½.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

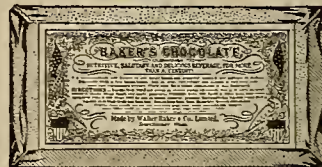
A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

**RUBBER** LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation Company  
713 Market St., S.F.  
AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

## Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

## Test by Taste

and you'll take

## Hunter Whiskey



HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 315.

**MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM**

**TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for  
PRICKLY HEAT,  
CHAFING, and  
SUNBURN, and all ailments  
of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. De-  
lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or  
mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

ESTABLISHED 1888.  
**ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU**  
230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.  
Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast,  
Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political  
Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast  
Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe.  
Telephone M. 1042.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A preacher who went to a Kentucky parish where the parishioners bred horses, was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth he was told he need not do it any more. "Why," said the preacher, "is she dead?" "No," answered the man, "she won the Derby."

"Exactly how old are you, anyway?" asked a friend of Lillian Russell. "I have a friend," replied the actress with apparent irrelevance, "who was born in midocean on an ocean steamer. After she and her mother had landed, the steamer, on its return trip, blew up. So practically she has no birth-place. My age is like that," she added, after a pause.

When Daniel Sully, the "cotton king" of a few weeks, was walking down Fifth Avenue, the other afternoon, he was accosted by a business acquaintance with the remark: "Well, Sully, how goes things by this time?" "Oh, I'm on my feet again," answered Sully, cheerfully. "What! So soon?" replied his friend, incredulously. "Yes; I've sold my horses," replied Sully.

President Eliot, of Harvard, dined recently at a New York hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats at the dining-room door is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear. "How do you know that is my hat?" the collegian asked, as his silk tile was presented to him. "I don't know it, huh," said the doorman. "Then why do you give it to me?" insisted President Eliot. "Because you gave it to me, huh," replied the darkey.

Representative Cushman relates that when President Roosevelt was in the State of Washington last year, he had a most enthusiastic reception. At one of the gatherings an old frontiersman confided to Mr. Cushman that Roosevelt was the greatest man he ever saw and the greatest man who ever visited the North-West. On being asked for the reason of his judgment, the man replied: "Why, Roosevelt is the only man I ever saw who looks worse than his cartoons."

Colonel Henry Higginson has a residence in Cambridge, not far from Harvard University, to which he has given so much hoth of effort and money. For a next-door neighbor he had the priest of a large Catholic parish. It is related that last summer the family cow of the priest's establishment broke loose, wandered over into the Higginson garden, and made a meal of whatever green stuff attracted her attention. The priest came over to apologize. Colonel Higginson heard him, then remarked: "That's all right, father. I don't mind a Catholic cow, but please do not let the Papal bull get loose."

When George Roberts was president of the Pennsylvania Railway, he chided a conductor who went by him without looking at his pass. "No matter if you do know who I am," said Mr. Roberts, in reply to the conductor's excuse; "I am entitled to a free ride only when I am traveling with that pass. You don't know whether I have it or not." The conductor, a little nettled, then demanded to see the pass. "That's right!" exclaimed the president; "here—why—where—well, I declare! I must have left it at the office." "Then you'll have to pay your fare," said the conductor, firmly. And Mr. Roberts did. His lecture cost him five dollars.

Just before Congress adjourned, Hephurn, of Iowa, made some facetious remarks about the classical allusions with which Champ Clark's speeches are interlarded. "If I could model myself upon the gentleman," he said, "I could improve all of my speeches. I would make them in at least four languages. Look at the learning found in the gentleman's speeches—quotations from the Greek, quotations from the French, quotations from the Latin. The gentleman knows glibly the quotations. I do not know how familiar he is with the tongue. But I know this, that if I could take him as my model, I would go into the regions where Tacitus went. 'I would roam,' as the fellow from Wisconsin said, 'I would roam with old Romulus; I would cant with old Cantharides; I would rip with old Euripides; but what in the hell has that to do with the laws of Wisconsin?'"

"Sir Henry," asked one of his guests at a midnight supper given by Sir Henry Irving the night before he sailed for England, "what do you consider the greatest tribute ever paid to your work as an actor?" "Well," replied the distinguished actor after some hesitation, "I once had a London newsboy insist upon serving me with the *Times* gratis for a whole week because he thought that my Shylock was a perfect imitation of a business rival whom he thoroughly hated. Yet I think on the whole that the involuntary exclamation of a Christian woman who saw my Mathias in 'The Bells' was as clever a compliment as I ever heard. I was climbing into

a cab outside the theatre when I heard this woman say: 'What a shame that he is an actor and sold to the devil. What a fine preacher he would have made!'"

Irving Bacheller, the novelist, says that the flattery hurled at him during recent years has been as nothing compared to the dose he received from an old farmer on the day of his graduation from college. On that occasion Mr. Bacheller was one of the senior class's commencement orators. After the usual fashion of college speakers, he got rid of many high-sounding words, and wound himself up into varied flourishing gestures. When it was all over, the old farmer approached: "Wal," said he to the young graduate, "you sure did make the finest speech I ever heard. Great! You jes' riz right up in the air, and no turned fool in that thar crowd could understand a word you wuz talkin' about."

President Roosevelt was recently reproved, in a gentle manner of course, by Miss Mary Ryan, of Elizabeth, N. J., because he did not attend the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of the memorial building being erected in Washington by the Daughters of the American Revolution. "Why," said Miss Ryan, "don't you know, Mr. President, that you would not have been here if it had not been for the heroes who fought and died to establish this government, and in whose memory the hall is being erected?" At this, Miss Ryan says, the President squeezed her hand, and told her he wanted to present her to Mrs. Roosevelt. "Do you know," said Miss Ryan, gravely, "I believe he did that just to get out of answering my question?"

Since the Burton Trial.

The name of Senator Sniffkins came afar down the list, and the voice of the clerk intoning the roll-call made an excellent soporific.

Senator Sniffkins was very tired. He nodded and drowsed.

"Senator Shugar," finally droned the clerk.

"Present."

"Senator Slye."

"Present."

"Senator Sniffkins."

That gentleman emitted a half snore.

"Senator Sniffkins."

Senator Sniffkins roused himself, and stared about him with the vacuous stare of interrupted slumber.

"Senator Sniffkins!" called the clerk for the third time.

Senator Sniffkins evidently realized what was wanted now.

Sitting up in his seat, he shouted, firmly, "Not guilty!"—*Pittsburg Post*.

What We Are Coming To.

In a few years we shall read epitaphs like this:

Here Lies  
JOHN PITTSBURG SKIBO SMITH,  
Who Was Born in a  
CARNEGIE TOWN,  
Educated in a  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE,  
Studied in a  
CARNEGIE LIBRARY.  
At the age of Thirty He Became a  
CARNEGIE HERO,  
And Has Now Gone to Be With  
CARNEGIE.  
—*Portland Oregonian*.

*Farmer Hoptoad*—"I dunno as them city folks is so lazy, after all." *Farmer Trejrog*—"How's that, Hiram?" *Farmer Hoptoad*—"One of the clerks at that hotel where I put up wuz up ahead of me every morning, try to heat him as I would!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Many Beverages

are so vastly improved by the added richness imparted by the use of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The Eagle Brand is prepared from the milk of herds of well fed, housed, groomed cows of native breeds. Every can is tested and is therefore reliable.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Their Points of View.

'Twixt optimist and pessimist

The difference is droll:

The optimist the doughnut sees—

The pessimist the hole.

—*New York Sun*.

All in the Name.

Now is the season of the year

When downcast farms in every State

Assume attractions wondrous queer

And far too numerous to relate.

And every ridge pole blossoms out

With signs that read somewhat like these—

"Hotel de Villa," "Home de Trout,"

Or "Heavenly Rest Amid-the-Trees,"

—*Lurana W. Sheldon in New York Times*.

"Old Proh."

The Weather Prophet writes, and having writ,  
Benignly back among his Clouds doth sit;

Nor all the cold Sarcasm of the Press

Can hinder him from thinking he is lit.

And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky—

He rules from Day to Day with varied Lie.

Lift not your hands to him for Help, for he

As little really knows as You or I!

Myself, when young, did eagerly peruse

The "Indications" in the daily news

For Picnics and for Balls; but evermore

Whate'er they promised I did surely lose.

I sometimes think that never glows so red

The Dawn, as when the Weather Man has said:

"To-morrow, Cloudy, Heavy Winds, and

Showers,"

And Sol comes out right dazzlingly instead.

Ah Love! couldn't thou and I somehow conspire

To grasp this Weather Bureau Scheme entire—

Would we not quickly get on to the Joh,

And then remold it to our Heart's Desire?

For he no question makes of Ayes and Noes—

But anything that strikes his Fancy goes.

What others think is neither Here nor There,

He knows about it all—He Knows—He Knows!

—*Laura Simmons in Munsey's Magazine*.

The Literary Model.

I have a new idea which I think I'll copyright.

A plan to aid the novel and the output expedite.

Whereby the story-writer need no more in deserts

fare;

For he can get material and never leave his chair.

Here is the *via regia* to literary power—

Why don't the busy authors hire their models by

the hour?

The artists have their models in convenient

studios,

Who cheerfully assume their rôles, for they are

paid to pose.

They'll take the part of Christy man or Sioux or

mountaineer,

An Arizona cowboy or Apollo Belvedere,

The Hebrew maiden at the well, Diana in the

shower—

Why can't the authors also hire their models by

the hour?

.....

For need not seek the mountains, if he'll only

take my tip,

And London, too, might save himself full many a

Klondyke trip;

Thus Mrs. Wiggins might engage some Puritan

demure

To simulate Rebecca (though of this I'm not so

sure)—

And why should Major search to find another

knighthood's flower

When he might hire a model knight—and pay him

by the hour?—*Wallace Irwin in Ex.*

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all

druggists.

Tesla Briquettes are

Excellent domestic fuel

Since recently improved.

Let us send you

A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shinke Into Your Shoes  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet, it cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for increasing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by 1 Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25¢. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25¢ in stamps. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail. **POWELL'S GRAY'S SWEET** Febrish, Teething Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address: **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE** [Mention this paper.]

AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

St. Louis.....May 28 | St. Paul.....June 11

Germania.....June 4 | Philadelphia.....June 18

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Western'nd.....May 28, 10 am | Friesland.....June 11, 10 am

Haverford.....June 4, 1 pm | Noordland.....June 18, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaha.....May 28, 9 am

Minnetonka.....June 4, 10 am

Minnehaha.....June 11, 3.30 pm

Minneapolis.....June 18, 9 am

Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Labrador.....May 28 | Dominion.....June 11

Kensington.....June 4 | Southwark.....June 18

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Noordam.....May 31 | Potsdam.....June 14

Statendam.....June 7 | Rotterdam.....June 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.

Finland.....May 28 | Kronland.....June 11

Vaderland.....June 4 | Zeeland.....June 18

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic.....May 28, 10 am | Teutonic.....June 8, 10 am

Arahic.....May 27, 4 pm | Celtic.....June 10, 3 pm

Oceanic.....June 1, 8 am | Cedric.....June 13, 6 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cretic.....June 2, 6 pm, 30, July 28

Cymric.....June 16, 15, July 14, August 5

Republic (new).....June 9, July 7

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Canopic.....May 28, July 2, August 27

Romanic.....June 18, July 30, September 17

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

Doric.....Wednesday, June 1

Coptic.....Wednesday, June 22

Gaelic.....Thursday, July 14

Doric.....Thursday, August 18

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 14, at 11

A. M.

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, May 26, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, May 29, at 1 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

TYPEWRITERS. GREAT

BARAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than

any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE

a new and original process through which we

are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pic-

tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film

is developed separately, thus making it possible

to assure the correct treatment for every ex-

posure. There is no increase in cost; simply

more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-

velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-

thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San

Francisco.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-

lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED

1865—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-

lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223

Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED

June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures

mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, to Mr. Charles Stuart Tripler.

The wedding of Miss Cora Kirk, daughter of Mrs. Arick Kirk, of Chicago, to Mr. Paul Clagstone, took place at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, San Mateo, on Saturday. The ceremony was performed at noon by Very Rev. N. B. Galway. The bride had no attendants, and was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother. Mr. Walter Hohart was best man, and Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, and Mr. Harry Simpkins were ushers. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan. Mr. and Mrs. Clagstone have gone to Santa Barbara on their wedding journey, and later will go East.

The wedding of Miss Ella Goodall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, to Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1317 Jackson Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles R. Brown. Mrs. W. H. Skene, of Portland, was matron of honor. Mr. Arthur Goodall was best man, and Mr. Charles Field and Mr. Frank Owens served as ushers. A reception followed the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Merriall Annie Grantham Patton, daughter of the late Alfred Patton, and granddaughter of the late Venerable Archdeacon Patton, to Mr. Eugene Clarence Holmes, son of Mr. Charles Stewart Holmes, took place at Toronto, Canada, on April 13th.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence, 2885 Washington Street. Others at table were Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. Horace Davis, and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle.

Mrs. Josephine Morris de Greayer gave a luncheon at the University Club on Thursday in honor of Miss May Damon, of Honolulu.

Miss Mabel Watkins gave a tea on Tuesday at her residence, "Cliff Haven," Sausalito, in honor of Mrs. Baker, wife of Captain Charles Baker, U. S. A. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. Frank Findley, Mrs. Dennis Searles, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Edith Cutter, and Miss Florence Yates.

Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop gave a card-party on Tuesday afternoon at her residence on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Louise Cooper, of Santa Barbara.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a dinner on Sunday evening at his residence on Taylor Street. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mrs. William Thomas gave a card-party at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a card-party on Monday in honor of Mrs. Charlotte Land, of Syracuse.

The officers of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry gave a hop on Monday evening at the Presidio club-house.

Mrs. Albert W. Scott held her last "at

home" for the season on Friday at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street.

## Army and Navy News.

Colonel Parker West, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to General MacArthur, and Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., adjutant-general of the Department of California, have been at Monterey this week.

Major F. Titus, U. S. A., has returned from Fort Mackenzie, Wyo., and is on duty at the Presidio Post Hospital.

Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., who is expected to arrive here to-day (Saturday) on the transport *Sherman* from Manila, will be General MacArthur's chief of staff in the Division of the Pacific.

Captain W. C. Davis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has arrived from the East to succeed Captain W. S. Overton as submarine mining officer at the Presidio.

Captain J. B. Douglas, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will arrive on the transport *Sherman* due to-day (Saturday) from Manila.

Colonel E. A. Godwin, U. S. A., has arrived at the Presidio from St. Louis, and assumed command of the third squadron of the Ninth Cavalry.

Colonel Benjamin C. Lockwood, U. S. A., will be in command of the Twenty-Ninth Infantry at the Presidio.

Major J. R. Williams, U. S. A., assistant adjutant-general, has gone to San Diego on temporary duty there.

Captain K. W. Reed, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered from Ord Barracks, Monterey, to Washington.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, U. S. N., has been ordered for duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard as aid to the commandant, Admiral Bowman McCalla, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Rockwell have been the guests of their son, Lieutenant G. C. Rockwell, U. S. A., at his quarters in the Tenth Infantry cantonment at the Presidio.

Mrs. Irwin and Miss Irwin will be in Vallejo during the absence of Paymaster John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N., who goes to the Philippines as an officer of the United States naval transport *Solace*.

Captain Irving W. Rand, U. S. A., has been detached from Ord Barracks at Monterey, and ordered to report to the commanding officer at the Presidio.

Mrs. Lockwood is at the Occidental Hotel awaiting the arrival of her husband, Colonel B. C. Lockwood, U. S. A., who is due here from the Philippines to-morrow (Sunday).

Lieutenant A. M. Hall, U. S. A., has been granted a three months' leave of absence, which he will spend at Louisville, Ky.

## A New Banquet Place.

The Red Lion Grill, already popular as a lunch and dinner place, is letting the fact be known that it has unusual facilities for large banquets. As a consequence, several affairs have been held there, to the entire satisfaction of those who assembled. The Red Lion has become the regular lunch place for the prominent business men and capitalists, who are to be found there at every noon time. And the ladies, quick in discovering the attractive eating places, have adopted The Red Lion as their place for a quiet downtown dinner. They are charmed by the handsome furnishings, the soft, harmonious colorings, the immaculate glassware, linen, and silver, and the irreproachable service—not to speak of cooking that can not be surpassed.

## The Crusaders Pictured.

The moving, warlike times when Crusaders in armor went forth to fight the unbelievers, form the theme for the latest picture by G. B. Torriglia, the eminent Florentine painter. He chose as his principal subject William Embriaco, who was born in Genoa in the eleventh century. He was a sailor, then he came a soldier. As a captain, he joined the first crusade against the Turks, and covered himself with glory in the siege of Jerusalem. He then went to Palestine with a fleet and eight thousand soldiers, and took Assur by storm. For these and other exploits the King of Jerusalem granted the community of Genoa several palaces in Palestine, and had written in letters of gold over the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, "Propterea Genuensium presidium"—("By the most powerful help of the Genoese.")

It was when Embriaco returned to his native city that his great triumph came. Mounted on his war-horse, with the banner of the cross held aloft, he led his Crusaders through the streets of Genoa, while the people went delirious with excitement, and strewed the streets with flowers. It is this scene that Torriglia has painted, and he has made it his masterpiece. He has used a large canvass, and he has put on to it an assemblage full of life, vigor, and realism. The eye, striking the picture, centres on the hero and his followers, then goes to the faces and figures of the men, women, and children, who, crazy with delight and worship, hock his way. There is one woman and infant in the picture that might do for a Madonna and child, so rapt, so full of holy admiration of the great warrior is the mother's face. It shines, as do dozens of the others, with fine religious frenzy—and every face and figure stands out, detailed, strong, and vigorous. The sun shines down over all the scene, making it one of rare beauty. The artist sketched for his picture the street down which the Crusaders rode. The houses stand to-day as they did then. He has painted children, their eyes full of wonder, at the windows. Others look from the same windows to-day—but they see no such martial sight as was presented on that day, centuries ago, when Embriaco and his victorious warriors came home from heathen lands.

The Duke of Savoy viewed this picture in the S. & G. Gump Co.'s gallery last week, and said it was a pity that it ever left Italy. San Franciscans who have seen it are glad that it did, for it is seldom we are given an opportunity to view such an example of Italian art. Alfred S. Gump, who is now in Italy, writes home to his firm that the Florentines gave the picture a most enthusiastic reception. If it remains here until the Knights Templar visit the city, it will form a great attraction for them. Meanwhile, the picture is on exhibition at the S. and G. Gump Co.'s galleries, and nobody who cares for good paintings should miss seeing it.

The automobile trip from Oakland through Haywards, Dublin, and Livermore, to Byron Springs, bids fair to be one of the most popular routes out of San Francisco. It is only fifty-three miles from Oakland, and as a portion of the way is among beautiful homes and winding cañons, with no hills and a good road, the trip is very enjoyable. The managers of the hotel are rushing to completion a very commodious garage in which to house the many cars now daily arriving, and they are also having made a very handsome twelve-seated car to run to and from the trains.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design will be held in the Mary Frances Searles Gallery, Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, beginning May 14th and ending May 19th. The commencement exercises will take place on Friday evening, May 13th, at eight o'clock, to be followed by a reception. Members of the San Francisco association and friends of the pupils are cordially invited to attend.

On May 28th, fifty prominent Filipinos will arrive on the Oceanic steamship *Siberia*, on their way to the St. Louis Exposition. The different commercial bodies are arranging to give them a fitting welcome.

Prince Victor von Ratibor, Prince Carl von Ratibor, and Princess Elizabeth von Ratibor, members of the German nobility, arrived here Wednesday on a pleasure tour of the State.

## Furnished House to Let.

Will rent to small family, June, July, and August, furnished house, seven rooms, with girl's room and laundry. Western Addition. Lawn all around house; \$75.00 month. Jno. J. Fulton Co., 409 Washington Street.

—WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS IN GREAT variety at Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

# Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

## Cupid's Proverbs

A Wedding Book, is the favorite gift at all the prominent New York weddings. Prices \$3.00 to \$20.00. Ask any first-class booksellers. Circulars mailed by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.



**HOTEL COLLINGWOOD**  
35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
**NEW YORK CITY**

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.  
Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## WILSON & CO.

—Headquarters for—

**Fine Shirts  
Underwear  
Hosiery  
Neck Dress, etc.  
All the  
Latest Novelties  
Right Prices**

## 910 MARKET ST.

Bet. Stockton and Powell.

**There is no Substitute for**



**It is a Matter of Health**



## RECENT MENUS.

On March 19, 1904, the Third District Masters' Association tendered a banquet to R. W. James M. Edsall, D. D. G. M., at the Imperial, Brooklyn. The menu was a sumptuous one, and among other drinkables contained Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne.

The banquet of the Friendly Sons of Ireland was held at the Jersey City club-house on March 17, 1904. Moët & Chandon White Seal graced the menu.

Moët & Chandon Brut Imperial Champagne and Apollinaris mineral water were served at the thirty-sixth annual banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, held at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, on March 17, 1904.

The sixth annual banquet of the Northwestern Soe and Leather Association was held at the Commercial Club, St. Paul, Minn., on February 17, 1904. We note from the menu that the only Champagne served was Moët & Chandon White Seal.

Moët & Chandon White Seal was the Champagne served at the banquet given by the Journal Company, of Albany, to its workers. The repast was served at the New Kenmore on March 26, 1904.

The University Club of Brooklyn gave its first annual dinner at their club building on Saturday, March 26, 1904. Moët & Chandon White Seal was the wine selected to grace the occasion.

At the New Tontine Hotel, New Haven, Conn., on March 18, 1904, the sixty-eighth annual banquet of the *Yale Literary Magazine* was held, upon which occasion only Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne was served.—*Bonfort's New York Wine and Spirit Circular*.

## Moët & Chandon

Own more vineyards than all other leading houses combined, assuring the continuance of the highest grade of champagne in

## WHITE SEAL.

This brand leads all others in importation, and has the preference at all smart functions.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,

216 Mission St.,  
Pacific Coast Agents.

## Menlo Park

We have for sale ONE OF THE FINEST HOMES IN THE FAIR OAKS DISTRICT. House, stables, and outbuildings in first-class condition. Thirty acres of land, highly improved; splendid oaks; electric lights throughout. Convenient to station. An ideal gentleman's country home. Particulars on request. Apply to

**SELBY, RODGERS & CO.**  
116 California Street.

Telephone Main 673.

## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells, etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

**NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**

455 Sutter St., San Francisco,  
Telephone Bush 639.

**THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS**  
**H. S. BRIDGE & CO.**

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Soits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis, Miss Daisy Van Ness, and Miss Ethel Tompkins expect to leave about the end of this month for Tahiti, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. James D. Phelan have departed for New York, and later will go to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown will spend the month of July at Woodside with Colonel and Mrs. E. F. Preston.

Mrs. Austin Tubbs is at Del Monte, where she will remain during June and July.

Mrs. J. D. Tallant and Miss Elsie Tallant were among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael.

Colonel E. F. Preston and Mrs. Preston are at Del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn, after spending the winter on the Riviera, were traveling in Sicily when last heard from.

Mrs. Josephine Morris de Greayer leaves to-day (Saturday) for Redwood Lodge, Mill Valley, where she will be the guest for a time of Mr. and Mrs. George Billings.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have gone to Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., left on Sunday for New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl and family will spend the summer at their bungalow at Blythe-dale, Mill Valley.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Miss Jean Reid have returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto, after spending two or three months in Paris, are now settled at Fontainebleau.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley have been the guests, recently, of Mrs. Clarence Postley, of New York.

Mrs. Richard P. Scherwin is in Honolulu.

Mrs. Henry Glass has gone to Honolulu to stay for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith have departed for their country place at Shelter Island.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nicholls are in San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Miller (née Burdge) are occupying their own residence, at Boulevard Terrace, Oakland.

Mrs. William McClung, Miss Gladys McClung, and Mrs. Frederick Horne have gone to Berkeley for the summer.

Mrs. Draper and Miss Elsa Draper have returned from the East.

Mrs. William F. Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin are expected to return from New York at the end of this month. They will go to Shasta for the summer. Mr. Herrin has been spending a few days in New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin spent part of the week at Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mr. Horace Platt was among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. John Casserly has returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale are spending a few weeks at the Hotel St. Francis, and later will go to San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. Charles Oelrichs and Mr. Harry Oelrichs have returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Dillon, and Lieutenant Emery Winship, U. S. N., formed an automobiling-party that spent Saturday and Sunday at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weir will occupy their cottage at Menlo Park during the summer months.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller will spend the next two months in Mexico, and during his absence Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller will sojourn at San Rafael.

Mrs. Welty (née Wood) is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wood, at her residence on Clay Street.

Miss Jean Mackenzie, of New York, has been the guest during the past month of her sister, Mrs. James Mackenzie, at her residence on Fillmore Street.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle has gone to St. Louis for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton and Miss Hallie Moulton will go to the St. Louis Exposition, and will spend the summer in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood, who have been recent visitors at Del Monte, will spend the summer months at Blythe-dale.

Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman has been visiting Mrs. George Pinckard at San Rafael.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Helen Baker, and Miss Dorothy Baker will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear were among those recently registered at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle will spend June and July at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. Stephen Rickard, of Denver, Colo., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Neville, at her residence on O'Farrell Street.

Mrs. S. V. Pettigrew, Miss Helen Pettigrew, and Mr. Percy L. Pettigrew will spend the summer with Mr. H. C. Callahan and the Misses Callahan at their country place at Mountain View.

Miss Agnes Burgin left last Sunday for

New York, where she will be the guest during June of Mrs. George Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee have gone to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wilson have returned from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mrs. David Belasco, Miss Reyna Belasco, and Miss Gussie Belasco have arrived from New York, and will spend the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Boole (née Hamlet) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at St. Dunstan's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Smith as their guests, spent Saturday and Sunday at Byron Hot Springs.

Recent guests at the Hotel de Monte were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Symonds, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Allen and Mr. H. S. Mann, of Boston, Mr. E. H. Ainslie, of London, Mr. Edward Chambers and Mr. H. E. Vernon, of Los Angeles, Mr. W. A. Bissell, Dr. Stanley Stillman, Mr. W. J. Shotwell, and Mr. G. W. Luce.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. M. B. Robson and Miss Robson, of Brussels, Mrs. A. V. Shannon and Miss M. E. Gibbs, of Lee, Mrs. R. F. Bickerton and Mr. Spencer Bickerton, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dumphy, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Stratton, Miss Reta Saloman, Mr. W. L. Austin, Mr. S. L. Jones, Mr. E. A. Davis, Mr. H. L. Cook, Mr. G. W. Heintz, Mr. M. S. Latham, Mr. J. O. Cadman, Mr. W. P. Johnson, Dr. W. M. Carpenter, Mr. F. A. Schneider, and Mr. H. S. Black.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lynch, of New York, Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Rhoads, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Raynes, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Page, Mrs. James Moffitt, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. C. W. Farnham, Mrs. F. F. Runyon, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Florence Hayes, Miss Anna Sperry, Miss Blanche Reynolds, Mr. E. O. d'Pledge, Mr. Fred Rivers, Mr. W. F. Chipman, Mr. D. E. Hayes, Mr. W. J. Harrison, and Mr. J. R. Howell.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani has been ill at St. Louis, and in consequence is expected to leave there for Honolulu to-day (Saturday).

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

### Opportunity for Young Ladies Going Abroad

An exceptional opportunity for European travel. Two young ladies to join party of five. Everything first class. Careful chaperonage by French madame. Only \$75 from New York. Address, with references, Box 72, this office.

### Wanted

by a young woman student of Stanford University, some employment for the summer vacation, May 18th to August 18th. Address H. T. 329 Lincoln, Ave. Palo Alto, Cal. The best of references given.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE

For the FACE and the BODY

## MARTIN BRAUN, MASSEUR

Graduate, Imperial University Hospital,  
Vienna, Austria.

### THE WENBAN,

Phone John 7181. Cor. Sutter and Mason Sts.

## CAMPING

Just the thing for your

outing—one of our

Provision Boxes containing

the freshest staples

and most appetizing delicacies.

In all sizes for

from one day to a week.

No. 1—Lunch out.

fit.....\$ .50

No. 2—Lunch out.

fit.....1.00

No. 3—Table utensils

and 3 days provisions for 1

man.....2.50

No. 4—Table utensils

and 6 days provisions for 1

man.....4.20

We deliver to your

nearest station and pay

the freight.

**SMITH'S CASH**

**STORE, Inc.**

27 Market Street, S. F.

Phone us, Exchange 550

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

### HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort  
and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



**Hotel  
Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each  
way. Open all the year.

**CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST**  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.

202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge.

Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. N. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.



# Santa Fe

## ALL THE WAY

### CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30 A. M.**—\*BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

**9.30 A. M.**—\*THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives \*10.50 p. m.

**4.00 P. M.**—\*STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

**8.00 P. M.**—\*OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.35 p. m.

\*Daily.  
Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

### LESSEE

#### SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30 and 11.30 p. m.  
Sundays—Extra trip at 1.30 p. m.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.  
WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 9.00, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m.  
Sundays—6.50, 7.35, 9.00, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25, 7.50 p. m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 1, 1904	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun- days.	Destination.	Sun- days.	Week Days.
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Ignacio.	7.45 a m	7.45 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m		8.40 a m	8.40 a m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		10.20 a m	10.20 a m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m		6.00 p m	6.20 p m
			6.20 p m	7.25 p m
			7.25 p m	
			8.45 p m	
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	7.45 a m	7.45 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m		10.20 a m	10.20 a m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		6.20 p m	6.20 p m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m		7.25 p m	7.25 p m
			8.45 p m	
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Fullon.	10.20 a m	10.20 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m		7.25 p m	6.20 p m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		8.45 p m	7.25 p m
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10.20 a m	10.20 a m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		7.25 p m	7.25 p m
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	10.20 a m	10.20 a m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		7.25 p m	7.25 p m
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Willets, Sherwood.	7.25 p m	7.25 p m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m		10.20 a m	10.20 a m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		8.45 p m	6.20 p m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m		8.40 a m	8.40 a m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m		8.45 p m	6.20 p m
		Sonoma and Glenn Ellen.		
7.30 a m	7.30 a m			
2.30 p m	2.30 p m			
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	Sebastopol.	10.20 a m	10.20 a m
2.30 p m	2.30 p m		7.25 p m	6.20 p m



# The Argonaut.

Supplement to the Argonaut May 16, 1904.

VOL LIV. No. 1418.

PUBLISHERS' SPRING NUMBER.

28TH YEAR

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breains Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone: Number, James 4331.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

SPOTS WHERE: Plural Pools, Historic Holes, Rival Spots—Levels and Layers of Lies—Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Colossal Moslem Lies—Spots Where By the Bunch. By Jerome Hart	321-322
LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP: Notable Spring Offerings of the English Publishers. By "Piccadilly"	323
OLD FAVORITES: "The Humble Bee," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "The Bee," by Sidney Lanier	323
BOOK NEWS FROM PARIS: Some of the Recent Publications. By "St. Martin"	324
FRENCH AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK: New Books That Interest the Gallic Capital. By "St. Martin"	324
ANIMALISM IN FICTION: A British Writer Thinks Heroes Show Deterioration	324
LYRICS OF LOVE: "A Sea Pink." "To Aziz: Song of Mahomed Akram." "Garden Song." "Worth While." "Surf Song." By Laurence Hope	325
PUBLISHERS' SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS: A. C. McClurg & Co.—The Macmillan Company—Harper & Brothers—Charles Scribner's Sons—Frederick Warne & Co.—The Baker & Taylor Company—John Lane—The J. B. Lippincott Company—A. S. Barnes & Co.—Brentano's—Henry Holt & Co.—Little, Brown & Co.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—D. Appleton & Co.	325
CLASSIFIED SPRING PUBLICATIONS: Books Ready and in Press	326-329
BOOK REVIEWS: "Aladdin & Co.," by Herbert Quick (Henry Holt & Co.); "The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée," by Margaret Sherwood (The Macmillan Company); "The Horse-Leech's Daughter," by Margaret Doyle Jackson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)	330
"Peace and the Vices," by Anna A. Rogers (Charles Scribner's Sons); "A Country Interlude," by Hildgarde Hawthorne (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "The Steps of Honor," by Basil King (Harper & Brothers)	331
"From Paris to New York by Land," by Harry de Windt (F. Warne & Co.); "The Rat Trap," by Dolf Wyllarde (John Lane); "Tomaso's Fortune," by Henry Seton Merriman (Charles Scribner's Sons); "A Bachelor in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.); "Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures," by Henry R. Poore (Baker & Taylor Company)	332
"The Cadets of Gascony," by Burton E. Stevenson (J. B. Lippincott Company); "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," by Bernard G. Shaw (Brentano's); "The Pastime of Eternity," by Beatrice Demarest Lloyd (Charles Scribner's Sons); "Roof and Meadow," by Dallas Lore Sharp (The Century Company)	333
"The Rainbow Chasers," by John H. Whitson (Little, Brown & Co.); "Overtones: A Book of Temperaments," by James Huneker (Charles Scribner's Sons); "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster (Doubleday, Page & Co.)	334
"Old Shropshire Life," by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell (John Lane); "The Issue," by George Morgan (J. B. Lippincott Company)	335
"My Air-Ships," by Santos-Dumont (The Century Company); "The Test," by Mary Tappan Wright (Charles Scribner's Sons); "The Citizen," by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler (A. S. Barnes & Co.); "A Night With Alessandro," by Treadwell Cleveland, Jr. (Henry Holt & Co.)	336
HUMOROUS LITERARY VERSE: "Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam"; "The Last Page"; "A Recipe for Society Fiction," by Arthur Stringer	335

## SPOTS WHERE.

By Jerome Hart.

Any traveler who yearns to gaze on spots—sacred spots on the ground, legendary pools in the ground, and historic holes under the ground—need not hesitate where to go. Let him take a ticket for Jerusalem. In assorted spots—spots sacred, spots profane—Jerusalem has no rival. As the spot where there are the most Spots Where, Jerusalem is easily first.

Still, Jerusalem has no monopoly of Spots Where. In Egypt, as well as in Palestine, there are many Spots Where. On our last visit to Egypt, we were shown the Spot Where the Holy Family rested. This time the Spot Where was under a tree near Heliopolis. Yet

"The Gardens of Gethsemane."  
"The Pools of Siloam."

These plurals may sound oddly, but to any one who has visited Jerusalem there is nothing strange about them. There are several Tombs of David, several Gardens of Gethsemane, and several Pools of Siloam. Each one is genuine, and each is the only one. I suppose there is more than one Jacobs' Well, although that I will not swear to. But if, as I believe, there are several, I will swear that each is claimed to be the Well of the original Jacobs.

The *s* is mine.

To some, the foregoing may sound like irreverence, to others like jesting. It is plain, sober truth. It is quite serious. It is so serious that much blood has been spilled to determine the genuineness of these Spots Where. Furthermore, sincere and earnest Western Christians—not to be mentioned in the same breath with the frouzy, lousy, mangy monks of the Orient—have spent much time and money in determining the identity and locality of these Spots Where. The famous Gordon was one of these—the fanatic soldier who played so large a rôle in England's recent history, political and military. Gordon discredited the spot revered as Calvary by the Greek and Latin monks for many centuries, and the one without the walls which he selected—still known as "Gordon's Calvary"—is by many believed to be the genuine one.

\* \*

It is not strange, considering how time and war and creeds have juggled with Jerusalem, that there should be many Spots Where. Jerusalem lies in layers. There are Jewish, Assyrian, Babylonian, Roman, Mohammedan, and Crusader strata. The average level of the present city is forty feet above the average level of the ancient one. Shafts have been sunk, which, in some places, have struck ancient pavements a hundred and twenty feet deep. The present colossal wall—which impresses us dwellers in modern America as looking so ancient—is merely a modern Turkish wall. Far below its foundations lie the gigantic stones of the elder time. Some of these ancient foundation-stones bear builders' marks in the Phœnician character.

The succession of the various races is told in these stories of stone. All through the Holy Land one sees Assyrian slabs with their curious bearded faces; one sees stones bearing Egyptian hieroglyphics. In the museum at Cairo are stones from Palestine with rough-looking Greek inscriptions, utterly unlike the elegant Roman characters of modern Athens. Roman inscriptions are seen everywhere in the Holy Land; one often sees slabs bearing such inscriptions built into the walls of modern houses.

While there are some new buildings in Jerusalem, I think the streets are Early Assyrian. What might be called the Broadway of Jerusalem is David Street; it leads from the Jaffa Gate to the Temple entrance, running east and west. Across it runs Christian Street, leading to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. David Street is the dirtiest and roughest street I ever saw in any city. It requires close attention to one's feet in walking over it to avoid spraining an ankle. The streets of Jerusalem are not lighted by night, and every one stays home after dark. I don't wonder—walking along David Street after nightfall would put one in



Inside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem.

I remember perfectly that on our previous visit the Spot Where the Holy Family rested was not under a tree. That time it was down in a dark hole. I always remember dark holes—I have been led into so many when traveling. To see this particular Spot Where we were taken into a dark hole which smelled bad and required candles to make the darkness visible. Yet on a second visit we were shown The Spot Where out in the open under a tree. Was my poor brain giving way? Had memory lost her seat in this distracted globe in consequence of seeing so many Spots Where? I was much relieved to find that I had remembered aright. One was at old Cairo; the other was in another direction, near the modern city, at Heliopolis. There were two Spots Where.

The inexperienced sight-seer may think that this plurality of Spots Where is due to the rivalry of cities. But this is not always so. True, we may find sometimes several cities claiming a particular Spot Where, as seven cities claimed Homer. But sometimes, even in a single city, one finds this perplexing plurality of pools, this embarrassing richness of Spots Where. It is notably the case in Jerusalem. For example, I find in my note-book these memoranda:

"The Tombs of David."



danger of breaking a leg. Even the four-footed donkeys make their way along it very carefully.

You turn off David Street into Christian Street, which is the quarter of Christian craftsmen, and you turn off this again into a small square in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is always crowded with peddlers of rosaries, crucifixes, chunks of the True Cross, knickknacks fashioned out of the cedars of Lebanon, and all sorts of sacred souvenirs. Around this square are Armenian, Coptic, and Greek chapels. Just inside the door is a guard of Turkish soldiery. On holy days—which are often days of battle—the guard becomes a regiment.

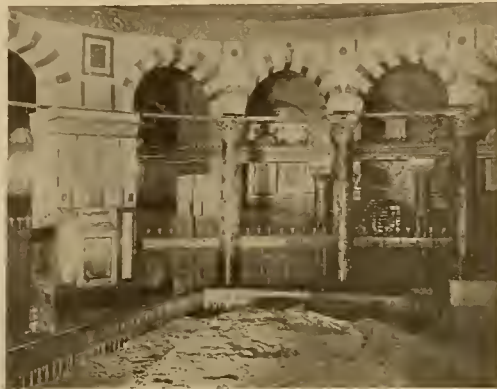
Not far from the entrance is a stone to mark the Spot Where the Saviour's body is said to have lain in preparation for burial after being anointed. A few steps to the left is the Spot Where the women stood during the anointing. Thence you pass under the great dome, in the centre of which space is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, whose front is decorated with artificial flowers, gilt ornaments, and blazing with lamps. There are two Spots Where in this chapel: One is the Spot Where the angel stood at the resurrection, the other is the Spot Where the Nazarene was buried. Two holes on either side of the entrance are the Spots Where the "holy fire" is sent from heaven every Greek Easter. On the evening before the "holy fire" the church is densely packed with the faithful, weeping as they stand, for they are too crowded to sit or squat. The next morning the Turkish troops open a narrow lane through the crowd, using heavy whips when the faithful are slow in moving. Through this lane the Greek patriarch makes his way to the Spot Where the "holy fire" comes out of the hole. When the sacred moment arrives the torch is miraculously lighted by heaven, as it is held in the patriarch's hands. This is indisputable—thousands of people have seen it. The torch is passed to two priests, who, protected by Turkish soldiers, make their way through the adoring crowd, who fight like fiends to light their tapers at the holy torch.

In this chapel, cased in marble, is the Spot Where the stone was rolled away by the angel—in fact, a piece of the stone is still there. At the west end of the chapel, down a low doorway, is the tomb-chamber of the Saviour. This Spot Where is only six feet by six.

At the east of the church you go down some steps to the Chapel of St. Helena, the lady who discovered the Spot Where Christ was buried; who started the church on the Spot Where; who also discovered the Spot Where Christ was born at Bethlehem and the

Spot Where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen, the Spot Where the woman stood at the preparation for the tomb, the Spot Where the angel stood at the resurrection, the Spot Where Joseph was buried, the Spot Where Christ was scourged, the Spot Where he was imprisoned, the Spot Where his raiment was divided, the Spot Where he was crowned with thorns, the Spot Where the cross was set, the Spot Where the cross was found, and the Spot Where Adam was buried.

The Temple Enclosure is variously called Mount Moriah, or the Dome of the Rock, or the Mosque of Omar, or the Temple of Solomon, or Harem-esh-Sherif, according to taste and fancy. It is a level space of ground, enclosed by a wall with strictly guarded gates. The open space within this enclosure is some thirty-five acres. On entering this large space of ground one experiences a marked sensation of relief, after traversing the filthy, narrow, crowded streets of Jerusalem. The oddity of this open space in the crowded city is added to by its physical contour, for while Jerusalem



Interior of the Mosque of Omar, and the Holy Rock where Jewish tradition says Abraham was on the point of slaying Isaac; where the Ark of the Covenant is said to have stood. The Mohammedans believe that beneath this rock the souls of the dead assemble to pray; from here Mohammed started to heaven on his miraculous mare.

is anything but level, the Temple Enclosure looks like a parade-ground. This has been accomplished by cutting away rock in some parts, filling in the deep gorges in others, and in still others building huge arches of masonry, on top of which the artificial stone flooring has been laid. In fact, the whole substructure of this level enclosure is honeycombed with tunnels, vaults, and cisterns. It is said that at one time over ten million gallons of water were stored in these rock cisterns.

It is only of recent years that it has been safe for Christians to enter the Temple Enclosure. Many an unbeliever has paid the penalty of intrusion with his life. Even now it is not easy to enter, although Mohammedan rigor has yielded to the golden key. But there must still be some danger from Moslem fanatics, for the foreign consulates will not permit any of their citizens or subjects to enter without being attended by one of the Kavasses, or armed guards, of the consulate. As the fee is not small, it is customary for American, English, or French travelers to make up parties at their consulates, divide the fee, and set forth together under the guard of the consular Kavass.

In the centre of this great open enclosure there is a raised platform of marble, reached by steps. On this stands the Mosque of Omar, as tourists call it, or Harem-esh-Sherif, as the Turks call it. By the way, it is amusing in Palestine to notice the disappointed air with which Anglo-Saxon tourists receive the Turkish names for streams, mountains, towns, valleys, and tombs, as delivered to them by dragomans and Kavasses. The tourists seem to expect that in a country where nearly all the guides are Greek or Armenian, where most of the inhabitants speak Syriac, and where the official language is Turkish, that these Greek or Armenian guides should repeat to them the ancient Hebrew place-names in the form familiar to us as transliterated into English.

The Mosque of Omar, then, is built over the top of Mount Moriah. This is the Spot Where Mohammed is said to have begun his ascent to heaven. That Mohammed was carried up on this great rock like a chariot is unquestionably true. It is conclusively proved to the most doubting mind, because you can plainly see the finger-marks of the angel who steadied the rock-chariot as it started.

The Mosque of Omar is a very beautiful building. There may be grander mosques in other cities, but I know of none with such a wealth of veined and varicolored marbles, of mosaics of colored and gilded glass, of enameled tiling, of marble piers and arches, of wrought-iron grills and screens. In addition to all these vitreous, marmoriferous, and metallic marvels,

there is a wealth of textile ornament as well. I do not think any modern Midas or Morgan possesses a dozen such rich, such unique, such priceless rugs as we saw by the hundred in this Mohammedan mosque on the site of Solomon's Jewish Temple. These rich carpets—rich singly, rich in numbers—are so many and so beautiful that they almost make a rug-lover weep.

This Judo-Mohammedan site is a kind of Omnibus Spots Where Spot Where. Here it is, as I said, that Mohammed started on his dirigible rock-balloon for Paradise. This is the Spot Where King David's Jebusite subject had his thrashing-floor. This is the Spot Where Abraham offered up Isaac. This is the Spot Where stood the sacred altar of the Temple of Solomon. And this is the Spot Where the rock was anointed by Jacob. This is also the Spot Where the Ark of the Covenant stood. This is the Spot Where was written on the rock the Unspeakable Name of Jehovah.

In addition to these Jewish Spots Where, there are a number of Mohammedan Spots Where, of which Mohammed's ascent is the principal one. The Mohammedans also show you the Spot Where David and Solomon used to pray; likewise the Spot Where Mohammed impressed his head on the rocky roof. Here is the Spot Where the great rock—having become balloon-like after its flight with Mohammed—hung in the air instead of resting on its base. The Angel Gabriel was obliged to hold it down, and you are shown the Spot Where his hand impressed it. Here is a jasper slab—it is the Spot Where Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails; one day the devil stole sixteen of them; when all are gone the end of the world will come. The Angel Gabriel caught and checked the devil, and you are shown the Spot Where he succeeded in holding back half a nail. This slab covers the Spot Where Solomon is buried. Here also you see the Spot Where Mohammed's foot was imprinted. But the Christian monks maintain that this was the Spot Where Christ impressed his foot.

Elsewhere I have remarked that in Jerusalem there are many strata. Deep down, one may find the relics of those which antedated the ancient Hebrews. Rising up through the rubbish of past æons we come to the superincumbent or quaternary rubbish of Jewry, Romanry, Crusaderism, Mediaevalism, Romanism, and Mohammedanism. All of these strata of ruins and relics are like the geologic strata that one sees on a crevasse-ruptured mountain-side. But in addition to these material strata of rock and rubbish there are psychical strata of lies—Jewish lies, Roman lies, Crusader lies, Romanist lies, and Mohammedan lies, and



The Garden of Gethsemane.

the topmost or Mohammedan strata are the most foolish lies of all. After you have listened to the solemn folly snuffled to you with grave faces by Greek or Armenian, Latin or Maronite monks, or gabbled to you by Greek or Armenian guides, these lies seem like scientific truths compared to the preposterous nonsense told you by the Mohammedan priests in the Mosque of Omar. As Prince Henry said to Poins: "These lies are gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

Of a truth, Jerusalem lies in levels—lies in layers—lies in levels and layers of lies.

Quite recently it was proposed to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of the poet Verlaine in Metz, where his life began, and to place a commemorative tablet on his house. At the instigation of the French press of the town, the German Government laid an interdict on the scheme, on the ground that Verlaine's work was "unimportant" and his life scandalous. M. Ferdinand Gregy has made this the occasion of an article in the *Figaro*, in which, while admitting the evil courses of Verlaine the man, he declares that to deny the importance of the poet's work is to talk absurdities. No poet of France, he says, was more *poetical*—that is to say, more spontaneous, immediate, sensitive. In this respect he surpasses Ronsard, Vigny, Gautier, even Hugo.



Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem.

Spot Where he ascended into heaven on the Mount of Olives, at both of which places she built churches.

There is another chapel further underground. It is so dark that you must carry candles to see it. In this chapel—which is called the Church of the Finding of the Cross—there are three Spots Where: the Spot Where the True Cross was found, and the two Spots Where the crosses of the two thieves lay untouched for several hundred years. The True Cross was identified by taking it to the bedside of a noble lady who was afflicted with chronic rheumatism; the other crosses had no effect whatever, but the True Cross cured her at once.

Climbing out of these caverns you go up some fifteen feet above the level of the main church floor, and you are on Mount Calvary, where there are three chapels of different sects. There is an opening set in silver—this shows the Spot Where the cross of Christ was fixed in the rock. Near it is a cleft in the rock set in brass—this is the Spot Where the rocks were rent at the crucifixion.

These readers who may think I am drawing the long bow are mistaken. This is only the beginning of the Spot Where. Within a very small circle you are on the Spot Where Abraham sacrificed Isaac, the



## LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

## Notable Spring Offerings of the English Publishers.

Biography, autobiography, reminiscence, and criticism form the bulk of this spring's literary output in London. Several publishers with whom I have talked are at a loss to account for the scarcity of fiction, although they claim more than ordinary merit in what is issued. An American publisher is quoted as saying that we have some novelists of very high calibre, but that the average of American fiction is above ours; that in your country a greater number of readable, though not great, novels, is issued. There is something in that; I know that your publishers turn out novels by the dozen that do very well to pass away the time spent in going through them. From present indications we will have to look mostly to America for that kind of reading this summer. Our mediocre writers seem to be dropping out of the running. Even our best authors are hardly keeping up their standard. "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) has a new story, published by Fisher Unwin, but it is not equal to some of her others. "The Vineyard," it is called, and it has to do with a hero who is poor, and a heroine who is rich—and who, of course, love each other. The hero's attempt to acquire money by secretly buying from an heiress a lot of land, known only to him to be full of coal, savors of rickery, and the reader is rather glad that, through a dishonest clerk, the hero's syndicate bursts like a bubble. He braces up, though, wins a steepchase, and marries the heiress (who I hope, will keep him on a small allowance), the heroine having very properly broken her engagement with him. The book is brilliant in a way, cultured, full of originality of thought, but totally lacking in sympathy. It is a novel for the few who care more for style than for human interest.

Neither will the general public be fond of Edwin Pugh's new novel, "The Fruit of the Vine" (John Lane). Like his "The Stumbling Block," it is morbid, dealing with the sorrows of the artistic temperament, but falling short of that novel in its power and tragedy. A novelist is the principal character, and he falls a victim to strong drink and a fascinating married woman. The book is dismal in tone, and when the hero becomes regenerated there is little satisfaction for the reader in his rescue from degradation; for it is felt that it is more than he deserved.

Katharine Tynan has done something good in "The French Wife" (F. V. White & Co.). It is a bright, cheerful story, with an Irish setting, with a husband who, while one charming wife, whom he loved, was still alive, proceeded to marry another for reasons not fair for me to disclose. You will get more enjoyment in learning why from Miss Tynan's delightful pages, which her sure, cunning touch and excellent character drawing make very readable.

Archibald Clavering Gunter is among the "also published," his "The Sword in the Air" (Ward, Lock) being in his usual rapid, dashing, superficial style, worthy a reading when nothing else offers—and no more.

One of the best things we have in a biographical way is "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary, daughter of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone" (George Allen). They are not all gossip, but contain much hitherto unwritten history. There is considerable about the plot to oust Gladstone, for whom Lord Acton kept watch and ward behind the party scenes. All of it is capital reading, and I find myself absorbed every time I turn to those passages in which the author becomes a critic. He shows the greatest admiration for George Eliot, who . . . seemed to me capable not only of reading the diverse hearts of men, but of creeping into their skin, watching the world through their eyes, and feeling their latent background of conviction, disarming theory and habit." Again he says, "If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture . . . George Eliot might have had a rival." Overpraise, maybe, but sincere, and with much foundation. He hated Carlyle, and detested Froude—a worthy biographer, he declares, for such a hero. Pen-portraits of Disraeli, Burke, Canning, and Pitt are presented, and constant glimpses are given of Fennyson, Chamberlain, Morley, Newman, and others.

A biography that is not a biography is G. W. E. Russell's "Matthew Arnold" (Holden & Stoughton). Arnold did not want any biography of himself written. To be biographed was to be "gibbeted"—to be "cut open like a pig." It would seem that a man of Arnold's achievements and blameless life would have no such fear; but he had, so his wish was respected. But Mr. Russell has come perilously near treading forbidden ground. He published Arnold's letters some time ago, and this last volume adds more to our knowledge of one of England's greatest critics—and greatest gentlemen. I have read it with deep interest, and I hear it favorably spoken of everywhere. Mr. Russell tells us something of Arnold's methods, of his thoughts, and of his personality, and writes an intelligent criticism of his work. He considers his writings the best in modern criticism, and of marked effect in shaping public thought. Mr. Russell is not a eulogist, however. He perceives and points out Arnold's deficiencies as a poet—but he tells us that his nature was most poetic, and that he struggled pathetically hard to put his thoughts into smooth, flowing, musical lines. Cold, austere, critical as Arnold was, he had great gifts as a humorist. Mr. Russell takes a fling at those who hint that Arnold's married life was not altogether happy, and

says that it was a "life-long honeymoon"—an unoriginal phrase, but expressive and reassuring.

In travel we have something excellent in Prince De San Donato Demidoff's "A Shooting Trip to Kamchatka" (Rowland, Ward)—a country that I confess I hadn't thought of since school days. Prince Demidoff shows how, from the end of the sixteenth century, when Russian began to work eastward, Kamchatka became the objective point of marauding bands of desperadoes, who, unwelcome in Russia, went to a country where their welcome was even less warm, but where resistance was slight. They burned, robbed, pillaged. Russia paid no attention. If they were killed, lost, drowned, or frozen to death, good riddance. If they achieved success and came home triumphant, the feeling against them was somewhat lessened by their loot. Two hundred and twelve years ago the leader of one of these bands brought back to Moscow the fur of sables, sea otters, and blue or red foxes. And he brought back a Japanese as a curiosity. (The Russians are growing more familiar with the Japs now.) In an area of half a million square miles, Kamchatka has a population of only 8,000. Eight hundred were carried off by measles just before Prince Demidoff's visit. There is also a leper colony in the interior—and the miserable country is barely able to support those of its people who are well and strong. It is a bleak, desolate land, and the travelers found little besides good hunting.

Reginald Wyon, a well-known writer, has written "The Balkans From Within" (J. Finch & Co.). It is



The late Dr. Hermann H. Behr, author of "The Hoot of the Owl." Published by A. M. Robertson.

an account of recent journeys through Macedonia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Albania. It gives a good, reliable picture of these countries and their people. Mr. Wyon avoids statistics as much as possible. He may be a little diffuse at times, but he has some very fine pieces of description—notably of his journey to Albania, whose people "did not remember the last occasion when a foreigner had traveled their paths."

Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond gives us something out of the ordinary. "Adventures on the Roof of the World" (Fisher Unwin) is a book of tales of the people of the Alps. It is fascinating in its simple realism, and has romance and adventure as well, and presents a good picture of people who, although near us, are little known.

The library edition of Ruskin that is to be published by George Allen will be one of the best examples of modern bookmaking. It is edited by E. T. Cook, M. A., of whom Ruskin wrote, when Cook was on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "he knows more about my books than I do myself." "The Complete Works of John Ruskin," the edition will be called, and it will not be completed for two years. I am told that the publisher might have saved £2,000 on the cost of the paper alone, and still had good material. But he chose to print the book on paper that will withstand the ravages of time. The binding, too, will be as sound as money can provide; and, altogether, Ruskin's admirers could not wish to see their favorite's work better clothed.

LONDON, May 1, 1904.

PICCADILLY.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Humble-Bee.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me,  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid-zone!  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy wavering lines:  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion!  
Sailor of the atmosphere;  
Swimmer through the waves of air;  
Voyager of light and noon;  
Epicurean of June;  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum,—  
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall,  
And, with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance,  
And, infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets,  
Thou, in sunny solitudes  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers:  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple-sap, and daffodils,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,  
And brier-roses, dwelt among;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher!  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.  
When the fierce north-western blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## The Bee.

What time I paced, at pleasant morn,  
A deep and dewy wood,  
I heard a mellow hunting-horn  
Make dim report of Dian's lustihood  
Far down a heavenly hollow.  
Mine ear, though fain, had pain to follow:  
Tara! it twanged, tara-tara! it blew,  
Yet wavered oft, and flew  
Most ficklewise about, or here, or there,  
A music now from earth and now from air.  
But on a sudden, lo!  
I marked a blossom shiver to and fro  
With dainty inward storm; and there within  
A down-drawn trump of yellow jessamine  
A bee  
Tbrust up its sad-gold body lustily,  
All in a honey madness hotly bound  
Oh blissful burglary.  
A cunning sound  
In that wing-music held me: down I lay  
In amber shades of many a golden spray,  
Where looping low with languid arms the Vine  
In wreaths of ravishment did overwine  
Her kneeling Live-Oak, thousand-fold to plight  
Herself unto her own true stalwart knight.  
As some dim blur of distance music nears  
The long-desiring sense, and slowly clears  
To forms of time and apprehensive tune,  
So, as I lay, full soon  
Interpretation thrrove: the bee's fanfare,  
Through sequent films of discourse vague as air,  
Passed to plain words, while fanning faint perfume,  
The bee o'erhurling a rich, untrifled bloom:  
"O Earth, fair lordly Blossom, soft a-shine  
Upon the star-franked universal vine,  
Hast thought for me?"

To thee  
Come I, a poet, hereward haply blown,  
From out another worldflower lately frown.  
Wilt ask, *What profit e'er a poet brings?*  
He beareth starry stuff about his wings  
To pollen thee and sting thee fertile: nay,  
If still thou narrow thy contracted way  
—Worldflower, if thou refuse me—  
—Worldflower, if thou abuse me,  
And hoist thy stamen's spear-point high  
To wound my wing and mar mine eye—  
Nathless I'll drive me to thy deepest sweet,  
Yea, richer shall that pain the pollen beat  
From me to thee, for oft these pollens be  
Fine dust from wars that poets wage for thee.  
But, O beloved Earthbloom, soft a-shine  
Upon the universal Jessamine,  
Prithee, abuse me not,  
Prithee, refuse me not,  
Yield, yield the heartsome honey love to me  
Hid in thy nectary!"  
And as I sank into a dimmer dream  
The pleading bee's song-burthen sole did seem:  
"Hast ne'er a honey-drop of love for me  
In thy huge nectary?"—Sidney Lanier.

The "Self-Help" of Dr. Samuel Smiles, whose death, at the age of ninety-two, recently occurred, has just been translated into two Oriental languages, Chinese and Japanese.



## FRENCH AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

## New Books that Interest the Gallic Capital.

I presume that M. Otlet is right in his figures which show that France ranks second, in proportion to her population, in the production of books. Germany is first, I believe, with three hundred and fifty-four books to each million inhabitants, and France has three hundred and forty-four. That is a great many, yet there are those in France who deplore what they call the "depression" in literature, and look for a time when of the making of books there shall be neither end nor pause. A recent writer in the *Revue*, for example, thinks the decrease in the value of books exported shows the weakening hold of the republic on the intellectual life of the world. In 1899, French books valued at something like fourteen million francs were exported; in 1900, their value was only ten millions, though in 1901 the sale increased by about a million francs, but has not reached the old level. Why? Nobody knows.

It is especially interesting to note the production of what classes of books has fallen off. According to the writer in the *Revue*, considerably less fiction is demanded, and therefore not produced, than during the preceding decade. On the other hand, books on science and the crafts—especially the popular ones, some of them, perhaps, rather imaginative—are produced and absorbed in enormous quantities. Another class of works that sell well are—singularly enough—those devoted to classical literature. A class that sell ill are garish *éditions de luxe*, with special illustrations and all that. Another queer thing: pornographic literature is on the decline. M. Baranger, president of the "Syndicats des Libraires de France," says so, and so do MM. Leclerc and Schwarz, who ought to know. Doubtless, as suggested, the enormous development of outdoor sports and amusements has had something to do with what is called the literary "crisis."

One scarcely knows where to begin in speaking of the new French books—there are so many of them, despite the "depression." For one, English-speaking people ought to be interested in Taine's life and letters, the second volume of which has just been brought out by Hachette. The period covered is from 1853 to 1870—that of the Second Empire. Books are naturally the theme of most of the letters, and it is surprising how keen was his interest in such a variety of things. He is revealed as a singularly hard-worked man, and yet his purse was seldom over-strained—a normal condition among authors, I imagine.

Of course, the war has brought forth a number of interesting books. I may mention George Ducoq's "Pauvre et Douce Corée," which is bright and readable, giving an informal account of what the author saw on a visit to the Hermit Kingdom some years ago. We also have "Le Tibet et la Chine," by Gabriel Bonvalot. In his "La Question d'Orient et Son Caractère Economique," C. R. Geblesco takes the view that racial and religious problems are of merely secondary importance; the real differences, he thinks, are economic. He is also of the opinion that the war between Russia and Japan will be succeeded by a war between Russia and England. Another extremely significant book on the Far Eastern question is by R. Castex, a lieutenant in the French navy. It is called "Le Péril Japonais en Indo-Chine," and shows what danger portends for the French possessions in Indo-China if Japan wins this war and is permitted by Western nations to organize China's millions into fighting efficiency. Still another book, that appeared shortly before the war began, is by M. Villetard de Laguerie, special correspondent of *Le Temps* in Korea. It is entitled "La Corée, Indépendente, Russe, ou Japonaise." The war has not progressed far, but I imagine that M. Laguerie would submit with good grace to the erasure from his title of "Indépendente."

You already know, I presume, that the divine Sarah is writing her memoirs. But I am doubtful of their absolute accuracy. For Bernhardt sometimes acts—off the stage as well as on it. She not long ago told M. Joseph Galtier, of *Le Temps*, that she gets her material for her memoirs "partly from friends," and "partly from newspaper notices" that have appeared about her. Of these latter, she avers, she has five large scrap-books. One thing she told M. Galtier is amusing: that, in early years, while living at Versailles, before her stage debut, she wanted to become a nun. Sarah Bernhardt a nun—imagine it! The first chapter also contains an account, I believe, of how Bernhardt, as an infant, fell into the fire, and was plunged into a bucket of milk by her peasant nurse, this being the provincial remedy.

I think I neglected to mention, in speaking of the sorts of books that are popular, that sociological works are much in demand. The social problem presses, and those who deal with it sincerely in books find many readers. Take, for example, Gustave Geffroy's "L'Apprentie." It is the story of a girl of the Paris working-classes, and her apprenticeship is not to a craft, but to life. Two brothers, young workmen, die at the hands of Prussian soldiers in the war of 1871. The father is a weakling; he at length goes down before temptation in the shape of drink. The terrible problem, that faces the grief-bowed mother is how to preserve the virtue of her two otherwise unshielded daughters in a lustful city. Shall the horrible maw of

Paris devour the fruit of her body? Will they safely tread the perilous path to womanhood? These are the problems, and the author portrays with mastership the temptations which at length lead to the downfall of the elder sister. The younger one—l'apprentie—escapes the net that is spread. The book is significantly dedicated to "the daughters of Paris, in witness of a barbarous epoch."

Among other notable works of the spring season, I may mention the novel, "Les Héritages," by MM. Veilhac and Monjaud. One of the heritages is a fortune: the other heritage is psychological, and involves the old problem of the duty of a sensitive, refined woman to a coarse and unappreciative husband. Quite a different book, but no less notable, is Henri Michel's "Propos de Morale." It is a collection of articles that have appeared in *Le Temps*—it seems to me that *Le Temps* is figuring pretty largely in this letter—and though col-



Richard Le Gallienne, author of "How to Get the Best out of Books." Published by the Baker & Taylor Company.

lections of this sort usually lose a great deal, M. Michel's beautifully finished style gives it an enduring charm. It is the work of a brilliant, thoughtful, and observant man. A work which may properly be classified with this, under the head of "Essay," is "Les Questions Esthétiques Contemporaines," by Robert la Sizeranne. He discusses—in quite un-Ruskin-like fashion, however, the question of beauty in architecture, in its relation to the use of iron and steel. He also asks whether Whistler's influence upon modern art is to be



Illustration from "Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin. Published by the Century Company.

lasting, and inquires concerning the ultimate effect of modern clothing upon the art of sculpture.

A work of considerable utility to students has been compiled by a Swiss scholar, Professor Victor Giraud. He has had the patience and industry to prepare a complete index to all the names cited in Sainte-Beuve's "Lundis" and "Portraits Contemporains." Besides giving the dates, and the pages for the names, he groups about each the biographical statements given by Sainte-Beuve, so as to make each notice something like a condensed "life" of the man.

PARIS, April 26, 1904.

ST. MARTIN.

## ANIMALISM IN FICTION.

A British Writer Thinks Heroes Show Deterioration.

In the opinion of Mary W. Findlater, who writes in the English *National Review*, the heroes and heroines of fiction have in the last decade or so undergone a distinct deterioration. Where once the novel-reading public admired gentle men, now only the strong, the brutal, gain their affection. Moreover the more sordid sides of life are unduly emphasized. We quote from her article:

If Miss Yonge and her generation avoided the realities of life, our authors of to-day emphasize them in a quite unnecessary manner, and the one picture is fully more untrue than the other. It is not possible to take a charitable view of this development in heroines; the masterful hero may be regarded as only another manifestation of the ideal; but by no stretch of charity can the courtesan-heroine be viewed in this favorable light. The "oldest profession in the world" certainly furnishes the novelist with many an effective subject; but it seems a pity for the idea to get abroad that every woman is at heart a rake, or worse. This, without mincing matters, is just what is being taught us on all sides at present. The return to nature, to "reality," is being overdone: in this attempt to analyze the primitive instincts of women, many of her most inborn characteristics are entirely ignored—for bad as the world is, it would be even worse if faithfulness, purity, and modesty were not unchangeable instincts with the larger proportion of women. We need then, indeed, a return to nature—to the whole of human nature instead of one side of it—a return, in fact, to some of those simple and undeniable goodnesses which form such a large part of life, and are as truly real as half the primordial instincts we hear so much about just now.

Further on the same theme:

There is a tendency in human nature to run always to one extreme or another. You will find either a very bad or a very good type of hero the favorite of each generation—there is no place found in public favor for the real man of real life who is neither one thing nor the other. Characters, necessarily, before they become types, must be extreme instances of that which they embody. Whether Charlotte Yonge had consciously grasped this fact we shall never know. Sufficient to say that she acted upon it, and in Sir Guy Morville, the hero of the "Heir of Redclyffe," created a type of the good hero which, in popularity, outran all competitors. Just as Charlotte Brontë years before had fascinated the world by a wicked hero and created the "Rochester type," so Charlotte Yonge made "Morvillism" the fashion of the hour. Half the youth of England were modeling themselves on Sir Guy a few years after the publication of the "Heir of Redclyffe." The enthusiasm about Charlotte Yonge among the undergraduates of Oxford in 1865 was surprising; we are told, and we hear of regiments where every officer had his copy of the famous novel. The pre-Raphaelite brethren—Rossetti, William Morris, and Burne-Jones—took Sir Guy as their model (a model which they followed afar off, by all accounts). In fact, the popularity of the book in the most unlikely quarters was extraordinary.

Miss Findlater backs her opinion with concrete examples. As an instance of the old method of viewing love and marriage, she cites Miss Yonge's "The Heir of Redclyffe," quoting a passage which describes Amy and Guy, their feelings and their intercourse during their engagement:

It was a time of tranquil, serene happiness. It was like the lovely weather, only to be met with in the spring, and then but rarely, when the sky is cloudless and intensely blue. . . . Such days as these shone on Guy and Amy, looking little to the future, or if they did so at all, with a grave, peaceful awe, reposing in the present and resuming old habits—singing, reading, gardening, walking as of old, and that intercourse with each other that was so much more than ever before. It was more, but it was not quite the same; for Guy was a very chivalrous lover; the polish and courtesy that sat so well on his frank, truthful manners were even more remarkable in his courtship. His ways with Amy had less of easy familiarity than in the time of their brother-and-sister-like intimacy, so that a stranger might have imagined her wooed, not won. It was as if he hardly dared to believe that she could really be his own, and treated her with a sort of reverential love and gentleness, while she looked up to him with ever-increasing honor. . . . When alone with Amy he was generally very grave, often silent and meditative, or else their talk was deep and serious.

"So much," says the writer, "for lovers of the old school. Let us take a modern couple as a foil, and the reader shall judge if things have altered for the better or no—whether the 'tender passion' has more worthy exponents just now. I quote from a novel named 'Mrs. Craddock,' which has received considerable attention of late":

He sat down, and a certain pleasant odor of the farm-yard was wafted over Bertha, a mingled perfume of strong tobacco, of cattle and horses; she did not understand why it made her heart beat, but she inhaled it voluptuously and her eyes glittered. . . . When he had her good-by and shook hands, she blushed again; she was extraordinarily troubled, and, as with his rising, the strong masculine odor of the country-side reached her nostrils, her head whirled. . . . Above all, he was manly, and the pleasing thought passed through Bertha that his strength must be quite herculean. She barely concealed her admiration. . . . "Shut your eyes," she whispered, and she kissed the closed lids; she passed her lips slowly over his lips, and the soft contact made her shudder and laugh; she hurried her face in his clothes, inhaling their masterful scents of the country-side. . . . She knew not how to show the intensity of her passion.

This is Bertha's first love: but she is a woman of volatile affections, for ere the book ends we have another description of an even more erotic nature—the object of this strenuous passion being a Rugby school-boy:

She flung her arms round his neck and pressed her lips to his; she did not try to hide her passion now; she clasped him to her heart, and their very souls flew to their lips and mingled. This kiss was rapture, madness, it was an ecstasy beyond description, their senses were powerless to contain their pleasure. Bertha felt herself about to die; in the bliss, in the agony, her spirit failed, and she tottered—he pressed her more closely to him.

In closing, Miss Findlater points out also how the "millionaire hero is carrying all before him." We quote: "The type is rapidly becoming stereotyped, and this richly gilded idol bids fair to be worshipped for many days to come. He is always self-made, the clever carver-out of his own destinies; generally rough, blatant, unscrupulous, but always and under all circumstances forceful and masterful."



## LYRICS OF LOVE.

[All the following lyrics are from "Stars of the Desert," a book of poems by Laurence Hope, which is reviewed in another column.]

## Surf Song.

My little one, come and listen  
To the calling of the sea,  
And watch how the wet sands glisten  
Where the surf has left them free.  
As thou and the wind together  
Shall frolic along the strand;



Laurence Hope, author of "Stars of the Desert."  
Published by John Lane.

Thy feet as light as a feather  
Will hardly dent the sand.  
Unwind the veils that enfold thee,  
Thou never wast shy with me;  
The sea will rejoice to hold thee,  
The stars will delight to see.  
The beauty thou shalt discover  
Oh, Morning Star of my heart,  
Will dazzle even thy lover  
Who knows how fair thou art!

## Garden Song.

Forgive me, in that I kissed your lips  
Too fiercely or too soon;  
It was the fault of the nightingale  
Singing against the moon.  
If Reason swerved in a brief eclipse  
The while I sinned my sin,  
Opposed to Love, it must always fail  
Since Love must always win.  
The flowers rejoiced in that kiss of ours,  
Even as they were fain  
The great night moths should ravage their  
Hearts,  
Seeking for golden gain:  
Bringing them pollen from other flowers,  
Set open through the night  
To play their motionless, mystic parts  
In Nature's marriage rite.

And who was I, to resist, withstand  
That charm of fragrant gloom?  
A summer night has a thousand powers  
Of scent and stars and bloom.  
Forgive me, in that my errant hand  
Caressed your silken hair,  
Oh, lay the blame on the Orange flowers,  
You know how sweet they were!

## Worth While.

I asked of my desolate shipwrecked soul  
"Wouldst thou rather never have met  
The one whom thou lovedst beyond control  
And whom thou adorest yet?"  
Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,  
Came the answer swiftly thrown,  
"What matter the price? we would pay it  
Again,  
We have had, we have loved, we have  
Known!"

## A Sea Pink.

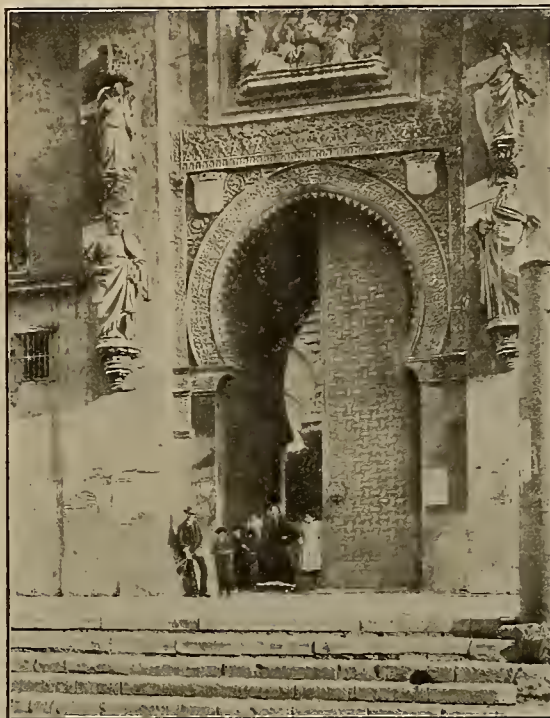
She came, a maiden from the North,  
To dwell among a Southern race,  
And lovely Northern eyes looked forth  
In azure from her oval face.  
Her hair was like the pale faint gold  
September's sun sheds o'er the land,  
And soft to touch and slim to hold  
The white perfection of her hand.  
They loved her on that Southern shore:  
Tall fisher men and dark-haired boys  
Were fain to linger round her door  
With shells and kindred ocean toys.  
Yet was their love restrained by fear.  
So still she was, so calm and pale,  
She seemed a star, remotely dear,  
No human love might dare assail.  
Whilst in her chamber, small and bright  
With sea pinks and blue lavender,

She wondered through the summer night  
Why love had never come to her.

Her fancy wandered to the shore  
Sunburnt beneath the noonday skies,  
Again the fisher lads she saw,  
Their willing arms and eager eyes.  
Saw their young smiles, whose tender gleams  
Held all the love she had not known,  
And, blushing in her morning dreams,  
Felt their red lips against her own.  
But all day long her self-control  
Concealed her loneliness too well.  
Alas! these harriers of the soul,  
So slight, yet so invincible!

Time passed: her azure eyes grew sad,  
Dull sorrow dimmed their dancing blue,  
While many a pensive fisher lad  
Envied the seagulls as they flew.  
Envied them their sweet liberty,  
Free of the ocean, free to love,  
On light untrammelled wings, while he  
As well might woo the stars above  
As the young maiden of his choice.  
Her gentle beauty bloomed in vain,  
She knew no art, he found no voice  
To bridge the gulf between them twain.

How should a fisher lad aspire  
To win a thing as fair as this?  
So after days of dumb desire  
Some duskier maiden claimed his kiss.  
And day by day the ripples broke  
Around the fishers in the bay.



Puerta del Perdon, Seville. Illustration from "Two Argonauts in Spain,"  
by Jerome Hart. Published by Payot, Upham & Co.

Night after night alone she woke  
Till all her youth had passed away.

The swift sweet years when she was young,  
Her golden years, slipped lightly past,  
And thus the song remained unsung,  
The rose ungathered till the last.

## To Aziz: Song of Mahomed Akram.

Your beauty puts a barb into my soul,  
Strive as I will it never lets me go.  
My love has passed the frontiers of control,  
You are so fair and I desire you so.

Others may come and go, they are to me  
But changing mirage, transient, untrue,  
My faithlessness is but fidelity  
Since I am never faithful, but to you.

You are not kind to me, but many are  
And all their kindness does not make them  
Dear;

It may be you deceive me when afar  
Even as always you torment me near.

Yet is your beauty so divine a thing  
So irreplaceable, so haunting sweet  
Against all reason, I am fain to fling  
My life, my youth, myself, beneath your  
feet.

A new novel is announced by Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The One Woman" and "The Leopard's Spots." It is said to be, in a way, a companion to his first book, and is entitled "The Clansman." Mr. Dixon's purpose here is to show that the original formers of the Ku Klux Klan were modern knights errant, taking the only means at hand to right wrongs. Apropos of Mr. Dixon, his "Leopard's Spots" is reported to be well in its second hundred thousand, while "The One Woman" is passing the one-hundred-thousand mark.

## PUBLISHERS' SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## A. C. McClurg &amp; Co.

Bird Center Cartoons, by John T. McCutcheon.  
Evolution of the Soul, Tbe, by Thomas Jay Hudson.  
Handbook of Modern Japan, by Ernest W. Clement.  
Robert Cavalier, by William Dana Orcutt.

## The Macmillan Company.

American Music, by Louis C. Elson.  
Court of Sacbarissa, Tbe, by Hugh T. Sheringham and Nevill Meakin.  
Daughters of Nijo, by Onoto Watanna.  
Faith of Men and Other Stories, The, by Jack London.  
History of the United States, by Henry W. Elson.  
Old Time Schools and School Books, by Clifton Johnson.  
Opening of the Mississippi, The, by F. A. Ogg.  
Problems of the Present South, by Edgar G. Murphy.  
Singular Miss Smith, The, by Florence M. Kingsley.

## Harper &amp; Brothers.

Breaking Into Society, by George Ade.  
Extracts from Adam's Diary, by Mark Twain.  
Greater America, by Archibald R. Colquhoun.  
Inventions of the Idiot, The, by John Kendrick Bangs.  
Later Adventures of Wee MacGregor, by J. J. Bell.  
Memoirs of a Baby, The, by Josephine Dakam.

Rat-Trap, The, by Dolf Wyllarde.  
Stars of the Desert, by Laurence Hope.  
Juniper Hall, by Constance Hill.  
Typee, by Herman Melville.  
Yeoman, The, by Charles Kennett Burrow.

## The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Cadets of Gascony, by Burton E. Stevenson.  
Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature.  
Heart of Lynn, by Mary Stewart Cutting.  
History of the Moorish Empire, The, by S. P. Scott.  
Japan To-Day, by James A. B. Scherer, Ph. D.  
Teutonic Legends, by W. C. Sawyer.

## A. S. Barnes &amp; Co.

Citizen, The, by N. S. Shaler.  
Cap'n Eri, by Joseph C. Lincoln.  
House in the Woods, The, by Arthur Henry.  
Journey of Coronado, The, edited by George Parker Winship.  
Napoleon: A Short Biography, by R. M. Johnston.  
New Fortunes, by Mabel Earle.  
Running the River, by George Cary Eggleston.  
To Windward, by Henry C. Rowland.

## Brentano's.

Cashel Byron's Profession, by G. Bernard Shaw.  
Quintessence of Ibsenism, The, by G. Bernard Shaw.  
Unsocial Socialist, An, by G. Bernard Shaw.

## Henry Holt &amp; Co.

Aladdin & Co., by Herbert Quick.  
Cheerful Americans, by Charles Battell Loomis.  
Holladay Case, The, by Burton E. Stevenson.  
In the Dwellings of the Wilderness, by Bryson Taylor.  
Lightning Conductor, The, by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson.  
Night With Alessandro. A, by Treadwell Cleveland, Jr.  
Port Argent, by Arthur W. Colton.

## Little, Brown &amp; Co.

Anna the Adventuress, by E. Phillips Oppenheim.  
By the Good Sainte Anne, by Anna Chapin Ray.  
Effendi, The, by Florence Brooks Whitehouse.  
North Star, The, by M. E. Henry-Ruffin.  
Rainbow Chasers, The, by John H. Whitson.  
Viking's Skull, The, by John R. Carling.  
Woman's Will, A, by Anne Warner.  
Wood Carver of Lympus, Tbe, by Mary E. Waller.

## The Baker &amp; Taylor Company.

Golf for Women, by Genevieve Hecker (Mrs. C. T. Stout).  
How to Get the Best Out of Books, by Richard le Gallienne.  
Moses Brown, Captain, U. S. N., by Edgar Stanton Maclay.  
Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures, by Henry R. Poore, A. N. A.

## Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.

High Noon, by Alice Brown.  
Methods of Industrial Peace, by N. P. Gilman.  
Henderson, by Rose E. Young.  
Napoleon, by T. A. Dodge.  
Neighbor, The, by N. S. Shaler.  
New Hampshire, by Frank B. Sanborn.  
Whittier Land, by Samuel T. Pickard.

## D. Appleton &amp; Co.

Autobiography, An, by Herbert Spencer.  
College Training and the Business Man, by Charles F. Thwing.

Rulers of Kings, by Gertrude Atherton.  
Sir Mortimer, by Mary Johnston.  
Steps of Honor, The, by Basil King.

## Charles Scribner's Sons.

American Natural History, Tbe, by W. T. Hornaday.  
Brave Hearts, by W. A. Fraser.  
Bred in the Bone, by Thomas Nelson Page.  
Cynthia's Rebellion, by A. E. Thomas.  
Descent of Man, The, by Edith Wharton.  
Fort Amity, by A. T. Quiller-Couch.  
Letters from England 1846-49, by Mrs. George Bancroft.  
Matthew Arnold, by G. W. E. Russell.  
Mankind in the Making, by H. G. Wells.  
Overtones: A Book of Temperaments, by James Huneker.  
Prayers Written at Vailima, by Robert Louis Stevenson.  
Peace and the Vices, by Anna A. Rogers.  
Pancricon, The, by Harold Steele Mackaye.  
Pastime of Eternity, The, by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd.  
Seiners, The, by James B. Connolly.  
Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories, by Henry Seton Merriman.  
United States in Our Own Times, The, by E. Benjamin Andrews.

## Frederick Warne &amp; Co.

Bridge Tactics, by R. F. Foster.  
From Paris to New York by Land, by Harry de Windt, F. R. G. S.  
Japs at Home, The, by Douglas Sladen.  
Leo Tolstoy: A Biographical and Critical Study, by T. Sharper Knowlson.  
Tramp in Spain, A, by Bart Kennedy.

## John Lane.

Broken Rosary, A, by Edward Peple.  
How Tyson Came Home, by William H. Ridgway.  
Life in a Garrison Town, by Lieutenant Bilse.  
Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles.  
Napoleon of Notting Hill, The, by Gilbert K. Chesterton.  
New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle.



Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, author of "The Pastime of Eternity." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dollars and Democracy, by Sir Philip Burne-Jones.  
How to Know Oriental Rugs, by Mary Beach Langton.  
How to Know the Butterfly, by John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock.  
Lucretia Borgia, by Ferdinand Gregorovius.  
Letters of Prince Bismarck to His Wife translated by Armin Harder.  
Vineyard, The, by John Oliver Hobbes.



## CLASSIFIED SPRING PUBLICATIONS.

## Books Ready and in Press.

## FICTION.

An Act in a Backwater, by E. F. Benson; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
 Admirable Tinker, The, by Edgar Jepson; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.  
 Adventurer in Spain, The, by S. R. Crockett; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
 Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen, The, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 All's Fair in Love, by Josephine Caroline Sawyer; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
 American Prisoner, The, by Eden Phillips; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Anna the Adventuress, by E. Phillips Oppenheim; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 Bachelor in Arcady, A, by Halliwell Sutcliffe; T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.  
 Barrier, The, by Allen French; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.  
 Bishop's Carriage, The, by Miriam Michelson; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.



Dallas Lore Sharpe, author of "Roof and Meadow." Published by the Century Company.

Breaking into Society, by George Ade; Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.  
 Bred in the Bone, by Thomas Nelson Page; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Broken Rosary, A, by Edward Pepple; John Lane. \$1.50.  
 Bruver Jim's Baby, by Philip Verrill Mighels; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 By Snare of Love, by Arthur W. Marchmont; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
 By the Good Sainte Anne, by Anna Chapin Ray; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.  
 Cadets of Gascony, by Burton E. Stevenson; The P. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.  
 Cap'n Eri, by Joseph C. Lincoln; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.  
 Charms, by Right Hon. the Earl of Idlesleigh; John Lane.  
 Cherry's Child, by John Strange Winter; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.  
 Close of the Day, The, by Frank H. Spearman; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.  
 Country Interlude, A, by Hildegard Hawthorne; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
 Court of Sacharissa, The, by Messrs. Hugh T. Sheringham and Nevil Myers Meakin; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Cowboy's Courtship and Other Courtships, The, by Fannie Williams Gresham; The Neale Publishing Company. 75 cents.  
 Crossing, The, by Winston Churchill; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Cynthia's Rebellion, by Albert E. Thompson; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Harrow Enigma, The, by Melvin L. Severy; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
 Daughter of Dale, A, by Emerson G. Taylor; The Century Company. \$1.50.  
 Daughter of the States, The, by Max Pemberton; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
 Daughters of Desperation, by Hildegard Brooks; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.  
 Daughters of Nijo, by Onoto Watanna; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Day Before Yesterday, The, by Sara Andrew Shafer; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Day of the Dog, The, by George Barr McCutcheon; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.  
 Dayspring, The, by Dr. William Barry; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
 Deliverance, The, by Ellen Glasgow; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.  
 Dennis Dent, by E. W. Hornung; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
 Duke of Cameron Avenue, The, by Henry K. Webster; The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.  
 Easter Day, The, by Hannah Warner; Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.  
 Effendi, The, by Florence Brooks Whitehouse; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 Evelyn Byrd, by George Cary Eggleston; The Lothrop Company.  
 Extracts from Adam's Diary, by Mark Twain; Harper & Brothers.  
 Failure, A, by Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.  
 Felice Constant, by William C. Sprague; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
 Fishers, The, by J. Henry Harris; John Lane. \$1.50.  
 Flame Gatherers, The, by Margaret Horton Potter; The Macmillan Company.  
 Folly of Others, The, by Neith Boyce; Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.00.  
 Forestfield, by Robert T. Bentley; The Grafton Press. \$1.50.  
 Fort Amity, by A. T. Quiller-Couch; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Fortunes of a Free Lance, The, by Alfred G. Lawrence; The Saalfeld Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Four Roads to Paradise, by Maud Wilder Goodman; The Century Company. \$1.50.  
 Fourthly, by Jeanette Houghton; The Broadway Publishing Company.  
 French Wife, The, by Katharine Tynan; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.  
 Frenchy, The Story of a Gentleman, by William Sage; The Scott-Thaw Company.  
 From the Cliffs of Craughnagh, by Robert Cromie; The Saalfeld Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Frontiersman, The, by Charles Egbert Craddock; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 Inguine, The, by Ezra S. Rudino; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.  
 Gates of Chance, The, by Van Tassel Sutphen; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Gingham Rose, The, by Alice Woods Ullman; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.  
 Givers, The, by Mary E. Wilkins; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Go Don Elmorement, The, by Carolyn Wells; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.  
 Garters, The, by Francis Lynde; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.  
 Great Adventurer, The, by Robert Shackleton; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

He and Hecuba, by Baroness von Hutten; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
 Heart of Lynn, by Mary Stewart Cutting; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.  
 Heart of My Heart, by Ellis Meredith; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.  
 Helianthus, by "Ouida"; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Hemming, the Adventurer, by Theodore Roberts; L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.  
 Henderson, by Rose E. Young; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
 Her Infinite Variety, by Brand Whitlock; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.  
 He That Eateth Bread With Me, by H. A. Mitchell-Keays; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.  
 Hezekiah's Kortsip, by Frank A. Van Denburg; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.  
 Highroad, The, Anonymous; Herbert S. Stone & Co.  
 High Noon, by Alice Brown; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 Hope Deferred, by Kate Buice Myers; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Horse-Leech's Daughters, The, by Margaret D. Jackson; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 House in the Woods, The, by Arthur Henry; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.  
 How Tyson Came Home, by William H. Riding; John Lane.  
 Humorous Tales, by Professor Alexander Wertheim. The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 I, A Novel in Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
 Ides of March, The, by Florrie Willingham Pickard; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 Imperialist, The, by Mrs. Everard Cotes; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
 I Need the Money, by Hugh McHugh; The G. W. Dillingham Company. 75 cents.  
 In Defense of His Excellency, by Stanley S. Warren; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 In Passion's Dragnet, by Hattie Horner Loutham; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.  
 In the Grip of the Expert, by Egbert T. Bush; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 In the Red Hills, by Elliott Crayton McCants; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.  
 Inventions of the Idiot, The, by J. K. Bangs; Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.  
 Issue, The, by George Morgan; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.  
 Issues of Life, The, by Mrs. John Van Vorst; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.



Thomas Nelson Page, author of "Bred in the Bone." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jewel of Seven Stars, The, by Bram Stoker; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Joan of the Alley, by Frederick Orin Bartlett; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 John Ubi, by Gustave Frenson, translated from the German by Louise Ashley Billings; The Scott-Thaw Company.  
 Kwaider, by Lafcadio Hearn; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 Later Adventures of Wee Macgregor, by J. J. Bell; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Leave Me My Honor, by Mrs. A. G. Kintzel; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Left in Charge, by Clara Morris; The G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.  
 Life and Death, and Other Legends and Stories, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, translated from the original Polish by Jeremiah Curtin; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.  
 Light of the Star, The, by Hamlin Garland; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Little Fountain of Life, The, by Marion Foster Washburne; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.  
 Little Garrison, A, by Lieutenant Bile; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
 Little Traitor to the South, A, by Cyrus Townsend Brady; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Little Union Scout, A, by Joel Chandler Harris; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.  
 Lux Crucis, by Samuel M. Gardenhire; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Lychgate Hall, by M. E. Francis; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.  
 Memoirs of a Baby, by Josephine Daskam; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Merry Anne, The, by Samuel Merwin; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Middle Wall, The, by Edward Marshall; The G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.  
 Miss Bonnycastle, by John N. Opie; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Miss Moccasin, by Sarah Ellis Ryan; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.  
 Mrs. McLeerie, by J. J. Bell; The Century Company. \$1.50.  
 My Friend Prospero, by Henry Harland; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

My Lil' Angelo, by Annie Yeaman; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.  
 Nano, by Charles Everett; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 Nature's Comedian, by W. E. Norris; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
 North Star, The, by M. C. Henry-Ruffin; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 Ojibway, The, by Rev. Joseph A. Giffillan; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Old Hendrik's Tales, by Captain Arthur O. Vaughan; Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Order No. 11, by Caroline Abbot Stanley; The Century Company. \$1.50.  
 Our Political Drama, by Joseph B. Bishop; The Scott-Thaw Company.  
 Pagan's Progress, The, by Gouverneur Morris; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00.  
 Pamela Congreve, by Frances Aymar Mathews; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
 Panbronicon, The, by Harold Steele Mackaye; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Passionate Hearts, The, by Anna MacManus; The Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.  
 Pastime and Eternity, The, by Beatrice Demarest Lloyd; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Peace and the Vices, by Anna A. Rogers; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Penobscot Man, The, by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Peril of the Sword, The, by Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt; The H. M. Caldwell Company. \$1.50.  
 Perronelle, by Valentine Hawtrey; John Lane. \$1.50.  
 Philanthropist, The, by J. F. Causton; John Lane. \$1.50.  
 Picaroons, The, by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.  
 Pillar of Light, The, by Louis Tracy; E. J. Clode.  
 Price of Youth, The, by Margery Williams; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Princess and Pilgrim, by Caroline Sheldon; The Lucas-Lincoln Company. \$1.25.  
 Prisoner of Mademoiselle, The, by Charles G. D. Roberts; L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.  
 Promoters, The, by William Hawley Smith; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.  
 Punch, by George E. Barksdale, M. D.; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Queen's Quair, by Maurice Hewlett; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Quintas Oaks, The, by Charles R. Jackson; The G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.  
 Rainbow Chasers, The, by John H. Whitson; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Susannah and One Other, by E. Maria Albarezi; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.  
 Sylvia's Husband, by Mrs. Burton Harrison; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.  
 Tale Half Told, A, by Julia la Voie; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 Tales of Kankakee Land, by Charles H. Bartlett; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.  
 Tempest of the Play Gods, by Janie E. Stoddard; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Test, The, by Mary Tappan Wright; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Texas Matchmaker, A, by Andy Adams; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 Tbat Sandhiller, by Malvina Sarah Waring; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Theatrical Primer, The, by Harold Acton Vivian; The G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.00.  
 Tillie, A Mennonite Maid, by Helen R. Martin; The Century Company. \$1.50.  
 Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories, by Henry Seton Merrim; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 To Wardsward, by Henry C. Rowland; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.  
 Trouble Woman, The, by Clara Morris; The Funk & Wagnalls Company. 40 cents.  
 Twisted History, by Frank C. Voorhies; The G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.00.  
 Tyrants of North Hythen, The, by Frank Dilnot; John Lane.  
 Under the Viekler, by Ben J. Viljoen; Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.  
 Vanguard, Tbe, by James S. Gale; Tbe F. H. Revell Company. \$1.50.  
 Vanished Empire, Tbe, by Waldo H. Dunn; The Robert Clarke Company. \$1.50.  
 Viking's Skull, Tbe, by John R. Carling; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 Vineyard, The, by John Oliver Hobbes; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
 Violet, by the Baroness von Hutten; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
 Way to Wings, Tbe, by M. Y. T. H.; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.  
 When It Was Dark, by Guy Thorne; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.  
 When Love Is Love, by Kate Langley Bosher; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.  
 Where the Tide Comes In, by Lucy Meacham Thurston; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 White Canoe, The, and Other Stories, by Mrs. Stokes G. Monckton; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 When Wilderness Was King, by Randall Parrish; A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.  
 Woman Errand, The, by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
 Woman Wins, The, by Robert Barr; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
 Woman's Will, A, by Anne Warner; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 Wood Carvers of Lympos, The, by Mary E. Waller; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.  
 Woodhouse Correspondence, The, by George W. E. Russell and Edith Siegel; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.  
 Word Destroyer, The, by Horace Mann; The Lucas-Lincoln Company. \$1.00.  
 Yarborough the Premier, by A. R. Weekes; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Yellow Holly, Tbe, by Fergus Hume; The G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.25.  
 Yeoman, Tbe, by Charles K. Burrow; John Lane.  
 Yoke, Tbe, by Elizabeth Miller; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography of Herbert Spencer, The. Two volumes; D. Appleton & Co. \$5.50 net.  
 Aubrey de Vere: A Monograph Illustrated by Selections from His Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence, by Wilfrid Ward; Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Bookman Biographies, The. "Alfred Tennyson," by G. K. Chesterton and Richard Garnett; "Robert Browning," by James Douglas; "William M. Thackeray," by G. K. Chesterton and Lewis Melville; James Pot & Co. 75 cents per volume.  
 Charles II by Osmond Ayr, LL. D., M. A.; Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Charles Dickens, by George Gissing; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.  
 Charles Dudley Warner, by Mrs. James T. Fields; McClure, Phillips & Co. 75 cents net.  
 Charles Reade, As I Knew Him, by John Coleman; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.  
 Christopher Columbus, by John Boyd Thatcher. Three volumes. Illustrations and maps; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$9.00 net per volume.  
 Dr. William Pepper, by Francis Newton Thorpe; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50 net.  
 Duchess Sarah: The Social History of the Times of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. Compiled and arranged by one of her descendants, Mrs. Arthur Colville; Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Eighty Years' Reminiscences, by Colonel Ans-



Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

truther Thomson; Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Edward Lincoln Atkinson, 1865-1902, by Charles Lewis Slattery; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net.  
 Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Elizabeth Lee; Ginn & Co.  
 Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly; John Lane. \$3.50 net.  
 English Men of Letters Series. New volumes: "Jeremy Taylor," by Edmund Gosse; "Jane Austen," by H. C. Beeching; "Hobbes," by Sir Leslie Stephen; "James Russell Lowell," by Henry Van Dyke; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by George Edward Woodberry; "Benjamin Franklin," by Owen Winter; "Thomas Moore," by Stephen Gwynn; "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by Arthur Christopher Benson; "Maria Edgeworth," by the Hon. Emily Lawless; "Mrs. Gaskell," by Clement K. Shorter; "Andrew Marvell," by Augustine Birrell; "Adam Smith," by Francis W. Hirst; "Sydney Smith," by



## BIOGRAPHY (Continued).

George W. E. Russell; The Macmillan Company, 75 cents net per volume.

Francis Parkman, by Henry D. Sedgwick; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

Heroes of the Nations Series. "Frederick the Great, and the Rise of Russia," by William Fiddian Reddaway; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

House of Oueit, The: An Autobiography. Edited by J. T. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

James Lawrence, Captain U. S. N., the Commander of the *Chesapeake*, by Albert Gleaves. Introduction by George Dewey; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

James Oglethorpe, by Harriet C. Cooper; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00 net.

Jane Austen: Her Home and Her Friends, by Constance Hill; John Lane. \$1.50 net.

John A. Andrew, by Henry G. Pearson; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00 net.

Kings and Queens I Have Known, by Helen Vacaresco; Harper & Brothers.

Leo Tolstoy: With Biography and Portrait, by T. Sharper Knowlson; Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.00 net.

Life and Letters of Robert Stephen Hawker, The: Some time Vicar of Morwenstow, by his son-in-law, C. E. Byles; John Lane. \$3.50 net.

Life of Frederick William Farrar, some time Dean of Canterbury, by his son, Reginald Farrar; T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00 net.

Life of Frederick Fitzgerald, The, by Thomas Wright. Two volumes; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50 net.

Literary Lives Series. Edited by Robertson Nicoll. "Matthew Arnold," by G. W. E. Russell; "Cardinal Newman," by William Barry; "Mrs. Gaskell," by Flora Masson; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net per volume.

Man Roosevelt, The, by Francis E. Leupp; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Matthew Arnold, by William Harbutt Dawson; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Medieval Princess, A: The True Story of Jacqueline, last Independent Sovereign of Holland, Zealand, and Hainaut, 1401-1436, by Ruth Putnam; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Moses Brown, Captain U. S. N., by Edgar Stanton MacLay; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.25 net.

My Literary Life, by Mme. Adam (Juliette Lamher); D. Appleton & Co. \$1.40 net.

Mystery of Mary Stewart, The, by Andrew Lang; Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

Napoleon: A Short Biography, by R. M. Johnston; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00 net.

Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, by Francis, the first Earl of Ellesmere. Edited with a memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his daughter, Alice, Countess of Stratford; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

Preacher's Story of His Work, A, by W. S. Rainsford; The Outlook Company. \$3.50 net.

Queen of Tears, A: Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Princess of England, Sister of George III., by W. H. Wilkins. Two volumes; Longmans, Green & Co. \$12.00.

Renaissance in England, The: Six Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century, by Sidney Lee; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Representative Modern Preachers, by Dr. Lewis O. Brastow; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong, by Edith A. Talbot; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Seventy-Five Years in Old Virginia, by Dr. John Herbert Claiborne; The Neale Publishing Company. \$2.00 net.

Some Successful Americans, by Sherman Williams; Ginn & Co.

Shakespeare: Personal Recollections, by Colonel John J. Joyce; The Broadway Publishing Company. 50 cents net.

Theodore Roosevelt: The Citizen, by Jacob Riis; The Outlook Company. \$2.00 net.

Tolstoy the Man, by Professor Edward A. Steiner; The Outlook Company. \$1.50.

Three Generations of Fascinating Women, and Other Sketches From Family History, by Lady Russell (of Swallowfield Park); Longmans, Green & Co.

William Greenleaf Eliot, by Charlotte C. Eliot; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 net.

William Hickling Prescott, by Rollo Ogden; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

William Penn, by Augustus C. Buell; D. Appleton & Co. \$2.25 net.

Whistler As I Knew Him, by Mortimer Menpes; The Macmillan Company.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Africa from South to North Through Marot-seland, by Major A. St. H. Gihbons. Two volumes; John Lane. \$7.50 net.

Along the Nile With General Grant, With an Extended Account of Ancient Egypt, by Hon. Albert E. Farman; The Grafton Press. \$2.50 net.

American Girl in Mexico, An, by Elizabeth McGary; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

Around the Caribbean and Across Panama, by Dr. Francis C. Nicholas; H. M. Caldwell Company.



Cover Design from Charles Scribner's Sons.

Around the World With a King, by William M. Armstrong. The trip of King Kalakaua around the world; F. A. Stokes & Co. \$1.60 net.

Black Blocks of China, The: A narrative of experience among the Chinese, Sifans, Lolos, Tibetans, Shans, and Kachins between Shanghai and the Irrawaddy, by R. Logan Jack; Longmans, Green & Co.

Captain Sverdrup's *Fram* Voyage, 1898-1902. "New Land Found in the Arctic Regions," by Otto Sverdrup. Translated from the Norwegian, by Ethel Harriet Hearn. Two volumes; Longmans, Green & Co.

Dollars and Democracy, by Sir Philip Burne-Jones; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Egypt and the Hinterland, by Frederic W. Fuller; Longmans, Green & Co.

From Paris to New York by Land, by Harry de Windt; Frederick Warne & Co. \$3.00 net.

Great Northwest and the Great Lake Region of North America, The, by Paul Fountain; Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00.

Harriman Alaska Expedition, The. New volumes. Volume III: "Glaciers," by G. K. Gilbert; "Geology, Minerals, and Fossils, Plants and Animals," by B. K. Emerson, Charles Palache, W. N. Dall, E. O. Ulrich, and F. N. Knowlton. Vol. V: "Cryptogamic Botany." Other volumes later. Complete in twelve volumes; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$7.50 net per volume.

Heart of the Orient, The: Saunterings Through Georgia, Armenia, Persia, Turkomania, and Turkestan, to the Vale of Paradise, by Michael Myers Shoemaker; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Holland and the Hollanders, by David S. Mel-drum; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

Idyls, by Anna Cogswell Wood; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50.

Imperial Vienna, by A. S. Levettus; John Lane.

Impressions of Japan, by G. H. Rittner; James Pott & Co. \$3.00 net.

In Many Lands, by M. T. Austin Carroll; O'Shea & Co. \$1.50 net.

Jamaica As It Is, 1903, by Pullen Barry; Brentano's. \$1.50 net.

Japan: An Interpretation, by Lafcadio Hearn; The Macmillan Company.

Japan: Described by Great Writers and Travelers. Edited by Esther Singleton; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60 net.



Illustration from "By the Good Sainte-Anne," by Anne Chapin Ray. Published by Little, Brown &amp; Co.

Japan To-Day, by James A. B. Sberer; The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, A, by Frederick Law Olmsted. Two volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet, by Sarat Chandra Das. Edited by the Hon. W. W. Rockhill; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

Korea, by Angus Hamilton; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Leaves from the Diaries of a Soldier and Sportsman During Twenty Years' Service in India, Afghanistan, Egypt, and Other Countries, by Sir Montagu Gerard; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00 net.

Letters from Japan, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; The Macmillan Company.

My Colonial Service in British Guiana, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Fiji, Australia, Newfoundland, and Hongkong, with Interludes, by Sir William Des Voeux. Two volumes; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

Mystic Mid-Region, The: The Deserts of the South-West, by Arthur J. Burdick; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Naples, by Augustine Fitzgerald; text by Mrs. Fitzgerald; The Macmillan Company.

Old-Time Travel, by A. Innes Shand. Personal reminiscences of the Continent forty years ago compared with experiences of present day; James Pott & Co. \$3.50 net.

Our European Neighbors Series. New volumes: "Turkish Life in Town and Country," by Lucy M. J. Garnett; "Belgian Life in Town and Country"; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20 net per volume.

Paris: Grant Allen's Historical Guide-Book Series; A. Wessels Company. \$1.25 net.

Penetration of Arabia, The, by D. G. Hogarth. Edited by Dr. Scott Keltie; F. A. Stokes & Co. \$1.35.

Playground of Europe, The, by Leslie Stephen; Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Things Chinese, Or, Notes Connected With China, by J. Dyer Ball; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00 net.

Tramp in Spain, A: From Andalusia to Andorra, by Bart Kennedy; Frederick Warne & Co. \$2.50 net.

Whittier Land, by Samuel T. Pickard; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

With the Pilgrims to Mecca: Being the Adventure of Hajji Raz on the Occasion of His Pilgrimage to the Holy City in 1320 of the Hegira (1902 A. D.), and an Account of the

Religious Ceremonies of the Haji and the Social Aspects of the Faith, as Composed from His Notes, by Wilfrid Sparroy; John Lane. \$3.50 net.

## POETRY.

Ballads of Bourbonnais, by Wallace Bruce Amshery; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Book of Verse, A, by John Lewis March; Richard T. Badger. \$1.00.

Booklet of the Golden Leaves, The, by Le Roy G. Davis; The Broadway Publishing Company. 50 cents.

Cornish Ballads, and Other Poems. Complete poetical works of Robert Stephen Hawker. Edited by C. E. Byles; John Lane. \$1.50 net.

Divine Vision, and Other Poems, The, by A. E.; The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

Echoes from the Glen, in Divers Keys, by William Page Carter; The Grafton Press. \$1.50 net.

Echoes from the Home of Halleck, by S. Ward Loper; Richard T. Badger. \$1.50.

Elegy to F. W. A. An, Died 1901, by Vivian Locke Ellis; John Lane. \$1.00 net.

English and Scottish Ballads, Edited by George L. Kittredge and Helen Child Sargent; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Fantasma Land, by Charles Macauley; the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Fantazie Street, by Eugenia O. Emerson; Richard T. Badger. \$1.50.

Poems That Every Child Should Know. Edited by Mary E. Burt; Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.

Prophet's Paradise, The, by Howard Hall; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Puritan Maid, The, by George Taylor Lee; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Radiant Road, The, by Ethelwyn Wetherald; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.

Reciter's Treasury Verse. Compiled and edited by Ernest Fetterwe; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Rhymes Without Reason, by Aubrey Hopwood; Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.00.

Rose of Old Seville, The, by Elizabeth Minot; Richard T. Badger. \$1.50.

Saga of the Oak, and Other Poems, by William Henry Venahle; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20 net.

Shorter Elizabethan Poems. Introduction and notes by A. H. Bullen; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.



Mary Stewart Cutting, author of "The Heart of Lynn." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Songs of the Months, by Effie Waller; The Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Song of Roland, The. Translated into English verse by John O'Hagan; Le & Shepard. 75 cents.

Songs by the Way, by Edith Virginia Bradt; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.25.

Sparks from the Yule Log. Prose and verse, by F. H. Revell Company. \$1.00.

Tales in Metre, and Other Poems, by Frederick Crowninshield; Robert Grier Cooke. \$1.25 net.

Tannhäuser, by Charles G. Fendall. From the German of Julius Wolff. Two volumes; Richard T. Badger. \$3.00.

Thorold, and Other Poems, by Mary Howe Totten; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.25.

To Comfort You. A selection of the best poems of comfort. Edited by Elia W. Peattie; The F. H. Revell Company. \$1.00.

Underneath the Bough, by George Allan England; The Grafton Press. \$1.00 net.

Unseen Kings, and Other Poems, by Eva Gore Booth; Longmans, Green & Co.

Verses, by Ruth Young; Longmans, Green & Co.

Wind-Swept Wheat, The, by Mary Ainge de Vere; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.

## DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Dynasts, The, by Thomas Hardy. In three parts, part I. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

Freedom, by Alice Groff; Richard T. Badger. \$1.00.

History of American Music, The, by Louis C. Elson; The Macmillan Company.

I Dine With My Mother. From the French of Pierre Henri Adrien Decourcelle. A drama by Evelyn Clark Morgan; The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Living Masters of Music. Edited by Rosa Newmarch. Vol. I. "Henry J. Wood," by Rosa Newmarch; Vol. II. "Richard Strauss," by Alfred Kalisch; Vol. III. "Edward Elgar," by R. J. Buckley; Vol. IV. "Paderewski," by Edward A. Baughan; Vol. V. "Alfred Bruneau," by Arthur Hervey; Vol. VI. "Joachim," by J. A. Fuller Maitland; John Lane. \$1.00 net per volume.

Lycium and Henry Irving, The, by Austin Brereton. Illustrations from rare relics, portraits of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in colors; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$6.00.

Overtones: A Book of Temperaments, by James Huneker, with portrait of Richard Strauss; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Oxford History of Music, The. Vol. V. "The Romantic Period," by Edward Dannreuther; The Clarendon Press.

Parsifal: A Story and Analysis of Wagner's Opera, by H. R. Haweis; The Funk & Wagnall Company. 40 cents net.

Quarry Slaves, by Lee Byrne; Richard T. Badger. \$1.00.

Romey, by Humphrey Ward and W. Roberts; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Tears, by Julius Hopp; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.

Tristan and Isolde: A Tragedy in Blank Verse, by Louis K. Anspacher; Brentano's. \$2.00 net.

Vita, by Gracie Denio Liebfeld; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.

## HISTORY.

American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century, The, by Herbert L. Osgood; The Macmillan Company.

Ancient Capital of Scotland, by Samuel Cowan. Two volumes; James Pott & Co. \$7.50 net.

Ancient Cities, The, by B. C. A. Windle; "Lincoln," by E. Mansel Symonds; "Shrewsbury," by T. Auden; "Bristol," by A. Harvey; "Wells," by T. Scott Holmes; "London," by G. Clinch; "Dulham," by George Dames Burtchell; "Canterbury," by J. C. Cox; "Bath," by B. C. A. Windle; "Edinburgh," by Miss M. G. Williamson; "Durham," by K. C. Bayley; "York," by Waking Ory; James Pott & Co. \$1.00 net per volume.

Asia and Europe: Studies, by Meredith Townsend; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Bygone London Life, by G. L. Apperson; James Pott & Co. \$1.50 net.

Cain Adamnain (Lex Adamnani). Edited from Bodl. MS. Rawl. B. 512, with introduction and notes, by Kuno Meyer; The Clarendon Press.

Cambridge Historical Series. Edited by G. W. Prothero. New volumes: "Germany and the Empire, 1500-1792," by A. F. Pollard; "Germany, 1815-1899," by J. W. Headlam, two volumes; "Scandinavia, From the End of the Fifteenth Century to the Year 1900," by Nisbet Bain; "The Colonization of S.



## HISTORY (Continued).

America," by E. J. Payne; "Italy, 1492-1792," by Mrs. H. M. Vernon; The Macmillan Company.

Cambridge Modern History, The. Planned by the late Lord Acton, L.L.D., edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes; Vol. II, "The Reformation"; The Macmillan Company. \$4.00 net per volume.

Conquest of the Southwest, The, by Cyrus Townsend Bracy; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Contemporary France, by Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by John Charles Tarver. Complete in four volumes. Vol. II, "France in 1874-1878"; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75 per volume net.

Dictionary of Historical Allusions, by Thomas Benfield Harbottle; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Early Age of Greece, The; Vol. II, by William Ridgeway; The Macmillan Company. \$5.00 net.

Elementary American History, An, by David H. Montgomery; Ginn & Co.

Fall of Feudalism in Ireland, The, by Michael Davitt; Harper & Brothers; \$2.50 net.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century from 1815 to 1860. Edited by Charles Welsh; The A. Wessels Company. \$1.00 net.

Fifty Years of Progress and the New Fiscal Policy, by Lord Brassey; Longmans, Green & Co.

Foundations of Modern Europe, The, by Dr. Emil Reich; The Macmillan Company. \$2.25 net.

Gems of the East, The, by A. H. Savage Landor; Harper & Brothers. \$4.00 net.

Greater America, by Archibald R. Colquhoun; Harper & Brothers. \$2.50 net.

Greater Russia, by Wirt Gerard; The Macmillan Company.

Historical Lectures and Addresses, by Mandell Creighton; Longmans, Green & Co.

Harvard Historical Studies, New volumes: "The Administration of the American Revolutionary Army," by Louis Clinton Hatch; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

History of Modern England, A, by Herbert W. Paul. To be completed in five volumes. Vols. I and II; The Macmillan Company. \$5.00 net.

History of Scotland, A, by Andrew Lang. To be completed in four volumes. Vol. III; Dodd, Mead & Co. Each volume, special, \$3.50 net.

History of the Ancient World, A, by George S. Goodspeed; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

History of the Civil War in the United States, 1861-1865, by W. Birkbeck Wood and Colonel Edwards; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

History of the French Revolution, A, by W. E. H. Lecky; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

History of the People of the United States, A, by John Bach McMaster. Vol. VI, 1830-41. To be completed in seven volumes; D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.

History of the United States, A, by Henry W. Elson; The Macmillan Company.

History of Twenty-Five Years, 1856-1881, The, by Sir Spencer Walpole. Volumes I and II, 1856-1870; Longmans, Green & Co.

History of the United States Since the Civil War, A, by William Garrett Brown. Two volumes; The Macmillan Company.

India: Its Administration and Progress, by Sir John Starchey; The Macmillan Company.

In Famine Land, by Rev. J. E. Scott; Harper & Brothers. \$2.50 net.

In Shakespeare's England, by F. S. Boas; James Pott & Co. \$1.50 net.

Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company, The, by James Howard Bridge; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$2.00 net.

Lectures on the French Revolution and on General Modern History, by the late Lord Acton. Two volumes; The Macmillan Company.

Machiavelli and the Modern State, by Louis Dyer; Ginn & Co.

Maryland, by William Hand Browne; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Mastery of the Pacific, The, by A. R. Colquhoun; The Macmillan Company. \$3.00 net.

Medieval Town Series. New Volumes: "Medieval London," by H. B. Wheatley; "Avignon," by Ellen Marriage; "St. Patrick's Dublin," by Rev. J. H. Bernard; The Macmillan Company.

Moorish Empire, by S. P. Scott. Three volumes; J. B. Lippincott Company. \$10.00 net per set.



Lafcadio Hearn, author of "Kwaidan." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Napoleon, by Tholote A. Dodge. Four volumes. Vols. I and II covering the period from the opening of the French revolution to the treaty of Tilsit, 1807; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00 net per volume.

New Hampshire, by Frank B. Sanborn, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

New York, by Ellis H. Roberts. Two volumes; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

North America, by Israel C. Russell; D. Appleton & Co.

Oligarchy of Venice, The, by George B. McClellan, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.

Opening of the Mississippi, The, by Frederic Austin Ogg; The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

Polications of John of Salisbury, The. Edited by L. C. J. Webb, M. A. Two volumes; The Clarendon Press.

Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java, The, by Clive Day; The Macmillan Company. \$2.00 net.

Political Theories of the Ancient World, by F. W. Willoughby, Longmans, Green & Co.

Rocky Mountain Exploration, by Ruben Gold Thwaites; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius, by Samuel Dill; The Macmillan Company.

Short History of England, A, by Edward P. Cheyney. Ginn & Co.

Spanish Conquest in America and Its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of the Colonies, The, by Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by M. Oppenheim. Vol. IV; John Lane. \$1.50.

Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory, by Oscar P. Austin; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Success Among Nations, by Emil Reich; Harper & Brothers.

Story of the Nations Series. The new volumes: "The South American Republics," by Thomas C. Dawson; Part II, "Parliamentary England," by Edward Jenks; "Medieval England: A History of English Feudal Society from the Norman Conquest to the Middle of the Fourteenth Century," by Mary Bateson; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net per volume.

Trail Makers, The: American Exploration Series. Under the consulting editorship of Professor John B. McMaster. "The Journey of Coronado, 1540-42, from the City of Mexico to the Buffalo Plains of Kansas and Nebraska," translated and edited, with an introduction by George Parker Vinslip; "Voyages from Montreal through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans in 1789 and 1793," by Alexander Mackenzie, in two volumes; "History of the Expedition Under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clark to the Sources of the Missouri, Across Rocky Mountains, Down the Columbia River to the Pacific in 1804-06," with an account of the Louisiana Purchase by Professor John Bach McMaster, in three volumes; "The History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada which are Dependent upon the Province of New York," by Cadwallader D. Allen, in two volumes; "A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," by Daniel Williams Harmon; "The Wild Northland," the story of a winter journey with dogs across Northern North America, 1872-3, by General Sir William Francis Butler; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00 net per volume.

Trail of Lewis and Clark, The: Changes Found a Century Later, by Olin D. Wheeler. Two volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

United States and Porto Rico, The, by Leo S. Rowe; Longmans, Green & Co.

United States History, 1607-1904, The, by William Eastbrook, Charles Fletcher Willis Hewes. Ten volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Volume of Historical Lectures, A, by William Stubbs; Longmans, Green & Co.

## ESSAYS AND LITERATURE.

Achilles and Hector, by Agnes Cook Gale; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

By the Fireside, by Charles Wagner; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00 net.

Child, William, and Other Tales, by Charlotte J. Cipriani; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.

Cruising in the Caribbean With a Camera, by Ansen Phelps Stokes; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

Early Reviews of English Poets. Edited with an introduction by John Louis Haney, Ph. D.; The Egerton Press.

Elizabethan Critical Essays (1570-1603). Edited by G. Gregory Smith, M. A. Two volumes; The Clarendon Press.

Essays for the Day, by Theodore T. Munger; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

English Literature, by Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse, M. A., LL. D. In four volumes; The Macmillan Company. \$6.00 net per volume.

English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century, by Leslie Stephen; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00 net.

Evolution of the Soul, The, by Dr. Thomson J. Hudson; A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.20 net.

Folk Tales from the Russian, by Verra Xenophonova Kalamiano de Blumenthal; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.

Graal Problem, The, from Walter Map to Richard Wagner, by J. S. Tunison; The Robert Clarke Company. \$1.25 net.

Guy of Warwick, by Gordon Hall Geroud; Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.

Introduction to Classical Greek Literature, by Professor William C. Lawton; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.20 net.

Introduction to Dante's Inferno, by Adolphus T. Ennis; Richard T. Badger. \$1.25.

Introduction to Greek Epigraphy, An. The inscriptions of Attica and Peloponnesus. Edited by E. S. Roberts and E. A. Gardner. Vol. II; The Macmillan Company. \$4.50 net.

Issues of the New Epoch, The, by Joseph B. Bishop; The Scott-Thaw Company.

"Kreutzer Sonata," The, Reviewed by a Woman, by Adelaide Comstock; The Broadway Publishing Company. 75 cents.

Legends of Parsifal, The, by Mary Hanford Ford; H. M. Caldwell & Co. 75 cents.

Liberty and a Living, by G. C. Hubert, Jr.; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20 net.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature, by George Brandes. In six volumes. Vol. III, "The Reaction in France"; The Macmillan Company. \$2.75 net.

Making of English, The, by Henry Bradley; The Macmillan Company.

Masterlinck's Essays, by Maurice Masterlinck; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.40 net.

Old-Time Schools and School Books, by Clifton Johnson; The Macmillan Company.

Oxford Classical Texts. New volumes: "Platonis Opera," Tom. III, edited by J. Burnet; "Demosthenis Orationes," Tom. I, edited by S. H. Butcher; "Euripidis Tragediae," Tom. II, edited by G. G. Murray; "Plauti Comediae," Tom. I, edited by W. M. Lindsay; "Ciceronis Orationes," in Catilinam, etc., edited by A. C. Clark; The Clarendon Press.

Personalia, by "Signa"; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Points at Issue, by Henry A. Beers; The Macmillan Company.

Precious Thoughts, by Rose Long; The Broadway Publishing Company. 75 cents.

Rosary, A, by John Davidson; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies, by G. W. Kitchin; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

Savoyard's Essays on Men, Things, and Events Historical, Personal, and Political, by E. W. Newman; The Neale Publishing Company. \$2.00 net.

Significance of the Ring and the Book, The, by Roy Sherman Stowell; Richard T. Badger. \$1.00.

Specimens of Middle Scots, with introduction, notes, and glossary by G. Gregory Smith; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00 net.

Standard of Pronunciation in English, by T. R. Lounsbury; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

Studies in Shakespeare, by John Churton Collins; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Squy of Low Degree, The, by William E. Mead; Ginn & Co.

Teutonic Legends. Stories upon which Wagner operas were based, by Professor W. C. Saw-

yer; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00 net.

Tolstoy and His Problems. Essays by Aylmer Maude; The Funks & Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.

Transitional Eras in Thought, by A. C. Armstrong; The Macmillan Company. \$2.00 net.

Views About Hamlet, and Other Essays, The, by Albert H. Tolman; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net.

Women and the Wits; H. M. Caldwell & Co. 75 cents.

Working With the Hands, Booker T. Washington; Doubleday, Page & Co.

World's Greatest Orations, The, by Sherwin Cody; A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00 net.

## NATURE AND SPORT.

American Natural History, The: Knowledge of Higher Animals of North America, by William T. Hornaday; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50 net.

American Sportsman's Library, The. Edited by Casper Whitney. Twenty illustrated volumes. New volumes: "The Sporting Dog," by Joseph A. Graham; "Guns, Ammunition and Tackle," by A. W. Money, W. E. Carlin, A. L. A. Himmelwright, and J. Harrington Keene; "The Bear Family," by Dr. C. Hart Merriam; "Tennis, Lacrosse, Racquets, Squash, and Court Tennis," by J. Farmlly Parrot; Dr. William H. Madder, and T. S. Suffer Tailor; "Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat," by Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell, and Owen Wister; "Yachting in America" (Small Boat Sailing), by W. P. Stephens; "The American Trotter and Pacer," by Hamilton Bussey; and "The Still Hunter," by Theodore S. Van Dyke; The Macmillan Company. \$2.00 net per volume.

Angler's Secret, The, by Charles Bradford; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Birds of California, by Irene T. Wheelock; A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50 net.

Birds by Sea and Land, by J. Macleir Boraston; John Lane. \$2.00 net.

Bog-Trotting for Orchids, by Grace Greylock Niles; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Country Handbooks, The. New volumes: Vol. VI, "The Woman Out of Doors," by Menie Muriel Dowie; Vol. VII, "The Stable Handbook," by the Rev. D. Montefiore; Vol. VIII, "The Fisherman's Handbook," by E. S. Shrubsole; Vol. IX, "The Sailing Handbook," by Clive Hitch; John Lane. \$1.00 net per volume.

Fable and Woodmyth, by Ernest Thompson Seton; The Century Company.

Fat of the Land, The: The Story of an American Farm, by John William Streeter; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

Ferns of New England, The, by Helen Eastman; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Field Books of Wild Birds and Their Music; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Fifty Leaders of British Sport. Fifty portraits by Ernest Elliott, biographical sketches and introduction by F. G. Aflalo; John Lane.

Gettysburg Acquainted with the Trees, by J. Horace McFarland; The Outlook Company. \$1.75 net.

Goebel's Organography of Plants, by I. Bayley Balfour, M. A., F. R. S., Vol. II; The Clarendon Press.

Golf for Women, by Genevieve Hecker (Mrs. Charles T. Stout), with a chapter by Miss Rhona T. Adair; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$2.00 net.

Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York, A, by Ralph Hoffman; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Illustrated. New volumes: Vol. XVII, "The Book of the Lily," by W. Goldring; Vol. XVIII, "The Book of Topiary," by Charles H. Curtis and W. Gibson; Vol. XIX, "The Book of Town and Window Gardening," by Mrs. F. A. Bardswell; Vol. XX, "The Book of Rarer Vegetables," by George Wythes and Harry Roberts; Vol. XXI, "The Book of the Iris," by R. Irwin Lynch; Vol. XXII, "The Book of the Carnation," by C. P. Brotherton; John Lane. \$1.00 net.

Henshall Book of the Black Bass. Its history with a treatise on angling and fly fishing by James A. Henshall; The Robert Clarke Company. \$3.00.

Index Kewensis Plantarum Phanerogamarum. Supplementum Secundum, confecerunt Theophilus Durand et B. Daydon Jackson; The Clarendon Press.

Little Mitchell: A Story of a Mountain Squirrel, by Margaret W. Morley; A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

Minute Marvels of Nature, by John J. Ward; T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.60 net.

Naturalist in the Guianas, A, by Eugene Andre; Charles Scribner's Sons. About \$3.50 net.

Old West Survey, by Gertrude Jekyll; Longmans, Green & Co.

Practical Track and Field Athletics, by John Graham and Ellery H. Clark; Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.00 net.

Roof and Meadow, by Dallas Lore Sharp; The Century Company. \$1.50 net.

Rural Science Series. The, edited by L. H. Bailey; "Experiments With Plants," by W. J. V. Osterhout and L. H. Bailey; The Macmillan Company.

Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances: A Study of the Ways of Birds and Other Animals Frequenting Indian Streets and Gardens, by Lieut. Colonel D. D. Cunningham; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00 net.

Watchers of the Trail, The, by Charles G. D. Roberts; L. C. Page & Co. \$2.00.

Watcher in the Woods, A, by Dallas Lore Sharp; The Century Company. 84 cents.

Wild Birds in City Parks, by Herbert Eugene and Alice Hall Walter. 50 cents.

With the Birds in Maine, by Olive Thorne Miller; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

World of Animal Life, The. Edited by Fred Smith; James Pott & Co. \$2.00.

## MEMOIRS AND BELLES LETTRES.

Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904, with an introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Clarence King, Memoirs, Together "With the Helmet of Manbrino"; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall, The. Edited with Introductory Essay by Joseph P. Cotton, Jr. Two volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00 net per volume.

German Emperor's Speech, The. Selection from speeches, edicts, letters, and telegrams, translated by Louis Elkind; Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Juniper Hall: A Rendezvous of Certain Illustrious Personages During the French Revolution, including Alexander D'Arblay and Fanny Burney, by Constance Hill; John Lane. \$5.00 net.

Later Peppy's Letters of Sir William W. Pepps to Mr. William Franks, Hannah Moore, and Others. Edited with Introduction by Alice Gausson; John Lane.

Letters from England 1846-1849, by Mrs. George Bancroft; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Letters of Horace Walpole, The. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee; The Clarendon Press.

Letters to Mrs. Drew, by the late Lord Acton; The Macmillan Company.

Masque of May Morning, A, by Graham Robertson; John Lane. \$2.00 net.

Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering. Edited by Spencer Pickering; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.00 net.

Memoirs of Henry Villard; Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900. Two volumes; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00 net.

Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe. Edited with an introduction by Beatrice Marshall; John Lane. \$1.50.

Memoirs of the Verney Family During the Seventeenth Century. Compiled from the papers and illustrated by the portraits at Claydon House, Bucks, by Francis Parthenope Verney and Margaret M. Verney; Longmans, Green & Co.

New England in Letters, by Rufus Rockwell Wilson; The A. Wessels Company.

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle. Two volumes; John Lane. \$6.00 net.

Old Shropshire Life, by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell; John Lane.



James B. Connolly, author of "The Seiners." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Recollections of a Royal Academician, by John Calcott Horsley. Edited by Mrs. Edmund Help; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00 net.

Ruskin Relics, by W. G. Collingwood. Illustrated; T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.50 net.

Tolstoy's Essays and Letters. Translated by Aylmer Maude; The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Writings of James Madison, The. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. To be complete in eight or nine volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00 net per volume.

## NEW EDITIONS.

Ballad of Reading Gaol, The, by Oscar Wilde; Thomas B. Mosher. 50 cents net.

Belles Lettres Series: English Drama from Beginning to Present Day. Under general editorship of George P. Baker; to be complete in nearly 300 volumes. Vols. I and II, "Eastward Hoe," by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston; "Jonson's 'The Alchemist,'" edited by Felix E. Schelling; "The Good Natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith, introduction by Austin Dobson; D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cents per volume.

Between the Acts, by Henry E. Nevinson; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Caxton Series: Hawthorne's "New England Romances"; William Goodwin's "Adventures of Caleb Williams"; Tennyson's "Poems"; Walter Savage Landor's "Shorter Works"; Horace Walpole's "Letters"; "Poems" of Thomas Gray and William Collins; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net per volume.

Complete Works and Life of Laurence Sterne, The. Life by Percy Fitzgerald. Twelve volumes; J. P. Taylor & Co.

Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, The. Centenary Edition. Edited with notes by Edward Waldo Emerson. Four new volumes: VI, "Conduct of Life"; VII, "Society and Solitude"; VIII, "Letters and Social Aims"; IX, "Poems"; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75 per volume.

Critical and Historical Essays, by Lord Macaulay. Three volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00 net.

De Monarchia of Dante, The. Translated by Aurelia Henry; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Essays of Elia; Ginn & Co.

Everyman; J. P. Taylor & Co. \$1.00.

General Art of Making Enemies, The, by James McNeill Whistler; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Golden Age, The, by Kenneth Grahame; John Lane. \$2.50 net.

Hakluyt's Voyages, by Richard Hakluyt; The Macmillan Company. \$4.00 net per volume.

Hakluyt's Posthumous, or, Purchas His Pilgrimage, by Samuel Purchas, B. D. The Macmillan Company. \$4.00 net per volume.

History of Painting in Italy, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Six volumes; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.00 net per volume.

Homeward: Songs by the Way, by A. E.; Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.50 net.

In Friendship's Name, and What Makes a Friend? Compiled by Volney Streamer. Two volumes; Brentano's. \$2.00.

In Memoriam, by Alfred Tennyson; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

Isopel Berners, by George Borrow; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

League of the Trojans, The. First folio edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke; T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.

Mermaid Series. Reproduction of Old Text of English Dramatists. New volumes: "Dryden," two volumes; "Middleton," two volumes; "Chapman, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher," two volumes; "Massinger, Nero and Other Plays," Vanbrugh; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net per volume.



## NEW EDITIONS (Continued.)

Mohawk Valley, The, Its Legend and Its History, by W. Max Reid; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

New Pocket Library, The. New volumes: Vol. XV "Euphrates," by Edward Fitzgerald; Vol. XVI "Typee," by Herman Melville; Vol. XVII "Omoo," by Herman Melville; Vol. XVIII "Mardi," by Herman Melville; Vol. XIX "Typee," by Herman Melville; Vol. XX "The Three Clerks," by Anthony Trollope; John Lane. 50 cents and 75 cents per volume.

Original Journals of Lewis and Clark, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Eight volumes; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Popular Editions of Rare and Famous Books. New volumes: "Life and London," by Pierce Egan; "The National Sports of Great Britain," by Henry Aiken; "The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax," by William Combe; "Handy Andy," by Samuel Levee; "The Grave," a poem, by Robert Blair; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 per volume.



Thomas Carlyle, from "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle." Published by John Lane.

Prayers Written at Vaillima, by Robert Louis Stevenson; Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

Quintessence of Ibsenism, by G. Bernard Shaw; Brentano's. \$1.00.

Resurrection, by Count Tolstoy; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia, introduction and notes by J. Churton Collins, M. A.; The Clarendon Press.

Sonnets of Shakespeare. Edited by H. C. Beeching; Ginn & Co.

Sonnets, The, by Miss Grant; Brentano's. \$1.50.

Temple Classics for Young People, "Grimm's Fairy Tales," illustrated by R. Anning Bell; Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," with the original illustrations; The Macmillan Company. 50 cents net.

Ten Girls from Dickens, by Kate D. Sweetser; J. F. Taylor & Co. \$2.00.

Temple Classics, The. Under general editorship of Israel Gollanz. New volumes: "Plato's Republic," translated by W. H. D. Rouse; "Dante's Vita Nuova," by Mrs. Gaskell; "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," two volumes; "Hood's Serious Poems"; "Hood's Comic Poems"; "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters"; "Pascals Pensées"; "Thomas a Kempis's Imitatio Christi"; "Thomas a Kempis's Valley of the Soul"; The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Tempest, The. Vol. II, "The Elizabethan Shakespeare." Edited with marginal notes by Mark Harvey Liddell; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Tolstoy's Complete Works. Twenty-six volumes; The Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.50 per volume.

Vest Pocket Series. "Virginius Puerisque," an essay in four parts by Robert Louis Stevenson; Thomas B. Mosher. 40 cents.

Works and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, The. Seven volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25 net per volume.

Works of Matthew Arnold, The. Edition de luxe. Fifteen volumes; The Macmillan Company. \$3.00 net per volume.

## ART.

Art of the English Potter, The, by M. F. Solon. Illustrated; The A. Wessels Company. \$1.50 net.

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters: "Michael Angelo," by Edward C. Strutt; The Macmillan Company. 50 cents and \$1.00.

Bird Center Cartoons, by John T. McCutcheon; A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Under the editorship of George C. Williamson. Five volumes; The Macmillan Company. \$6.00 net per volume.

China Painting and Suggestions to China Painters, by Louise McLaughlin; The Robert Clarke Company. \$1.25.

Day's Shooting, The. Six pictures reproduced in full colors by A. Frost; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00 net for the set.

Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, The, each with a photograph frontispiece and forty half-tone plates. "Leonardo da Vinci," by Edward McCurdy; "Gaudenzio Ferrari," by Edith Halsey; "Paolo Veronese," by Roger E. Fry; "El Greco," by Manuel B. Cossio; The Macmillan Company. \$1.75 net.

Heads in Color, by Harrison Fisher. Four pictures; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00 net for the set.

History of American Art, The. Edited by John C. Van Dyke; The Macmillan Company.

History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature, The; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

Impressionist Painting, by Wynford Dewhurst; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Instructions in the Art of Modeling in Clay, by A. L. Vago. With a new appendix on modeling in foliage for pottery and architectural decorations by Benn Pitman; The Robert Clarke Company.

Library of Art, The. Edited by S. Arthur Strong. To consist of thirty-eight volumes. New volume: "French Painting in the XVI Century," by L. Dimier; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 per volume.

Mezzotints, by Cyr Davenport. With forty illustrations; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.75 net.

Newnes's Art Library. New volumes: "Gozzoli," (Benozzo) the Tuscan painter, (1420-1498), and "Constable's Colored Sketches"; Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25 per volume.

Outlines of the History of Art, by Wilhelm Lübke. Edited, revised, and enlarged by Russell Sturgis. Illustrated. Two volumes; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$10.00 net.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment

of Pictures, by Henry R. Poore; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.50 net.

Portfolio of Real Children, A, by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Seven pictures, reproduced in color; Fox, Duffield & Co. \$2.00.

Pictures in Colors, by Henry Hutt; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

World's Painters, The, by William Pattison Herbert; D. Stone & Co.

## POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC.

Anthracite Coal Communities, by Peter Roberts; The Macmillan Company. \$3.50 net.

Better New York, The, A Sociological Baedeker, by William H. Tolman and Charles Hemstreet; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$2.00 net.

Citizen, The, A Study of the Individual and the Government, by Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.40 net.

Citizen's Library of Economics, Political, and Sociology, The. Under the general editorship of Richard T. Ely. Ph. D., L. D., N. Y. volumes: "Ethical Gains Through Legislation," by Florence Kelley; "Money," by David Kinley; "American Cities and Their Problems," by Delos F. Wilcox; The Macmillan Company.

Elementary Principles of Political Economy: For Use in Secondary Schools, by Richard T. Ely and George Ray Wicker; The Macmillan Company.

English People, The, A Study of Its Political Psychology, by Emile Bontmy, translated by Elsie English; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Handbooks of American Government, Under the general editorship of Lawrence E. Evans: "The Government of Illinois, Its History and Administration," by Everts B. Greene; "The Government of Indiana, Its History and Administration," by Ellwood W. Kemp; The Macmillan Company. 75 cents net per volume.

History of Medieval Political Theory in the West, The, by R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle, three volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net per volume.

Human Work, by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50 net.

Imported Americans, by Broughton Brandenburg; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.60 net.

Lectures on Commerce, edited by Henry Hand Hatfield; The University Press. \$1.50 net.

Methods of Industrial Science, by Nicholas P. Gilman; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.60 net.

Middle Eastern Question, The, or, Some Political Problems of Indian Defense, by Valentine Chirol; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00 net.

Neighbor, The, The Natural History of Human Contacts, by N. S. Shaler; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Political Parties and Party Politics in Germany, by James Howard Gore, No. 102, "Questions of the Day"; G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper 25 cents.

Presidents South, The, by Gardner Murphy; The Macmillan Company.

Republican Party, The: A History of Its Existence, by Francis Curtis. Two volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00 net.

Shame of the Cities, The, by Lincoln Steffens; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.20 net.

Social Progress: A Year Book, edited by Josiah Strong; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.00 net.

Society of To-Morrow, The: A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organization, by G. de Molinari, translated by J. H. Lee Warner; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions: or, the Development of Constitutional Government, by Sidney C. Tapp; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Theater, Business Enterprise, The, by Thorstein B. Veblen, Ph. D.; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Trusts of To-Day, by Gilbert Holland Montague; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.20 net.

Wealth of Nations, The, by Adam Smith, edited by Professor Edwin Cannan, two volumes; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## SCIENCE.

Adolescence: Its Psychology and Its Relation to Education, by G. Stanley Hall. Two volumes; D. Appleton & Co. \$7.50 net.

Astronomy for Amateurs, by Camille Flammarion; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Astronomical Photography with the 40-inch Refractor and the 2-foot Reflector of the Yerkes Observatory, by George Willis Ritchey; The University Press. 75 cents net.

Bacteriology of Milk, by George Newman; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

Cambridge Natural History Series. Vol. VII, "Balanoglossus," by S. F. Harmer; "Ascidians and Amphioxus," by W. A. Herdman; "Fishes," by T. W. Bridge and G. A. Boulenger; The Macmillan Company. \$5.00 net.

Diseases of the Anus and Rectum, by D. H. Goddall and W. Ernest Miles, in two parts. Part I; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60 net.

Dock Engineering, by Brysson Cunningham. Plates and illustrations; The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Electric Lighting and Power Distribution, Vol. II, by W. Perrin Maycock, M. I. E. E.; The Macmillan Company.

Electricity and Matter; The Silliman Lectures at Yale University for 1903, by J. J. Thomson; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Essays in Heredity, by Karl Pearson; The Macmillan Company.

Eye, The: Its Refraction and Diseases, Vol. 1, by Edward E. Gibbons, illustrated. Two volumes; The Macmillan Company. \$5.00 net.

Gas and Oil Engine Management, by M. Powis Bale; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50 net.

Hints to Automobileists, translated from the French of Baudry de Saunier by C. V. Biggs and edited by Sir David Salomons; The Macmillan Company.

Hoisting Machinery, by Joseph Horner; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.00 net.

How to Know the Butterflies, by John Henry Comstock; D. Appleton & Co. \$2.25 net.

Immunity in Infectious Diseases, by Elie Metchnikoff; The Macmillan Company.

Influences of Pasteur on Medical Science, The, by Christian Archibald Herter, M. D.; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

Liquid Fuel and Its Combustion, by William H. Booth; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

Malaria According to the New Researches, by Professor Angelo Celli, translated by John Joseph Eyre, introduction by D. Patrick Manson; Longmans, Green & Co.

Manual of Medicine, A, Edited by W. H. Allchin, in five volumes; Vol. V, diseases of the Digestive System and of the Liver, Diseases of the Peritoneum and of the Vessels of the Abdomen, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases of the Ductless Glands; The Macmillan Company.

Metallurgy of Steel, The, by F. W. Harbord; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$9.00 net.

Microscopic Analysis of Metals, The, by F. Osmond and J. E. Stead; The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Modern Electricity, by Professor James Henry and Charles J. Hora; Laird & Lee. \$1.00.

Milk: Its Production and Uses, by Edward F. Willoughby; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00 net.

Multiple Personality, by Boris Sidis; D. Appleton & Co.

My Air Ships, by Alberto Santos-Dumont; The Century Company. \$1.00 net.

Precious Stones, by Dr. Max Bauer, translated by L. J. Spencer; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50 net.

Practical Shipbuilding, by A. Campbell Holmes; Longmans, Green & Co.

Science Series, The, edited by Professor J. McKen Cattell and F. E. Beddard; "Fatigue," by A. Mosso, translated by Margaret Drummond and W. B. Drummond; "An Introduction to Vertebrate Embryology Based on the Study of the Frog and the Chick," by Albert Moore Reese; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 per volume.

Where Did Life Begin? by Gilbert Hilton Scribner; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

## EDUCATIONAL AND REFERENCE.

Abridged History of Greek Literature, An, by M. M. Alfred Croiset and Maurice Croiset. Authorized translation from the second French edition by George F. Heffelflower; The Macmillan Company.

Act of Touch in All Its Diversity, The. Analysis and Synthesis of Tone-Production, by Tobias Matthay; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60.

Bartholomew's Handy Reference Atlas of the World; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Business Education and Accountancy, by Charles Valdo Haskins; Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature. The third and final volume. Edited by David Patrick, assisted by Edmund Gosse, Dr. Stopford Brooke, Professor Bradley, Professor Hume Brown, A. H. Bullen, Austin Dobson, Dr. Samuel R. Gardiner, Professor W. P. Ker, Andrew Lang, Gregory Smith, Dr. T. G. Law, Sidney Lee, A. W. Pollard, Professor Saintsbury, Dr. William Wallace, and others; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.00 net.

Commercial Geography, by Jacques W. Redway, F. R. G. S.; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Compounding of English Words, The, with Concise Rules and Alphabetical Lists, by F. Horace Teague; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Demosthenes, De Corona. Edited by W. W. Goodwin; The Macmillan Company. \$1.10 net.

Dictionary of Etiquette, A, by W. C. Green; Brentano's.

Educational Theory of Emanuel Kant, by Edward F. Buchner; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25 net.

Elements of Agriculture, by L. H. Bailey; The Macmillan Company.

Genzardi's American Tourist in Italy. Handbook to the Italian language; Brentano's \$1.00 net.

Grammar Lessons: A Second Book in English, by Wilbur F. Gordy and W. E. Mead; Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

Hero Tales Told in School. Selected and abridged, by James Baldwin; Charles Scribner's Sons. 20 cents net.

Horseless Road Locomotion: Its History and Modern Development, by R. A. Sennett. Two volumes; The Macmillan Company.

How to Get the Best Out of Books, by Richard Le Gallienne; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.25 net.

Hundred Years of Warfare, A, by Marguerite Stockman Dickson; The Macmillan Company.

Lighting of School-Rooms, The, by Stuart H. Rowe; Longmans, Green & Co.

Macmillan's Commercial Series. Under the general editorship of Cheever A. Herrick. New volumes: "Commercial Correspondence and Postal Information," by Carl Lewis Altmaier; "Comprehensive Bookkeeping," by Artemas M. Bogle; The Macmillan Company.

Modern English Prose, by George R. Carpenter and William T. Brewster; The Macmillan Company. \$1.10 net.

Modern School, A, by Paul H. Hanus; The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

Philosophy of Education, The, by Herman Howell; The Macmillan Company.

Pioneer History Stories, by Charles A. McMurry. Three volumes: "Pioneers on Land and Sea," "Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley," and "Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West"; The Macmillan Company.

Pitman's French Commercial Reader; Isaac Pitman & Sons.

Reader's Handbook of Facts, Characters, Plots, and References, by E. Cobham Brewer; The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Testing of Electro-Magnetic Machinery and Other Apparatus, Vol. I, by Bernard Victor Swenson and Budd Frankeland; The Macmillan Company.

Treatise on Spherical Astronomy, A, by Sir Robert S. Ball; The Macmillan Company.

## RELIGION.

Amos and Hosea, by W. R. Harper; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00 net.

Christ, by S. D. McConnell; The Macmillan Company.

Christian Philosophy of Life, The, by Samuel P. Leeds; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Congregationalist, The, by Leonard W. Bacon; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.00 net.

Evidences for a Future Life, by Gabriel Delanne, translated and edited by H. A. Dallas; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Evolution of Theology, The, by Edward Caird. Two volumes; The Macmillan Company.

Expositor's Greek Testament, The. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. Vol. III by the Very Rev. Dean Bernard, the Rev. Frederick Rendall, the Rev. Principal Salmond, the Rev. H. A. Kennedy, and Professor A. S. Peake; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$7.50 net.

Fourth Gospel, The, by James Drummond; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50 net.

God's Living Oracles, by Arthur T. Pierson; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.00 net.

Green Company, The, by Lyman Abbott; The Outlook Company. \$1.00 net.

Library of Ancient Inscriptions, The. Under the general editorship of Professors Charles F. Kent and Frank Knight Sanders. History of the Discovery and Decipherment of the Ancient Inscriptions. Part I, Semitic Inscriptions, by Professor Kent; Part II, "Egyptian Inscriptions," by Dr. George A. Reisner; "Old and New Babylonian Historical Inscriptions," by Professor Christopher Johnston; "Assyrian Historical Inscriptions," by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr.; "Inscriptions of Palestine, Syria, and Arabia," by Professor Charles Cutler Torrey; "Egyptian Historical and Biographical Inscriptions," by Professor W. Max Müller. "Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts and Letters," by the Rev. C. H. W. Jones; "Egyptian Tales, Proverbs, Poems, and Belles Lettres," by Professor G. Maspero; "Babylonian and Assyrian Epics, Penitential Psalms, Proverbs and Religious Texts," by Professor Friedrich Delitzsch; "Egyptian Re-

ligions, Magical, Medical, and Scientific Texts, Legal and Business Documents," by Frances Llewellyn Griffith; Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Light on the Life of Jesus, by Charles A. Briggs; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.20 net.

New Testament Handbooks, Under the general editorship of Shaller Matthews, "Early Christian Literature: From Paul to Eusebius," by J. W. Plummer; The Macmillan Company.

New Testament in the Christian Church, The, by Edward C. Moore; The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

Old Testament Prophecy, by the late A. B. Davidson, edited by Professor J. A. Paterson; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Religions of Authority, by Auguste Sabatier; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$3.50 net.

Seeking the Kingdom, by the Rev. Ernest E. Day; The Macmillan Company. 75 cents net.

Sermonettes by Lamennais; A. C. McClurg & Co. 80 cents net.

Student's Old Testament, The. Arranged and translated by Professor Charles Foster Kent. Six volumes; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75 net per volume.

Works on Modern Theology. Under the general editorship of James M. Whiton. "The Son of Man and the Son of God in Modern Theology," by Nathaniel Schmidt; The Macmillan Company.

## JUVENILE.

Adventures of Buffalo Bill; (Colonel W. F. Cody); Harper & Brothers. 60 cents.

Ark of 1803, The, A Story of Louisiana Purchase Times, by C. A. Stephens; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.25 net.

Book of School and College Sports, The, by Ralph Henry Barbour; D. Appleton & Co.

Boy Anglers, The, by Charles Frederick Holder; D. Appleton & Co.

Captured by the Navajos, by Captain Charles A. Curtis; Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Famous Legends, by Emline G. Crommelin; The Century Company.

Marjorie and Her Papa, by Captain Robert H. Fletcher; The Century Company. \$1.00 net.

Running the River: A Story of Adventure and Success, by George Cary Eggleston; A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50 net.

Son of Lighthouse Harry, The, by James Barnes; Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

Wonder Book of Horae, The, by James Baldwin; The Century Company. 75 cents.

Zanzibar Tales, by George W. Bateman; The Sealfeld Publishing Company. \$1.00 net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Art of Heraldry, The, by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, (in part a translation of the German work of Ströhl); Brentano's. \$45.00 net.

An Automobile Record, with pages for the keeping of new records; Brentano's. \$1.75 net.

Cooking for the Sick, by Helen V. Sachse; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25 net.

Elwell's Advanced Bridge, by J. R. Elwell; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Evolution of Knowledge, The: A Review of Philosophy, by Raymond St. James Perrin; The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.50 net.

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent, by Fannie Merritt Farmer; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.

French and English Furniture, by Esther Singleton; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$6.00 net.

How to Know Oriental Rugs, by Mary B. Langton; D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Marriage and Marriages, by E. C. Harvey-Brooks; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

Modern Accounting, by Henry R. Hatfield; D. Appleton & Co.

Modern Advertising, by Elmo Calkins; D. Appleton & Co.

Modern Bank, The, by Amos K. Fiske; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

My Commencement; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

Of the Making of a Book; D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents net.

Oriental Rugs Book, The, by Mrs. Mary Churchill Ripley; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$3.00 net.

Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods (Gymnastics), by H. Irving Hancock; G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Points of the Horse, by Captain M. H. Hayes; Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.



Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Clansman." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Psychological Year Book, compiled by Janet Young; Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents net and \$1.50 net.

School of the Heart, The, by Margaret Fletcher; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net.

Simple Home, The, by Charles Keeler; Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.

Social Games and Pastimes, by Mrs. Burton Kingsland; Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Studies for Conversation, by Frances B. Callaway; Dodd, Mead & Co. 85 cents net.

When a Maid Marries, by Lavinia Hart; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

Woman's Home Library, The, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. "Women's Ways of Earning Money," by Cynthia Westover Alden; "The Mother's Manual," by Emily Coolidge, M. D.; "Beauty Through Hygiene," by Emma E. Walker; A. S. Barnes & Co. 1.00 net per volume.



One of the largest mail-order houses in the United States failed in January, and we secured from the receivers 5000 volumes of current fiction at one-third wholesale prices. Hence we offer during the month of May

**2500 Volumes**  
OF CURRENT \$1.50 FICTION

AT **50 CTS.** A BOOK  
Postage 15 cts. extra

There are over 500 Titles

INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING:

An Enemy of the King—Stephens  
Agatha Webb—Green  
Avery—Phelps  
A Singular Life—Phelps  
Adventures of Francois—Mitchell  
A Master of Craft—Jacobs  
Audrey—Johnston  
Black Wolf's Breed—Dickinson  
Belshazzar—William Steves Davis.  
By low Hill—Cable  
Bliss—Norris  
CONQUEROR—Atherton  
Captain Macklin—Davis  
Castle Inn—Weyman  
Circumstances—Mitchell  
Castle Craneycray—McInteeon  
Circular Study—Green  
Chlaunle Fadden and Mr. Paul—Townsend  
Cecilia—F. Marion Crawford  
Count Hamibul—Weyman  
DAVID HARRIS—Westcott  
Donovan Pasha—Gilbert Parker  
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall—Charles Major  
Dorothy South—Eggleston  
Fables in Slang—George Ade  
Farm Ballads—Carleton  
Flotsam—Merriman  
Fuel of Fire—Ellen Thorneycroft  
Fowler  
Fortunes of Oliver Horn—Smith  
Forl Frayne—King  
For Love or Crown—Marchmont  
Graumark—McInteeon  
Isar of Babylon—Potter  
J. Devlin, Boss—Williams  
Jack Racer—Henry Somerville  
Julius Meredith—Ford  
King Sonnette—Stinson  
Lazare—Cutterwood  
House with the Green Shutters  
Douglas  
Her Lord and Master—Morton  
Hope Loring—Lillian Bell  
Hidden Mama—Dawson  
Mississippi Bubble—Hough  
Mantle of Elijah—Zangwill  
Master of Warlock—Eggleston  
Noble Blood—King  
One of My Sons—Green  
People of the Whirlpool—Anonymous  
Prisoners of Hope—Mary Johnson  
Pursuit of the House Boat—Bangs  
Redemption of David Corson—Goss  
Right of Way—Parker  
Rudder Grange—Stackton  
Roderick Talhoffer—Cook  
Robert Orange—Hobbs  
Rolling Passion—Vin Dyke  
Senator North—Atherton  
Soldiers of Fortune—Taxis  
Shoes of Fortune—Munroe  
Under the Rose—Idham  
The King's Mirror—Hope  
The Little Murder—Barrie  
The Market Place—Frederic  
The Mate of the Good Ship York—W. Clark Russell  
The Sultans of Yunnan—Sabathal  
The Siege of Lady Resolute—Dickinson  
The Portion of Labor—Wilkins  
The Windy Road—Godfrey  
The Laver Englistes—Thumore  
The Cultures—Merriman  
The Millionaire—Ralph  
The Cardinal's Small Box—Harland  
The Lion's Whelp—Barr  
Tommy and Grizel—Barrie  
The Continental Dragoon—Stephens  
The Girl at the Half-Way House—Hough  
The Road to Paris—Stephens  
The Eternal City—Cahn  
The Aristocrats—Atherton  
Truth Teller—McCall  
The Phil Frank—Norris  
TWO VANREVELS—Tarkington  
Warrior Gap—King  
Warwick of the Knobs—Lloyd  
With Hoops of Steel—Kelly  
Ziska—Correll

SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUES

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

**"The New Book Store"**

L. H. CARY, Manager

23 GRANT AVENUE

San Francisco, Cal.

"ALLADIN & CO."

A Boom-Town Story.

The Middle West is acquiring a type of fiction of its own, with Chicago as the centre and source of inspiration. To this class belongs "Aladdin & Co." by Herbert Quick, a lively, up-to-date novel of modern methods of business speculation. It is the story of the building up of a boom town by a quick-minded, hustling man of affairs, who turns to account in his schemes one of those fevers of industrial change and development which recur periodically in a country. Jim Elkins, the promoter of Latimore, is a distinctively American type of hero, and he is capably drawn. His humorous, mock-serious style of talk falls in well with his character, and his sanguineness of spirit, joined to an imposing manner, has the trick to the life of inspiring his colleagues with confidence, and turning doubters into blind believers. There is a humorous



Senator Albert J. Beveridge, author of "The Russian Advance." Published by Harper & Brothers.

turn to the narrative, as told by that engaging young man, Jim Elkins's partner, and it, also, is wholly of the kind known as "American humor."

The feminine element is well represented, for each of the five members of the syndicate, whose fortunes rise with the prosperity of the new burg, has a pretty young sweetheart or wife or daughter. They help to develop the social side of Latimore, taking at the same time a vital interest in the manipulating of corners in real estate, the formation of trust companies, and the bonding of railways that mark the progress of the new town. The love-story, which gives the needed touch of lightness, begins before the boom, and lingers long after it is over. It is complicated by the presence of two lovers for the heroine and two girls for the hero. To straighten matters out requires some management on the part of a match-making young couple, whose wedded happiness gives a pretty touch to the story, but the right choice is finally made, and the course of true love runs smooth at last, even if that of business does not.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A King's Axe and a Queen's Skillet.

"So when dusk was come and or ever the stars were lighted, Queen Aimée stole forth from the castle and found her way by the trees of the garden to the trysting-place, and King Sylvain stole forth also," runs the opening chapter of Margaret Sherwood's "The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée." In these lines we find that this is a mediæval love-story, couched in the terms of that elder day, and dealing with the lives and loves of kings and queens. Nor is there any ulterior object in the telling of this story, no sociological question to be solved, no problem of political economics propounded; but the mere following of the course of true love and the delight of dipping into its sparkling stream for a happy hour or two.

King Sylvain longs for his freedom, for, quoth he, "Never may I fare forth, but many follow. Never may I bide at home, but all likewise stay. I may not read but one watch-eth me, and if I would but write a verse I must go for to sit in state." Unhappy lot! Queen Aimée sheds her sweet sympathy upon the sore plight of this Prisoner of Power, and silently they steal away from the cares of a kingdom to the freedom of poverty.

With the care-free lightness of the swallows, they build them a nest in the heart of the wood, around which the king makes a garden in this wise: "Then the king knew that the lust of the ax had left him and the desire for the spade had come"; likewise "the queen did all manner of things that

never no queen afore her had ever done, and the skillet and basin were washen by her own hands."

Thus they were happy because they were stealing a happiness not theirs by right. The woods, the flowers, the trees, the birds, the fields, and skies were more to them than marble halls and royal pageant; and when they worked they did so with songs in their hearts because they were glad of their freedom.

And every "Runaway in Spirit," to whom the book is dedicated, may, as he closes it, catch some hidden meaning in its depths, and realize for an instant his own kingship over the wealth of sun and air and sky bestowed so lavishly upon him.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"The Horse-Leech's Daughter."

"The Horse-Leech's Daughter," by Margaret Doyle Jackson, is a study of the vampire type of woman, one who drains the life-pulses of those about her, taking all, giving nothing. She is beautiful and young, but self-engrossed, rapacious, vicious. Her greed for money bankrupts her husband; her heartlessness robs her friend of happiness. She has no moral force to meet reverses, and when bankruptcy comes, she abandons the husband she has brought to ruin. A more agreeable side to the story shows a typical American father and daughter, whose warmth of affection for each other is disguised under a manner of badinage on the one hand and of gruffness on the other, but is pleasantly real nevertheless.

There is a catastrophe at the end which the astute will not have failed to anticipate, but it involves none of the reader's favorites, and it serves to clear the atmosphere, preparing the way for a future of promise.

The book is light in tone, and none of the types are deeply studied. There is a glimpse given of the methods of the New York Stock



Margaret D. Jackson, author of "The Horse-Leech's Daughter." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Exchange, showing how fortunes may be lost and won in a day, and a woman's share in the deal gives piquancy to the situation.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

After ten years' investigation of the archives in various libraries by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, the oldest work on "The Chase" in the English language is now about to be printed for the first time. This is "The Master of Game," written by Edward, the second Duke of York, who held the office of master of game at the court of his cousin, Henry the Fourth. There are thirty-six chapters in the book, of which only five are original, the rest being translated from the French "Livre de Chasse," written by Count Gaston de Foix, the patron of Froissart, in 1387. The book is now to be produced after the careful collation of various manuscripts at Oxford, in the Vatican library and in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Side by side with the old text, a modernized version is to be printed.

Colonel Arthur Lynch, who was condemned to death by a British court as a traitor for fighting on the side of the Boers, whose sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and who was liberated a year later, has just given proof of having a remarkable memory. While in prison he composed a great number of sonnets and an historical novel. But, as he was deprived of all writing materials, he was obliged to store his compositions in his memory. He has just transferred it, poetry and fiction, word for word, to paper, and it will appear soon in printed form. Such, at least, is the story that comes from London.

**Henry Holt & Co.**

29 West 23d St., New York

HAVE READY

New Fiction Dealing  
with the Growth  
of the West



**PORT ARGENT**

By ARTHUR W. COLTON. With frontispiece. \$1.50.

A striking story of life in an Ohio city by an author whom the *Bookman* says "recalls the old traditions that there were once such things as good writing and good story-telling."

**ALADDIN & CO.**

By HERBERT QUICK, author of "The Fairyland of America." A romance of Yankee magic. \$1.50.

The vivid story of an Iowa boom town. There is a strong love interest.

**A NIGHT WITH  
ALESSANDRO**

By TREADWELL CLEVELAND, JR. With three views in color by ELIOT KEEN. \$1.25.

An episode in the twilight of the Medici.

**UNCLE MAC'S NEBRASKY**

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON, author of "The Ultimate Moment." With frontispiece. 12mo, \$1.25.

Uncle Mac is a Westerner who went from Indiana in '55, when strenuousness was more a reality than a fad. His yarns are characterized by a shrewd humor, and enlivened by brisk frontier episodes.

Other New Fiction by  
American Authors

**THE TRANSGRESSION  
OF ANDREW VANE**

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL, author of "Zut and Other Parisians." \$1.50.

An earnest and striking story of certain members of that complex, careless, and callous community, the American colony in Paris.

**THE ROMANCE  
OF PISCATOR**

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER. With frontispiece. \$1.25.

The tale of how the trout and landlocked salmon temporarily lost their magic for Piscator before the mightier spells cast by the Peril: how he was greatly tempted by circumstances and offended, and of more fishing—frequent fishing—and an embarrassing climax.

**IN THE DWELLINGS  
OF THE WILDERNESS**

By BRYSON TAYLOR. With decorations in color. \$1.25.

The weird adventures of three American engineers in an Egyptian desert, who enter a buried tomb after disregarding the warnings on the inner and outer portals. The strange events that follow are told impressively.

**THE MICMAC**

By S. CARLETON. With three decorations. \$1.25.

A tale of love and peril, in which the great Micmac swamp in Nova Scotia plays an important part.

New Printings of Recent Fiction

6th impression of

**CHEERFUL AMERICANS**

Mr. Loonis's humorous tales, with Mrs. Shinn's and Mrs. Cory's delightful pictures. \$1.25.

17th impression of

**THE LIGHTNING  
CONDUCTOR**

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Williamson's humorous automobile, Anglo-American, Franco-Spanish-Italian love story. \$1.50.

5th impression (3 in 2 weeks of)

**THE HOLLADAY CASE**

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson's mysterious story of New York and Etretat. \$1.25.

\*\* The Publishers' Spring Circular of New Books, or their Catalogue of General Literature, with 36 Small Portraits, Free.



## REGENERATED THROUGH LOVE.

## A Story of Naval Life.

"Peace and the Vices" is a novel dealing with American naval life, both social and professional. Its author, Anna A. Rogers, knows her ground well, having apparently been over the paths trodden by the officers and their womenkind, who form the principal characters in the book. "Peace and the Vices," while not a work of super-excellent merit, is brightly written, in spite of occasional crudities, noticeable particularly in the nonsense talk of the "comic-relief" scenes and has a sufficient number of positive virtues to make it pretty sure to win popularity. The author is a woman of fixed opinions, one of which is a robust conviction of the lasting obligations of the marriage tie, although it is rather begging the question to make Captain Fellowes, who is a sufferer from hereditary predisposition to dipsomania, and whose final salvation is wrought by the steady devotion of his wife, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche* when he is himself. What, the reader is prone to ask, would be Dora's duty to herself and her child if he threw the tongs at her head, and dragged his professional honor in the dust during his occasional attacks of physical debasement? The picture of wifely devotion that is drawn is, nevertheless, a pleasing one, as is also that of the sturdy loyalty of Lieutenant Talty to an unloved wife.

The description of the court-martialing of the unhappy officer is written out with an attention to detail which will make it extremely interesting reading to the landsman, while navy people will doubtless read with approval a story that reflects such pride in the service, and that gives such a light-hearted *résumé* of the gayer side of their transpacific wanderings.

The principal event in the story is that in which the disgrace of an efficient officer is prevented by the merciful findings of the naval court, and the reader's sense of justice is well satisfied by the final outcome which

in the high noon an eagle circles overhead, a mighty atom in the hot blue sky, and at night the owls hoot eerily," she assures her friend, and Kendrick Mason, the new lover, gets no more space in that issue. The first of these letters is written in March and the last, the thirty-seventh, is dated October, and in the inclusive months a vivisection of soul is accomplished on the part of Imogen Grant that, especially in the closing chapters, might do credit to the author of "The Confessions of a Wife"; although the scalpel is less skillfully wielded, and the result therefore of a less acute nature.

But, as we said in the beginning, under a less responsible signature, the descriptions of the rank old garden, under its showers of dew



Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

and moonlight and the breath of the sweet wildwood things, might slip, unnoticed, into a tiny niche of their own.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

## A College Story.

In his latest novel, Basil King has shown considerable versatility in bestowing upon it atmosphere and treatment widely different from that of "The Garden of Charity." The town of Cambridge is the background for "The Steps of Honor," and the characters are shaped and spiritually molded in harmony with university ideals. The atmosphere of a college town is admirably preserved, and the glimpses of university society read with a certain photographic fidelity, except for a spirit of kindly humor which softens the lights and shadows into a pleasant seeming of reality.

In this society of Harvard professors, their families, and their friends, almost everybody, speaking generally, writes, and the plot of the novel has to do with misappropriated literature, or in plain terms, plagiarism. Mr. King, however, has noticeably departed from the attitude of novelists who have heretofore had for their topic the palming off of some work of genius by mediocrity upon a deceived public. In "The Steps of Honor," the guilty hero is a man of erudition and considerable moral principle. His sin is minimized by the author, who is rather inclined to pet his plagiarist in his desire to point out the good results that flow from charitable dealing with a redeemable sinner. This principle of extending a helping hand to the stumbler is the dominant note in the story. It works out well, and the writer's bracing optimism, so ably expressed in the whimsical utterances of the old Harvard professor, is a pleasant trait in the story. Considerable insight is shown in laying bare the sophisticated reasonings of a man of mind and principle who persuades himself to depart so widely from his innate conception of honor. Even the Pharisee would find sympathy in his heart with the fallen man when



Frontispiece from "The Issue," by George Morgan. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

restores to active service during the Spanish war an officer whose inherited weakness could not prevent him from being universally respected for his professional enthusiasm and devotion.

A cheerful little love-story, with a delightfully typical American girl for a heroine, runs its gay course through the book, and there are pleasantly realistic scenes of refined family life, and glimpses of the experiences of the navy folk in Japan which give the story freshness and individuality.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

## Scenery and Two Love-Affairs.

"A Country Interlude" is a love-story told in a series of letters from Imogen to Anne. The author is Hildegard Hawthorne, daughter of Julian Hawthorne, granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and we regret that in this connection the analogy between some of our distinguished families and the potato-vine intrudes itself—the best part being underground.

If Hildegard Hawthorne had not such a weight of reputation to uphold, this little sylvan idyl might slip into the onslaught of summer fiction without much comment either way. But the lovers of "The Marble Faun," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Blithedale Romance," will be obsessed by the odious potato-vine comparison, and "A Country Interlude" will not be allowed to pass entirely on its own ranking.

The letters of Imogen, bearing a certain self-consciousness of pose, are bright and entertaining. There is much deep feeling for the beauties of nature and the charms of the simple, pastoral life, but we doubt if the girl ever lived who, in her confidential letters to her chum concerning two love-affairs of her own and that of a mutual friend, took time to pour out libations of ink upon the weather and scenery.

In the very letter, perhaps on the same page, in which she confesses herself to be off with the old love and on the new, she launches out into lengthy descriptions of the flowers, the trees, the insects, the birds. "At times



Poster of novel by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Published by Henry Holt & Co.

his punishment begins, and the reader is only too willing to be won over to the attitude of persuasive charity which makes atonement possible.

An interesting feature of the book is the view it affords of the aristocracy of intellect which obtains in Harvard circles: a phase of American social life which is practically unknown to the great majority of Americans.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"Two Sides of the Face," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

"The Book of Months," by E. F. Benson. Marginal drawings in colors. Harper & Brothers; \$2.50 net—a volume which may be

called "the confession of a literary man-of-the-world."

"The Sins of a Saint," by J. R. Aitken. Frontispiece. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"Twisted History," by Frank C. Voorhies. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Company.

"Aids to the Study of Dante," by Charles Allen Dinsmore. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"The Mother of Washington and Her Times," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

"Some Famous Old Recipes," by Georgia Harmony Keene. Mrs. Barton Keene, 324 Union Avenue, Elizabeth N. J.; \$1.00.

"How Tyson Came Home," by William H. Rideing. John Lane; \$1.50—a rather enter-

taining novel of English adventurers at home and in Western United States. We see, in the book, more than a little of low life.

"Color Key to North American Birds," by Frank M. Chapman. Eight hundred illustrations in color. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50—an excellent, untechnical manual for the identification of birds.

"Captured by the Navajos," by Captain Charles A. Curtis, U. S. A. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—an exciting story of adventure for boys, in the manner of Mayne Reid.

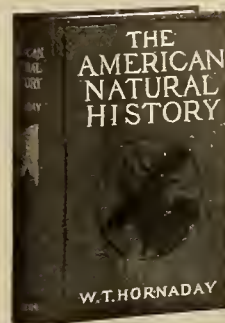
"Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," by the author of "Handley Cross," "Jorrocks's Jaunts," etc. Reprinted from the edition of 1853. Ninety wood cuts by John Leech, and thirteen colored illustrations. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

## SPRING BOOKS

## SCRIBNERS

## THE GREAT NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PRESENT GENERATION

## THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY



By  
W. T. HORNADAY  
Director of the New  
York Zoological  
Park.

227 Drawings by Beard,  
Rungius, Sawyer, and  
others.  
116 Photographs.  
464 Pages.  
Size of book, 7 by 10  
inches.

Royal 8vo. \$3.50 net.  
(Carriage extra.)

343 illustrations picturing 375 animals, beside charts and maps.

## KOREA

By ANGUS HAMILTON

"A timely book, a well-considered, matured, and informing work by a man who knows the country from end to end, and can put pictures on paper with consummate ease."—*London Academy*.

Illustrated, \$1.50 net.

## OVERTONES:

A Book of Temperaments

By JAMES HUNEKER

Author of "Mezzotints of Modern Music," etc.  
With frontispiece portrait of Richard Strauss.

12mo. \$1.25 net (postage 12 cents).

## LETTERS FROM ENGLAND 1846-1849

By MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT

With 24 full-page illustrations. Crown 8vo. \$1.50 net (postage 16 cents).

"Of uncommon interest."—*New York Times*. "Remarkably attractive."—*Chicago Journal*.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS—Lord Palmerston; Lord and Lady Holland; Rogers, the Poet; the Queen and Prince Albert; Lord Brougham; Sir Robert Peel; Lady Ashburton; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Story; Marquis of Lansdowne; Duchess of Kent; Chevalier Bunsen; Milman and Stanley; Macaulay and Hallam; Charlotte Cushman; Baron von Humboldt; Thackeray.

## NEW FICTION

## BRED IN THE BONE | THE DESCENT OF MAN

By  
THOMAS  
NELSON  
PAGE

THE first collection of stories Mr. Page has issued since "The Burial of the Guns" in 1894. The stories have, in large measure, those distinguished qualities which have made his great repute and popularity, and the book represents his maturity as a story-teller.

## CONTENTS

Mammy Liddy's Recognition  
Bred in the Bone  
The Spectre in the Cart  
The Sheriff's Bluff  
The Christmas Peace  
Long Hillside  
Old Jabez's Marital Experiences

Illustrated, \$1.50

By the author of  
"The House on the Hudson"



## THE BY-WAYS OF BRAITHE

By Frances Powell

A novel of striking plot, romantic charm, and the alighting atmosphere of mystery.

12mo, \$1.50

By  
EDITH  
WHARTON

THE first collection of stories since the publication of "The Valley of Decision" won for the author the wide audience that she now enjoys. They show to the full her striking gift for writing the short story.

## CONTENTS

The Descent of Man  
The Dilettante  
The Quicksand  
The Reckoning  
The Other Two  
The Mission of Jane  
The Lady's Maid's Bell  
Expiation  
A Venetian Night's Entertainment

12mo, \$1.50

## TOMASO'S FORTUNE and Other Stories

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

Author of "Barlash of the Guard," etc.

"They are good stories, well told."—*New York Evening Post*.

"He never wrote a better book."—*New York Tribune*.

12mo, \$1.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS = New York



## "FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK BY LAND."

De Windt's Story of a Little Jaunt.

Harry de Windt writing of his last Siberian trip, tells of being rescued, while on his first expedition, by a New Bedford captain, who had a cargo of *whales* aboard his vessel. It must have been Noah, sloshing around in the northern seas, who enabled Mr. de Windt to live to tell of his adventures in far-off chilly climes. But Mr. de Windt is not a wonderfully good story-teller. His "Paris to New York by Land" is rather ponderous and heavy in its description of his attempt to demonstrate that an all-land route could be established between the French and the American capitals; and the author is compelled to admit, too, that Asia and America can not be united by a great trunk line. Even more difficult than the passage of the straits would be building, except at an expense that



Harry de Windt, author of "Paris to New York by Land." Published by F. Warne & Co.

would preclude profits, a roadbed across the swampy morasses of Siberia.

Mr. de Windt was accompanied on his journey by an Englishman named George Harding, and a Frenchman, Vicomte de Clinchamp. The party left Paris on December 19, 1901, and reached New York on August 25, 1902. One can easily believe Mr. de Windt's recital of the frightful difficulties of the journey by dog sled and reindeer through a frozen, uncivilized country, with scant provisions and little or no opportunity to replenish their stores. Still, it can not be said that the author has added much to the public knowledge of Siberia or its inhabitants. He seems to have taken a sour and jaundiced view of both country and people. He came through safely, however, and he gathered material for a book and lectures. The volume is well printed, and illustrated by interesting photographs.

Published by F. Warne & Co., New York; \$3.00 net.

## "Challengingly Erotic Fiction."

"The Rat-Trap," by Dolf Wyllarde, will not lack for readers. Written by the author of that very tropical novel of last season, "The Story of Eden," it is in much the same vein, and may be ranked with that class of challengingly erotic fiction which has brought notoriety to certain woman writers of the present day. Miss Wyllarde, however, is too bright a writer to depend on such aids for literary recognition. Her style is clear and direct, often brilliant, her dialogue rapid and easy, her character-drawing full of skill. She possesses the gift of atmosphere, of placing



Joseph C. Lincoln, author of "Cap'n Eri." Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

before the mental vision a live group of flesh and blood people. To these qualities she adds a very complete knowledge of the daily lives and ways of British army folk, more particularly of those quartered somewhere toward the southern end of the African peninsula.

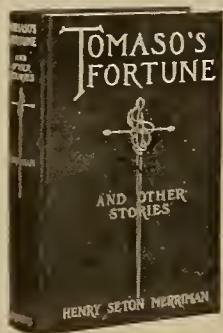
In this tale, the scene is transferred from town and its environs to an island in the old of Great Britain situated some-

where in Mozambique Channel, off the coast of Madagascar, a spot known in army parlance as the "Rat-Trap," so unpopular is the station. Notwithstanding their remoteness from civilized centres, the pleasure-seeking British officers and their wives quartered here in the story leads a life as full of social diversion of its kind as they might in the midst of a London season. The respectable heads of families to be found in the average regiment are quite ignored, and the *dramatis personae* of the tale are continually getting into mischief through running after other men's wives, or other women's husbands, as the case may be, always to a running accompaniment of scandal-mongering on the part of keen-eyed spectators. The Bible story of Uriah is made into a modern instance, which serves as plot, and, like David, the army chief who sends his subordinate into danger, loses tranquillity of mind to gain the woman he covets. No amount of Bible references, however, can make the book acceptable from a moral standpoint. Sensualism is the dominant note to such an extent that the continual harping on the grosser emotions arouses more than a suspicion of commercialism. Miss Wyllarde has sold her hitherto for a mess of pottage. Her book will be read and talked about, but it can not arouse a sincere tribute of unqualified admiration.

Published by John Lane, New York.

## Merriman's Last Book a Good One.

Experience in many lands and with people of every class is denoted by "Tomaso's Fortune," a volume of short stories by the late Henry Seton Merriman. He liked to write of Spain in many of its moods and phases; of its languorous, lazy life, of the quick revenge that follows jealousy, of political intrigue. Life on the English coast is depicted, too, and one of the stories shifts from England to the diplomatic circles of Washington. It is a clever story, this last, of an English convict who, having escaped from prison, compels an American, whom he finds fishing, to exchange clothing with him; and,



Cover Design from Charles Scribner's Sons.

years afterward, at Washington, the Yankee meets the Britisher, now ambassador from England. His imprisonment, of course, was on a false charge, but the story of it never reached the world.

It was in character delineation, though, that Mr. Merriman was at his best. He made his Spanish people most attractive. Tomaso, the hero of the first story, a mere sketch, by the way, is poverty personified, but a courtly gentleman; and Juan Quereño, "the mule," stupid, stolid, honest, is as much a hero as any soldier, though all the world he knew was the nineteen miles of road over which he carried the government mail. Many of the stories deal with the life of an army surgeon, and are vivid in their description of the horrors of war. Of the nineteen stories in the book, there is not a dull one; and some of them are models of the story-teller's art. They are clever in conception, good in plot, where there is a plot, and always told with an easy, attractive charm of style.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

## A Bachelor, a Garden, and a Girl.

A whole procession of charming books rises in the mind as one breaks ground in Halliwell Sutcliffe's "A Bachelor in Arcady." It calls up "My Summer in a Garden," "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath," and a dozen more that exploit the joys of delving in the sweet soil, of reveling in garden seeds, and tasting the pleasure of assisting nature in the yearly procession of flower bloom. It is a truly idyllic life that is pictured in these first chapters. A jolly young bachelor with a taste for outdoor life presents himself and recounts all the pleasant things that belong in his lot. He has an ancient house with just a few ancestral acres somewhere in the depths of merry England, and a comfortable balance at his banker's besides. Tom Lad, most loving of servants and proficient in all things pertaining to farm life, has full charge of the twenty acres, while the bachelor amuses his leisure with the kitchen garden. There is a buxom housekeeper, famed for her cooking, her cleanliness, her soft heart, and her sharp tongue. There are cows and ducks and geese and turkeys, the pride of their owner. There are dogs and horses, and days in the saddle

form a part of the joy of living. And when we are thoroughly in tune with this life in Arcady, and are prepared to revel with the owner in the picturesque of the old-fashioned red-bricked kitchen garden, to watch him setting out his pansy beds, or indulging in the more vigorous exercise of mowing a field of corn, all at once we find ourselves plunged, almost with a sense of loss, into a full-fledged love-story. There is a certain seventeen-year-old Cathy, who is very actively in the midst of things, consulting the bachelor, perhaps concerning the upbringing of her full-terrier pup, or the number of eggs the bantam hen is likely to hatch out, or setting out with him for a morning gallop over the moors. It is a pretty love idyl, diversified by healthy mutual interests, moving on through picturesque outdoor scenes without a ripple in its smooth course. It bids fair to transform Arcady into Eden, but love moves the world, and neither an Eden nor an Arcady can last perpetually.

Mr. Sutcliffe is not a teller of tales. He is a philosopher, an observer, a lover of nature in her pastoral aspects. He fills in a pleasing rural background, and across it pass the figures his pen loves to typify—the jolly squire, the talkative old villagers, even Angus, the Scotch hound, or Flick, the fox-terrier, are not too insignificant for some droll musings. He sees nothing of the disagreeable things of life. They pass him by unobserved. But he has the art to an inimitable degree of depicting a pastoral way of living, sweet and wholesome as new-mown hay.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## The Composition of Pictures.

"I don't know anything about pictures; I like some of them—well, just because I do," is a hackneyed expression. To explain to the ordinary gallery visitor all the technical points about a painting would confuse him. There is no need to tell him that the composition is good or bad; but, without this knowledge, the picture's merit, or lack of merit, impresses itself upon him. Technique is for the makers of pictures, as is anything written upon the subject; although the latter should go still further, and be intelligible to students as well. Henry R. Poore, in writing "Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures," has addressed too narrow an audience. One must have had experience in order to understand much of Mr. Poore's volume. He is rather vague and unsatisfactory, giving criticisms that do not sufficiently illustrate his points. He reminds the graduates of art of what they already know, and tells them some things that probably they did not more than suspect; so, to them, the book will be found of use. To students, however, it will hardly appeal—will more likely puzzle them than otherwise. Both photography and painting are dealt with, and the book is well illustrated.

Published by the Baker & Taylor Company.

It is said that Sir Conan Doyle's first story was written at the age of six, and was about a tiger that swallowed a man. When the budding writer had got the man inside the tiger he had to finish the story, but as he sagely observed, it was easier to get a man into a scrape than to get him out of it. It is evident that Sir Conan's early experience of the syndicate system was peculiar, for we are told that when telling stories to his schoolmates he insisted on tarts as payment, leaving off with some exciting statement, such as "Raising the knife in mid air," or "and then the wicked marquis saw—" and declining to continue without a further supply of pastry.

## NEW AND INTERESTING

## From Paris to New York by Land

By HARRY de WINDT, F. R. G. S.

With 84 full-page illustrations from photographs, 2 route maps, appendices of distances, observations, and index, etc. 325 pages. 8vo, cloth, gilt. Price, \$3.00 net. By mail, \$3.15.

"It leads through two regions that are at this time full of interest—Siberia and Alaska. . . . An interesting volume."—*N. Y. Times Saturday Review of Books.*

## A TIMELY AND INTERESTING BOOK.

## THE JAPS AT HOME

By DOUGLAS SLADEN

"\* A frank and instructive description of the everyday life and amusements of the Japanese. Readable from beginning to end. Well printed in good type, 8 page illustrations, attractive picture paper cover. Price, 25 cents."

## A Tramp in Spain; From Andalusia to Andorra.

By BART KENNEDY

With 42 full-page illustrations from photographs and sketches and a route map. 328 pages, 8vo, cloth. Price, net, \$2.50. By mail, \$2.65.

The author is a talented Irishman who tramped alone through the heart of Spain from Gibraltar to the French border. He fraternized with the gypsies and peasants, studying the country from new and original viewpoints, and records his impressions in an unconventional way.

"A splendid book of travel! Radiant with the sun, the romance, and the glory of old Spain."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"When one has read it one knows more of Spain and Spaniards than ever before. . . ."—*Academy.*

"A book well worth reading, and, what is more, well worth a permanent place on the library shelves."—*Phila. Evening Telegraph.*

## Leo Tolstoy: A Biographical and Critical Study

By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

Author of "The Art of Thinking," etc.

With bibliography and portraits. 12mo, cloth, net \$1.00. Postpaid, \$1.05.

"A splendid analysis, and goes to the root of Tolstoy's weakness as well as his strength."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

## HOW TO WIN AT "BRIDGE."

## BRIDGE TACTICS

By R. F. FOSTER

A complete manual of self-instruction, with synopsis of the laws, technical terms, etc. 12mo, cloth, gilt edges. Price, \$1.25.

"\* The author has also prepared a pack of SELF-PLAYING BRIDGE CARDS giving 128 hands to be played over, at home, by one, two, or more persons, and covering all the difficulties of the game that are likely to occur in actual play. Price, net, 75 cents per pack."

"The outfit is admirably adapted to make the learning of bridge as pleasant and plain as possible to the student of the game."—*Boston Transcript.*

"\* Of all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of advertised price by the publishers."

## FREDERICK WARNE &amp; CO.

36 E. 22d St., New York City.

## REMOVAL.

A. BOURGOIN'S

## Antiquarian Book Store

— HAS REMOVED TO —

568 GEARY STREET

Near Taylor.

Established 1882.

J. C. LABBÉ &amp; CO.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE  
HOW TO GET THE BEST OUT OF BOOKS

12mo, net, \$1.25.

Postage 8 cents.

Mr. Le Gallienne does not outline impossible tasks, but eliminates the hooks which the busy man is unable to reach. For the man who would read to the best advantage and to gain the greatest pleasure.

By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY  
MOSES BROWN, CAPTAIN U. S. N.

Author of "A History of the U. S. N." Illustrated. Net, \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.

Moses Brown is an almost unknown hero of the American navy, but his adventures during the Revolution, in the West Indies and off the coast of Europe, with two important victories over British ships, were as glorious as they were exciting. Mr. MacLAY, always authentic as well as interesting, has written a book for young and old Americans.



## By GENEVIEVE HECKER

(Mrs. C. T. Stout)

## GOLF FOR WOMEN

8vo. Fully illustrated and decorated.

Net, \$2.00. Postage 12 cents.

An attractive book, full of good golf and good sense; a volume of value to every golfer. Miss Rhona K. Adair contributes a chapter on "Impressions of American Golf."

An Enlarged and Fully Revised Edition.

## Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures

By HENRY R. POORE, A. N. A.

4to. 80 illustrations. Net, \$1.50. Postage 14 cents.

Irving R. Wiles, N. A.: "Not only charmingly written, but remarkably able and instructive."

THE BAKER &amp; TAYLOR CO.

33 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK.



## BRAVE GASCONY CADETS.

## A Tale of Fighting Days.

"To the Spirit of Youth" Burton E. Stevenson inscribes his new book, "The Cadets of Gascony"; so, naturally, the appeal of the book is to the hot blood and high spirits of youth.

In the days when brave men swept the pave with the plume of their bonnets as mademoiselle passed by, when strange oaths fell glibly and mad-cap challenges were made, when a man never spoke of his honor without an instinctive clutch at his sabre-hilt, the Cadets of Gascony lived.

Although the story is told in the first person, that most trying pose when a man must make himself out a great hero, yet be modest and simple withal, young Marson is made to appear a fine fellow, full of hot Gascon blood and cool of nerve.

In this day and generation of long-distance



Burton E. Stevenson, author of "The Cadets of Gascony." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

fighting with Mausers and torpedoes, we may not share the view-point of Marson's "God, what a lust of blood was upon me when I clutched his throat and crushed it"; but the Spirit of Youth is responsible for much that is beyond the comprehension of the gray-beard, and certain it is that the earnest young life that stands out free and fierce for the fame of his house, the strength of his sword, and the honor of Beauty-in-Distress fulfills itself by stirring up the sluggish pulses of the twentieth century.

Mlle. Claire and Mlle. Nannette, who inspire such feats of chivalry and dare-devil courage in these hot Gascon hearts, are as true as the blades that strike for them, and in the end virtue proves itself its own reward.

Although this is among the new publications in line for idle summer reading, it is just the book for the busy stay-at-home who can not get away, for there is a thrill on every page and a sigh of relief at the end of every escapade, that, for the nonce, will crowd twentieth-century cares out of existence and hail back the days of old when knights were bold and "The Spirit of Youth" in which we may all partake.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

## Shaw on Ibsen.

For some reason difficult to understand in the face of his reputation as a brilliant if erratic thinker, it is impossible to obtain more than a limited number of George Bernard Shaw's books from the San Francisco libraries. Copies of his plays may be obtained, and also one or two of his best-known novels, but industrious searchers have as yet failed to run down "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." For this reason, and for the further one that we have at last had performances in San Francisco of two of his best-known plays presented by no less an authority than Mrs. Fiske, the new edition of this work brought out by Brentano's will be peculiarly welcome.

The book was originally a paper, written in 1891 for the Fabian Society of London, but the production of a series of Ibsen plays starting a frantic newspaper controversy at the time, Mr. Shaw, after expanding his paper into a critical exposition of Ibsenism, cast it as a brand into the burning, and withdrew gleefully to watch the result.

The book contains *résumés* of the more modern Ibsen plays, together with the solution, as Shaw conceives it, of the baffling spiritual and psychological meanings underlying the outward movement of the drama.

But first the English commentator has outlined his views of what is the leading principle upon which Ibsen founded his plays, which, in their departure from accepted ideals, are so shocking to theatre-goers in the mass. Mr. Shaw, then, divides an imaginary community of a thousand persons into three groups, consisting of a majority of Philistines, or those who find the ordinary institutions governing domestic and social life quite acceptable; the idealists, or those who, temperamentally unable to comply with the rules imposed upon them by the overwhelming numbers of the Philistines, take refuge from the spectacle of their own failure by persuading themselves that even if not so to them the family is yet a beautiful and holy institution.

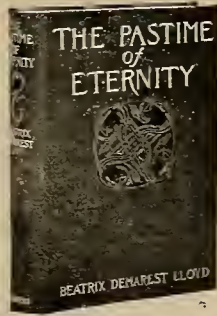
The third division contains but one member, who, says Mr. Shaw, "faces the truth that the idealists are shirking. He says flatly of marriage: 'This thing is a failure for many of us. It is insufferable that two human beings, having entered into relations which only warm affection can render tolerable, should be forced to maintain them after such affections have ceased to exist, or in spite of the fact that they never have risen.'" This lonely pioneer in the fields of sociology is Ibsen. Elsewhere Mr. Shaw puts into one sentence the essence of Ibsen's philosophy: "Conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness, and not by its conformity to any rule or ideal." After expounding the guiding principle of Ibsen's philosophy, Mr. Shaw launches out upon a sea of metaphysics, which will nevertheless be traversed with confidence by the seeker after Ibsenic light. The author is very much in earnest, but he is never so much so as to be dull. Neither does he make the mistake of being partisan in his tone. But he has read, weighed, studied, and discussed the Ibsen plays, and witnessed dramatic representations of them to such purpose that his conclusions and interpretations inspire confidence, more particularly from the fact that a man of his acute intellect and bold, iconoclastic order of mind is entirely untrammelled by the conventions and traditions which limit the understanding and hamper the judgment of the critic who belongs to the class of Philistines.

Published by Brentano's, New York.

## A Musical Novel.

"The Pastime of Eternity," by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, is in a measure a tale of affinities, and a musical novel as well, resembling in these two particulars the famous "Counterparts," so great a favorite with an earlier generation. The scene is New York, although the characters are in the main transplanted from foreign soil, and have the shadowy outlines, the elusive traits that belong to figures of the imagination. The hero, Oliver Holbein, although a man of wealth, lives isolated from the world, his life blighted by a loveless marriage. In his seclusion music is his solace, and he draws wonderful harmonies from his violin. Into his household Hulda Senger comes, seeking a refuge from persecution. Like him, she possesses the gift of music, but she is without beauty. Although she is in the garb of a servant, he pierces her disguise, perceiving dimly the subtle bond between them, and he secures for her a place of safety and the opportunities for study. She loves him, but he is absorbed in another woman, and he does not know that he is turning aside from his true mate, his soul affinity.

Even in this practical age, divorce is used but charily by the romancer, and in this case death breaks his bonds, and the wife is killed by an automobile accident. Still he remains



Cover Design from Charles Scribner's Sons.

blind, dazzled by the other woman's beauty, until at last the veil drops from his eyes, and he knows where true happiness lies.

As may be perceived, it is all pitched in the highest key of fervid romanticism, and is well adapted to the tastes of those who like their fiction to run only on love and love's pangs.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

## Two Sparkling Anecdotes.

As Sir M. Grant Duff does not, we make no apology for quoting this amusing story from his "Notes from a Diary," of the late Archbishop of Dublin, who, at a dinner-party, exclaimed in his deep voice: "It's come at last! It's come at last!" His horrified wife, springing up, asked, "What has come?" "Paralysis," replied her lord. "Paralysis!" she rejoined; "what can make you think that?" "I have been pinching my legs from time to time," was the answer, "for the last two minutes, and I can feel nothing." "I beg your grace's pardon," said the lady who sat next to him, "you have been pinching mine." Miss Yonge told this, but made the recipient of the pinches—an archdeacon! Oh, Miss Yonge!

With this may be placed Sir Mountstuart's story of Canon Ainger. Sitting next to a friend at dinner, he said: "I see you have got a toast to speak to." "Yes," was the reply, "I shall have a lot of nonsense to talk after dinner." "No one," rejoined Ainger, wishing to be extremely civil, "is more capable of doing so."

## Outdoor Stories.

In his latest volume, Dallas Lore Sharp reveals himself once more a true disciple of John Burroughs, equal to the master in his love of the wild life of wood and field. "Roof and Meadow" is composed of many discursive chapters, each retelling some observation of the wild creatures whose ways and haunts are so fascinating to a close and sympathetic observer of nature. In the earlier pages he tells what can be seen in a crowded city, for from a piece of flat roof at the top of his five flights, "a million acres of sky" are visible. From this post of observation, he follows the migratory flights of thousands of ducks and geese and black-backed gulls, and feels his imaginations stirred as the dark forms move against the dusky sky. When roof of tar and tin is exchanged for country byways, squirrel and opossum, woodchuck and coon, all furnish forth some fresh experience, and many sorts of wild birds are studied with an intimate



Cover Design from the Century Company.

knowledge that comes only of close association. There are odd bits of information concerning the turkey, wild and domestic, pronounced the most brainless of winged creatures, and there is a lament over the disappearance from our sedges and streams of the woodcock, pursued by the relentless hunter. The old cat that was hoodwinked into mothering two baby squirrels, and the chickaree, tasting the delights of epicureanism over his first molasses cookie, will be the popular favorites, but there is little room for choice in a book as refreshing almost as contact with nature, so sincere and free from cant is every page.

As a piece of book-making, the volume is very satisfying, with its suggestive binding, its broad margins, and harmonious half-tone drawings.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50 net.

## THREE GREAT BOOKS

## CASHIEL BYRON'S PROFESSION

## AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST

By G. BERNARD SHAW  
Author of "Candida"  
Each \$1.25

## THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM

By G. BERNARD SHAW

A worthy edition from new type. 12mo. Cloth. Gilt top. \$1.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

BRENTANO'S  
New York

## The Hicks-Judd Company Printers and Bookbinders

Our specialty is fine bookbinding. We are direct importers of high-grade leathers, which, with artistic workmanship, enables us to produce perfect results in the bookbinding art. Samples and prices will be submitted upon application.

21-23 First Street, San Francisco

Telephone Main 1320.

## A Side Talk About Books

The biggest novel of the year is **The Issue**

A story of the days of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Lincoln.

If you want a story full of sunshine

**Heart of Lynn**

A critic writes, "Lynn is the first 'real' girl I have met in fiction for some time."

When it comes to the sort that keeps one wide awake and never loses it grasp on the interest

**Cadets of Gascony**

Is the book, brimming over with adventure.

A book on a subject about which every one is talking is

**Japan To-Day**

By one who knows the Jap in his own country, worked and talked with him in his own language.

For every one who owns a library **Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature**

Complete in 3 imperial octavo volumes. Illustrated, \$15.00 net per set; carriage extra.

**The History of the Moorish Empire**

By S. P. SCOTT.  
3 volumes. \$10.00 net per set; carriage extra.

**Teutonic Legends**

By W. C. SAWYER.  
Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00; postpaid, \$2.13.

The whole story will be found in "The Spring Book." Sent to any address upon request.

## The Issue

By GEORGE MORGAN

Author of John Littlejohn of J.

A frontispiece, and five drawings by George A. Williams. Cloth, \$1.50

## Heart of Lynn

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

Illustrated by Helen Stowe. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25

## Cadets of Gascony

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "At Odds with the Regent."

Illustrated by Anna Whelen Betts. Cloth, \$1.50

## Japan To-Day

By JAMES A. B. SCHERER, Ph. D.

28 illustrations (two in colors) from drawings by native artists. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.65

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

PUBLISHERS, . . . PHILADELPHIA



## "THE RAINBOW CHASERS."

A Book With Some Gore in It.

All stories are not literature any more than all verse is poetry; but that which is written need be neither poetry nor literature in order to entertain. John H. Whitson, in his second Western novel, "The Rainbow Chasers," has escaped fame and immortality by a good, wide margin, still has produced a book that will probably interest all who read it. Vigor and life pulse through it, going far toward redeeming the triteness of the plot. There is nothing in the least original about two men having a drunken row one of them being stabbed by an outsider an enemy, the survivor of the brawl believing himself guilty and being convicted, and spending years in exile before the real assassin confesses on his death-bed. That is the story, and Dick Brewster is the hero of it. After being con-

bert are the writers whose works are considered: a distinguished company, whose art, originality, power, and disdain of enfeebled conventions in their special field of inspiration place them apart in a related group. Mr. Hunker himself narrowly escapes being a stylist. He shows a marked preference for unusual English and a fluency in the use of it that is positively uncanny. Although his brilliancy smacks of the smartness and affectations of the journalistic school, still it is brilliancy, and his criticisms are always sane, just, and dispassionate, generally acute, and sometimes profound in their sympathetic and intellectual insight. Mr. Hunker is peculiarly fitted to throw some further light on the mental characteristics of these giants of intellect, for he is in temperamental affinity with all creativeness in the field of art, which is bold, forceful, and unique, whose root is truth, and whose expression is beauty.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: \$1.25 net.

## The Prince of Bhaitypore in This.

A story that is already attracting much attention from its curious mingling of Hindoo magic and mystery, with realistic pictures of life in modern India, is "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster. It is a story that delves so deeply into the marvels of the occult as to altogether disdain possibilities. Yet so cunningly are blended together realism, romance, and transubstantiation that the fascinated reader, led on by the author's evident familiarity with the materialities of Indian life, finds himself accepting almost with credulity the marvels of Hindoo sorcery. The tale, however, passes beyond mere necromancy into the realms of the supernatural, for the hero, an English doctor, attached to the College Hospital at Bombay, has a double personality, and, as the tale progresses, is gradually and mysteriously metamorphosed into the body and spirit of an Indian prince, whose course was long since run. It is at this point, when the author boldly bridges the void that lies between actualities and the country of dreams and illusions, that the literal reader is apt to lay down the book in despair.

Yet, wild and impossible as is the main fabric of his story, Mr. Kempster shows such a comprehensive knowledge of the characters, habits, and secret superstitions and practices of the native Hindoos, and gives such lively and characteristic reproductions of the racy talk and social diversions of the resident English, that those who wish to know more of Flora Steel and Rudyard Kipling's India are equally apt to pick the book up again and read it to the end.

To the realist, the most interesting chapters in the book will be those in which are described at length the excitements and perils attendant upon "hunting pig," while the romantist and lover of tales of the supernatural will be attracted by the tragic story of the Prince of Bhaitypore and his White Rose, the reincarnated lovers whose astral bodies were summoned from the shades by the world-old magic of a modernized Hindoo prince.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York: \$1.50.

Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Woman With the Fan," is hailed by the London *Daily Mail* (the book has not yet appeared here) as the best novel of the season. It says: "There is no very obvious connection between Robert Hichens's title and his tale. The hearing of the former on the latter, on the contrary, is occult, enigmatic. Robin Pierce, one of the chief figures in the story, has in his rooms a statue of a dancer, nude but holding a fan. The fan, says poor Rupert Carey, as also Sir Donald Ulford, two other important persons in Mr. Hichens's sinister comedy, makes the statue wicked. Now, Lady Holme, we are invited to believe, is that statue, and on the three hundredth page she is represented as having lost the fan, from which one must assume that she had lost her wickedness. But she is not represented as wicked; therefore—"

W. E. Henley's library has been sold at auction at Sotheby's, and has brought in a total sum of just over £600. The most notable price, perhaps, was £22 for a set of the Henley-Stevenson plays. But other Stevensoniana went pretty high. Thus the Edinburgh edition, with the specially printed dedication to Mr. and Mrs. Henley, was knocked down at £40. It was natural that these books should have sold well on account of the close relationship between Henley and Stevenson; and Henley's attack on the memory of Stevenson no doubt added something like a spice of scandal to these particular books.

There is being issued a work entitled "Forty Centuries of Ink," by David N. Carvalho. The author tells of inks used in Biblical, classical, mediæval, the renaissance, and modern periods, a history is given of papers and pens, and there are anecdotes, poetical effusions, etc., and an index. There is also a study of the principles and details relating to the employment of official, fraudulent, secret, fugitive, and enduring inks of the past and present.

## Some of Little, Brown &amp; Co.'s Spring Books

## THE VIKING'S SKULL

An exceptionally strong, dramatic, and interesting compelling romance.

By JOHN R. CARLING, author of "The Shadow of the Czar," etc.  
Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

## THE RAINBOW CHASERS

A stirring tale of the plains containing a vivid romance of a Kansas land boom.

By JOHN H. WHITSON, author of "Barbara, a Woman of the West."  
Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

## THE WOOD CARVER OF 'LYMPUS

Hugh Armstrong, the hero of this unusual story, is one of the most powerful and original characters in recent fiction.

By MARY E. WALLER, author of "A Daughter of the Rich," etc.  
Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

## A WOMAN'S WILL

An entertaining story of an American widow's summer abroad.

By ANNE WARNER.

Illustrated 12mo, \$1.50.

## BY THE GOOD SAINTE ANNE

A clever story of the love-affairs of vivacious Nancy Howard, with a modern Quebec setting.

By ANNA CHAPIN RAY, author of "The Dominant Strain," etc.

With frontispiece, \$1.50.

## ANNA THE ADVENTRESS

An engrossing story of London life, with a subtle character study of two sisters.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, author of "A Prince of Sinners," etc.

Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

Published  
by

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston

At all  
Booksellers

## PACIFIC ENVELOPE CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

## MACHINE AND HAND-MADE ENVELOPES

Lithographed, Printed, or Plain  
461 MISSION ST.

Metal-Clasp Merchandise Mailing Envelopes. Statement Envelopes. Photo Enclosures. Money-Saving Envelopes for Circulars. In Fact Envelopes of Every Description. Standard Weights, Grades, and Sizes. All Our Envelopes Made in San Francisco.

Telephone James 176

W. J. GRIFFIN, Manager.

## FREE TRIAL OFFER

We believe that most people who read and enjoy the *Argonaut* would read and enjoy *Out West*. And we believe this strongly enough so that we will enter the name of any regular reader of the *Argonaut* on our subscription list, without advance payment, and agree to cancel the subscription at the end of three months, making no charge for the numbers sent, if the subscriber notifies us that he does not care to receive further copies. Failing to receive such notice, we should expect remittance of the annual subscription price.

In other words, three months' trial will cost you nothing, if you don't want more of it.

Most Californians—and some others—know what *Out West* is. For the benefit of the rest, we will mention that it is a monthly illustrated magazine, edited by Chas. F. Lummis; that it costs \$2.00 a year; and that it is as good as we can make it.

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE CO.

Los Angeles, Cal.



E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "Anna the Adventress." Published by Little, Brown & Co.

victed of the murder, he breaks jail, goes West, grows up with the country, forgets his old love, woos and wins a new one, and, when cleared of the shadow hanging over him, goes home in triumph. The book is very well written, seldom falling into the commonplace. The description of the murder, of one man persistently following another around a bar-room with a very long knife in his hand, is positively thrilling; and the story of the battle on the plains is a fine piece of savagery, gory in its vivid realism. A boom town and the conditions existing there form a prominent and interesting part of the novel. There is some excellent character drawing, Prethro, the "squaw-man," being both original and likeable. The drawings by Arthur E. Becher are of more than ordinary merit.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

## Musical and Dramatic Criticism.

James Huncker, musical and dramatic critic, essayist, story-writer, and author of a life of Chopin, has collected together several of his magazine essays, and, after altering and amplifying them, has added to them a number of studies of musical and literary celebrities which have been hitherto unpublished. The whole, under the title of "Over-



James M. Smith Whistler. Frontispiece from "Recollections and Impressions," by Arthur Jerome Edwards. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

tones. A Book of Temperaments," forms a collection of critical estimates which might very justly borrow the title of the fifth essay in the volume, called "Anarchy of Art." "Anarchy," to quote Mr. Huncker, "often expresses itself in rebellion against conventional art forms." With but one or two exceptions, the artists whose works are considered in this volume have been regarded in their time as revolutionists against established forms. Richard Strauss, Wagner, Beethoven, Verdi, and Bonini are the musicians. The Turgénieff, Balzac, Alphonse Daudet, George Moore, Henry James, and Flau-



## CHARMING PICTURES OF ENGLAND.

## Stories of Shropshire.

Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell, under the title of "Old Shropshire Life," has published a charming collection of tales concerning the Shropshire neighborhood, illustrated profusely with surrounding scenes.

The first and longest of the collection, "The Major's Leap," tells the pathetic story of a self-ahnegatory devotion of mistress and maid; and to those who know that section of England it will be found fraught with a wealth of local color, for we read, "On the road from Much Wenlock to Lutwyche, facing Mog Forest, stands the old manor house," the occupant of which bore a doughty part in Monmouth's rebellion and fell at Sedgemoor.

Another tale is "The White Purification," drawn from "down among the woods of Sherlot, where the beeches grow and the rowan tree grows flame red with its scarlet berries."

Still another is "Christ's Tree," full of quaint Shropshire folk-lore, superstition,



Mary Austin, author of "The Land of Little Roin." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and broad-side dialect. The killing of the robin-redbreast, "God's own bird," is the simple act that stirs the fears of good old Joan, the cottage-wife, and when, later, David, her son, is found dead by violent hands, the tragedy is all traced up to the killing of cock-robin.

Remaining chapters bear the titles "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Holy Well," "The Return of Joy," "The Witch's Ungent," and "The Strange Knife." The time of most of these tales is the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the manners and customs of that time are therein portrayed.

If Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell were not so strongly drawn to the seamy side of life, or if Shropshire were not such an iniquitous community, her book might afford more pleasure in the reading, but that too-familiar phase of English high life and low life, bearing on the bad faith of the reckless young squire and the over-confidence of some poor, pretty dairymaid, seems to hold an uncommonly prominent place in the annals of Old Shropshire.

Published by John Lane.

## A War-Time Story.

The story of the great struggle between North and South, beginning early in the nation's history, and culminating in the Civil War, is again the theme for the novelist. "The Issue," by George Morgan, takes up the tale in 1831, when a revolt breaking out among the negroes gave rein for a season to blood and carnage. In a massacre of children at a country school-house, two babies alone were saved. These two, Po and Pasque, through the years that followed to the close



George Morgan, author of "The Issue." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

of the war, had an active share in the many stirring events that went to the making of history. Po, the girl, born with a craving to preach the gospel and save souls, might have been like another Dinah of Adam Bede if she had lived in times of peace. As it was, she chose the part of nurse, and carried succor to the wounded and dying on the battlefield. There is a unique charm to her personality very delicately conveyed. The love-story of Po and Pasque runs along like a soothing melody in the midst of the crashing discords of war's alarms. Most of the great battles of the war form part of the story, and

are told in detail, from Bull Run to Gettysburg, the famous generals on either side appearing familiarly before us. Lincoln himself is characteristically portrayed drawing his favorite morals from a fund of humorous anecdotes.

The book is full of vivid passages. The negro uprising is a dramatic piece of writing, and the earlier chapters, giving a picture of the South in ante-bellum days, render all the charm that belongs to that much-written-about epoch.

The battle scenes are forcibly drawn, not as seen through a romantic glamour, but with the swift changes, the confusion, the relentless slaughter of genuine warfare. The defect of the story is its too great length. The list of characters is as long as in a Dickens novel, and the interest is not sufficiently well sustained to make it an easy matter to keep a hold on the many threads of narrative or to follow the numerous motives involved. If to vividness of style and descriptive power the author had added more coherency of plot, and had pruned away some of the many offshoots of the tale, it would have given compactness and force to a work already marked by dramatic interest.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

## HUMOROUS LITERARY VERSE.

## Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.

In the fine art of parody  
Kipling progresses fast,  
While in each new endeavor he  
Still goes beyond his last.

—Punch.

## The Last Page.

It is "womanlike," we know,  
Yet when we pick up a book  
We read but a page or so,  
Then we take a quiet look  
At the last page—at the end—  
And we fear no wild alarms  
That the subtle plot may send,  
If "he" has "her" in his arms.

Then we start to read again;  
Chuckle at the hero's woes,  
At his struggles all in vain;  
Laugh because he never knows  
That the damsel young and fair,  
Who his vows of love has spurned,  
Will be meekly waiting there  
When the final page is turned.

And the villain—all his fun  
Would be rendered flat and spoiled;  
All his schemes, so well begun,  
Would be very tamely foiled  
If he knew the secret, too—  
Knew the truth his heart to daunt!  
What the heroine would do,  
How she'd tell him to "Avaunt!"

Often when the hero seems  
Just about to leave the race—  
Thinks his hopes are idle dreams,  
And the odds too great to face;  
Or the heroine, when she  
Wanders 'round, full of despair,  
We turn to the end, and see  
How it winds up happy there.

Father's rage or mother's scorn;  
Scheming, shrewd adroitness;  
Make the hero all forlorn,  
And it's ticklish, you'll confess.  
But we inwardly advise:  
"Cheer up! This will soon be past,"  
For the last page makes us wise—  
There he murmurs: "Mine at last!"  
—Chicago Tribune.

## A Recipe for Certain Society Fiction.

Take three parts so-called Society  
(Choose it just a trifle shady)  
Then a pinch of impropriety  
(If in doubt, divorce the lady!)

Have a *roué*, who engages  
To undo some maid's salvation;  
(Make 'em wait for sixty pages  
Larded well with French translation!)

Put her in a devilish pickle;  
Carry on, say, like a Cenci;  
(Epigram through this must trickle,  
Pungent, and—er—rather Frenchy!)

Talk in millions, dechonairely.  
(Morgan?—pooh, a Lilliputian!)  
Though your attic ink-pot barely  
Turns the page without dilution!

Then a yacht—one scene aquatic—  
Drag in Newport, Lenox, Aiken;  
(If uncertain, turn erotic;  
Love-scene *always* saves your hacon!)

Callow youths, and maids romantic,  
Who know less of life than art yet,  
One and all then will grow frantic  
At "true scenes of Gotham's Smart Set!"  
—Arthur Stringer in Critic.

## New Publications.

"The Apex," by Thomas B. Gould. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"The Clerk of the Woods," by Bradford Torrey. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10 net.

"Quintus Oakes: A Detective Story," by Charles Ross Jackson. The G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.50—a detective story with no

literary pretensions, but nevertheless interesting.

"Present College Questions," by various writers. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"A Greek Primer," by Clarence W. Gleason, A. M. The American Book Company.

"None But the Brave," by Hamlen Sears. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

"Reynard the Fox," adapted by E. Louise Smythe. Illustrated. The American Book Company.

"The Musician: A Legend of the Hartz Mountains," by Frank Waters. Poem. Richard G. Badger.

"Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France," by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; \$3.75 net.

"The Story of the Revolution," by Henry

Cabot Lodge. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.00.

"Parsifal," by Richard Wagner. Translated by H. L. and F. Corder. Oliver Ditson Company.

"A Reverie and Other Verses and Prose," by John Alfred Woods. Bonnell, Silver & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"The Manual of Statistics Supplement—January, 1904." The Manual of Statistics Company; 50 cents.

"Fifty Fables by La Fontaine." With introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Kenneth McKenzie. Frontispiece. The American Book Company.

"In a Poppy Garden," by Charles Francis Saunders. With illustrations by Elizabeth M. Halliwell Saunders. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

## THE BEST SPRING BOOKS

## THE RAT-TRAP

By DOLF WYLLARDE

Author of "The Story of Eden."

12mo - - - \$1.50

The story of a strong man and  
a weak one—and a woman.

## A BROKEN ROSARY

By EDWARD PEPLE

Colored Illustrations by Scotson Clark

12mo - - - \$1.50

The story of a woman's love and  
a priest's will—and of the victory.

NEW LETTERS OF  
THOMAS CARLYLE

Edited and Annotated by ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

Profusely illustrated. 2 Vols. Boxed. 8vo, \$6.00 net.  
Uniform with "New Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

THE BROOKLYN EAGLE WRITES: "Here we have Carlyle at his best. Four hundred letters, all scintillating with graphicalness and very full of that man Carlyle."

HOW TYSON  
CAME HOME

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING

Author of "The Captured Cunarder,"  
"A-Saddle in the Wild West," etc.

12mo - - - \$1.50

A story with two lovely heroines in  
the balance—and a perplexed hero.

## THE YEOMAN

By

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW

Author of "Patricia of the Hills,"  
"Asteck's Madonna," etc.

12mo - - - \$1.50

A story of the Spring and Youth of  
Life—Refreshing and Invigorating.

Write for complete Spring List of New Books, to

JOHN LANE, 67 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

## PROTECT YOUR BOOKS!

They're too valuable to be strewn about the room or house exposed to dust and damage! Of course you can't help it, if your book-case is full and of the old style solid construction. Better get rid of such a case, or start a new one that will always accommodate your books without being either too large or too small—one that grows with your library and always fits it. The

## Globe-Wernicke

## "Elastic" Book-Case

is the original and only up-to-date sectional book-case and is made by the largest manufacturers of such goods in the world. It's furnished in a variety of grades, sizes

and prices, adapted to any and all requirements. It's a system of units, each unit fitted with the perfection dust-proof roller-bearing door. But we'll be glad to show them if you call, or will send illustrated catalogue on request.

## CROCKER'S

215-219 Bush St.  
227-229 Post St.





## SANTOS-DUMONT AND HIS AIR-SHIPS.

## A Delightfully Personal Narrative.

Whoever opens Santos-Dumont's "My Air-Ships," with the expectation of meeting with only dry technicalities concerning aerial navigation, will be most agreeably disappointed. The book is autobiographical in form, and so simple and direct in style, so permeated with the enthusiasm of the scientist, that it gives a delightful impression of the personality of the young inventor. Where technical details do occur, they are handled clearly and illustrated with such a wealth of diagrams and photographs that they cease to be abstruse.

It is not surprising to learn that Jules Verne was the favorite author of the young Brazilian in his boyish days, or that from his earliest years his mind turned perpetually on machinery of all kinds, and air-ship construction in particular. From his arrival in



Santos-Dumont, author of "My Air-Ships."  
Published by the Century Company.

Paris in 1891, his energies have been directed to the great problem which he has been the first to solve. Paris to him has become his home, and is to his mind the most encouraging environment to the air-ship navigator, because of the liberality of the municipal and state authorities.

Step by step Santos-Dumont follows his experimental progress, describing in turn each new air-ship constructed, with new problems constantly solved, until the culmination is reached in 1901, when he gained the Deutsch prize for the first dirigible balloon which should circle the Eiffel Tower and return to the point of departure within half an hour.

In summing up the results of his years of effort, the inventor by no means feels that his labors are concluded, but rather that a beginning only has been made. He has succeeded in constructing a dirigible balloon with the element of danger removed. The problem of speed is the next to attack. Another consideration is the practical application which may in future be made of the air-ship, more particularly from the military point of view.

More thrilling than any romance, since here is truth that is stranger than fiction, are the descriptions of flights into the upper air, of terrifying descents, of hairbreadth escapes from peril. Concerning the ascents of his air-ships, Santos-Dumont has some interesting things to tell. Unlike the spherical balloonist, who has no sense of movement, but merely gains the impression that the earth is descending below him, the air-ship navigator gains a new sensation of movement.

"I can not describe," Santos-Dumont writes, "the delight, the wonder, and intoxication of this free diagonal movement, onward and upward, or onward and downward. . . . The birds have this sensation when they spread their wings and go tobogganing in curves and spirals through the sky."

Altogether the book is a notable one, beautifully printed, freely illustrated, and with a particularly fine portrait of the author as frontispiece.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.40 net.

## "The Test."

Mary Tappan Wright's new book, "The Test," will be greeted warmly by those who are already acquainted with this author through her first novel, "Aliens." The latter book, a remarkably strong story of the black belt of Georgia, made a deep impression when it appeared, through its presentation of some phases of the race problem that confront the South of to-day. Unlike its predecessor, "The Test" is not located in the South, nor does it touch upon any of the vital questions of the day. It may, however, be termed a problem novel, since it gives a new handling to the old subject of woman's suffering through man's unfaithfulness. The story is of life in a college town, and Mrs. Wright's conception is of a heroine who remains in her home environment, and, facing her little world through all the consequences of her fall, lives down disgrace through the steadfastness of her atonement. The situation is not convincing, for the girl's strength of character is not of the kind that belongs to the woman who sins. An inconsistency runs throughout between the temperaments and the deeds of the people in the tale. Just as Alice Lindell is made of sterner stuff than belongs to one of the erring sisterhood, so Tom Winchester is too fine a clay for the early career set to his credit. But while the probabilities

are not strictly adhered to, the story is told with a passionate intensity that carries its own spell of interest. Intensity is, in fact, the dominant note. There is an edge almost too keen to Alice Lindell's sufferings. The hardening of Mrs. Lindell's nature as the result of her daughter's shame, and the gathering gloom of the family discussion that settles upon the Lindell household gives to the whole a bitter flavor of morbidity, a dreariness that only lifts a little toward the end. Even the young lovers, Gertrude and John, whose future opened with such fair promise, are involved in it. The blind unyieldingness that robbed them of seven years of happiness seems to belong in a New England atmosphere, and might be an incident from one of Mary Wilkins's tales.

Oddly enough, "The Test" gives the impression of being the earlier effort. With less maturity of thought and less breadth of visions than "Aliens," it has the same power of vital interest, and it gives the same impression of being the work of a keen and cultured intellect.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

## "The Citizen" a Work to Inspire Youth.

"The Citizen" is a book to be read by every intelligent American. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, professor of geology in Harvard University, and dean of Lawrence Scientific School, has deduced from his years of study of our public policy a book of practical ideas.

The relation of the individual to his system of government is explained in a practical manner, and the large questions of citizenship and statehood handled in a simple and lucid style, so that the youthful mind may grasp easily what has heretofore been only a meaningless combination of words.

From the primal struggle for existence among the lower orders of creation, to the application of the great ethical principal of the Brotherhood of Man, Professor Shaler traces the gradual upward progress growing out of the relation of the individual to the accepted national ideal.

As a preparation for the duties of citizenship nothing could be more helpful than this book. Young women as well as young men



King Kalakaua, frontispiece from "Around the World with a King," by William N. Armstrong. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

should be brought up to an appreciation of their status in the development of the nation, and a careful study of the chapters on "What Liberty Is," "The Citizen and the Law," "The Limits of Freedom," "His Fellow-Man," and "The American Spirit," gives a broad and comprehensive grasp of the individual's place in the cosmos, and brings home the truth of the fact that the responsibility of citizenship, like the air we breathe, presses with equal weight upon us all.

It would be well if "The Citizen" might be found in every home library in the country, so that every boy and girl might grow up with a realization that the progress of our great American commonwealth is a personal matter to each individual, and the right of the ballot a sacred trust, the responsibility of which there is no shirking.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; \$1.40.

## One Night's Turmoil.

Only one night's adventures are detailed in "A Night With Alessandro," by Treadwell Cleveland, Jr., but they are numerous enough, varied enough, and perilous enough more than to make up for the short space of time.

The hero of the story is a Frenchman sent by Charles the Fifth to Florence to report on the sentiment of the Florentines. He goes, pretending to be a friend of Alessandro, the ruler of Florence, and is invited to a ball. He accepts, and—well, space is too limited to tell all that happens. The scene shifts to a convent, where he and his man Jacques fight against great odds; then to a dungeon, where the Frenchman is put on the rack, mostly because, at the convent, he interfered with the sport of Alessandro, Strozzi, and others. There is a girl in the story—the attraction of the convent raiders—whom the hero marries. There are poison plots, plots to murder—everything that goes to make up a tale of the time of the Medicis. And it is told, too, in a style above the ordinary, with dash and spirit.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.25.

## Mercantile Library

223 Sutter Street

80,000 Vols.

Est. 1852

BOOKS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

## TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP:

Regular Quarterly Dues.....\$1.50  
Special Delivery Quarterly Dues..... 2.00  
Entrance Fee..... 1.00

Catalogues of the old and new books provided. Recent works of current interest purchased to meet the demand.

## WEEKLY COACH DELIVERY

Phone Bush 265.

## A. S. BARNES &amp; CO.'S NEW BOOKS

## The New Success.

## CAP'N ERI "Humor Contagious"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Illustrated in colors by Charlotte Weber. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50. Fourth Edition.

"Everybody's friend."—*N. Y. Sun*.  
"Full of sound, wholesome, homespun philosophy, and a humor as contagious as it is spontaneous. When the public once learns what sort of a book this is, it is safe to prophesy that 'Cap'n Eri' will have a voyage paralleled by very few of the novels of the season."—*N. Y. Globe*.

## "A Story That Goes."

## TO WINDWARD

By HENRY C. ROWLAND, Author of "Sea Scamps." 12mo. Cloth, with frontispiece in color, \$1.50. Second Edition.

"Written with charm."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.  
"Crisp and strong. Full of breeziness and virile humanity."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

## LIFE AND NATURE IN THE MOUNTAINS

By ARTHUR HENRY, Author of "An Island Cabin." Each 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50.

## THE CITIZEN

A Study of the Individual and the Government.

By NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.  
Professor of Geology in Harvard University, Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.40 net.

Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, says "I think it is the best book on the interests and duties of a citizen I have seen."

## "A Great Story of American Pluck."

## RUNNING THE RIVER

By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"An exciting story. Fascinating sketches of actual life are mingled with the adventures of a trio of sturdy young Americans."—*Chicago Eve. Post*.

## "Fills an Unoccupied Place."

## NAPOLEON A SHORT BIOGRAPHY

By R. M. JOHNSTON. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00 net.

Professor O. H. Richardson, of Yale University, says: "The book is written with great lucidity as well as conciseness, is accurate and free from partisanship. I am pleased with it and shall recommend it."

## THE ARK OF 1803

## "A Story of Louisiana Purchase Times."

By C. A. STEPHENS. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.25. A new volume in the East and West Series. (Uniform with New Fortunes.)

One of the greatest chapters of American history lives in this dramatic story by one of the most popular American writers.

## THE BOSS

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

(Third Edition)

12mo. Cloth. \$1.50

## AN ISLAND CABIN

By ARTHUR HENRY

(New Edition)

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50

## HIS LITTLE WORLD

A NOVEL

By SAMUEL MERWIN

12mo. Cloth. \$1.25

## THE TRAIL MAKERS

Great Historical Explorations. With Introductions, Illustrations, and Maps.

12 vols. Each 12mo. \$1.00 per volume.

The Journey of Coronado, 1540-42. From the City of Mexico to the Buffalo Plains of Kansas and Nebraska. 1 vol. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by George Parker Winship.

The Lewis and Clark Journals, complete in three volumes. With an account of the Louisiana Purchase by Professor J. B. McMaster and an identification of the route.

Prof. JOHN BACH

McMASTER

Consulting Editor.

Harmon's Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America.

Mackenzie's Voyages. Two volumes.

Colden's History of the Five Indian Nations. Two volumes.

Butler's Wild Northland.

## THE WOMAN'S HOME LIBRARY

Each small 12mo.

A Series of Practical Books on Practical Subjects by the Best Authorities.

Women's Ways of Evening Money.

By Cynthia Westover Alden, President-General of the International Sunshine Society.

Mrs. Sangster's Series will constitute the most helpful and suggestive practical home library which has been planned.

The Mothers' Manual.

By Emelyn L. Coolidge, M. D., Visiting Physician of the Out-Patient Department of the Babies' Hospital, N. Y., etc.

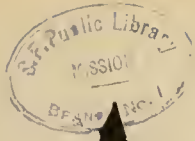
Beauty Through Hygiene.

Common-Sense Ways to Beauty and Health. By Emma E. Walker, M. D., Member of the N. Y. Academy of Medicine, etc. (Ready Shortly.)

A. S. BARNES &amp; CO.,

156 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK





# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1419. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 23, 1904. PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 322 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Democratic Situation—Comparative Strength of Hearst and Parker—A Chance for Hearst in Ohio—The Importance of the South—What is the Matter With Parker?—The Opinions on the Democratic Situation of Men of Political Prominence—Gold, Gold, and Still More Gold—A Draft for "Not Over \$40,000,000"—The Advance of the Japanese Army—The Question of the Open Shop—The Republican Platform, Vice-President, and Campaign Manager—The Fracas at Santa Cruz—A Peculiar Platform—Protection Principles in the Democratic Party—Harmony at Sacramento—Palo Alto's Warning to San Francisco—Foul Dairies a Menace to Health—Just a Funny Incident—De Young Censored by the "Chronicle" . . . 337-339

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN PALESTINE: Quarantine in the Levant—How the Town-Dwellers Survive—Why Palestine Seemed an Eden—Water, Above and Under the Ground—Small Size of the Holy Land—Cities, Villages, and Traditions—Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea—How they Love One Another in Palestine—Money in the Holy Land—Money in the United States. By Jerome Hart. . . 339-340

THE GLASSES OF TRUTH: What Prince Fortunate Believed With Them. Translated from the French of Maurice Magre by Jeannette Brule. . . 341

INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World . . . 341

THE NEW CONEY ISLAND: The Greatest Amusement Place in the World—New York Has a World's Fair at Home—An Amazing Multitude of Attractions. By "Flaneur" . . . 342

SAN FRANCISCO HILLS IN VERSE: "Lone Mountain," by Bret Harte; "Russian Hill," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson; "Telygraft Hill," by Wallace Irwin. . . 342

A SAN FRANCISCO KLONDIKER: Jeremiah Lynch's Spirited Account of Alaska—Strange Features of Climate—A Terrible Death—The Great Yukon. . . 343

THREE GREAT ARTISTS: Franz von Lembach, Benjamin Constant, and James McNeill Whistler. By Helen Hecht. . . 343

LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications . . . 344-345

DRAMA: Richard Mansfield in "Ivan the Terrible"—Melbourne MacDowell in "The Empress Theodora." by Josephine Hart Phelps. . . 346

STAGE GOSSIP . . . 347

VANITY FAIR: Blonde Chorus-Girls in the Background—Black or Brown-Haired Ones the Favorites—Men Think Them Cleverer Than Blondes—Fashionables in Washington Learn Japanese Wrestling—Gainsborough Hats Should Top Only Broad Shoulders—Make Short Women Look Shorter—Diamonds Going Up—Expected to Reach Fabulous Prices—Buying Distinguished People's Visiting Cards—Making an Impression Thereby—A Misinterpreted Message—The New York Coaching Parade—Those Who Took Part. . . 348

STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Harry Lehr's Latest Witticism—Hazy, But Successful—A Wise Father—General Chaffee's Story of the Irish Recruit—Gorman on Advanced Women—A Shrewd Errand Boy—Forbes' Unpunctuality—Careless Parents—Doehme's Estimate of Van Dyck—Reed and Cannon. . . 349

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Seven Lies of Man," by McLand-burgh Wilson; "Teacher's Pet" . . . 349

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News. . . 350-351

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dis-mal Wits of the Day. . . 352

The success of Mr. Hearst in securing an instructed delegation in California gives him a total of 72 instructed delegates against Parker's 122. When preferences and probabilities are considered, however, his showing is much better.

At the hour when we write, the total number of dele-

gates elected to the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis is 436. That body will consist of 994 delegates. Nearly one-half of them have, therefore, now been elected. The 122 delegates instructed for Parker are: New York, 78; Connecticut, 14; Indiana, 30. The 72 instructed delegates of Hearst are divided as follows: Iowa, 26; Nevada, 6; New Mexico, 6; Rhode Island, 6; South Dakota, 8; California, 20. Outside of his 122 instructed delegates, Parker has only 6 who have openly expressed their preference for him. These are 4 of New Hampshire's 8, and 2 delegates from an Ohio district convention. He may be credited, therefore, with 130 delegates.

Outside of the 72 delegates instructed for Hearst, preference for him is expressed by at least 6 delegates from Kansas, 6 from Massachusetts, 8 from Ohio, 6 from Oregon, 10 from Washington (7 only are for him, but the delegation must vote as a unit), and 2 from West Virginia. This makes a total of 110 probably for Hearst against 130 probably for Parker. For Gorman the 12 delegates from West Virginia have expressed a preference; and for Olney, 25 delegates from Massachusetts. The 26 delegates from Wisconsin are instructed to vote as a unit for a favorite son, Edward C. Wall. The uncommitted delegates are: Kansas, 14; Maine, 2; Massachusetts, 1; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 24; Ohio, 4; Oregon, 2; Pennsylvania (must vote as a unit), 68; Rhode Island, 2; Montana, 6. Put in tabular form, the case stands like this:

Parker	130
Hearst	110
Uncommitted	127
Wall	26
Olney	25
Gorman	18
Total	436

Of the twenty-six Democratic State conventions yet to be held only six are fixed for the month of May; so it is clear that the uncertainty regarding the Democratic Presidential nominee will persist at least for several weeks. Of these six May conventions, the most important is Ohio's, on May 24th. Ohio is fighting ground. The Hearst people are said to be confident of their ability to round up the delegation from that State. The long feud there between Tom Johnson and John R. McLean has left the party in a condition of demoralization and destitution. It is therefore particularly susceptible to Hearst "arguments," and John J. Lentz is said to be willing and anxious to act as "distributing agent." Altogether there is a very fair show that Hearst will have the Ohio delegation, which has 46 delegates. The Arizona convention will be held on May 23d, and considering the course of New Mexico and Nevada, and Hearst's bold fight for the admission of the Territories, it is very likely that he will get Arizona's 6 delegates. On May 25th, two conventions will be held—in Alabama and Tennessee. The best information is that they will elect delegates either instructed for Parker or uninstructed. They have, respectively, 22 and 26 delegates. On the following day, Maryland holds its convention, and it is a foregone conclusion that it will instruct its delegates for Gorman. The action of Alabama and Tennessee will be of the highest importance. Parker's friends have claimed for him the Solid South. He has instructed delegations from three doubtful and important States of the North—New York, Indiana, and Connecticut. If Alabama and Tennessee instruct for him, it will be a very fair indication of the attitude of the South as a whole. And the South it is which decides!

The weakness which the Parker boom has developed, and which has been commented upon in these columns

during the past few weeks, finds its cause in several circumstances. First among these, perhaps, is his own impenetrable silence, in combination with a weak, inconsistent, and altogether unsatisfactory platform. Second, comes the fear of the domination of David B. Hill, a tricky, narrow-gauge politician. Third, the hand of the "money power," so abhorrent to the radical wing of the Democracy, has shown itself very plainly. Cord Meyer, recently elected chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, was one of the original stockholders of the Sugar Trust, and is said still to be interested in it. P. H. McCarren, chairman of the executive committee, is on record as the defender of the Trust in a legislative investigation. Meyer is further said to be the man who waited on a member of the Cleveland Cabinet to inquire how the Trust was to be treated in the Wilson tariff bill. The Trust influences surrounding Parker are bound to hurt him. A further cause of weakness in the Parker boom is the maintenance, by the Tammany leader, Murphy, of a vigorous opposition. Though the Tammany delegates are bound hard and fast to vote for Parker at St. Louis, they are letting it be known that it is an excessively distasteful duty. By showing to the Democracy of the country that New York is divided on Parker, they expect to influence it to nominate some other man. Still another cause of weakness is the prominence of August Belmont as a Parker supporter. It is asserted that he has undertaken to raise, in support of the judge's cause, no less a sum than five millions of dollars.

The weakening of Judge Parker's grasp on the situation results, of course, in much gossip of other candidates. Tammany Hall is scattering through the country literature setting forth the strength of Mayor McClellan as a compromise Presidential candidate. The New Jersey delegation, under the leadership of James Smith, Jr., still has a sneaking idea that it may be able to spring a Cleveland boom on the convention at St. Louis, and stamped it. Territorial Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico—who affirms that, while Roosevelt was a member of the New York legislature, he predicted he would one day be President, and who says he predicted the nomination of Bryan, in 1896—predicts now that the next Democratic nominee will be Joseph W. Folk, of St. Louis. Folk himself says that he does not want the nomination—would not take it, in fact—but while we may believe the former statement, we doubt the latter. John Brisben Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, has also, in an address, sounded the praise of Folk, denouncing Parker as a creature of Hill and Belmont, and the New York platform as a thing of "putty, persiflage, peanuts, and prevarication." He said he was not in favor of Hearst. Senator Gorman is reported by Walter Wellman to have suggested Charles A. Towne, formerly of Minnesota, as a compromise candidate. Clark Howell, of Georgia, in an interview, has recently said that there is considerable talk in the South of Gorman, McClellan, and Gray, and that he thinks, of the three, McClellan leads. The South, he says, would resent Mr. Cleveland's nomination. The action of Indiana in indorsing Parker has, in Howell's opinion, made it practically certain that Georgia will also instruct for him. In the opinion of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, a movement is on foot to stampede the convention for Cleveland, but he does not favor it. He thinks Parker still in the lead, and admits that Kentucky may instruct for Hearst. The nomination of "Joe" Folk, of St. Louis, would not, he says, surprise him in the least.

Such is the present Democratic situation, such the current expressions of opinion by men of political prominence regarding it. The Democratic party, rent and torn with dissension, indeed furnishes a striking



contrast to the Republican party, where harmony rules, and whose candidate is as good as nominated.

Since Theodore Roosevelt has the Republican Presidential nomination roped and tied down, all the interest, on the Republican side of the house, centres upon minor matters: Who will be the Vice-Presidential nominee? Who will be chairman of the National Executive Committee? What will the platform be like?

As to the Vice-Presidency, there are now three prominent candidates: "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, Representative Robert R. Hitt, also of Illinois, and Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana. A few weeks ago, Fairbanks was in the lead; but his well-known austerity of manner, his lack of magnetism, his inability to "mix" and make telling speeches, have militated against his candidacy. What is wanted is a man who can, by a whirlwind campaign, set the Middle West aflame for Republican principles. Besides, the factional fight in Illinois has rendered it apparent that that State is doubtful—more doubtful than Indiana, Fairbanks's State. So the Cannon boom blossomed into being, despite the thunderous "No's" with which Cannon endeavored to repress it. It is argued that "Uncle Joe" is just the man to save Indiana and Illinois for the Republican party if they are in doubt. Just the pictures of his humorous visage will, say the politicians, win ten thousand votes in the Middle West. Thus, despite his protests, it is possible that the Chicago convention may shanghai Cannon, even as Roosevelt was commandeered four years ago. But meanwhile the boom of Mr. Hitt has appeared. He is "willin'." He is a man of imposing personality, dignity, high character, and vast experience. He is one of the most distinguished men in Congress, where he has sat for twenty years. But he, like Fairbanks, is not the campaigner that "Uncle Joe" is, and there is no certainty of his nomination, though he doubtless has the best chance of the three, especially since the Illinois convention has indorsed him.

The matter of the national chairmanship seems to be practically decided. That honor, after hovering over the heads of Judge Penrose, Senator Lodge, Governor Murphy, and others, has finally descended upon that of George B. Cortelyou, formerly secretary to President McKinley, then to President Roosevelt, and now secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor. He is known as a man of fine executive ability; his knowledge of public men and political methods is very large; his position has been such that he has few enemies; and, in other respects, he seems admirably equipped. The final decision lies with the convention.

The platform, according to the best information, will be brief and to the point. President Roosevelt is quoted as saying at a recent conference: "And above all, let it be a plain, direct, explicit platform, with no beating about the bush, no ambiguity, no mere phrases. We should know what we mean and say it right out." The principal plank will be the tariff plank, and that, it is said, will declare for tariff revision when conditions demand it. The sane, cautious, conservative, dignified, and yet effective, administration of our foreign affairs by Roosevelt and Hay will be warmly commended.

According to Collector Stratton, twenty millions of dollars in Japanese gold *yen* have been shipped from the Mikado's empire to this Coast during the past six months. This is only a part of the great monetary movement resulting from the disturbance of the world's financial equilibrium by the war. The gold shipped here, it appears, is largely deposited in the local mint. Some of it, however, goes East. In that case it may be seized upon to supply the great export demand resulting from the flotation of the Russian loan in Paris. Thus Japanese gold may go to meet the Russian need—such is the curious complexity of modern finance. At the present time, the gold exports from New York are exceptionally large. The steamer *Lorraine*, of the French line, alone carried nine and a half millions of dollars when she sailed last week (what a booty for some modern pirate!) and the *Deutschland* some millions more. The treasure that the *Lorraine* carried is said to be the largest single shipment ever made from New York to Europe. Fifty-two millions of dollars in the yellow metal have gone abroad since April 8th. Of course, this is due not only to the flotation of the Russian loan in Paris, but to the Panama Canal payment through J. P. Morgan. The Treasury warrant for forty millions—the largest ever drawn—was returned by registered mail to the Treasury last week Wednesday, and excited much interest. An amusing feature was the precautionary legend stamped across its face in plain black letters: "Not Over Forty Million Dollars"—doubtless

to deter any unscrupulous teller from trying to "raise it."

Most interesting is the attitude of the world's shrewd financiers toward the loans floated by the two countries at war, as showing their opinion of the ultimate outcome. Russia has floated one loan in Paris, the amount being \$154,500,000, the rate five per cent., the duration five years, and the selling price almost par. It was privately taken up by Paris financiers, though the National City Bank, of New York, subscribed in the sum of \$4,000,000. Japan, on the other hand, endeavored, first, to float a loan of only \$50,000,000, and sought aid from London and New York bankers. The issue price was 93½ (instead of par as with Russia), the rate was six per cent. (against Russia's five), and Japan was obliged to pledge her customs revenue as security—a requirement which is said to be felt very keenly by the Japanese, who look upon it as a blow at their national honor. However, the loan was oversubscribed—twenty times, it is said—and the actual selling price exceeded the issue price. In London, shortly after the issue of the prospectus, Baron Hayashi, the Japanese minister, and some friends made a dramatic appearance on the Stock Exchange. They were greeted with cheers and the utmost enthusiasm, and immediately thereafter the loan went up to 3¾ premium. In New York, Japanese bonds were actively dealt in on the curb the day before the subscriptions were formally opened, the range of prices being from 95 to 96¼. On the heels of the floating of this loan, it is announced from Japan that another loan of \$50,000,000, probably to be placed at home, has been decided on by the imperial council.

The effect of Japanese successes on her regular four per cent. bonds is interesting. Two days before the war broke out, her four per cents. sold at 72½. In the first week of the war they slumped to 67. Later, even in the face of Japanese successes, they went to 66. But after the news of the Battle of the Yalu came they rose to 71½. The Russian fours, before the war began, stood at 96¼. During the first week, they slumped to 88¼. Before the Battle of the Yalu they had risen to 92, but the news of that caused a decline to 88. Yet the four per cent. bonds of the two nations show quite a disparity in value, standing in a ratio of approximately 71 to 88.

The feature of the whole situation that is satisfying to Americans is that a part, at least, of the huge sums being borrowed by Japan is likely to be spent in this country. Not only is she buying food supplies, but she wants silver to pay her troops in the field. She is already reported to have purchased Mexican dollars in the sum of two millions, and silver is expected to boom, to the great advantage of the silver-producing States.

It is easier to say where the Japanese are not in southern Manchuria than where they are. They swarm. It must seem to Kuropatkin that they were shaken down from some gigantic pepper-pot. Dozens of little towns are garrisoned with small forces, and the three divisions of Kuroki's army are gradually creeping upon Kuropatkin. A long detour has been made by the northernmost division, and not only Liao Yang, but Moukden itself, is threatened. The central division is steadily pressing forward on the Fung Wang Cheng-Liao Yang road toward the latter place. The southern wing has advanced beyond Siuyan. Skirmishes are frequent, resulting always in the retirement of the Russians upon the Japanese advance. The Chinese bandits appear greatly to worry the Russians, and may yet prove an important factor in the contest. The most important land operation of the week was the disembarking of a Japanese force on the west coast of the Liao Tung Peninsula, twenty miles south of Yinkow, on May 16th. Seventeen steamers approached the shore, bombarded the Russian defenses, and landed an unknown number of troops, driving back the Russians, and destroying the railway. Then they appear to have reembarked. Only a few Russians remain in Newchwang, and according to the reports they are ready to fly at any moment. Kin Chow seems to have been evacuated by the Russians, leaving all southern Manchuria, except the city of Port Arthur itself, in the undisputed possession of the Japanese.

The explanation of Kuropatkin's masterly inactivity which finds most favor in the capitals of Europe—even in Paris—is that he has only 100,000 men, while Kuroki has 160,000. The *Argonaut* has constantly pointed out that the outside world has no authentic information as to the number of Russian troops in Manchuria. The number has been put as high as 400,000. The present estimate of 100,000 is the other extreme. If it is at all accurate, it means that the transiberian railway has broken down under

weight of traffic. But that this is the case is a conclusion to be arrived at with caution. It is conceivable that reports of absolute Russian demoralization and weakness have been purposely circulated by the officials. How much greater the moral effect of a brilliant victory at a time when a feeling of pessimism exists throughout Russia and in Russia's ally, France!

On sea, the Japanese have for the first time met with serious disaster. On May 12th, the Japanese torpedo-boat No. 48 was blown in two while it was attempting to destroy a Russian mine in the bay near Dalny. Seven men were killed and seven wounded, and the vessel sank in a few minutes. On May 15th, the Japanese steel cruiser *Miyako*, of 1,800 tons, was destroyed in the same manner. She struck an undiscovered mine, and sank in twenty-two minutes, two sailors being killed and twenty-five men wounded. The Russians also assert that on May 10th a Russian officer with three men in a launch boldly crept out of Port Arthur and succeeded in getting close to a Japanese cruiser which it torpedoed. The vessel, it is alleged, was badly crippled, and was taken in tow by a sister ship. The launch succeeded in escaping. No statement regarding this occurrence comes from Tokio. There is no dispute, however, regarding the later and graver disaster. Togo reports that, on May 15th, during a dense fog, the cruisers *Kasuga* and *Yoshino* collided off Port Arthur, and the *Yoshino* sank, only 90 of her crew of 300 being saved. On the same morning, the battle-ship *Hatsuse* struck a mine off Port Arthur, signaled for help, instantly struck another mine, and sank in half an hour. Only 300 of her crew of 750 were saved. Three cruisers, a battle-ship, and a torpedo-boat, of a value of, say, fifteen millions of dollars, with 800 men, lost in one week! Truly, the luck has changed.

Does anybody remember what happened to Palo Alto?

Does anybody remember how for weeks the little town was shrouded in gloom; how its homes were turned into hospitals; how day after day the dispatches told of the death, by typhoid fever, of young men and maidens, the flower of our youth; what a sad occasion was Commencement Day at Leland Stanford University, May 25, 1903? And the cause of it all was one foul dairy, one criminally careless vendor of milk. Now San Francisco, smiling carelessly, beckons the old man with the scythe to reap in her populous fields. Palo Alto had one foul lacteal spring; we, it seems, have thirty. It is only a question of time when similar results will follow from similar conditions—and on a vastly greater scale. If we may believe Health Officer Ragan, who has recently examined the leading dairies, the conditions are nothing short of scandalous. He did not find a single dairy that was sanitary. Among other things, he discovered that the "floors of the milk rooms are kept in a filthy condition"; that "ceilings are covered with cobwebs and filth"; that "brooms are not articles of use"; that "water is not used for cleaning purposes"; that milk, in cooling, "is exposed to the dust and filth from the stables"; that "there is usually no system of drainage"; that "the places swarm with flies"; and that "no attention is paid by the men to personal cleanliness." One cooling-room was close to an open sewer! Health Officer Ragan has drunk no milk since his little jaunt. We don't blame him. But San Francisco's four hundred thousand people can not follow his cautious example.

Some twenty-first century romancer, some future

Alexandre Dumas, will one day find (as Dumas did find in the *dossiers* of the police of Paris) material for a tale as wild and strange as any "Monte Cristo" in the life story of Caroline D. Fair (*née* Smith). A girl is born of humble parents in a shabby little New Jersey town; she grows up untaught, untrained; she drifts across the continent, and, at length, meets, loves, is loved by, and marries, the son of a man many times a millionaire; she reforms him—makes a man of him; she grows generously charitable, doing good in many ways; then, in a terrible accident, she and her husband are together killed; her humble mother, her uncouth brothers, lay claim to the vast estate; their claims are settled for a hundred thousand or so by the rich relatives of their sister's husband, but they cry fraud and renew their suit; two men, on a lark unknown to their wives, now affirm that they saw the disaster, and swear that the woman lived longest (on this the case depends), but they are arrested for perjury, clapped into prison, tried, finally convicted, and sentenced for three years; physicians of France and American surgeons dispute over whether the man or woman lived longest; the suit continues, but, at length, the defendants compromise with the brothers and mother of the dead woman; and the last act, last scene, reveal the loutish brothers ban-



queting the envious populace of the Jersey village, jocosely reveling in the millions so curiously come by, while in a house near by the mother of the girl lies lying.

A strange story, indeed, is it not? In the hands of a born teller of tales, seen through the glamorous haze of half a century of time, with a looming background of the Argonaut days of California, it ought, some time, to entrance a romance-loving posterity.

To come down to the present, the plain fact in the present settlement appears to be that a sum approximating \$2,500,000 has been paid to the Smiths, Mrs. Nelson, and their lawyers in full settlement of all claims. The judgment not only decides the case in favor of Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt, but enjoins Mrs. Nelson and her relatives from ever questioning the validity of the settlement or the deeds, transfers, and other documents connected with it. The defendants have been brought to this compromise by considerations which are set forth in a formal statement given out by the lawyers, in which they say:

The defendants were equally moved to a favorable consideration of such a course for several reasons. In the first place, the technical allegation of fraud in the complaint was extremely distasteful to Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt. Neither of them had taken any personal part in arranging the details of the San Francisco settlement, and both had resumed that everything had been done properly and to the satisfaction of every one concerned. In the next place, should the conviction of Mas and Moranne be eventually reversed, or should the Houdes (eye-witnesses) subsequently consent to testify, and by their testimony prove Mrs. Fair's survival, it would then appear that the amount paid the Nelson family under the San Francisco settlement was not commensurate with the value of the rights involved and surrendered. For these reasons, after a careful discussion by each side, it was actually decided to settle the case finally at this time rather than await the uncertainties of the future.

At last it seems that the litigation over the Fair millions has reached an end.

In the *Chronicle* for May 13th appeared a dispatch from New York—purporting to be an extract from the New York *Tribune*. The *Tribune* (according to this dispatch) stated that M. H. de Young was at the Waldorf-Astoria, and proceeded to give some of Mr. de Young's views on the St. Louis Exposition, the marvelous growth of San Francisco, and the popularity of Roosevelt in California. That was all. Now, when the New York *Tribune* for May 13th came tooling along four or five days later, some imp of curiosity caused us to pause and read the original interview in the *Tribune's* broad and apacious columns. We discovered something! Not only did Mr. de Young speak of St. Louis, of San Francisco, and of Roosevelt, but of Hearst! He said: "The California delegation to St. Louis will undoubtedly be for Hearst. His paper is an influential Democratic journal, and while he has some enemies, they will be in the minority in the State." Interesting, indeed. But this the *Chronicle* didn't print. Mr. de Young's *Chronicle* censored Mr. de Young's utterance. We should say it was hard luck to have the tuffing edited out of your pronouncements by your own paper. But he was right all the same!

"The tariff is a local issue," said Hancock, and got laughed at. But the tariff plank of the California Democratic platform convinces us he was right. "The Democratic party," that document says, "pledges itself to a careful and fair revision of the existing tariffs, always making due allowance in the adjustment of rates for all differences in the cost of production between American and foreign producers by reason of the difference of the labor cost of the respective producers." This is queer Democratic doctrine. Can it be that the California Democrats were afraid of offending the folks who raise raisins and citrus fruits, who deal in wool and lumber? Other planks of the platform are somewhat inconsistent with the lauded "principles of Jefferson." Jefferson said: "The best government is that which governs the least." The California Democrats favor the extension of government power in several directions. They denounce the course of the government in the Panama Canal matter, favor the election of senators by direct vote, praise labor unions, and condemn the extravagance of the late Republican Congress. The events of the convention scarcely need to be detailed. On Monday, the anti-Hearstites were victorious in the election of Frank H. Gould chairman over William Jeter by a vote of 367 to 345. On Tuesday this small majority was overcome and Hearst endorsed by a vote of 365 to 346. The Republican press insinuates that improper methods were employed, but with a vagueness that does not lend conviction. The convention was not characterized by any marked expressions of ill-feeling. Frank H. Gould appears to

have made an excellent presiding officer. If the defeated faction is really "sore," the fact has not yet made itself apparent.

The Republican convention, just ended, was a harmonious gathering. The platform adopted is a model of brevity and charmingly unambiguous. Governor Pardee, George A. Knight, John D. Spreckels, and Judge McKinley are the delegates-at-large. Abe Ruef is Spreckels's alternate. M. H. de Young is not a delegate. These two latter facts are rather significant. Ruef controls the San Francisco Republican organization. Mr. de Young was turned down. He has not been taking it so very quietly, as readers of the *Chronicle* are quite aware.

## DISAPPOINTMENTS IN PALESTINE.

By Jerome Hart.

Most travelers, as they sail from the west of the Mediterranean toward the Levant, become apprehensive of quarantine. Many who do not fear cholera or plague fear quarantine, and with reason. In traveling, it is very difficult to get truthful news about the prevalence of infectious disease. The people in the infected places are interested in suppressing the news; the people in other places have all manner of motives for directing passengers in various directions and by various routes; it is thus almost impossible to get at the truth.

While in the quarantine zone I was much interested in observing the attitude of travelers toward the various newspapers; the only journal in which they seemed to repose implicit faith was the *London Times*. Even French, Italian, German, and Austrian tourists looked with suspicion on Austrian, German, Italian, and French newspapers; they might read them for home news, for political gossip, and that sort of thing; but when they wanted to get at the truth about quarantine they read the *London Times*. The two English papers modeled on American lines—the *London Mail* and the *London Express*—one sees everywhere in traveling; but while they are chatty and gossipy, and people like to read them, they do not seem to heed them. For that matter, I observed that Americans frequently attached more importance to the meagre American dispatches in the *London Times* than they did to the fuller ones in the only American paper published on the Continent—which, by the way, are frequently identical with those in the *London Telegraph*.

When you are bound for the Holy Land, from a distance of thousands of miles, Palestine seems a microscopic spot. At first you ask, "Is there any disease now in Palestine?" Or, "Are Western ports quarantining Palestine ports?" But as you approach the Holy Land, Palestine becomes more than a spot—near at hand it is a microcosm. You not only find that there may be epidemic disease there, and quarantine, but that the different spotlets of the spot quarantine against each other. Jerusalem declares a quarantine against Damascus, Damascus against Smyrna, Jerusalem against Gaza, Jerusalem against Lydda, Jerusalem against Hebron; last year, Hebron actually declared a quarantine against the surrounding villages, and maintained a cordon about itself reaching to the Pools of Solomon.

That Jerusalem should quarantine against Alexandria, or Alexandria against Smyrna, may not seem peculiar; but for one small town in Palestine to quarantine against all the little hamlets around it seems rather absurd. However, several communities in the United States declared quarantine against California a while ago, and Sacramento was threatening, through its press, to quarantine against San Francisco. The cordon traced around Hebron is not unlike the shot-gun quarantine maintained in the Southern States some years ago, when the yellow fever was raging there.

In sailing along the Syrian coast, one is continually struck by the wealth of color. First comes the tawny sea-beach, then the white buildings with their red roofs, the copper domes, and the occasional minarets, all set in groves of green. Behind these rise the first ranges of hills, of a warm reddish color; back of these the hills grow brown; back of them again they melt into gray, and then in the distance amethyst mountain ranges are outlined on the brilliantly blue Syrian sky. Sailing along the Syrian coast the land looks incredibly beautiful, but beware of landing. When you land all beauty disappears. The towns which, seen from the sea, are white and beautiful, seen ashore are filthy and squalid. The houses are a patchwork of all ages and of all styles of architecture—massive masonry with sheds and hovels of refuse boards and sheet tin leaning up against the ancient buildings. The narrow streets are crowded

with surly men, shapeless women, and shrill children; through this mass of humanity burdened donkeys push their way. The shopkeepers sit in their little shops, about six by six in size, and in loud tones conduct conversations with their fellow-shopkeepers up and down the street and across the way.

It is amazing how human beings can breed in these filthy towns—or I should say survive, for the human race can breed anywhere. Probably the explanation is an old one—the country feeds as well as breeds the towns. In his remarkable booklet, "The Town-Dweller," Dr. J. Minor Fothergill—that brilliant physician who died untimely—proved that there is no fourth generation of Londoners. In the third generation the pure town-bred Londoner ceases to propagate. It is the red-faced rustics impelled thither, lured by the lights of London town, who renew the blood-stream of the gigantic city.

So it is in Syria—the town-dwellers soon die out; but they are recruited by intermarriages with Kurds, Circassians, Persians, Africans, Cypriotes, and Levantines generally. In fact, there is a distinct race in such towns as Smyrna, which race is of the Greek type. The Smyrniotes are continually recruited from the islands of the Grecian Archipelago.

From the days of Marco Polo down to our own, that travelers in a foreign land often overrate its merits is plainly proved by Palestine. For something like four thousand years both travelers and natives have been lying about it. Most of us have based our views of Palestine on the bragging done in the tales of the old Biblical times. It is hard to fit these tales to the modern Palestine, making every allowance for centuries of Turkish misrule. It is impossible to believe that this could ever have been a land flowing with milk and honey. How the natives of any era could have believed their own bragging about Palestine it is difficult to understand. Probably the hypothesis of some Oriental traveler is the correct one, which is that Syria seems a paradise to the wayfarer coming from the desert. That explains it. "In the kingdom of the blind," says the old proverb, "the one-eyed man is king." And so to the Bedouin and to the thirst-stricken traveler coming from the desert which bounds Syria on the east, it must indeed seem like a garden of Eden.

Correspondingly, much of Palestine to the desert wayfarer must seem like an oasis. To us dwellers in the Far West, a simple parallel may be found. When you cross the vast stretches of alkali desert in Nevada and reach a little garden spot like Humboldt Wells, where the thirsty earth has drunk up water piped from the distant hills, and thus refreshed has brought forth palm trees and flowers, how inexpressibly grateful is the green to the tired eye of the traveler. So, too, in the Yuma desert, where oases like Indio meet the eye. To the Bedouin, who is born and lives and dies in the desert, all Palestine is a gigantic oasis.

To a Californian the parched and baked appearance of the surface in Palestine does not seem strange. It may seem so to the pilgrims from moist lands like those of Northern Europe, where it rains all of the summer, and nearly all of the winter when it isn't snowing. But what strikes even the Californian is the aqueous topsy-turvydom. We have little subsoil water in California. There are few shallow artesian reservoirs. What shallow ones we have are easily tapped and drained by too many wells, and about our only source of supply is in the streams fed by the melting snows in the Sierras, which streams, for the most part, flow uselessly to the sea. But in Palestine, while there is apparently little or no water on top of the ground, there is a great deal of it immediately under the surface. These are subterranean springs and streamlets filtering everywhere through the solid rock. The whole plain of Sharon seems to be over a mighty subterranean river. The people there say they can detect the presence of water by putting their ears to the ground. They aver that they can hear the murmur of water from the rocky depths below.

The existence of natural subterranean streams seems to have given the natives a belief that artificial water-courses should also be subterranean. There is an ancient underground aqueduct which supplies Jerusalem with water, and which is fed by the Pools of Solomon. This aqueduct became choked up in the course of ages, and was cleaned out and again put in use. It is sadly needed. Jerusalem is a city without water. Its principal supply is from rainwater cisterns. Not only is water needed for drinking, but if an adequate water supply were brought to the city, it is not impossible that the inhabitants might wash and be clean. The most pious pilgrim, the most ardent palmer who worships at the holy city's shrines, will admit that they need it.



The many musical references in Holy Writ to springs and fountains arouse one's expectation in this thirsty land. Involuntarily you quicken your pace as you approach a well, or spring, or fountain. But there is nothing attractive about them in Palestine. The women wash garments at the drinking-places till the waters are foul with filth; the men wash horses in them; and all classes seem to drink freely of this foul water, and wonder at the squeamishness of the European. Out of some of the springs, when the water is low, a slight disturbance of the mud at the bottom will send up whiffs of sulphureted hydrogen gas which will almost take a man's head off.

When one thinks of the great events that have taken place in the Holy Land, the multitude of cities, villages, and towns, the countless millions who have been born there and whose bones now lie in its rock-ribbed hills, the small dimensions of Palestine are almost startling. West of the Jordan, where most of the historic events took place, there are only 3,800 square miles, including all of the geographical divisions now called Palestine; including the land both east and west of the Jordan, the total area is 9,840 square miles. The length of Palestine from north to south is about 150 miles. It varies in breadth from 23 to 80 miles.

Perhaps the best way to realize its smallness is to compare it with other geographical divisions. Compared with European countries it is about one-sixth the size of England (58,168 square miles); little more than two-thirds the size of Switzerland (15,992 square miles); a little more than one-third the size of Greece (25,014 square miles); less than one-tenth the size of Denmark (101,903 square miles); one-eleventh the size of the late Transvaal Republic (121,845 square miles).

Coming to the western hemisphere, it is a little more than one-third the size of Costa Rica (23,233 square miles); it is a little larger than Salvador (72,255 square miles); it is a little more than one-half the size of Santo Domingo (18,045 square miles); and it is about one-eighth the size of Mexico (747,900 square miles).

Comparing it with geographical divisions in our own country—say California—it is a little larger than Fresno County (8,010 square miles); a little smaller than Inyo County (10,020 square miles); it is much smaller than San Diego County (14,548 square miles); and less than one-half the size of San Bernardino County (21,000 square miles).

The geographical division in California which roughly resembles it in shape and approximates it in size is made up of Monterey County (3,452 square miles), San Luis Obispo County (3,404 square miles), and Santa Barbara County (2,380 square miles). These three counties of California make a total of about the area of Palestine.

Taking these three coast counties as analogous to the Palestine coast of the Turkish Empire, Beirut, the northernmost important seaport, would be in Monterey County, not far from Monterey town, and about where Carmel Bay is situated. The seaport of Acre would be about where San Luis Obispo city lies. Jaffa, the seaport of Jerusalem, would be a little north of Santa Barbara city. Jerusalem itself would be in the San Rafael Mountains, about fifty miles east of Port Sal. Judea would be in Santa Barbara County, Samaria would be in San Luis Obispo County, and Galilee partly in San Luis Obispo and partly in Monterey County. The sea of Tiberias would lie in San Luis Obispo County, not far from Santa Marguerita, while the Dead Sea would be found in the eastern part of Santa Barbara County, not far from the Ventura County line.

The term "city" as used in the Bible, when applied to the ridiculous little villages that one finds in Palestine to-day, shows what extreme importance an aggregation of houses has to the tent-dweller. To a Mormon youth, born in Southern Utah, doubtless Salt Lake seems like a great city; to a New Yorker it seems like a village. But everything is relative. Three thousand years ago, when nomadic Hebrews approached a little village on the hither side of the Jordan, no doubt they were awestricken, called it a city, and dubbed its constable or pound-keeper a king. To-day, in Montenegro, Prince Nikita is looked upon with awe by his simple subjects—they believe him not only royal, but almost a demigod. Yet his capital city is smaller than a tenth-rate American town, and his "palace" is inferior to a country court-house in Oklahoma.

The villages in the Holy Land are all dingy and dust-colored. Many are on the tops of hills, and look like fortified places. All have flat roofs, and some are surrounded with olive orchards and cactus hedges. At a distance they are not unattractive. But as you approach and enter them they become more and more repulsive. All sorts of filth may be found in the streets. Dirty and diseased children swarm everywhere, while ragged mothers gaze idly at them, squatting at their door-steps. Some of the houses are built of stones taken from ancient ruins, but most of them are constructed of dried mud. As there are no trees and hence no wood in Palestine, the fuel is dried dung, and its acrid smell everywhere fills the air. There is little furniture in the houses, a bed and some water jugs being about all. In some houses the floor is on two levels—one half being several feet higher than the other. On the upper level the family live, and on the lower the

beasts. The people who live in these houses are said by ethnologic authorities to be distinct from the Bedouin Arabs and from the Turks. They are believed to be descendants of the Canaanites, and philologists say that they remain as they were when they talked with Jesus in Aramaic—which language, by the way, He is said to have used most.

There are only about a dozen towns in Palestine (that is, excluding the cities of Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beirut) with more than three thousand population. Some with the most sacred associations seem to-day to be the most insignificant. Bethlehem is particularly disappointing. It looks impressive from afar, but as you reach it, it loses its picturesque appearance, and further to dash your anticipations, you find a number of new buildings there. Bethlehem, like Jerusalem, seems to have a boom.

I have often been struck by the force of tradition. In countries whose beginnings antedate history, the modern dwellers often resort to certain places and perform certain acts without knowing why. Thus, for example, in Roman catholic Italy to-day the peasants regularly go to the sites of ancient pagan temples to indulge in merrymakings at certain seasons of the year contemporaneous with pagan festivals in honor of Venus, of Jupiter, or of Apollo. In Palestine, there stands, upon the plain of Jericho, a wretched village called Eriha. It stands near the site, according to tradition, of the City of Sodom. It is a foul and filthy collection of hovels, and is of no interest whatever, unless it be for the fact that the morals of the villagers are as filthy and as foul as are their hovels. What is unusual is that the women are more immoral than the men—things have got mixed since Sodom sinned and fell. How singular that of the cities of the plain, destroyed so many centuries ago, nothing should remain but their lewd living.

The views of the valley of the Jordan and of the basin in which lies the Dead Sea are very striking. Looking to the eastward from elevated points near Jerusalem, the Dead Sea seems about half a mile away. Yet it is nearly four thousand feet lower than Jerusalem, and many hours' travel distant.

These inland salt seas are all very remarkable. Many Americans have noticed the extraordinary characteristics of the Great Salt Lake, particularly when trying to swim in its waters. The Dead Sea has the same tendency to bring the bather's feet to the surface.

There are no fishes in the Dead Sea—no life of any kind. The percentage of solids in the water is enormous—about twenty-six per cent. The principal solid ingredients are the chlorides of sodium, magnesium, and calcium.

The deepest part of the Dead Sea's bed lies 2,600 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; its depth here is 1,310 feet. Jerusalem lies 3,780 feet above the Dead Sea. Oddly enough, it has a cloud system of its own, for one may frequently see cloud-banks lying over the Dead Sea, which are six or seven hundred feet below the level of the ocean.

The valley of the Jordan is in modern times but scantily peopled. The heat there is unbearable, the malaria mortal. In fact, a residence in the valley of the Jordan is calculated to take a good Christian who covets eternity more rapidly into the other world than almost any other spot in the Holy Land, and there are a great many places in the Holy Land better fitted for holy dying than for holy living.

But of all the disappointments of Palestine, probably the most disappointing is the religious question. Most of us imagine that the Holy Land is inhabited by Christians and Mohammedans (with some Jews); that the Christians are a united band, leagued against the followers of Mahound. Error—gigantic, colossal, stupendous error. The Mohammedans are united; the Jews are fairly harmonious, and on very good terms with their Mohammedan rulers; while the Christians are rent and torn. They quarrel bitterly; they hate each other for the love of God; they often push their fanatic hatred to the extreme of murder. And the Turkish Government watches them carefully to prevent their cutting each other's throats.

The Christians are divided into very many sects. The "Orthodox Greeks" are the most numerous. They are in two Patriarchates, under the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Patriarch of Beirut. These Greek catholics venomously hate the "Latins," or Roman catholics.

The "Latins" are affiliated with the Papal church of Rome, although some of the sects do not recognize all the Papal dogmas. The Oriental catholic churches affiliated with the "Latin," or Roman catholic, are the "Coptic catholic," the "Armenian catholic," the "United Nertorians," the "United Syrians," the "United Greeks."

Some of these Oriental catholic churches depart from the Roman ritual and defy certain of its ordinances. Many of them celebrate the mass in Arabic, and all of them permit married men to be priests. This the Roman See winks at. All of these catholics have patriarchs of their own—at Damascus, at Aleppo, at Constantinople, at Mossul—and they seem to regard their pontiffs as of equal dignity with the Pontiff of the Roman church.

The Maronite catholics are also affiliated with the Roman catholic. Their patriarch is elected by their bishops, subject to the approval of the Pope of Rome. But they demand the right of their priests to marry, and assert their right to read the mass in Syrian.

The discordant Christian sects of the East hate each other so bitterly that they have little hatred left for the Mohammedans, with whom both Greeks and Latins are on better terms than with each other. So with the Protestants—the Latin and Greek catholics show little feeling against them—in fact, they rarely speak of them as Christians. And Latins hate Greeks, Greeks hate Latins, much more than they do the Jews.

In a previous letter I wrote of the Jews of Palestine and their two grand divisions, the "Ashkenazim" and the "Sephardim."

The new colonies of Jews are due to the Zionist movement inaugurated by Jewish millionaires, like the Rothschilds. Israel Zangwill, the author, is one of the ardent advocates of a hegira of the Jews to their ancient home. Jews are certainly pouring into Palestine from all over Europe. But the consuls in Jerusalem doubt the desirability of this movement; they say that the Jewish colonists are failures as agriculturists, and seem to succeed only as shopkeepers or money-changers. And one certainly sees more Jewish money-changers than Turkish, although it would seem fitting for the business of changing Turkish money to be in the hands of Turkish money-changers. Perhaps the Turks do not understand the Turkish money as well as the Jews do. Here is a brief *résumé* of some of its eccentricities:

The Turkish gold unit is the lira, or pound, worth about \$5; the Turkish silver unit is the piastre, worth about five cents. When we were in Turkey the lira was thus quoted: in Constantinople, 100 piastres; in Beirut, 123 piastres; in Jaffa, 141 piastres; in Jerusalem, 124 piastres; in Damascus, 129 piastres. To this must be added the further fact that even these values fluctuated from day to day with the fluctuations in exchange of Turkish silver. This is about the same as it would be if our American gold piece called the half eagle were worth on the same day, \$5 in New York, \$5.25 in Chicago, \$5.90 in Omaha, \$5.20 in Salt Lake, and \$5.35 in San Francisco. If I add to the foregoing that the Turkish metallic currency [metallik] current in Constantinople is uncurrent in every other Turkish city; if I state that the value of the Turkish pound is quoted differently in buying different commodities; if I say that the foregoing is merely the government rate of exchange, and that there is a commercial rate of exchange, which is different; if I remark that the four foreign post-offices in Jerusalem have a rate of exchange of their own which is also different; if I set down the curious fact that the railway companies recognize none of these rates of exchange, but have a rate of their own also—I may not be believed, but nevertheless it is entirely true.

Who can help smiling at these benighted Turks? Certainly, these doings are calculated to amuse Americans.

But stop—it is not so many years since silver was at so heavy a discount on the Pacific Coast that money-changers' offices were about as numerous in San Francisco as they are in Cairo. At that time there was about ten to fifteen per cent. discount on silver half-dollars; there were no standard dollars then coined. Some smart skinflints conceived the idea of paying their employees' wages in the trade dollar, which, although not legal tender, was worth more in silver than two half-dollars. The trick was at first successful—the trusting artisans accepted the large new coins, and paid their tradesmen with them. But the banks refused to accept the trade dollars from the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. Like lightning the news ran all over the Pacific Coast, and within a week the trade dollar was discredited among the working classes. They did not know that it never had been monetized, but they now knew that it was demonetized. Is it not odd that, in an intelligent nation like ours, clever sharpers should work off on workmen as money that which was not money at all but merely minted bullion? And that it should pass through three hands—workmen, jobber, retailer—before it was unmasked?

Yes, there are odd things in the money line in more countries than one. Only this spring I handed a restaurant waiter a five-dollar gold-piece to pay the bill for breakfast. He returned in a few moments, and said the young woman cashier wouldn't take it.

"Why?" I asked. "Is it counterfeit?"

"No," said he, "it aint bad money, but she says she won't take no gold, her orders is to take paper instid."

I sent him out to the cashier in the hotel office to see if it was good there. Same report. The hotel cashier said: "Discount on gold—take nothing but paper."

I have found English gold readily taken in every place I have been. Where was it, then, that I found American gold refused. Was it in Constantinople? In Smyrna? In Jerusalem?

In none of these places. It was in the Wellington Hotel, in Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., in the year of our Lord 1904, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-eighth.



## THE GLASSES OF TRUTH.

What Prince Fortunate Beheld With Them.

It is related that once upon a time, in Paris, there lived a truly happy man. One would naturally suppose that he, too, must have been without a shirt to his back; on the contrary, he owned many—some of silk, some of flannel, and some embroidered. He was happy because he possessed riches; because he was surrounded by many friends; because he had an adoring wife whom he loved; and last, but not least, because he was able to devote his life to art. In truth, he was a sculptor of no mean talent; but, being wealthy, he often received more praise than his work deserved.

Most of his time was spent in his sunny studio, where friends were always welcomed, and the wine cup passed around freely. In exchange for his hospitality, his followers willingly showered on him the fulsome praise which made him so happy. He had been nicknamed by them "Prince Fortunate," and often did he proudly say to his comrade Alhert, who was homely, poor, and fretful: "I am indeed the most happy of mortals."

One day this favorite of fortune was working alone in his studio. He was giving the finishing touches to a study depicting a Nymph and a Satyr. So well pleased was he with the grace of the former and the manly beauty of the latter, that he stood in admiration before his work, muttering to himself: "This certainly will be my masterpiece."

In the midst of his reveries, a servant ushered in a smartly dressed gentleman carrying a small bundle under his arm. The visitor looked keenly at the artist at work with his mallet and chisel. Raising his forefinger to heaven to command attention, he smiled pleasantly, and remarked: "Sir, I am selling glasses. I have some of all colors and for all eyes. Can't I sell you a pair?"

Prince Fortunate assured the stranger that he needed none, but the peddler of glasses persisted: "I have some that are blue, some yellow, and others pink and green. The pink ones are for those afflicted with melancholy, for they make one see the rosy side of life; the blue glasses are for the poets; the yellow are intended for unhappy husbands—through them all wives are models of truth and fidelity. There are some green ones which hold continually before the wearer the mirage of hope." As he spoke, the peddler spread before the sculptor the vari-colored glasses.

"It's no use," interrupted Prince Fortunate, "I don't want your glasses; they are a delusion. Life is beautiful, and I am content to see it as it really is."

Again the peddler smiled, and, shaking his head, searched the bottom of his bundle. "I'm convinced that you are a superior man," said he. "You want the glasses of truth. Very well, here they are. Their color is gray and dull, in keeping with what they unerringly reflect."

"Good," said the sculptor, undismayed, "I'll take them. What are they worth?"

"The others all bring fancy prices. I'll let you have these gray ones cheap—for a cent."

Prince Fortunate handed him the coin, and took the sombre-looking glasses in exchange. Whereupon the peddler departed.

"To learn the truth for one cent," laughed the sculptor, merrily, "is certainly cheap." And turning over his purchase disdainfully, he added: "That fellow needn't think he has fooled me."

However, in a spirit of fun, he put the glasses to his eyes just as his friend Alhert entered the room. The latter was his old and faithful companion; they had passed through all the grades of the public schools together; they had entered and graduated from college in company; they had shared the same pleasures and trials of youth; and, when Prince Fortunate finally married, Alhert had officiated as best man.

"I am happy to see you," said Alhert, extending his hand in greeting. "Life would indeed be unbearable for a bachelor like me if I were not sure of always being welcomed here. In fact, I'm afraid my affection for you is the best trait I have."

The sculptor, unable to speak, gazed at his friend in amazement, for Alhert's eyes were like thin glasses through which his thoughts could be seen like pictures in a book. Instead of feeling the sincere affection which he protested, the horrified sculptor read his true thoughts which, put in words, were: "Companion of my youth, I loathe you for all the good deeds you have done. You are a perfect type of manly beauty while I am a monster of ugliness; you are rich, I am poor; you are blessed with health, I am a wreck; you love me, while I hate you—yes, I hate you for your kindness and the humiliation I have suffered. Despite my hatred, however, I am forced to play the hypocrite. I must be especially amiable this day above all, because I intend to borrow a thousand francs from you."

But the revelation did not end here. Prince Fortunate, with the aid of the glasses of truth, further learned that from the time they had played marbles together, Alhert had envied and hated him. He felt himself growing dizzy—it was like a beautiful edifice crumbling away, leaving his soul aghast.

"Go away false friend," shrieked he at last, "you have permitted a spirit of mean jealousy to destroy a noble friendship." And without more ado, he thrust his comrade out of the studio, and when Alhert looked back beseechingly, he slammed the door in his face.

Later in the evening, when the dusky shades of night were silently stealing into the studio, Prince Fortunate, lost in dreams, was joined by his beautiful wife. She kissed him tenderly, sat by his side, and, as usual, talked of the numerous nothings that filled her days. She had been to a bargain sale at the Louvre; it had rained a little at about three o'clock; it was said that the new drama at the Gymnase was very interesting. And then, in a careless manner, she ventured: "Oh, by the way, I met the captain. He will dine with us this evening." Pretending to be bored, she added: "Annoying, isn't it, dear? I can't abide the fop, he's so conceited."

A servant softly entered and lighted the lamps. Prince Fortunate who, in the darkness of his studio, has almost forgotten his magic glasses, raised his head and met his wife's eyes which seemed, at that moment, to be contemplating a charming souvenir. This is what was really disclosed to him: In an elegantly furnished apartment in one of the leading hotels of the city, he observed two lovers wrapped in each other's arms. Prince Fortunate smothered a cry of pain, for, in the picture, he recognized his wife and the captain.

At first he was loath to believe the awful revelation. "These glasses lie," he thought. "This can not be possible." Then he looked fixedly at his wife, whose glance fell under his gaze. Her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, she was ill at ease, nervous, and when she hastily left the room, he was convinced that the glasses had told the truth; that her thoughts were not with him but with the captain, whom he had believed to be an admirer of his work instead of his wife.

The sculptor was overwhelmed. Bowing his head he exclaimed: "Oh! Truth, thou has taken from me all that made my life complete and happy!"

Mechanically he turned toward his unfinished work, the Nymph and the Satyr. "Here lies my only consolation," he murmured, gratefully. "Nothing can rob me of the joy of being an artist, of being able to create the beautiful."

But upon approaching his work, he was surprised to hear the statues conversing.

"Why am I so homely?" moaned the Nymph. "I, who should be beautiful and sylph-like. Look at my distorted form and the imperfection of my lines."

"Yes, it is sad to be chiseled by an ignorant and unskilled artist," sympathized the Satyr. "Would that I had been born in the great Rodin's studio, instead of being brought to light by this miserable amateur."

At last the sculptor's spirit was broken. "How great was my folly to put these glasses on my eyes!" he cried. "I will shatter them in a thousand pieces."

Vainly he tried to remove them; they were fast to his eyes. Then he realized that forever and ever he was destined to see life in its true aspect; that one may rid himself of falsehood, but not of Truth, for she is pitiless and will ever cling.

After that day, so the story goes, the sculptor no longer considered himself Fortunate's favorite. On the contrary, he was the most unhappy of mortals, with but a single ray of hope left him—the return of the strange peddler with his varied assortment of yellow, green, blue, and pink glasses, for any of which he was now willing to exchange the gray and sombre ones that reflected only the painful truth.—Adapted from the French of Maurice Magre by Jeannette Brule.

## The Empress Dowager's Portrait.

The Peking correspondent of the *Celestial Empire*, published at Shanghai, writes to his paper as follows, under date of April 12th: "The portrait of her imperial majesty, the Empress Dowager, that for the past several weeks was being painted by Miss Carl, the American artist, has just been completed. It was today conveyed to the board of foreign affairs on an immense catafalque with a red canopy, carried by innumerable eunuchs from the palace, and accompanied by about fifty policemen. The way had previously been covered with yellow earth. At four o'clock this afternoon, at the instance of an invitation from the foreign office, the ministers, secretaries of legations, and many others went to view the portrait. The figure itself occupies about a fourth of the whole. In the background is a screen with peacock feathers on each side, and there is a flying phoenix. The garments are exquisite, with pearls and green jade nail protectors. The dimensions of the frame are about seven by sixteen feet, with exquisitely carved dragons on the top. The first intention of her majesty was to present the portrait to the President of the United States, but upon further consideration it was decided to exhibit it at the St. Louis Exposition, and then present it to the American people."

Ex-Governor William A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, is opposed to the Carnegie fund. He says: "I consider this newly established Carnegie hero fund the most ridiculous, foolish, and insane organization of the present day. If the same spirit now prevails that was shown by Americans during the Civil War that insignificant fund of five millions of dollars won't last a week. True heroes need no official indorsement other than the friendship of their comrades and fellow-men. What would the boys of '61 and '65 have thought of a hero fund in those perilous days? Heroes who are heroes become so for love and devotion to their country and their fellow-men, and would shun public charity for their deeds."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is estimated that Andrew Carnegie's gifts for all purposes now total \$909,000,000.

Rockwood Hoar, a son of United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Worcester, Mass., in all probability will next fall be nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Worcester district. Rockwood Hoar is the district attorney of Worcester County. When he was reelected he ran several thousand votes ahead of his ticket, demonstrating unusual popularity among the voters.

The whirligig of time brings its queer happenings, now as always. James F. Dolan, the builder of the new Tombs in New York, is a prisoner in the famous prison, whose erection, as a wealthy contractor, he personally superintended. He once did a business of above half a million dollars a year, but his business had fallen away, and he was found guilty of the forgery of a note for two thousand dollars.

Poultny Bigelow has just been appointed lecturer at Boston University law school in the department of foreign relations and colonial administration. He will deliver his first lecture next winter. Mr. Bigelow is now on the eve of starting on a long cruise, and will visit the east and west coasts of Africa, and also the east coast of South America. He expects to gather material for further chapters in his book on colonies.

Friends of Albert J. Adams, the millionaire "policy king," imprisoned at Sing Sing, say there is little improvement in his condition. Ever since he was refused a pardon he has been suffering from melancholia, and he appears as if his heart were breaking over the fact that he has to serve out his sentence. Adams was accustomed to high living before his imprisonment, and the plain food does not agree with him. As a result he is growing thin. It will be remembered that he was taken from New York to Sing Sing on April 27, 1903, as a result of the crusade against policy playing by District Attorney Jerome and Captain F. N. Goddard, president of the Anti-Policy Society.

Three former governors of Vermont, sitting in a row in the Senate gallery, was an unusual spectacle recently at the Capitol. Every one of them, too, has at some time been a member of one or the other branch of Congress. The oldest of the governors in years and point of service was ex-Governor and ex-Representative John W. Stewart, who was in the gubernatorial chair from 1870 to 1872, and afterward served eight years in the National House. The second in years and gubernatorial service was Senator Proctor, and was governor eight years after Mr. Stewart. The third was Senator Dillingham, governor of Vermont ten years after his present colleague. The three appeared as much absorbed in the proceedings of the Senate as if they were new men in town, according to the *Washington Post*.

Via the *Independent* we get an interesting picture of the San Franciscan who is now a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission. "Physically the shortest member of the commission," it says, "is Carl Ewald Grunsky, of California. He is only about five feet eight; among the giants he appears even shorter. The man bears out his name in suggesting an origin in the north of Europe, being thoroughly blond—and even in the cut of his hair and beard. One instinctively expects at least an accent when he speaks, and is almost shocked to find an American of Americans, with only the accent of the cultivated Californian, in an especially precise and punctuated style, which it would be very difficult to misunderstand or misinterpret. Like most celebrated engineers, he carries the same precision and attention to details into all of the minor concerns of life. No one could be more agreeable to meet if properly approached. He gives kind-eyed consideration, and is one who will secure cordial coöperation in his share of the great work."

"In the Congressional pharmacopœia," writes Francis E. Leupp, "some men may be likened to tonics, some to stimulants, some to healing lotions, some to powerful opiates. Congressman Robert Baker, Democratic member from Brooklyn, is a mustard plaster, which makes the patient uncomfortable and starts the circulation, though it occasionally slips and blisters the wrong spot." It is this same Baker who has made himself better known in the past congressional session than any other of the new members. He has the largest (self-written) biographical sketch in the congressional directory, no other member of equally short service has to his credit so many speeches in the *Record*. In six months he has done scores of startling and unexpected things. The Republicans say "he is a fresh young man." The Democrats call his unresting activity "excess of zeal." He is noted for his fierce interruptions of Republican members. One moment he is in his seat listening as placidly as any of his colleagues to some speaker on the other side of the aisle; the next he is on his feet, his eyes snapping, his blond hair bristling, his long minatory forefinger upraised and shaking with righteous wrath. He is a single-taxer, and to attack this or any other tenet of his personal faith arouses Baker as would an attack on his personal honor. Here is a young man who may yet be heard from.



## THE NEW CONEY ISLAND.

The Greatest Amusement Place in the World—New York Has a  
World's Fair at Home—An Amazing Multitude  
of Attractions.

I am not going to the St. Louis Exposition. I don't have to. Coney Island, regenerated after its great fire, opens to-morrow, May 14, "The Pattern for All Pretentious Shows, Greater Even Than the St. Louis World's Fair," to quote the press-agent. "Original and New Features in Glittering New Garniture are Retained," he also says, in the full-page advertisements that the dailies have been printing. For once the press-agent is not exaggerating. The new Coney Island, with its "Luna Park," its "Dreamland," its "Delhi Village," its mimic wars, its daily conflagration, its reproduction of the Durbar, its hanging gardens, its midair circus, is the most stupendous, magnificent, elaborate, extensive—and expensive—amusement resort in the world. It has cost five millions of dollars, and the wonder is that it could have been built so cheaply. It is amazing and bewildering—"raging realism runs riot."

The most beautiful of the multitudinous attractions is Luna Park, covering thirty-eight acres, and containing more varied sights than have ever before been gathered into one enclosure. Half a million electric lights illuminate it at night. Twenty-five hundred employees take care of it. The native settlements—Japanese, Arabian, and East Indian—have been added to since last year.

The greatest feature of this City of the Moon is the Delhi village, with a massive stone temple, three hundred natives, and herds of animals. The village is a faithful reproduction, in every way, of a Delhi town. Most of it was brought from India and set up. Along each side of the streets are shops, eating places, dwellings, and places of entertainment, so faithful to the India model that the natives go back and forth through the streets, and wander around without the least cause for homesickness. There are snake charmers, magicians, acrobats, native singers, among them, and when they are not providing entertainment, they live exactly as in their native land, even being supplied with their favorite foods.

This Delhi village will be the periodical scene of the most costly and magnificent parades ever seen in the Occident. The great India Durbar of January, 1903, will be faithfully reproduced. For this spectacle there is a herd of seventy elephants, each with a keeper, forty camels, one hundred thoroughbred Arabian horses, and several sacred oxen. The elephants will be fairly covered with tiny electric bulbs, lighted from a battery on each howdah. Many of the costumes worn at the India festival have been secured; and, altogether, it will be the most glittering and imposing spectacle ever seen, surpassing, at night, when the lights can have full effect, the original. The natives themselves are stunned by it, and are amazed at the ingenuity of the white magicians, who can make flashing jewels out of glass bulbs and copper wires, and turn elephants into electric power-houses.

There are miniature mountains back of the village, and nestled among them is a pool into which the huge elephants "chute the chutes," sliding down an incline thirty feet long, and plunging with a great "chug" into twenty-five feet of water. Then there is another pool, in which naval battles are fought. The amphitheatre around the pool is like a fort, with real guns. Tiny battle-ships, twenty-five feet long, engage in mimic warfare. The *Monitor* sinks the *Merrimac*. The *Maine* goes into Havana harbor, collapses, and sinks. The Japanese attack Port Arthur. Over the entrance to this attraction is the legend, "War is Hell," Said General Sherman—and what goes on inside strengthens the spectator's belief in his wisdom.

The hanging gardens of last year have been enlarged, until they can accommodate two hundred thousand people. They are surpassingly beautiful, green, cool, and enticing, and are free resting places. They also admit of a free view of a three-ringed circus, suspended directly over the waters of a lagoon, and the scene of a continuous performance of the highest excellence. There is a Japanese village in the hanging gardens, and forty geisha offer entertainment to visitors.

Another sensational wonder is the daily conflagration. A city block, complete in every detail, stands at one side of Luna Park. The streets are full of life; policemen, fruit peddlers, hacks, move hack and forth. All at once a puff of smoke comes from a five-story building. A policeman turns in an alarm. The fire department arrives—horses pulling engines, trucks with ladders. People jump from windows into life nets. Meanwhile the valiant firemen are deluging the five-story building—which finally collapses—and the fire is over. The buildings are all made of iron, and the one that is apparently destroyed is so constructed that it can be put together after each performance.

I have only partially described Luna Park—yet I have given it so much space that there is little left in which to tell of the rest of Coney Island. There is "Dreamland," down by the beach, with its dancing pavilion, built over the water. It is two hundred by three hundred and fifty feet in size, has a ceiling fifty feet high, is lighted by ten thousand incandescent lights, and can accommodate three thousand couples. There

is a tall tower, three hundred and seventy feet high in Dreamland, and from the top of it a view forty miles in extent is presented. There is another tower around which cars wind to the top at the rate of fifty miles an hour. At night they are all lighted, making a showy sight. The chutes start out at sea, three hundred feet from the pond into which the boats drop. There is a railway on which carts meet each other, slap, bang—and, instead of telescoping, do a leap-frog act, one gliding harmlessly over the other.

These are only the great features of Coney Island. There are minor amusements, shows, and concessions by the dozen—and some of them are to be presided over by well-known actors and actresses. For instance, Marie Dressler has leased the pop-corn and peanut booth, and will watch over her staff of assistants. Louis Mann will run a fishing pond lighted by electricity, and Peter Dailey will have a booth containing a mysterious illusion.

There will also be a Bowery—"with the lid off," it is said. The board-walk is roomy and safe. The facilities for surf-bathing have been greatly improved. Everything is substantial, with an eye to permanency. Handsome little houses of stone, iron, and brick have replaced the wooden shacks that were a menace to life and morals. The big show buildings are artistic in design and finish. And, more than all, the morals of the place have been rigidly looked after. Coney Island is to be strictly decent. Police Commissioner McAdoo visited it the day I was there last. "From all that I have seen," he said, "the regeneration of Coney Island is complete."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1904.

## Thebaw and His Wives.

William E. Curtis's last letter is dated from Mandalay, and he writes of Thebaw, the ex-King of Burma, who now lives in exile at Putnajhuri, India. "No comic opera," says Curtis, "ever presented a more fantastic monarch." Thebaw has three queens. One of them is his own sister. The others are his half-sisters, daughters of his father, King Mindon Min, by two of his concubines. His mother was his father's sister, and that delightful couple had only one grandfather between them. It has always been the habit of the kings of Burma to take their sisters and their cousins and their aunts as consorts, because no other family than their own was good enough to marry into. Thebaw has thirty brothers. When he was proclaimed king, on the death of his father, his mother ordered the arrest of all of them until after the coronation ceremonies. His mother also influenced him to marry, besides his two half-sisters, his own sister, Supayalat, and these two strong-willed women soon ruled not only Thebaw, the son-brother-husband, but the kingdom. They kept Thebaw cooped up in the palace, permitting him to see no one. His position was much like that of the present Emperor of China. Seven years passed, and the intrigues of Thebaw's thirty brothers to secure his overthrow grew apace. But Queen Supayalat was too much for them. She invited all the relations of her husband, men, women, and children, to an audience (February 15, 1879), and they were one by one called forth on various pretexts and slain without mercy. None escaped. When the news became known, discontent became general, and to check an uprising about one thousand persons of political importance who were suspected of treasonable sentiments, were assassinated. In the war with Great Britain that followed, Thebaw with his immediate family escaped to India, begging the protection of the British Government. He now lives with his harem at Putnajhuri, on a pension furnished by that beneficent institution.

Congressman Broussard, of Louisiana, is, as his name indicates, of French descent. He never spoke English until he went to Georgetown University. "It is curious," says Mr. Broussard, "how the French language has remained the dominant tongue in my part of the country. Brought there by Arcadians of Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century, it prevails to-day, and I believe always will. Curiously enough, you will find plenty of men in my district with such unmistakably English names as Jones and Hayes who can't read, speak, or write a word of English. Still funnier is the talk of the black people. Their negro French would be unintelligible in Paris, and yet it is the softest, sweetest, most musical speech I ever heard from human lips. It knows no grammar, but it is the very essence of euphony and melody."

The deepest sounding ever made by any vessel was by the United States ship *Nero* while on the Honolulu-Manila cable survey, with apparatus borrowed from the *Albatross*. When near Guam the *Nero* got 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet, only 66 feet less than six miles. If Mt. Everest, the highest mountain on earth, were set down in this hole, it would have above its summit a depth of 2,612 feet, or nearly half a mile of water.

Sir John Macdonald, master of the supreme court of England, says that there are regular crime waves, which sometimes extend over half a year, and sometimes over eighteen months. The year 1902 was productive of crime, their being 787,676 trials in England, against 661,667 in 1901. His opinion is that no punishment has any effect on the habitual criminal.

## SAN FRANCISCO HILLS IN VERSE.

Lone Mountain.  
(CEMETERY, SAN FRANCISCO.)  
This is that hill of awe  
That Persian Sinbad saw—  
The mount magnetic;  
And on its seaward face,  
Scattered along its base,  
The wrecks prophetic.  
  
Here comes the argosies  
Blown by each idle breeze,  
To and fro shifting;  
Yet to the hill of Fate  
All drawing, soon or late,  
Day by day drifting;—  
  
Drifting forever here  
Barks that for many a year  
Braved wind and weather;  
Shallots but yesterday  
Launched on your shining bay,  
Drawn all together.  
  
This is the end of all:  
Sun thyself by the wall.  
O poorer Hindbad!  
Envy not Sinbad's fame;  
Here come alike the same,  
Hindbad and Sinbad.—Bret Harte.

## From Russian Hill.

A strange day—bright and still;  
Strange for the stillness here,  
For the strong trade-winds blow  
With such a steady sweep it seems like rest.  
Forever steadily across the crest  
Of Russian Hill.  
Still now and clear,  
So clear you count the houses spreading wide  
In the fair cities on the farther side  
Of our broad bay;  
And brown Goat Island lieth large between,  
Its brownness brightening into sudden green  
From rains of yesterday.  
Blue? Blue above of Californian sky,  
Which has no peer on earth for its pure flame:  
Bright blue of bay and strait spread wide below.  
And, past the low, dull hills that hem it so,—  
Blue as the sky, blue as the placid bay,—  
Blue mountains far away.  
Thanks this year for the early rains that came  
To bless us, meaning Summer by and by.  
This is our Spring-in-Autumn, making one  
The Indian Summer tenderness of sun—  
Its hazy stillness, and soft far-heard sound—  
And the sweet riot of abundant spring.  
The greenness flaming out from everything,  
The sense of coming gladness in the ground.  
From this high peace and purity look down:  
Between you and the blueness lies the town.  
Under those huddled roofs the heart of man  
Beats warmer than this brooding day,  
Spreads wider than the hill-rimmed bay.  
And throbs to tender life, were it but seen,  
Than all this new-born, all-enfolding green!  
Within that heart lives still  
All that one guesses, dreams, and sees—  
Sitting in sunlight, warm, at ease—  
From this high island—Russian Hill.  
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

## Telygraft Hill.

O Telygraft Hill she sits mighty and fine,  
Like a praty that's planted on ind,  
And she's bannered wid washin's from manny a line  
Which flutther and dance in the wind.  
O th' goats and th' chickens av Telygraft Hill  
They prosper all grand and serene,  
For when there's short pickin' on Telygraft Hill  
They feed their swate sowls on the scene.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,  
And the Dagos they live on the base av it,  
And every tin can in the knowlege av man,  
Is scattered all over the face av it,  
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,  
Nobby owld, slobby owld Telygraft Hill!

O Telygraft Hill she sits proud as a queen  
And the docks lie below in the glare  
And th' bay runs beyant 'er all purple and green  
Wid th' ginger-bread island out there,  
And th' ferryboats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,  
And th' Hill it don't care if they do,  
While the Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill  
Joost sit there enj'vin' th' view.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,  
And the Dagos they live on the base av it,  
And th' goats and th' chicks and th' brickbats and  
shitticks

Is joombled all over th' face av it,  
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,  
Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!

Sure Telygraft Hill has a castle from Wales  
Which was built by a local creator.  
He made it av bed-slats wid hammer and nails  
Like a scene in a stylish the-ay-ter.  
There's rats in the castle o' Telygraft Hill,  
But it frowns wid an air of its own  
For it's runnin' th' bloof that owld Telygraft Hill  
Is a stronghowld of morthor and shstone.

For th' Irish they live on the top av it,  
And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,  
And th' races they fight on the wrong side and right  
To the shame and onendin' disgrace av it,  
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,  
Windy-torn, shindy-torn Telygraft Hill!

And Telygraft Hill has an iligent lot  
Of shanties and shacks, Hivin knows!  
An' they're hangin' on tight to the jumpin'-off spot  
Be th' grace av th' Saints and their toes;  
And th' la-ads that are livin' on Telygraft Hill  
Prefer to remain where they're at,  
And they'd not trade a hen-roost on Telygraft Hill  
For a mansion below on the flat.

For th' Irish they live on the top av it,  
And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,  
And th' owld sod goosoon sits as high as th' moon  
And there's naevin' he'd take in th' place av it,  
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,  
Lumpy owld, bumpy owld Telygraft Hill!  
—Wallace Irwin in Sunset Magazine.



## A SAN FRANCISCO KLONDIKER.

Jeremiah Lynch's Spirited Account of Alaska—  
Strange Features of Climate—A Terrible  
Death—The Great Yukon.

Many interesting things Jeremiah Lynch tells us in his book, "Three Years in the Klondike" (Edward Arnold, London), but one thing that every reader will yearn to know remains untold, one question that every reader will ask remains unanswered. It is: "What was the net profit of the Lynch mine, thirteen miles from Dawson, on Cheechaka [Tenderfoot] Hill?" Senator Lynch tell us all about his trials and troubles, the hardships he endured, the privations he underwent; of the magnificent successes of other men, and of desperate failures. We are made privy to his own hopes and plans, and we know he succeeded, but we think he might have told us at the end whether it was one cool million or two with which the mine on Cheechaka rewarded his enterprise and perseverance.

This book, by Senator Lynch, a well-known San Franciscan, and a member of the Bohemian Club, is the best of its type that the Klondike has furnished forth. Written by a shrewd man of affairs, and a good observer, it tells the reader precisely what he wants to know. Further, the reader has confidence that what are presented as facts are facts. And there are some strange ones. For example, in the fire of April 26, 1899, at Dawson, then a city of twenty-five thousand people, Mr. Lynch tells how the water froze in the hose. It seems that a fire-engine had been procured, and was housed on the ice of the Yukon, a bole being kept dug through to water ten feet below. When the fire broke out, four hundred feet of hose was stretched to it from the engine, and the engine started. There were a few feeble squirts of water, and then it ceased to run. Great rips appeared in the hose, torn as if with huge scissors by the expansion of the freezing water, yet the ice remained smooth and compact without breaking even where the gaps in the hose permitted it to be seen. There were other strange things about the fire. One was that ice was the only thing that escaped in the burned district. It formed the contents of several wooden buildings, and was covered with sawdust. The buildings and the sawdust burned, but the ice remained—the only thing that passed through the heat with impunity. Extraordinary as it seems, the piles served in some cases as lines of demarcation to the owner's land. Here is another incident of the fire:

One of the hanks had possessed a steel vault, enclosing several safes. The long building was quickly destroyed, leaving the vault standing, but as the fire grew more intense the expansion of the hot air caused the vault sides to be blown open, and threw out a stream of golden sovereigns twenty feet away, like soapuds from a boy's pipe. Watches, gold-dust, jewelry, twenty-dollar pieces—all that was on the wooden shelves of the vault—were mingled and fused in a molten mass.

Ice saved, gold melted, all in a fire burning at a time when the mercury stood at forty-five degrees below zero Fahrenheit—such is the strange story told by Mr. Lynch.

Naturally, throughout Mr. Lynch's volume, there is much about the severe weather, but its terrors have been exaggerated, if we may believe our author. Horses, it was at first thought, could not stand an Arctic winter. On this point, we quote:

In November, 1898, horses were left to die on the trails and in Dawson. There was neither work nor feed for them. Horses were offered to me for their keep, but I refused. These same horses wandered up in the hills where the snow was five feet deep. They brushed the snow away with feet and nose, finding luscious whortleberries, blackberries, and raspberries in great quantities. The lowest authentic record at the barracks was fifty-seven degrees below zero. Yet in the spring the horses were re-claimed by their owners, and looked infinitely better than when turned out to die at the commencement of the winter. This was a lesson as well as a revelation. During the summer of 1899, horses were imported into the Klondike in numbers, and twelve hundred of them passed the next winter in transporting men and supplies from Dawson to the mines. The dogs were almost entirely superseded, and their value [formerly one hundred and fifty dollars] became merely nominal; for a good horse, after all, could pull a ton over the smooth icy trails—a labor that would require three sleighs and twenty dogs.

One of the things which make fifty-degrees-below-zero weather tolerable is the absence of wind. "I have never felt a really strong wind since I came to the Klondike," says Mr. Lynch. The climate in general is infinitely exhilarating. Enormous physical labors can be performed without great fatigue. Sickness is very rare. "Some day," remarks Mr. Lynch, "invalids will be sent to the Arctic regions to spend a winter as they are now ordered to Egypt." But incidents like this will for some time, perhaps, serve as deterrents to such a course:

The day after, there came to us at Dawson the news of a dreadful death. A miner was

walking up the Klondike, ten miles from here, going to his claim. The Klondike is fed by numerous soda springs, and even the winter's cold fails to close them entirely. Walking on the edge of the ice near the shore, the miner slipped into six inches of water. In a moment he was out and hastening to the brush hard by to light a fire before his feet froze.

Rapidly he cut a few fragments of wood with his heavy pocket-knife. But the unlighted match dropped from his already chilled fingers, for he had rashly removed his mitts in order to use the knife with more freedom. Then he lighted a second and a third, and finally several at one time; but either his haste, or perhaps a sigh of the air, caused them to fall on the ever-ready snow. And all this time the frost was seizing his limbs, his body, his heart, his mind. He turned to the fatal mitts, which he never should have taken off; but his already frozen fingers could only lift them from the ice where they had fallen, and after a vain attempt he hurled them from him, and strove once again to light a last match. But it was too late. Though only five minutes could have gone by, the terror of death was upon him. The Ice King slew him with appalling rapidity, and when his companion arrived, scarce fifteen minutes later, he found the body already cold and rigid, kneeling on the snow and ice, while the hands, partially closed together and uplifted as if in adoration or prayer to God, held yet within their palms the unlighted match.

How large a part that strange, great river, the Yukon, plays in the life of the North becomes apparent from Mr. Lynch's book. In one place he says:

Early in May the ice "went out." That is to say, the river in front of Dawson ran smooth, and the immense blanket of ice that had blocked its progress for eighteen hundred miles was broken and piling in tumultuous confusion into the Behring Sea. This was the day of the year, and thousands of dollars were wagered on the date, the hour, and exact moment when the ice should commence to move. Strange, that to-day nothing but ice can be seen in the river, to-morrow nothing but water.

Navigation is difficult, the Yukon being for hundreds of miles more than forty miles wide and very shallow. The river-boat pilots, according to Mr. Lynch, are brought from the Mississippi River. He adds:

These Mississippi pilots came here this spring, and already know the shoals, currents, and depth of water better than the Indians, who have done nothing else all their lives. The Indian slows down in three feet, waits, searches, and puts down poles; the white man puts on steam and ploughs right through the soft mud into deeper water.

The Yukon is not only itself shallow, but it shallows the ocean. As witness this passage:

In going down the sixty miles along the southern coast of Alaska that extends from St. Michaels to the upper mouth of the Yukon, we ran on a sand-bank while yet five miles distant from land. Yet neither the boat nor barge, loaded as they were, drew more than four feet of water. This was our first example of the power of the river in shallowing these seas. The wind blew off shore; the mist and rain came down and enveloped the vessels; the waves rocked the long and lightly loaded barge, and the land became invisible.

A page or so further on we find this:

From the topmast nothing but ice and water could be seen; yet withal it was so shallow that the boatswain kept constantly dropping the lead. Forty miles from shore in the Behring Sea, and only ten feet of water under our prow! This is caused by the Yukon River bringing down in its spring freshets trees, earth, and brush in vast quantities, that lodge on the shallow eastern shores of the sea. For hundreds of miles along the eastern littoral of the Alaskan coast-line this extraordinary phenomenon exists; and eventually the Arctic Ocean will be an inland sea, and people will walk from North America to Asia dry-shod.

From Asia to North America came—and not so very long ago—the ancestors of the present native inhabitants of Alaska, in the opinion of Mr. Lynch. Apropos, he tells this incident in his experience at Dawson:

While the porter was piling the flour on the sled, I said to the boy: "I have been over in your country."

"What's that?" he replied.

"I've been over in your country," I repeated. "I've been to Yokohama, Tokio, and Nagasaki. What part of Japan did you come from?"

"Why, what do you take me for?" he brusquely ejaculated.

"For a Japanese, of course," I said.

"I ain't no Japanese; I'm a full-blooded Indian, and no Japanese," he sternly repeated, drawing himself together.

I was amazed. "Where in the world did you learn English so well?" I gasped.

"At the missionary school at Holy Cross, on the Lower Yukon," he responded; and, gathering the dogs up from the snow, where they lay in supreme content, he surly lashed them off to the familiar refrain of "Mush! Mush! Mush!"

I leave the above to the ethnologists. If ever I saw a Japanese in Yokohama, that Indian boy of the Yukon was one. Sturdy, stocky, short, broad-chested, with narrow long eyes and swarthy skin, he looked a Japanese, and yet he was a full-blooded Indian.

It is easy to remember thereafter that the Behring Strait is not much more than thirty miles wide, and is frozen solid every winter.

From wherever may have come the aborigines of lower America, I know not, but the Alaskan Indians are descended from the Japanese, and not so very remotely. That boy could have walked the streets of Tokio without attracting the slightest attention. I am convinced no one would have thought him other than an ordinary Japanese coolie. And he was not an Eskimo living on the seashore, but came from one of the river tribes, and where he was taught English is five hundred miles from Behring Sea.

Some of the most interesting chapters deal with the life of Dawson—the gambling, drinking, and carousing. The singular effect on men of their getting away from the restraints of civilization is thus set forth in the chapter on the arrival in Dawson:

Morality is under some conditions of life a question merely of necessity and self-protection. Men who never before knew faro or roulette were betting largely and recklessly after a few days' stay in Dawson, before, in fact, they had penetrated to the mines or made any serious inquiries. The long voyage seemed to have sapped their principles, and the whole environment of the place was that of another and a worse world. It was all a game of chance.

Of the dance-halls of Dawson in the autumn of 1899—when the place had become a city with plate-glass windows in the shops—we have this pen-picture:

In the saloon proper, mingling in the crowd, were young and handsome women. They played faro and roulette standing shoulder to shoulder with men, with as much nonchalance as though they were on the heavy velvety carpets in the Casino at Monte Carlo. . . . The ladies observed their appearance in the glass, swishing their long skirts and silken petticoats to give a more coquettish touch, while one turned round to say to a crowd of men, most of whom were doubtless strangers to her: "Come up, boys, and have a drink with me. There's my poke," throwing a well-filled buckskin bag of gold-dust on the counter. She was brilliantly handsome, with an admirable figure and a charming toilette. She was a Sacramento school-girl who had drifted from California to Oregon, and thence to the Klondike, or rather to Dawson, for she never went up on the creeks; it was not necessary. She was the most distinguished woman in the town, and held high court with her admirers. It was said that she has paid off a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage on her mother's ranch near Sacramento, was belted with a one-thousand-dollar nugget chain, and could clean up and leave with at least fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Lynch gives an amusing account of the St. Andrew's hall in the winter of 1899, when Dawson had suddenly become a "society" city, and tailors sprung up like the men of Cadmus, and received preposterous sums for suits "made to order." In the previous winter an entertainment had been given at which an effort was made to exclude the feminine undesirables. One of the two papers in Dawson observed that, if this purpose was successfully accomplished, not enough would remain to form two quadrille sets! But in 1899, it was different:

The committee in charge found themselves, indeed, on the horns of a dilemma in selecting the ladies, for there were those who wanted to go, and there were those who wouldn't go if the others went. Now, in Dawson lived half a dozen women whose position and reputation were unassailable. These quietly assembled and constituted themselves a Vigilance Committee. All applications for ball tickets by ladies had to be submitted to them, or they would not go. If they did not go—well, the heavens might not fall, but the ball would fail. They did censor those applications mercilessly. No grand chamberlain of a queen's levee scrutinized names more closely and made more inquiries—searching, remorseless inquiries—than did this Council of Six; and, my heavens! how much they did know about every one! Who told them, and how did they find out? Living quietly in their homes, seldom appearing in the streets, meeting only a few friends, these half a dozen women knew the history of every other woman in the town, past and present—indeed, apparently, the future also. It then transpired that Miss Larkin was a divorcee from Seattle; that Miss Bertrand had a husband and two children in San Francisco; that Mrs. Charles was not married to her husband; and that the husband of Miss Godchaux had come to Dawson from Ottawa in the fall, and she had bribed him to go away and leave her unmolested. These were the names of the women who held respectable positions in town, and were supposed to be as good as any one else. The great number of unattached and wandering nymphs were never included in the proscription, for they were not on the list.

In conclusion, let us quote Mr. Lynch's tribute to the energy and enterprise of the pioneers:

Nothing can arrest men's progress in physical comfort and development. Depend upon it, if the North Pole is ever attained, and gold should be found to exist there, five years thereafter one will travel to North Pole Town in good sleds with good dogs over a good trail, and find North Pole Town equipped with electric lights, tramways, and saloons. The menu of the restaurants will exhibit as the principal dishes "les viandes du Phoque et du Musc," and the inhabitants, of whom a fair proportion will be Scotch, will endure, among other afflictions, a daily paper.

Imported by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

## THREE GREAT ARTISTS.

Franz von Lenbach, Benjamin Constant, and James McNeill Whistler.

Within a year, Germany, France, and the United States have each lost one of their greatest, if not their greatest, exponent of modern portraiture and painting. Last spring, Paris mourned the passing of Benjamin Constant; in July, followed the death of Whistler, in London, and now comes the telegraphic announcement of the demise of Franz von Lenbach, in Munich. Lenbach's chief popularity is associated with his innumerable portraits of Bismarck, which are as numerous as Rembrandt's self-portraits, or Ruben's portrayals of his idolized second wife, Hélène Fourment. The galleries of Munich, Frankfurt, and Berlin possess good examples, with a variety of pose and treatment that defy the monotony of subject. A personal friendship of long duration with the Prussian chancellor was of inestimable value to Lenbach, who spent much time at Schloss Friedrichsruh studying his companion in his varying moods, and occasionally seizing one which betrayed the man of sentiment behind "the man of iron." That tenderness of Bismarck's nature, revealed uncompromisingly in his letters to his wife, published after his death, is perhaps the greatest surprise in his complex character, and would hardly have manifested itself to an artist during conventional sittings, stolen between imperial councils.

On the whole, however, Lenbach's portraits supplement history, and present Bismarck either as Prussian soldier, in uniform and "Pickelhaube," or as statesman, in simple clothes, but with an unvarying expression of hardness and aggressive energy. To study Lenbach in these works only, were to deny his talent, powers of sweetness and delicacy; that he possesses these as well is shown in many delightful portraits of his eight or nine-year-old daughter Madelon, too fragile to be pretty, yet with a rare sensitiveness beyond mere childish beauty. The nervous force, the strenuousness of Bismarck's character, reflect vigorous strength in Lenbach; the elfin delicateness of Madelon evokes the artist-father's sentiment and poetry.

Benjamin Constant is wide in his range. Besides his portraits, his scenes of Oriental life form his best and most characteristic work. His portraits of Parisians range from the *Académicien*, in his prescribed costume—black coat embroidered in vivid green oak leaves (a tasteless fancy of Napoleon the First)—to the elegant *mondaine*, in latest fashion. One of his *chefs-d'œuvres*, executed by official command, is a very large canvass, representing Queen Victoria in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. The queen is seated—a pose usually assigned her, because of her small stature—robed and decorated in official magnificence; through the stained-glass windows of the apse, streams a golden light, striking the central figure down the right side, and fading away into the mosaic pavement. Constant traveled to London and obtained two sittings from the queen, sufficient to have produced an excellent likeness. The heavy Guelph features have not been idealized; nor are there any "aristocratic touches" to the thick neck and chubby hands, but the charm of dignity pervades, a combined result of the master's touch and the queen's venerable age.

Of the three men, an irrefutable American boast is that Whistler is the greatest. "Velasquez and I," as he catalogues himself. His subdued coloring, in which black plays so prominent a part, and the so-called commonplaceness of his models—a man or woman in most unobtrusive attire—form such pronounced secession from what the general public understands by "artistic brilliancy," that Whistler never can become popular with the world at large. One of his finest creations is the portrait of his mother, in the Luxembourg, Paris. A singularly refined-looking woman, over sixty, gowned in black, white lace cap with streamers. Both face and form are in sharp profile; hands demurely clasped, feet resting on a stool. The picture breathes perfect rest: the stillness of dawn in midocean. Not one of the celebrated Madonnas better conveys the idea of absolute repose. In marked contrast, on the opposite wall, Sargent's "Carmencita," a hot-blooded Spanish woman, about to fling body and soul into that most passionate of dances, the Tarantelle. The gorgeous, orange satin gown stands out stiffly; she is embroidered and bespangled from shoulder to slipper; her unnaturally long and sinewy hands, with the unfinished fingers (as Sargent usually paints), resting on her hips, her head slightly tilted, not defiant but yet supremely coquettish. A stunning picture, yet a style Whistler despised. He follows no school, but has created one, and even then his methods will admit of but few followers. London never quite assimilated him, and allowed many beautiful canvasses to wander from the Royal Academy exhibitions to Glasgow. The great world of artists, however, did Whistler justice during his lifetime, and it is safe to predict that he will be the first American painter to be enrolled by posterity among the classics of all nations.

HELEN HEC



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Gertrude Atherton and Unmarried Authors.

Gertrude Atherton has an article in the current number of the *North American Review* entitled "Why Is American Literature Bourgeois?" "American literature to-day," she says, by way of introduction, "is the most timid, the most anemic, the most lacking in individualities, the most bourgeois that any country has ever known. There is not a breath of American independence, impatience, energy, contempt of ancient convention in it. It might indeed, be the product of a great village censured by the village gossip." And why? Because, says Mrs. Atherton, every young writer is ambitious to "get into the magazines." He conforms his work to the standard set by the magazine editors. Approval is dear to the heart of the young aspirant to literary honors, and since (according to the writer) "the influential newspapers of the better class will praise nothing which the big magazines and their publishing houses have not approved," the young writer stifles his ambition to do something really great. "So strong has the power of the magazines been that they have convinced half the world they stand for the true aristocracy of letters, that he who ignores their canons must withdraw and forever dwell outside the pale."

But the fact is otherwise, if we may only believe Mrs. Atherton. The magazines have made, not an aristocracy of letters, but something distinctly belonging to the bourgeoisie. This is how she puts it:

It is as correct as Sunday clothes and as innocuous as sterilized milk, but it is aristocratic. Vigor, vitality, richness, vividness, audacity of thought or phrase, any quality in short which is distinctively American, must be weeded out, bleached out of the ambitious author, would he receive recognition as an American of letters. Sleep must not be disturbed or even the nerves titillated.

It is this curious shrinking from the larger life that is most characteristic of what at present stands for American literature. It is quite true that the magazines and publishing houses may retort that they are money-making institutions, and that the great body of the people are commonplace, narrow, and prudish; also that the great majority of readers are women. This is quite true. But if no educating force is applied to the million, how are they to advance? If their literature—which, being sheep, they meekly accept—tells them only of their own life and kind, if not a hint of the real great world ever reaches them, how are they to deepen and augment their spots (sic)?

As for the authors these powers have educated and encouraged, their writing conveys the impression of having flowed forth in snug studies, between a well-filled stomach, and an ear cocked to catch the prattle of the nursery. There is not one of these arbitrary creations of the leading publishing houses and their magazines who reads as if he had ever suffered a pang, ever descended even in chaste thought to the vast underworld where the greatest writers of the earth have found their inspirations, ever traveled except in the sublimated Cook fashion, ever—alas never!—heard of Dickens's advice to a young author. They are all good family men, who eat well, rarely drink, are too dull to be bored with their own wives. There is not an ego among them. No writer with a real gift and with a real ambition has any business with a home, children, the unintermittent comforts of life which stultify and stifle. To be great, you must know as much as one can learn in one life, and by experience. They should be content with their art, gratefully demanding nothing more, developing their ego in that service and absolutely indifferent whether the world approves them as citizens or not. Who cares to-day that Poe was a drunkard, Coleridge an opium-eater, that Byron had forty mistresses, and Georges Sand forty lovers?

Here we have the literary Declaration of Independence couched in phrases whose meaning is plain, whose intent is unmistakable.

Don't marry! "Investigate the underworld! Be true to art!" These are the legends to be inscribed on the banners of the literary Crusaders who are to wrest the City of Literature from the prigs and prudes who now possess it. Already we behold, in imagination, the rise of a new American school of letters. But the pressing question is, Where shall they find models for eternal works which shall be unanemic, "audacious," "vital," "vivid," "vigorous"? Naturally, we should say they will turn for light and leading to her who now proclaims the new dispensation—to the high priestess and prophetess of Emancipated American Literature. But even the books of Gertrude Atherton have over them the trail of the serpent. Even they are published by the "money-making institutions" which issue magazines "as innocuous as sterilized milk." Is not Mrs. Atherton's last novel published by the Harpers, and is not *Harper's* a "big magazine," and does not Mrs. Atherton affirm that "the big magazines and their houses will publish nothing that does not conform to the standard"? Obviously, then, the new Society of Emancipated, Unmarried Authors can not turn their eager, audacious faces toward the books of Gertrude Atherton, hoping there to find perfect paradigms for their own enfranchised venturing. But hold. It suddenly, happily, occurs that the fertile pen of Gertrude Atherton has indeed produced—even in these latter

years—even in the face of the trend toward littleism—at least one work of fiction never censored by the Mr. Prettymans of the magazines; never (in the phrase of Bierce) "filtered through the emasculated minds of about six fools." One story of hers there is which never dipped its colors to "the pink and blue signal of the magazine," one that has never—no never—been "bleached" by those who make American literature "bourgeois." Due search in the proper quarter reveals it. You shall find it in a publication called the *Goose-Quill*, date May, 1902; and thus it begins:

The perfumed air which he had thought delicious made the room stuffy at this early hour. He rose noiselessly, slipped on a gown, and went into the little drawing-room beyond. The window was open. He leaned over the sill and inhaled deep draughts of the morning air. The woman slept on, undisturbed.

He looked down, with a certain meditative restlessness, on the great city to which he had been a stranger these past three days—secluded high up in a New York apartment-house. He had felt like an eagle in his eyrie on some lofty crag, alone with its mate. This morning he did not feel so poetical. The romance was three days old. Moreover, the vast modern city below him was not conducive to imaginative flights, still though it was and wrapped in the gray light of the remote dawn. From this great height the streets looked like the dry beds of canals with wet patches here and there, the result of the night's shower; an occasional globe of electric light, like a fallen star.

Nothing anæmic there! That lacks not audacity! Here, at least, is a model for the Unmarried School of Authors. For their benefit and help let us continue to quote, first remarking (since space is limited) that this gentleman who was gazing over New York at 4 A. M. was "a man of fine mental gifts and aspirations"; "had fallen in love with a remarkably pretty little creature"; had "married her"; had been blessed with "several well-behaved children," and "did not recall, as he stood there, a bad dinner, a rent in his underclothing, a dusty corner in his house"; neither did he recall "a single moment of companionship." To continue:

Then suddenly, one week ago, he had met another woman, a woman who had possessed herself of all that heaved restlessly and suppressed in the depths of his mind as fully as if she had lived in them these twenty wasted years. With the intuitive genius of her own large brain she had recognized his abilities, divined his ambitions, and alternately railed at him with scorn and bewitched him with sympathy. She was a beautiful woman, with the beauty of an intense and original personality rather than of conventional lines. Her temperament was warm, wayward, emotional, her mind independent, her knowledge of man deep and wide. He had not met her twice before he was as madly in love with her as such men are at least once in their lives. As it so happened he, in his narrow routine and avoidance of society, had met no woman before who had more than lightly touched his fancy. The passion was, therefore, the more overwhelming. But this morning he remembered. The chill, disillusionizing dawn, the relentless hand of satiety, the prosaic city below—the city which was identified with almost every hour of his life—brutally dispelled his dream. He stood staring down upon the roofs, conscious that he was face to face with a problem. His wife or this woman?

More unanæmic fiction! But let us continue:

And this woman? A great temperament had been developed in every avenue. She had suffered and lived and thought. To him finally she had given the superb perfection that Circumstance in all its variety had hitherto. She loved him. If he left her he might as well tear her heart from her body.

He glanced behind him, through the parted curtains, into the room where she still slept. Even in sleep, that mighty test, she was beautiful despite her pallor. Her brown hair, soft and fine and rich, curled warmly about her delicate face with its strong lines and fine brow. The dark lashes rested on cheeks thin of contour but white of skin. The parted lips were full and red. One bare arm, perfect in its modeling, was crooked that the hand might support the head. The throat under its laces was full and pulsing. The room was

a thing of silk and lace, pink as the heart of a shell.

Still strongly unanæmic. He decides to go:

He went into an adjoining room and dressed himself hurriedly. He scribbled a few words, the usual disjointed futilities, passed into the bedroom and bent over the sleeping woman. He dared not kiss her. He went rapidly to the door, paused a moment, and looked back. Her eyes were open. She was one of those who awaken instantly and fully, as if a flash of lightning had been projected into the brain. She understood, and her eyes were expanded with terror. If she had been a worse woman she would have summoned self-control and art. But, as it was, she did not move or speak.

"I am going," he said, mechanically. "You understand. It had to be."

Her mind only framed commonplace phrases. Under the sudden shock she was no longer an individual, but a type, the elemental woman. "You love me no longer—how can you leave me? Are you tired?"

Not at all bourgeois! The climax:

Then the woman in her asserted itself. She sprang out of bed and flung herself upon him. "You shall not go," she cried, imperiously; "I have my rights and I demand them. You have no right, no right to make me love you—for three days. You are mine, and I demand you. Your duty is no less to me than to her—more, for I can suffer more, and she has had you for twenty years." And then she fell to crying and begging him not to leave her. He held her closely and kissed her many times. He cast aside his hat and remained with her.

It is not every writer who could not only tell what is wrong with American fiction but illustrate the exhortation so happily.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Hemming the Adventurer," by Theodore Roberts.
3. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.
2. "Order No. 11," by Caroline Ahhot Stanley.
3. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
4. "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller.
5. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
2. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous.
3. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
4. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
5. "Memoirs of Henry Villard."

An old, old lady, who in her lifetime called William the Fourth of England "grandpapa," namely, the Countess of Munster, has been writing down her "Memories," which include some interesting tit-bits. For example, she remembers seeing the celebrated Lady Holland, surrounded by a smart and gay company, at Holland House, while "a maid was kneeling by her, hating the pale, sweet, smiling lady's feet—the loveliest white feet—in a large china foot tub." These peculiar, if picturesque allusions, we are told, "invariably took place in the dining-room of Holland House during luncheon, whether there were visitors or not."

A hook by Grover Cleveland is on the Century Company's fall list.



**BOHM  
BRISTOL CO.**

Endless suggestions for beautiful and tasteful

**WEDDING GIFTS**  
are offered by our exclusive  
**JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE display.**

104-110 Geary Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time to have their glasses re-adjusted.

**HIRSCH & KAISER,**  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

## Wedding Invitations

PROPERLY ENGRAVED

**ROBERTSON'S, 126 Post St.**

## SOZODONT

**Pretty Teeth in a Good Mouth**

are like jewels well set. Our best men and women have made Sozodont the Standard.

## BEST FOR YOUR TEETH

## HOT AND HANDY

**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.

**TESLA COAL CO.**

Phone South 95.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

**HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.**

Branches:  
**LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.**

## Educational.

Oregon. Portland.

### St. Helen's Hall

Home and Day School for Girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic college preparation and special courses. Music, Elocution, Art in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. All departments open September 14, 1903.

**ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.**

### The Rose POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Devoted to all branches of Engineering Science, Mechanical, Electrical, and Civil. Architecture and Chemistry. Thorough instruction, practical work. Courses under direction of specialists. 2nd year. Send for catalogue. **C. L. MEES, Pres.,** Box C, Terre Haute, Ind.

### Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address **MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal,** Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Keeler Writes a Fine Book on Home-Building.

The picture of a California house modeled after a Swiss chalet in Charles Keeler's book, "A Simple Home," caused us for a moment to fear that he countenanced servile imitation here of architectural forms alien to the spirit of California. But the reading of the little work—it runs only to fifty pages—dispels the idea. Mr. Keeler's views on the building of the home are eminently sane and sound. Between the gray covers of his little book he has compressed more valid architectural philosophy than may be found in many volumes thrice its size. A wholesome contempt of all shams and petty makeshifts, a keen appreciation of the fact that a land's architectural styles are not to be determined by the fiat of any one whatsoever, but are matters of development, and an abiding love for that which is simple as opposed to that which is ornate, infuse and inform this volume. Mr. Keeler contends, and rightly, that the home must suggest the life that it is to encompass; that it must be adapted to the climate, the landscape, and the life in which it is to serve its part; that its construction should be honest; that paint and varnish are to be avoided; that, in furnishing, few things and good are far better than many things and ill; that mechanically printed wallpaper is anathema, and tacked-down carpets are in the same category. Only one opinion that Mr. Keeler expresses surprises us. He says: "The Japanese and Chinese are the master potters." The Japanese are so, of course. The Chinese are technically expert. But a vast gulf divides the Japanese appreciation of abstract beauty and the Chinese appreciation of beauty. In fact, we prefer to believe that certain repulsive features of the Chinese life and character have not failed to be embodied in their ceramic art. A tendency to ornateness, to extravagance, is noticeable; it renders their pottery infinitely less desirable to us than that of the craftsmen of Dai Nippon.

Published by Paul Elder. San Francisco: 75 cents.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Century Magazine* will present as a serial this summer a number of correlated stories by Miriam Michelson, author of "The Bishop's Carriage." They will be called "The Madragans," and deal with the romps, adventures, and tribulations of an interesting colony of boys, girls, and infants. A collection of curiously realistic pictures will accompany the tales.

Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, author of "What Is Good English," etc., and editor of the *Bookman*, has written a new juvenile story, somewhat in the manner of his "Adventures of Mahel." It is called "Hilda's Wishes."

Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams are collaborating upon a novel, which will bear the title "The Mystery." It is said to be founded upon a fact, and is a sea tale which involves a mysterious ship found on the high seas in perfect condition, with all sails set and nobody on board.

Two books, it is said, will be the outcome of Henry James's visit to this country—one is to be a new novel on American life and manners, the other a collection of impressions of his countrymen. He expects to spend several months in travel. It is sixteen years since he has seen the home of his youth, and in that time there have been many extraordinary changes in American habits and American ideas.

Those who would wish to have "seen Shelley plain," in other words, to have seen and known geniuses, should find some consolation in a story that is being told of George Eliot. It was at the house of the Master of Balliol, in Oxford, that the great novelist was met, and was being adored at a distance, when, upon the departure from the dining-room, Lewes was heard to say, "Get along, Polly."

Hamlin Garland is about to have published "The Light of the Star," a full-fledged romance. Garland has this time deserted the Western plains, and devoted his energies to a picture of stage life in New York, with its outward glitter and its depressing realities behind the scenes.

There are at least two interesting lines in Cynthia Westover Alden's new book, "Women's Ways of Earning Money." They run: "Miss Yeomans is known all over California as a butterfly catcher."

According to the annual report of a London suburban library, its patrons are the prize fiction readers of the world. Of the 99,126 books issued during the year, 82,746 were novels, or almost 83 per cent.

The volume of statutes, with a signature supposed to be Shakespeare's on the fifth leaf of the table of contents, brought only \$400 when it was sold the other day in London. It was offered on the plea that "there seems no absolutely certain argument against this being a genuine signature." The signature, at any rate, is like the accepted handwriting,

and the experts agree that it is not an Ireland forgery. There are in existence four or five recognized signatures of the poet—one of them is in the British Museum, inscribed in a copy of Florio's "Montaigne."

The forthcoming large paper issue of the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems will be limited to a hundred sets. None are available, all of them having been taken up at once in England.

The literary group in London now includes Rudyard Kipling (fresh from South Africa), W. D. Howells, Thomas Hardy, Ripley Hitchcock, and Alexander Hood. Maurice Hewlett is just starting for Italy. Maarten Maartens has decided to visit America in October.

The autobiography of ex-Empress Eugénie is said to be virtually complete, though it will not be published until twenty-five years after her death. The manuscript is kept under lock and key, and no one has yet been allowed to look through it.

According to a statistician in the *Publishers' Weekly*, there were printed, last year, 816 new novels, against 838 in 1902. Collected works, and books on general literature, are estimated at 838 for 1903—a gain of 130 over the output of the preceding year. There was a dearth of new theological and religious publications in 1893, but an increase of 240 new editions of this class of literature.

Viscount Hayashi has written in English a legendary story of a Japanese hero, which will be published soon.

## Edgar Fawcett.

Edgar Fawcett, who died in London on Sunday, May 1st, after a few weeks' illness, was born in New York in 1847. He was graduated from Columbia, and had been engaged in literary work continuously since that time. Mr. Fawcett is best known through his novels, the scenes of which are laid in New York. Among them are "Olivia Delaplaine," "The Adventures of a Widow," "Rutherford," and "The Evil That Men Do." He was also the author of several volumes of verse, essays, and plays.

One of the published versions of his best-known poem is:

## TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly  
In Southern splendor through our Northern sky?

In some blithe moment was it nature's choice  
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?  
Or did some orange lily, flecked with black,  
In a forgotten garden, ages back,  
Yearning to heaven until its wish was heard  
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

He was a member of the Union Club of New York and the Authors' Club of London. For the last few years he had made his home in London.

## What's the Use of Criticism?

The story is full of intensely dramatic scenes, and the plot keeps the reader's interest on the stretch to the very end. The dialogue is bright, and there is much epigrammatic wisdom packed into the speeches of several of the characters. Taken as a whole, it is one of the strongest novels of the new year. —From a review of "Anna the Adventuress" (Little, Brown & Co.), by E. Phillips Oppenheim, by George Hamlin Fitch in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

As absurd a farrago of nonsense as we have seen for a long time is offered as a novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim (who has done very respectable work) in "Anna the Adventuress." The people are clumsy caricatures, and the incidents such as even the best good will find it difficult to swallow. —From a review of "Anna the Adventuress" in the *New York Sun*.

A "History of Impressionist Painting," by Wynford Dewhurst, will be published soon.

## New Publications.

"Eppy Grams by Dinkelspiel," per George V. Hohart. G. W. Dillingham Company.

"The House in the Woods," by Arthur Henry. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"A Book of Sundial Mottoes." Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. The Scott-Thaw Company; \$1.00 net.

"How to Live Forever: The Science and Practice," by Harry Gaze. The Stockham Publishing Company.

"Hidalgo and Home Life at West Lawn," by R. A. McCracken. Illustrated. M. A. Donohue & Co.; \$1.00.

"New Hampshire: An Epitome of Popular Government," by Frank B. Sanborn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10 net.

"The Duke of Cameron Avenue," by Henry Kitchell Webster. Frontispiece. The Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

"What Handwriting Indicates: An Analytical Graphology," by John Rexford. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

"Prayers Written at Vaillima," by Robert Louis Stevenson; with an introduction by Mrs. Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents.

"Arthur Sullivan," by H. Saxe Wyndham. With a chapter by Ernest Ford. Frontispiece. George Bell & Sons—a capable, brief biography.

"The Panorama of Sleep or Soul and Symbol," by Nina Picton. Illustrated by Remington W. Lane. The Philosophic Company; \$1.00.

"The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe." Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman. William R. Jenkins—one of the best pocket guides extant.

"The Theatrical Primer," by Harold Acton Vivian. Illustrated by Francis P. Sagerson. The G. W. Dillingham Company; 75 cents—a supposedly humorous volume.

"The Slav Invasion and the Mine Workers: A Study in Immigration," by Frank Julian Warne, Ph. D. Maps and tables. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.00 net.

"A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York," by Ralph Hoffman. With four full-page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and nearly one hundred cuts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"The United States and Porto Rico: With Special Reference to the Problems Arising out of Our Contract with the Spanish-American Civilization," by L. S. Rowe, Ph. D. Longmans' Green & Co.; \$1.30 net.

"An English Garner: Two volumes. A Re-Issue in Twelve Volumes of Professor Arher's Ingatherings from English History and Literature." With introduction by A. H. Bullen. E. P. Dutton & Co.; each, \$1.25 net.

"Velasquez." Third volume of Newnes' Art Library. Frederick Warne & Co.; \$1.25—a volume containing an exceptionally fine series of reproductions of the Spanish painter's best works, some seventy in all.

"Philips's Handy—Volume Atlas of the World: An Entirely New and Enlarged Edition, Containing Seventy-Two New and Specially Engraved Plates, with Statistical Notes and Complete Index," by E. G. Ravenstein, F. R. G. S. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.00 net—an excellent little work.

"The Golden Treasury," selected from the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, and arranged with notes by Francis T. Palgrave. The Macmillan Company; 25 cents net—a marvel of cheapness, without shoddiness: the type is good, the paper clean and white, and the pages number nearly four hundred.



POPE MFG. COMPANY

## Bicycle Innovations

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

Pope Quality in Every Wheel

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

## Spain in 1903

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.

Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.58. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F.

## Pen-Sketches on the Iberian Peninsula

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

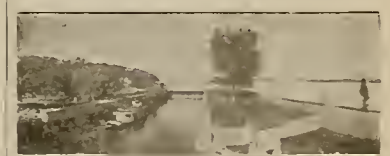
The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year. JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

**REMINGTON**  
Standard Typewriter  
211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,  
1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

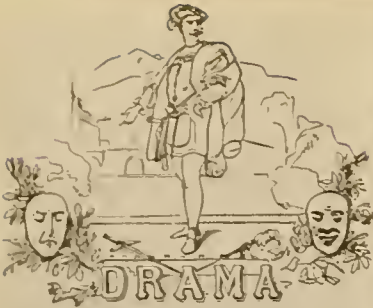
ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.





A play like "Old Heidelberg" is the pure gold of modern drama. It is poetry and reality in one—the reality of the nineteenth century. Here is no dummy princeling; no lay figure of satin and velvet stuffed with straw, of the type that has strutted so long and wearisomely in drama and fiction. Prince Karl is a creature of flesh and blood. He has the warm, throbbing heart of youth beating under the rigid mold which etiquette decrees shall be the only front that royalty presents to the world.

The poetry of "Old Heidelberg" lies in its simple, human presentation of the wistful and tender sentiment which attaches to the delights, dreams, and renunciations of youth. Prince Karl, young, lonely, and imprisoned within the relentless bonds of an exacting court etiquette, wins a brief freedom during his student life at Heidelberg. There, mingling with his fellow-students on terms of equality, he ceases for a term to be a military automaton, and for the first time tastes the delights of youth, of unfettered comradeship, of an innocent, untroubled love.

His sweetheart is merely the little maid at the inn, a gentle, fearless, friendly being, whose sweet, fragrant charm must of necessity be as transitory as the bloom of a field flower. Yet how inevitable it is that the two should love. As George Eliot puts it, "Such young, unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest."

Four months of happiness is all that the emancipated prince is allowed with which to hear up against a life-time of restraint. He is the heir apparent, and when the reigning royalty of his house succumbs, he is called forever from his joyous student career to take up the burdens attached to his high estate. At first the boy's heart within him rebels and passionately claims its share of "the golden treasure-house of youth." And then, with quivering lips and woeful eyes, the young heart nerves itself to the duties of stern and self-contained manhood. This, except for one last sad and disillusionizing pilgrimage that the young ruler makes to the scene of his student days before his royal espousals are celebrated, is all that there is to the story.

But how simply, how sadly, how playfully, how poignantly, its incidents are unrolled to our view. We see Prince Karl in the restraint of court, and in the freedom of Heidelberg. We see the light-hearted students rush like a summer tempest through the inn garden. They unite in one spontaneous overflow of irrepressible laughter and jest, frolic and song. They take the prince into their ranks as a brother, and he is solemnly endued with the cap and insignia of the student corps which he joins. As a contrast to all this spontaneous, light-hearted comradeship, comes the closing scene, in which Prince Karl, yielding to a sudden impulse, promises himself a temporary respite from the cares of state, and a joyous dip into the unrestraint of his college days. He comes, to find the choicest spirits gone, and the students frozen into ceremonious automatons by the Serene Highness of their erstwhile comrade. Simple as it sounds, the spectacle of the prince's resigned acceptance of his royal isolation is inexpressibly touching. The sentiment of the scene is marked by that blending of comedy and pathos in which tears and laughter are so closely akin that one can scarcely say from moment to moment which emotion prevails.

Richard Mansfield is a master of the art of make-up, but he not only succeeds in giving Prince Karl the superficial aspect, the gait, and the movements of extreme youth, but he has caught its expression. The boy's face is as an open page, on which is recorded diffidence, self-distrust, inexperience, ignorance of life. Mansfield's acting is so full of fine and delicate detail, and so perfectly conveys his meaning, that one dare not look away from him for a moment. With him, there was never a moment of disillusion, no drop from the tension of intense and keenly pleasurable absorption in the character portrayed. He was always Prince Karl, a living, throbbing, yearning, suffering entity. Mr. Mansfield's acting, in this role, is characterized particularly by the completeness with which it gives, by the force of subdued suggestion, full and perfect delineation of each of the ruling feelings that sway the prince during the successive epochs in his emotional life. The imagination is not forced to piece out what is lacking in the player, but allows itself freely to a leadership that holds it in a gentle, unobtrusive, and yet a firm grasp.

It goes without saying that a Mansfield performance is produced in the finest style. A bit of detail illustrating this fact is the beauty of the horses of the prince's suite, although the animals were only seen for a moment as they passed by the great doors of the castle.

A further exemplification of Mr. Mansfield's fastidiousness in the details big and little of his productions, is found in the personality of the men who impersonated the various excellencies attached to the court of His Serene Highness Prince of Sachsen Karlsburg. Their dignity, repose, and courtliness of manner was beyond question. A. E. Greenaway as Staatsminister von Haug had the physiognomy of an English cardinal, and all of them had the measured, clear-cut diction of men who habitually, and with pleasure, roll as a sweet morsel under the tongues the titles and ceremonial forms of address that appertain to royalty.

The company all through is of superior quality. Leslie Kenyon's valet is a piece of finished comedy work, worthy to claim an attention only secondary to that bestowed upon the super-elegant lackey's royal master. Mr. Andrews's Dr. Juttner is a most sympathetic and attractive portrayal of the old tutor, whose warmth of heart and impatience of convention made him so dear to his pupil. Miss Conquest is Kathie, the lowly sweetheart of the prince. A mingling of simplicity, frankness, and an innocent sense of comradeship is the keynote to the character, and one most winningly presented by Miss Conquest. The rôle of the fair little maid is in the keeping of an actress who is peculiarly fitted to interpret it in the manner intended by its German author; for the sentiment attached to this episode is characteristically Teutonic in its tenderness, its melancholy, and the inevitable transitoriness of its existence.

"The Empress Theodora," like "La Tosca," is haunted by a splendid ghost. It is the spirit of Sarah Bernhardt's vanished youth. She was somewhere in her forties when we first saw her as the Byzantine empress, but Sarah was still young at an age when the majority of women are forced to throw up the sponge. Even now, after having celebrated her sixtieth birthday, the steely strength and tireless vitality of this woman still hold out, and she leads an active, busy life, full of hopes, ambitions, plans, and achievements.

What wonder, then, that our recollections of Justinian's exotic consort recalls the image of a young woman, fresh, alluring, graceful as a panther, fascinating as a Circe, resolute and fearless in the pursuit of dangerous pleasures, harbaric and implacable in rage, irresistibly soft, seductive and tender in love.

With what life and splendor the rich, picturesque personality of the French actress endowed a rich, picturesque rôle. Without her, "Theodora" remains but a series of painted perspective against which move flat, faintly tinted shapes that vainly attempt to persuade us of their reality.

Even Melbourne MacDowell, tricked out in the graceful habiliments of Andreas the Greek, with his broad shoulders, his ringing voice, his still handsome face, his robustly melodramatic style, his league-long kisses, and his lusty wooing can not succeed in carrying the imagination captive. An undiversified Sardou routine does not tend to keep inspiration alive, and Mr. MacDowell is not an actor who is always potent in influencing the imagination. Nor does his leading lady fit into the frame of the imperial adventuress who is apostrophized by her lover as possessing "the gayety of a girl and the beauty of a goddess." Miss Fuller shows up well in such scenes as the baiting of Theodora's imperial consort, but in the love scenes the romantic element sadly suffers.

Fanny Davenport, it will be remembered, mounted the Sardou dramas in a style that is demanded by pieces of this nature. Her methods and those of Melbourne MacDowell were well suited to each other. They gave us uninspired but straight, honest, vigorous acting. At that epoch there was still much vitality in those glowing pictures of the loves and hates of the tigerish men and women to whom Sardou introduced his dazzled public, but the pigments are faded with time, and underneath the dimmed colors we do not discern the firm outlines that stand for unfading truth.

It takes just such a dominating and dazzling personality as Bernhardt's to round out Sardou's conception of Theodora, and breathe into it the glow and color of fascinating life. Such a feat is impossible for players of the second class, and the splendor of the Byzantine emperor's palace is no more dimmed and faded than the play of the hot, riotous passions which, during Bernhardt's time, fascinated and thrilled our temperate Occidental sensibilities.

The play, in its present cheapened presentation, is still an effective and strongly picturesque melodrama. It has the skillful, theatrical construction that we have always expected from Sardou, and its lines do not admit of false heroics, and offer little opportunity for rant.

Cheapness, however, does not become it. It

is emphatically a play that calls for expensive settings and rich costumes, almost as insistently as for forceful individualities and impressive stage presences in its players, and after seeing it in its present shape the impression left upon the mind is similar to that which are experienced when we behold the wreck of a fine woman.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Before-Theatre Dinners.

Theatre-goers know that nothing adds to the pleasure of a good play as does a good dinner beforehand. It makes one content with the world—and only a contented person can get the full enjoyment out of an evening at a theatre. It is for that reason that the service, the surroundings, and the unsurpassed cooking have made The Red Lion Grill, in the Stock Exchange Building, on Pine Street just below Montgomery, most popular among playgoers. They are telling each other of the merits of The Red Lion, with the usual result.

D. H. Burnham, the Chicago architect, Mrs. Burnham, Miss Burnham, William Keith, the artist, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, and Miss Daisy Polk made up a party which spent several days at Del Monte recently. Mr. Burnham expressed himself as greatly pleased with the present results of landscape gardener Ulrich's planning of tree and flower effects about the hotel grounds. He started East Wednesday, and expects to return in six months with his report on the possibilities of making San Francisco consistently beautiful.

Frederic Belasco and E. D. Price, of the Alcazar, have returned from a six weeks' visit to the East. They made arrangements by which White Whittlesey will begin a special summer engagement at the Alcazar on June 27th, prior to his starring tour of the West under the management of Belasco, Mayer, and Price. He will be presented in romantic plays and comedies, including "Heartsease" and "The Second in Command."

Mrs. Craigie has written a play, "The Flute of Pan," in which Olga Nethersole is appearing in London. It is described as a whimsical, unsubstantial piece, humorous in its dialogue, but lacking in coherency of plot and in dramatic situations.

The San Francisco Golf Club is arranging to have new links at Ingleside, on the property of the Spring Valley Water Company.

Ex-Queen Lilioukalani, of Honolulu, arrived from St. Louis this week, en route to Honolulu.

#### A. P. Hotelling & Co.'s "Old Kirk."

In "Old Kirk" we have placed before the public a perfect blended whisky. Reared from our own selection of the finest five to eight year old straight whiskies produced in Kentucky, it is at all times under our own personal supervision, has the advantages of two cooperages, and is carefully stored in specially equipped steam-heated warehouses. Backed by our reputation and honor, the attainment of fifty-three years' successful, upright business career, we have launched "Old Kirk" and it has gone to the front to stay—a whisky without a peer. A. P. Hotelling & Co., 429-437 Jackson Street.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

### California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent

## REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

### TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Only matinee Saturday. Beginning next Monday night, third week of the musical-comedy success of two hemispheres,

-- A RUNAWAY GIRL --  
Splendid cast. Beautiful girl chorus. Magnificent scenery and costumes.

Popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, May 23d, second and last week of MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Monday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, "Old Heidelberg"; Tuesday and Saturday nights, "Ivan the Terrible"; Wednesday night, "Beau Brummel"; Friday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Monday, May 30th—Maude Adams.

### ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."

BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr. Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. One week, commencing Monday, May 23d, Sydney Rosenfeld's brilliant comedy,

-- A POSSIBLE CASE --  
First time at the Alcazar.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, May 30th—Toll Gate Inn.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, May 22d, MR. MELBOURNE MACDOWELL in Sardou's

-- FEDORA --  
Matinee Saturday.

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Sunday matinee, May 29th—Gismonda.

### CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall. Beginning Monday, May 23d, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the powerful American drama,

-- A GREAT TEMPTATION --

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

May 30th—A Celebrated Case.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, May 22d. New acts, faces, and sensations! Burke, La Rue, and their Inky Boys; the Colby Family; Al Lawrence; Belle Gordon; Alons; Marcel's Living Art Studies; Hume, Ross, and Lewis; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Charles Deland and Company.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Schaeffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

### THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, T. T. DARGIE,  
President. Secretary.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Mansfield's Second Week.

During his second and last week at the Columbia Theatre, Richard Mansfield will present "Old Heidelberg" on Monday and Tuesday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. "Ivan the Terrible" will be played on Tuesday and Saturday nights. On Friday evening he will be seen in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and on Wednesday night in "Beau Brummel." The Mansfield engagement has crowded the Columbia, and probably the next attraction, Maude Adams in repertoire, will draw equally well. Miss Adams will be seen in "The Little Minister" and other of her successes.

## A Comedy of Matrimonial Disasters.

At the Alcazar a piquant and breezy comedy, "A Possible Case," by Sydney Rosenfeld, will be presented on Monday. It is one of those plays which give humorous coloring to matrimonial disaster. The scenes are laid in New York City and Mexico. Violet Mendoza, "the woman in black," possessed of three husbands, and dashing madly in a whirlpool of comic complication, was the character in which the late Georgia Drew Barrymore—mother of Ethel Barrymore—starred, and will be played by Adele Block. John B. Maher will play a giddy old rake, George Osbourne a fiery Mexican, Durkin and Conness up-to-date Americans, and Frances Starr and Juliet Crosby two captivating beauties. To follow on May 30th comes the first Alcazar production of "Toll Gate Inn," a colonial romance with melodramatic flavor.

## MacDowell in a Favorite Role.

Melbourne MacDowell will begin the fourth week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, with a production of Sardou's drama, "Fedora," in which he will appear as Louis Ipanoff. It is considered one of his best roles. "Fedora" is a drama of Russian and French life, and the story tells of a Russian princess whose love and hate are equally fierce. These passions lead her in the end to murder and suicide. Sunday matinee, May 29th, Mr. MacDowell will, by request, produce Sardou's "Gismonda." His last week will begin Sunday matinee, June 5th, and will be devoted to a romantic play, entirely new here, entitled "A Captain of Navarre." Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin an engagement at this theatre on June 13th in "Du Barry." The sale of seats for her engagement opens Thursday, June 9th.

## For Another Week.

On account of the demand for seats, the Tivoli management has decided to continue "A Runaway Girl" for another week. Dora de Fillippe has several good songs, among them "The Sly Cigarette" and "The Boy Gussed Right," while Ferris Hartman wins applause with "Follow the Man From Cook's." Arthur Cunningham's rôle serves to display his excellent baritone, and Edward Wehh has an opportunity as Talramund, his "Then His Day's Work Was Done" being encored nightly.

## A Southern Drama.

The Central Theatre will on Monday evening next produce Owen Davis's masterpiece, "A Great Temptation." The mounting of this drama will be elaborate, and the scenery and scenic effects will include a steamer ride down the Mississippi, sunrise on the old plantation, the charcoal kilns, and a moonlight view of the old mill overgrown with vines and flowers. The production introduces Julia Blanc as a member of the Central stock company. After a three years' engagement at the American Theatre, New York, Miss Blanc has accepted a season's engagement in her home city. In next week's cast she will have a character comedy part, with song specialties. Herschel Mayall will have the leading rôle of "A Great Temptation."

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Charles H. Burke, Grace La Rue, and their "Inky" boys will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting a sketch entitled, "The Silver Moon," in which many of the latest songs and a number of bright specialties are introduced. Mr. Burke and Miss La Rue left the "Rogers Brothers in London" to enter vaudeville. The Colby family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Colby, Miss Byrle, and Master Frank, who were here last year, will return with a new act. Mr. and Mrs. Colby are instrumentalists and vocalists. Al Lawrence, with stories and imitations, is also a ventriloquist, and has some original hurlesque recitations. Belle Gordon, who has the distinction of being the world's champion bag puncher of her sex, uses the latest improved methods and apparatus. Alfons, the European equilibrist, will make his initial appearance in San Francisco. Charles Deland and his company of typewriter girls, presenting "A Broker from Batesville," for their second and last week will introduce a number of new specialties in their musical comedy. Marcel's Living Art Studies will show many

changes of bas-reliefs and pictures; and Hume, Ross, and Lewis, the eccentric comedy trio, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## Fischer's Theatre to Re-Open.

On the opening night of Fischer's Theatre, which will take place shortly, none of the patrons of the house will recognize the theatre in its new dress. There are two main exits that lead directly from the balcony to the street, and there is a main exit over forty feet wide. Two hundred extra seats have been placed on the ground floor, and additional seats have been added to all parts of the theatre by the change. There are new parlors, cafés, and reception-rooms. The company will be entirely new, with the exception of Ben Dillon and Roy Alton. Among the newcomers are Yorke and Adams, the Hebrew and German comedians; Al Fields, a German comedian; and Edwin Clark, for several years the principal comedian with "The Chinese Honeymoon" company. The new leading lady is Caroline Hull, said to be one of the best "all round" burlesque actresses in the country. Edna Aug has been secured for sourette rôles. The Garrity Sisters, dancers, have been engaged. The new burlesque is by Judson Brusie, and is said to be even better than was "Fiddle-Dee-Dee." It is called "U. S." The music has been written by both Lee Johnson and Will Carleton, and is all original. A feature of the production will be the "Radium Dance," for which eight girls have been brought from New York.

## Historical Play by College Students.

On next Thursday evening the pupils of Santa Clara College will present a new historical play, "Henry Garnett, Priest and Martyr," written by a member of the college faculty. The basis of the play is the gunpowder plot, famous in English history. The play is being staged by Martin V. Merle, who put on the passion play at the same place last year. Reserved seats for this performance have been placed at \$1, general admission 50 cents, and the proceeds will go to the McKinnon Memorial Fund. A special train will leave Third and Townsend Streets on the afternoon of the performance, returning the same evening. Seats are on sale at Gallagher Brothers, 27 Grant Avenue.

A great battle, lasting from eight o'clock Sunday night until five o'clock Monday morning, was waged between a fisherman and a mammoth shark in Monterey Bay, five miles off of Santa Cruz beach. The shark was drowned only after the destruction of four large nets in which it became entangled. It weighed twenty-five hundred pounds, and was twenty-two feet long, being the largest shark ever caught in the bay.

A simple, touching incident marked the funeral of Nellie Farren, the actress, who died in London recently. As the coffin was being borne to the grave a small bunch of violets fell to the ground. "It was for 'Our Nellie,'" said one of the crowd, "and in her memory let us treasure it." The bunch was eagerly and reverently divided, people being satisfied with even a single petal.

Attention is called to the change of time of the Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway, as announced in their advertisement. The new schedule went into effect Wednesday. The travel over this road has increased to a great extent of late, an account of its attractions being spread everywhere by the numerous tourists who make the trip up the mountain.

Sir James Bell, of England, whose yacht, the *Thistle*, raced against General Payne's *Volunteer* for the America Cup, arrived from the East the first of the week. He is interested in mining properties in the West.

## The Yellow Drama.

The Brooklyn Eagle, in denouncing melodrama of the vicious class, says: "We have in our town at least one theatre that, during the season about to close, has devoted itself almost entirely to plays of crime. More than any of its neighboring establishments it has the patronage of boys. An hour before the time for opening a crowd of youngsters will be found, herded at the gallery entrance, and including shavers of nine or ten years, smoking cigarettes with the complacency of veterans, and filled with a hope of a night of thrills. This place of excitement makes a specialty of cheap heroics in which the James hoys, the murderer Tracy, and other offenders against morals and decency are pedestaled for the admiration of the callow and impressionable. The posters picture forth glaring and evil countenances, and almost every scene appears to require an exhibit of revolvers. Robbery, ruffianism, assassination, train-wrecking, and marital unfaith appear to be the stock in trade of the playsmiths who evoke these horrors, and unhealthy agitation of the nerves must be the least of the evils that is induced by a study of them. We have denounced 'Camille' and 'Frou-Frou' as evil, because they create a maudlin sympathy for unworthy subjects, but the play of gore and gunpowder is a greater evil, for the reason that it addresses itself to unformed minds, and sways, not by logic, but by mere excitement."


## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## Enormous Yosemite Travel.

Santa Fé travel to Yosemite Valley is assuming enormous proportions. By the Santa Fé alone may the famous California Big Trees be seen without side trip or extra expense. It is also the short, quick way. Seats on the stage may be reserved at 641 Market Street, Santa Fé office.

## ASK PECK! HE KNOWS

Literature and particulars  
on all the Summer Resorts  
and Camping Places of  
California.   
11 MONTGOMERY ST.

## FREE INFORMATION

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.  
MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.  
Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,000,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 210,000  
Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.  
Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, Vice-President W. W. Montague & Co., President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice President Bank of California, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Capitalist, Treasurer. George C. Boardman, Manager Aetna Insurance Co. and Director S. F. Savings Union, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Banker, Portland, Ore., Director; Gavin McNab, Attorney.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Secretary and Manager.  
516 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.  
Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.  
R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—H. F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.  
Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.  
CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn.....President  
Geo. F. Gray.....Vice-President  
George F. Lyon.....Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark.....Cashier  
W. F. Williamson.....Attorney

Directors—F. W. Dohmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco  
Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President; HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Ore.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.  
Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,  
301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00  
Paid In.....2,550,000.00  
Profits and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00  
WILLIAM CORBIN  
Secretary and General Manager.

## BONESTELL, RICHARDSON &amp; CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.  
For Printing & Wrapping } 401-403 Sansome St.



## VANITY FAIR.

Perfect weather contributed to the success of the second annual parade of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club, which took place in New York last week. No less than ten coaches were in the line which formed in Seventy-Second Street, near Fifth Avenue, at about eleven. It was headed by the coach of the president of the club, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, and following her came those of Miss Louise Gulliver, Mrs. Ledyard Blair, Miss Angelica Gerry, Miss Frederica Webb, Miss Kate Cary, Miss Leila Bryce, Mrs. Goadby Loew, Miss Mary Harriman, and Miss Eleanor Jay. Each whip (according to the account in the New York Tribune) was arrayed in the regulation club driving coat of dark blue cloth, double breasted, and fastened with two rows of brass buttons down the front, collars and cuffs being piped with buff. The hats, of light tan heaver, were low crowned and bell topped. With Mrs. Thomas Hastings on her coach were James Henry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr., the latter in dark blue silk, and Mrs. Joseph Widener, of Philadelphia, wearing a toilet of similar hue and material and a black clip picture hat, trimmed with a blue ostrich feather. With Miss Leila Bryce were her father, General Lloyd Bryce, her sister, Miss Claire Bryce, Miss Therèse Iselin, and Arthur Burden. Miss Claire Bryce was dressed in sapphire blue voile, and wore a large blue hat, trimmed with blue feathers. Miss Iselin's frock was of shepherd plaid in black and white canvas cloth made over black silk, and with it she wore a black hat.

Hamilton W. Cary was on the box seat beside his sister, Miss Kate Cary, whose other guests were Mrs. H. le Loy Emmet, Miss Roosevelt, and J. Roosevelt Roosevelt. Miss Emmet was in a tan canvas cloth frock and a three-cornered straw hat of the same color, trimmed with black and a red wing, and Miss Roosevelt in gray cloth, with a large black hat. Among those assembled to see the start of the parade were Mrs. Marion Story, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Miss Beatrice and Miss Gladys Mills, Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Miss Evelyn Parsons, Miss Cynthia Roche, Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Gouverneur Kortright, Mrs. Frederick Benedict, Mrs. Francis Burrall Hoffman, Mrs. William Jay, Archibald Thompson, Thomas D. Worden, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, and Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the latter on the new road-coach Venture, with a party of men. Entering the park at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-Second Street, the coaches turned to the west side and drove up to the Circle, at One-Hundred-and-Sixth Street, where the parade took place. Mrs. Thomas Hastings's coach lined up, and the others passed in review, the members driving saluting her with their whips. This over, the coaches formed in line once more, and drove to the Fifty-Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance of the park, and thence to the Riding Club, in East Fifty-Eighth Street, near Fifth Avenue, for luncheon.

The latest fad of the fashionable set in Washington is Japanese wrestling. For several weeks some of the prominent women have met regularly each morning at the very unfashionable hour of nine o'clock to perfect themselves in the exercise of *ju-jitsu*. The rendezvous is the home of one of the members. Professor Yamashita and his wife give the course of instruction, with a few gratuitous lessons from Commander Takeshita, naval attaché of the Japanese legation. Some of the women who have been indefatigable in carrying out the instructions of their quaint little teachers are Mrs. Arthur Lee and Mrs. John T. Davis, sisters of Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins; Mrs. William Holland Wilmer, Miss Ames, sister of Representative Butler Ames, and Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the senator.

"I observe that one of the managers is talking of getting together and fetching over to this side with an extravaganza for a medium, a big bunch of British dizzy blondes like the Lydia Thompson outfit that swept over the United States about thirty-five years ago, and left deep impressions in the bosoms of impressionable lads who are grave old boys now," says a theatrical agent in the New York Sun. "I don't believe it would be a go. So far as popularity with the modern theatre-goers is concerned, the dizzy blonde is as dead as the dodo. You can't give blonde show women away. They are down and out. The upgrowing generation may witness another apotheosis of the stage blonde; but with the generation that's got the deck now the black haired or dark brown haired girl is it, and the blonde is only occasionally tossed into the line as a filler or for the sake of contrast. I have engaged over a thousand girls of the line for productions in New York and the road since last August. More than eight hundred of them were women with black or dark hair. About a hundred of the remainder had something over fifty, were pure

blondes. Not a chemical blonde among them. The peroxide blonde simply is not wanted at all. The pure natural blondes that I did engage were secured only to bring into high relief the dark hair of the other women. How do we gauge the theatre-goers' changing ideas as to what constitutes feminine beauty on the stage? By mixing with them and hearing them talk. Men began to get sore on the drug-shop blonde several years ago. The mania among women of all degrees for peroxide hair was so acute that it was brought home to tens of thousands of men who had to battle with their wives to prevent them from going off and having their hair bleached to the hue of wax. That was the beginning of the end of the blonde. When the men started to knock the bleached women on or off the stage, it was all off with the blonde.

"The passing of the blonde may therefore be attributed in a great measure to the menacing universality about a decade ago, of the peroxide habit. And, say, hend your ear over here, so that I can mention this in a whisper. Theatre-goers, especially the male element among them, began to find out that the dark-haired women were really far cleverer than the girls with the gilt locks, and, of course, that gave them an additional point of vantage from which to knock the blondes. Far be it from me to commit myself on that point right out loud, but I am bound to express my personal conviction, which is the result of a great many years of experience in the theatrical business, that the girls with the dark hair really are far brighter than those endowed by Nature with sunny tresses. Don't ask me for any explanation of why this should be. I merely state a fact that is the result of long observation. The dazzling, natural blonde is pretty apt to be more or less stolid, sticky, if not, indeed, actually stupid; and any stage manager with long experience in handling big corps of stage women will unhesitatingly tell you that the dark-haired women have far more initiative alertness, dash, and general stage gumption than the blondes. The demand for very tall show girls, which was pretty strong even a couple of years ago, is gradually lessening. There are several reasons for this. One is the difficulty of getting good male singers as principals who are also tall men. The good-looking young tenors with the pleasing voices are almost invariably middle-sized or even somewhat short men. A tenor of this sort doesn't look well when playing opposite a whole stage full of girls who tower over him, and these tenors buck fiercely over being surrounded by the tall girls. The growing partiality toward black-haired show women is letting a great many Hebrew women into the choruses. Even as an Irishman, I am bound to say that there isn't any much prettier type of woman than some of the genuinely lovely Jewish girls who have been attached to the choruses of late years. Jewish girls of the kind who apply for chorus work always have splendid skins and hair, and everybody knows what fine figures they have. Some of the most notable women are Jewish girls, although the general theatre-going public doesn't even suspect that they are Jewesses."

A New York millionaire's wife is wearing a diamond tiara about which she tells an amusing anecdote. Last summer the wife was abroad, and her husband told her she could buy a tiara if the price was not exorbitant. The woman selected a beauty in Paris, and called a description: "Tiara with pearl tip. Price, 85,000 francs." The husband replied: "No. Price too high." But the woman misread the objecting cable message. She thought her husband's stocks were on the advance, and that he signified his generosity by caving "No price too high." Instead of buying the tiara for 85,000 francs she selected a handsomer set of gems for 125,000 francs, or \$25,000.

Henry Lahouchère is of the opinion that the big Gainsborough hats are the most becoming to tall girls with good shoulders. "One of the cleverest milliners in London once told me," he adds, "that when choosing hats for her customers to try on she was guided as much by the shape of the shoulders as by the face, head, complexion, and hair. I have often thought of it since, for one sees so many mistakes made in this way. A girl of five feet two in a Gainsborough hat has managed to choose the headgear that makes her look five feet only."

A great London paper lately commented on the improper use often made of visiting cards by nefarious persons, but it is evident (says *Til-Bits*) that the writer of the comment did not know that whole packets of such cards, bearing the most distinguished names, and each printed in a different fashion, can be purchased for a mere trifle. These cards are for the most part—as one of the vendors assured the writer—used innocently enough in a way of speaking, by persons of social pretensions who simply wish to impress people of their own circle. In the hall or on

one of the dining-room tables elaborate salvers are left carelessly about, each one piled with cards bearing most distinguished names, and of course the waiting visitor, examining these cards to pass the time, is presumed to be deeply impressed by the weight of the social circle in which the owner of the drawing-room mixes. The tradesman who was the writer's informant, declared that some of the purchasers of the cards greatly enhanced the effect by having scribbled in pencil upon these bits of pasteboard, in different handwritings, of course, more or less intimate little messages.

Woe to the man who has to buy a diamond! Tears for the prospective husband, the circus manager, and the Dotty Tiptoes who prefer their genuine. For the diamond octopus is on the track again. The Kimberly mines in South Africa are running out of jewelry. Brazil glitters no more; the mines of India are used for cold storage, and the trust—for some reason—wants more money or more diamonds. So diamonds are to cost one thousand dollars a karat in a few weeks, and unless the owners of jewelry chests get the idea of adding to the family revenue now that the "Street" is dull, by disposing of a few bushels of tiaras, corsages, or dog collars, there is no way to ease the market, or ease the hearts of those who must have diamonds. With a monopoly of more than ninety per cent. of the world supply, and no certain competition now in sight, the owners of Kimberly are in position to dictate prices, and the market must dance to their tune.

## If You Are Looking

for a perfect condensed milk preserved without sugar, buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is not only a perfect food for infants, but its delicious flavor and richness makes it superior to raw cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate and general household cooking. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
May 12th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy
" 13th.....	60	50	.00	Cloudy
" 14th.....	64	48	.00	Clear
" 15th.....	74	50	.00	Clear
" 16th.....	58	52	.00	Clear
" 17th.....	74	48	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	62	50	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 18, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
U. S. Coup. 3% .....	1,000 @ 106		105 3/4 106 3/4
Cal. G. E. Gen. M. ....			
C. T. 5% .....	5,000 @ 82 1/2		82
F. C. H. Ry. 6% .....	4,000 @ 114 1/4-115		115 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	1,000 @ 111 1/2		111 1/2 112
N. R. of Cal. 6% .....	1,000 @ 107		107 1/2
North Shore Ry 5% .....	3,000 @ 98 1/2		97 1/2
Oakland Gas 5% .....	2,000 @ 107		107 1/2
Oakland Trnsit 6% .....	4,000 @ 119-119 1/2		118 1/2 120
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% .....	25,000 @ 105		104 1/2 105 1/2
Sac. E. G. Ry. 5% .....	8,000 @ 97 1/2		96 97 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5% .....	10,000 @ 116-116 1/2		116 117
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909 .....	1,000 @ 108		108 108
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910 .....	1,000 @ 109 1/2		109
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. A. ....	3,000 @ 101 1/4-101 1/2		101 1/2
S. P. Branch, 6% .....	3,000 @ 132		131 1/2
S. V. Water 4% .....	3,000 @ 99		98 1/2

	Water.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
Contra Costa .....	50 @ 37		37
Spring Valley .....	40 @ 38-38 1/2		38 38 1/2

	Powders.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
Giant Con. ....	50 @ 61 1/2		61 61 1/2

	Sugars.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
Hawaiian C. S. ....	100 @ 49 1/2-50		49 1/2 51
Honokaa S. Co. ....	35 @ 12-12 1/2		12
Hutchinson .....	475 @ 9-9 1/2		9 1/2 9 3/4
Makawell S. Co. ....	50 @ 20 1/2		20 1/2
Paauhau S. Co. ....	565 @ 13 1/2-13 3/4		13 3/4 14

	Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
Mutual Electric .....	10 @ 12		12 13
S. F. Gas & Electric .....	220 @ 61-61 1/2		60 1/2 61 1/2

	Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
Alaska Packers .....	5 @ 138 1/2		138 1/2 139
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	50 @ 91 1/2		91 1/2
Pac. Coast Borax .....	100 @ 167		166

The market has been quiet and mixed. The sugars have been in better demand and made fractional gains on sales of 1,225 shares of all kinds. San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off one and one-quarter points to 61 on sales of 220 shares.

The water stocks have kept steady, with no change in price. Giant Powder was quoted at 61 1/2; California Wine Association at 91 1/2; Pacific Coast Borax at 167.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.



## All Want the Best

in everything. In whiskey you get it in

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.



## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells,  
etc. Repairs given prompt attention.  
NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY  
455 Sutter St., San Francisco,  
Telephone Bush 639.

## THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A New York divorcee and a man who is noted for his conquests among young matrons furnished the occasion for Harry Lehr's latest witticism. The two were strolling across the lawn, when a lady with Lehr called attention to them. "They look as happy as children," she remarked. "They ought to be," he remarked; "she's a grass widow and he's a rake."

Mr. Graham Murray tells of a Scotch minister, who, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch. "Where have you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister. "Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was, it was a most extraordinary success."

Barrett Wendell, professor of English at Harvard, crossed the campus the other day behind two sophomores. "What is the matter with you?" he heard the first sophomore say; "what makes you so blue?" "Why," replied the other, "I wrote home last week for money to get textbooks with, and here this morning my father sends me, instead of the money, the books themselves. How in the world is a fellow ever to get on his feet at this rate?"

Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee told the following story the other day, as illustrating the unconscious humor to which the Irishman is so often addicted: "A true son of the Emerald Isle had applied at a recruiting station in Buffalo for enlistment in the army. The officer in charge asked him jokingly, 'I suppose, if he knew anything about drilling, 'Drillin', was it ye said, sor?' replied the Irishman; 'an' shure I've worked in the New York subway for two years. Drillin' bedad! Ask me another, sor.'"

"What would happen to men if women entered politics?" says Senator Arthur P. Gorman; "why, they are keener than we are, even in their Sunday-schools, and we wouldn't stand any chance with them. In one of the few Sunday school classes I ever addressed I was nonplussed by a miss of six summers. I was telling the girls the story of the seven wise and seven foolish virgins, and I asked what we might learn from the beautiful story, when a little blossom in blue replied: 'That's easy enough; learn to keep our eyes peeled for a bridegroom!'"

A leading London lawyer says that he owes his rise to a sbrewd errand boy. When he was a briefless barrister he went one afternoon to read in the Inner Temple Library. He had not been there long when his small errand boy appeared greatly excited and breathless from running. "If you please, sir," the boy gasped, "a gentleman is waiting for you at the chambers with a brief. He can't get out, sir. I've locked him in." Together the barrister and the boy hurried back to the chambers, and the gentleman with a brief, who was amused at his capture, afterward became a most valuable client.

Zoltan Doeehme, Mme. Nordica's husband, has an amusing way of putting things. On one occasion he was speaking of the vocalization of the well-known singer Van Dyck, and professional leniency vanished in the critical sarcasm: "With mos' tenors, they sing along an' sing along, an' once in a wile they strike a false note, an' you say, 'Oh!' [Mr. Doeehme frowned and winced.] But with M. Van Deek he sing along, an' sing along, an' once in a wile he strike a true note, an' you say, 'Oh!'" And Mr. Doeehme's smile of pleased surprise called forth a round of laughter.

J. S. Forbes, the great English railway man, who worked up from a very humble position, was never on time, and he declared that this characteristic was carefully planned and cultivated. "Shareholders drop into a meeting," he said, "and find the chairman in his place and the business going on, and it confirms their impression that you are a party of nobodies who have come there for their convenience. I like to let them wait until everybody is there, and till all the restive ones have asked, 'What are we waiting for?' and received the answer, 'Mr. Forbes.' Then you come in, and they feel you are somebody, at any rate."

In a little Tennessee town lived a justice of the peace who had been reelected for many terms, although he was the only Republican in the district. At last, one campaign when political excitement was very high, it was determined to oust him, and put in a Democrat. The Republican was frightened. Then he resolved upon a bold plan. The election was held in an old distillery, and before a vote was cast the justice of the peace announced his intention of making a speech.

"Feller citizens," he said, from the top of a barrel that he had mounted, "I've been justice of the peace here goin' on twenty years, an' a good many times I've saved many of you from goin' to the penitentiary, an' now you're tryin' to put me out of office. But I just want to tell you something. I've got the constitution and the laws of the State of Tennessee in my pocket, and just as sure as you turn me out of office I'll burn 'em up—blame me if I don't—and you may all go to ruin together." He was elected. The voters felt that to be in a State without a constitution and laws was too great a calamity to be thought of.

At a meeting of the Birdsbrough (Pa.) Athenaeum, which devotes an evening each month to the consideration of topics of current interest, the subject of compulsory education was taken up. There was a vigorous exposition of views, pro and con, into which not a little feeling entered. Finally, one member, who had been listening attentively, obtained the floor after considerable difficulty, and remarked that the field had been gone over so thoroughly that there remained little to be said. "But," he added, "I want to say this: Some people have no children, and don't care whether they go to school or not."

In 1898, when Thomas B. Reed was Speaker of the House and Joseph Cannon was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, both worked hard to prevent a war with Spain. Reed would have held his position with regard to the war until the House deposed him, but Cannon felt there was a limit. He was informed by President McKinley one day that war was inevitable, so he prepared a bill appropriating fifty millions of dollars for national defenses. The news spread that he was to introduce the bill, and Reed was dumfounded. He met Cannon in the elevator. "'Joe,'" asked the Speaker, in a voice of tense emotion; "'Joe,' why in hell did you do this thing?" "'Tom,' God Almighty won't stop this war, and I don't believe you can," was Mr. Cannon's reply. Nothing more was said.

## The Lit'ry Market.

Spot Fiction declined 10 points for the week. Middling was quiet and easy, futures closing  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  higher. Sales 2,500 tons. Poetry dull on the spot. Our Wabash correspondent reports that most of the Indiana crop is rotted and will have to be rewritten. Biography steady; Presidential lullish. Common or garden variety of Humor, quiet and steady; large receipts of No. 2 Western.

The ticker informs us that operator Cyrus Townsend Brady has patented a "Cycrograph," with which he can write four novels at one time.

Richard le Gallienne takes a bearish view of the situation, and in a late essay asks, "What's the Use of Poetry?"

Abner Homespun's new book, "The Cedar Lot," has reached its seventh ton a month before the date of publication. Mr. Homespun's first book, "When the Cows Come Home," was highly praised by Mr. Howells, and was among the Six Best Sellers at Londonderry, N. H., Winamac, Ind., and Painted Post, N. Y.—*Bert Leston Taylor in Puck.*

## Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you, TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Seven Lies of Man.

Behold the seven lies of man  
And tell his age by that;  
As soon as he can lisp, he says:  
"It must have been the cat!"

Next, when the baseball team begins  
To make its thrilling score,  
His well-loved grandmamma falls dead  
A dozen times or more.

Third, like a furnace does he sigh;  
Of course we know the gist.  
He tells the maiden fair she is  
The first he ever kissed.

Fourth age, he comes home in the morn,  
And gladness fills his cup—  
The good Samaritan has been  
With sick friends sitting up.

Fifth, to the woodshed he repairs  
His heir to interview,  
And says: "My son—kerswat! Kerswat!  
This hurts me more than you!"

He next has leisure on his hands  
And fills a jug with bait;  
He hooks a minnow, then he swears  
Ten pounds to be its weight.

Last age, when lean and slipped  
Grown,  
He finds his greatest joy  
In telling what perfection ruled  
The days he was a boy.

—McLanburgh Wilson in *New York Sun.*

## Teacher's Pet.

Eight years old and goin' on nine,  
Teacher says I'm doin' fine.  
Git my lessons every day,  
Hardly ever have to stay  
After school fer bein' slow—  
Aint so very bappy, though.  
'Cause the fellers laugh at me,  
All but Johnny Baker; he  
Takes my side. He knows, all right,  
I aint strong enough to fight,  
'Cause I hurt myself one day  
Fallin' off a farmer's sleigh,  
And the doctor cut my side  
Awful deep, and ma she cried,  
And since then I'm awful thin  
And, gee whiz! it hurts like sin  
When I try to jump and run;  
So you see it aint no fun  
When the fellers laugh and say:  
"Fraidy cat, you dassent play."  
And my eyes git kinder wet  
When they call me "Teacher's Pet."

Geel! They never talked that way  
Till I tumbled off the sleigh;  
Wunst I licked three kids so quick  
That it made 'em good and sick,  
And I uster dodge and run  
Jes' as fast as any one.  
Now when recess comes along  
I jes' wait to bear the gong  
Call us back to work a lot,  
'Cause that's all the fun I've got.  
When the kids play "one-old-cat"  
I jes' set and hold the hat  
Wishin' I could cork the ball  
Like I uster do las' fall.  
Yesterday when Reddy Lee  
Seen me settin' there, says he  
"Fellers, look at 'Teacher's Pet!'  
He's afraid to play, you het,  
'Cause he knows I'd smash his face  
All around this whole darn place!"  
Johnny Baker seen me cry  
And he blacked old Reddy's eye  
And he made his nose bleed, too.  
Gosh, I wish that I could do  
Somethin' good for Johnny; he  
Allers does so much fer me.  
Maybe 'twon't be very long  
Till my side gits good and strong.  
If it ever does, I bet  
They won't call me "Teacher's Pet."  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

INDISPENSABLE  
For the Dressing-TableMURRAY & LANMAN'S  
Florida Water

More lasting and refreshing than Cologne

Beware of Counterfeits!  
Always look for the "Trade-Mark" with the name of  
LANMAN & KEMP, NEW YORK

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHEROBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
Germanic ..... June 4 | Philadelphia ..... June 18  
St. Paul ..... June 11 | St. Louis ..... June 25  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Haverford ..... June 4, 1 pm | Noordland ..... June 13, 10 am  
Friesland ..... June 11, 10 am | Merion ..... June 25, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnetonka ..... June 4, 10 am  
Minnehaha ..... June 11, 3.30 pm  
Minneapolis ..... June 18, 9 am  
Mesaba ..... June 25, 9 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Kensington ..... June 4 | Southwark ..... June 13  
Dominion ..... June 11 | Canada ..... June 25

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Statendam ..... June 7 | Rotterdam ..... June 21  
Potsdam ..... June 14 | Ryndam ..... June 28

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Vaderland ..... June 4 | Zealand ..... June 18  
Kronland ..... June 11 | Finland ..... June 25

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic ..... June 1, 8 am | Cedric ..... June 15, 6 am  
Teutonic ..... June 8, 10 am | Majestic ..... June 22, 10 am  
Celtic ..... June 10, 3 pm | Arabic ..... June 24, 3 pm  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cretic ..... June 2, June 30, July 28  
Republic (new) ..... June 9, July 7, August 11  
Cymric ..... June 16, July 14, August 18

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic ..... June 18, July 30, September 17  
Canopic ..... July 2, August 27, October 8  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
Doric ..... Wednesday, June 1  
Coptic ..... Wednesday, June 22  
Gaelic ..... Thursday, July 14  
Doric ..... Thursday, August 18  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, May 25, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, May 29, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 4, at 11  
A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE  
a new and original process through which we  
are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pic-  
tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film  
is developed separately, thus making it possible  
to assure the correct treatment for every ex-  
posure. There is no increase in cost; simply  
more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-  
velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-  
thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San  
Francisco.

## ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS,  
etc. Reliable instruction in horoscope writing given  
at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best  
references. 744 Market Street, phone Black 3723.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-  
lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED  
1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-  
lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223  
Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED  
June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will  
want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit  
cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay  
you to see our large assortment of these goods  
and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn  
Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its  
real worth apart from the quality of the materials  
which enter into its construction, and the artistic  
beauty of its exterior, is its *pure, rich, and sympa-  
thetic tone, in the possession of which it stands alone.*

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margery Gibbons, daughter of Dr. Henry Gibbons, to Lieutenant Edward M. Shinkle, U. S. A.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Lucile Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. L. G. Caldwell, to Captain Peyton Graves Clark, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche Tisdale, daughter of Mrs. W. De Witt Tisdale, to Mr. Charles Peter Weeks. The wedding will take place during June.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Erwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Erwin, to Lieutenant Gibson Taylor, U. S. A., will take place at the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, on June 1st. Miss Lucille Webster will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Alma Mitchell, Miss Alice Downing, Miss Edna Beatrice Wild, and Miss Bright Wilson. Lieutenant Bevely C. Daly, U. S. A., is to act as best man, and the ushers will be Captain Albert E. Truby, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert McElroy, U. S. A., Lieutenant Milton Elliott, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Samuel Sutherland, U. S. A.

Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld, of Oakland, gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday. Others at table were Mrs. William S. Gage, Mrs. George de Golia, Miss Noel de Golia, Mrs. Vernon Waldron, Mrs. Adison McKay, of Santa Barbara, Mrs. J. Loran Pease, Mrs. E. B. Downing, Miss Edith Downing, Miss Bonnie Downing, Miss Carrie Nicholson, Miss Belle Nicholson, Mrs. Albert A. Long, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Edward Engs, Mrs. Newton Koscr, Mrs. George Gross, Mrs. Ernest J. Cotton, Miss Ena Langworthy, Mrs. David Proctor, Miss Gertrude Allen, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. T. Emmet Nicholson, Mrs. Frank C. Watson, Mrs. Robert Moore, Mrs. James P. H. Dunn, Mrs. John Henry Dieckmann, Miss Clarisse Lohse, Miss Claire Chabot, the Misses Huff, of San Leandro, and Mrs. Roy Mauvais.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens gave a dinner on Saturday evening at their residence at Piedmont, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Smith. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Grace Sperry, Mr. Harold Havens, Mr. Robert Newell, Dr. William S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Meade, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kline, and Mr. Seyd Havens.

Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman gave a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Dillingham, of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead gave a house-party to twelve last week at their home at Byron Hot Springs. Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer Messer, Dr. C. V. Cross, and Dr. C. E. Parent.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday.

## An Interesting Programme.

The Loring Club will give its fourth concert for the season at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening, May 31st. A professional orchestra of between thirty and forty pieces has been engaged for this concert. One-half of the programme will consist of Heinrich Zöllner's "Battle of the Huns," for male voices and orchestra. Mrs. Wallace Wheaton

Briggs will make her debut as Gottlinde, the queen, the only female rôle in the piece. The other part of the programme will consist of the most important works of George Eldridge Whiting, the American composer, and will include his "March of the Monks of Bangor," for male voice, chorus, and tenor solo, with full orchestral accompaniment. Mr. David Loring will conduct the concert.

## Army and Navy News.

Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. A., Miss Cornelia Kempff, and Miss Marie Rose Dean expect to go to Yosemite Valley about June 1st.

Major Frank H. Titus, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered for duty at Ord Barracks, Monterey, and will be relieved here by Captain J. W. Rand, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., now at Monterey.

Captain Frank Morrow, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morrow arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Sherman* on Monday.

Colonel Benjamin C. Lockwood, in command of the Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Sherman* last Monday.

Captain J. B. Douglas, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Sherman* from Honolulu last Monday to take his station at the Presidio.

Colonel H. W. Hubbell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Sherman* last Monday.

Major E. H. Plummer, Third Infantry, U. S. A., will be on duty in California for a short period before sailing for Alaska in July.

Captain George Read, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been ordered from Ord Barracks to Washington, D. C., has, with Mrs. Read, been visiting here during the past week.

Mrs. Williams is the guest of her parents, Colonel Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff, at their home on Van Ness Avenue.

Major W. P. Kendall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kendall have been the guests of General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur at Fort Mason this week.

Major Cassius E. Gillette, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the Second Battalion of Engineers at Washington, D. C., and ordered to report for duty as engineer officer of the Pacific division, to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Handbury, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Clarence M. Stone, U. S. N., has been ordered from the training-ship *Pensacola*, at Yerba Buena, to the United States steamer *Concord* as navigating officer.

Lieutenant George C. Sweet, U. S. N., has gone on the naval transport *Solace* to the Philippines, where he will superintend the establishment of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy at Cavite and the naval stations of the Philippines.

Mrs. George will spend the summer in Sausalito while Lieutenant Harry George, U. S. N., is away on the United States steamer *Tacoma*.

Mrs. Hains, who was in Berkeley during the absence of Captain J. P. Hains, U. S. A., in the Philippines, has accompanied her husband to Fort Riley, Kas., where he is now stationed.

General Charles G. Penney, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Penney, arrived from Butte on Monday, returning on Wednesday.

The United States steamer *Marblehead*, under command of Captain Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. N., sailed on Tuesday for Honolulu.

## Swain's Restaurant in New Quarters.

On Wednesday evening, Swain's restaurant, located at 213 Sutter Street for the past thirty years, will welcome its countless patrons in its handsome new quarters at 209 Post Street. The new location is an ideal one, in the very heart of the shopping district, and conveniently near to all the leading clubs and theatres. The main dining-room, which is reached by an entrance separate from that of the bakery, is located on the first floor. It is large and well lighted. The architecture follows closely the lines of the Italian Renaissance. The colors are delicately blended, the appointments complete in every detail. On the second floor is located an auxiliary dining-room furnished in the Old Dutch style, Flemish Oak being the wood used. A unique tile fireplace is a feature of the design. The room is splendidly arranged for banquets. It is reached by an elevator. There is also located on this floor a ladies' retiring-room, which is at the disposal of lady guests. The bakery salesrooms will be located on the first floor, and will be entirely separate from the restaurant. The bakery proper will be located in the basement, and will be newly equipped with the most modern appliances.

This handsome modern restaurant is a far cry from the modest bakery which R. R. Swain first established here in the exciting days of the gold fever. In 1856, he located at the south-west corner of Second and Natomas Streets, in a brick building which still stands there, a relic of the city's past. He succeeded, for the pioneers readily forsook the home-made flapjack for the leavened bread, such as they had enjoyed in the old home beyond the hills. Swain kept pace with the rapid growth of the town during the first "boom days," increasing the output of his place as the business demanded. He set about to establish himself as a quality baker, and so well did he succeed that to this day that word is the shibboleth of the concern. In 1874, it was found that larger quarters would be necessary, and following the trend of the city's growth, a new location was selected at 213 Sutter Street, where, up to the present time, the business has flourished. Soon after this move was made, an oyster-room was added. This addition proved so popular that it was finally determined to install a complete restaurant. In this, as in the bakery business, quality was made the watchword. None but the best foodstuffs were used. As a result, both the bakery and restaurant business have prospered, until to-day Swain's is one of the most popular lunching and dining places of a city that is known the world over for its great variety of eating places.

## Alumni Reception.

The annual reception of the alumni of the University of California was held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Friday evening, May 20th, from eight to eleven o'clock. An orchestral concert was given, with Henry Heyman as conductor. The programme was as follows:

March, "Russe," Ganne; overture, "Freischütz," Weber; intermezzo, "Cupid's Garden," Eugene; selection, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; waltz, "Wiener Bonbons," Strauss; medley, "College Songs," Tobani; song, "Can I Forget" (cornet solo), De Koven; selections, "M'amsele Napoleon," Luders; idyll, "Amoureuse," Berger; waltz, "In Balm's Nights," Ziehrer; barcarole, "Gondolier," Powell; march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

There's nothing but pleasure in the trip up Mt. Tamalpais, over the crookedest and most picturesque railway in the world. And when the top is reached, a view is spread before the visitor that can not be equaled elsewhere. Neither can the comfort or hospitality of the Tavern of Tamalpais be surpassed.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

A committee, acting under the auspices of the California Promotion Committee, will visit San Mateo on May 29th to promote the building of a tourist hotel.

—SKETCHING CLASS DURING THE SUMMER, Miss Anne M. Bremer. Inquire at studio, 2004 Sutter Street, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 to 12.

—YOUNG AND REFINED FRENCH LADY TEACHES English, French, and music; wishes to give lessons in family of two or more children, a few hours daily, in city or across the bay. Best references. Apply Box 82, this office.

## Wanted

by a young woman student of Stanford University, some employment for the summer vacation, May 18th to August 18th. Address H. T. 329 Lincoln, Ave. Palo Alto, Cal. The best of references given.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE, KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR," 121 Post St., cuts fine fitting shirt-waists for ladies.

# Pears'

Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.

Established over 100 years.



## ANNOUNCEMENT

MISS D. HONIG, of the Waldorf, 241-243 Geary St. Has returned from the East, and is displaying the finest

ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED HUMAN HAIR and SHELL ORNAMENTS that has ever been SHOWN ON THE PACIFIC COAST

HEADQUARTERS FOR PANAMA AND OUTING HATS AND CAPS

HERRMANN & CO.

328 Kearny Street, S. F.



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

There is no Substitute for



# ROYAL

# BAKING

# POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



## RECENT MENUS.

On March 19, 1904, the Third District Masters' Association tendered a banquet to R. W. James M. Edsall, D. D. G. M., at the Imperial, Brooklyn. The menu was a sumptuous one, and among other drinkables contained Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne.

The banquet of the Friendly Sons of Ireland was held at the Jersey City club-house on March 17, 1904. Moët & Chandon White Seal graced the menu.

MOËT & CHANDON Brut Imperial Champagne and Apollinaris mineral water were served at the thirty-sixth annual banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, held at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, on March 17, 1904.

The sixth annual banquet of the Northwestern Shoe and Leather Association was held at the Commercial Club, St. Paul, Minn., on February 17, 1904. We note from the menu that the only Champagne served was Moët & Chandon White Seal.

MOËT & CHANDON White Seal was the Champagne served at the banquet given by the Journal Company, of Albany, to its workers. The repast was served at the New Kenmore on March 26, 1904.

The University Club of Brooklyn gave its first annual dinner at their club building on Saturday, March 26, 1904. Moët & Chandon White Seal was the wine selected to grace the occasion.

At the New Tontine Hotel, New Haven, Conn., on March 18, 1904, the sixty-eighth annual banquet of the Yale Literary Magazine was held, upon which occasion only Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne was served.—*Bonfort's New York Wine and Spirit Circular.*

## Moët & Chandon

Own more vineyards than all other leading houses combined, assuring the continuance of the highest grade of champagne in

### WHITE SEAL.

This brand leads all others in importation, and has the preference at all smart functions.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,  
216 Mission St.,  
Pacific Coast Agents.

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall have taken the Kruttschnitt residence at Burlingame for the season. They will occupy it as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin return to Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy and Miss Christine Pomeroy will go to San Rafael in a few days, and will spend the summer there. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow and son were passengers on the White Star Line steamship *Romanic*, leaving Boston for points on the Mediterranean on May 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent are visiting Yosemite Valley this week.

Mrs. Francis Carolan has returned to Burlingame from Pasadena.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned from a brief trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin, who recently left for St. Louis, are in New York.

Mrs. George Wells and Miss Marie Wells will be among the guests at Hotel del Monte this summer.

Mrs. John I. Sabin and the Misses Sabin have gone to their country place at Mountain View for the summer.

Miss Margaret Newhall has returned from her visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague are among this month's visitors to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. boardman departed on Thursday last for a visit East, going to the St. Louis Exposition, Chicago, and possibly New York before they return.

Mrs. H. G. Newhall, Miss Alice Newhall, Miss Lelan Newhall, and Mr. Donald Newhall sailed from Boston for Liverpool on May 11th.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and her mother, Mrs. C. A. McNulty, have returned from Southern California, and are at their residence, California and Buchanan Streets.

Mr. Louis Bruguère has returned to Newport, where he has taken a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butters sailed for Europe on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. M. Simpson has returned from the East.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Frances McKinstry, and Mrs. Hedges will spend most of the summer at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. George B. Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry departed on Tuesday for their country place at Alta, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris King Davis expect to remain in town during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clay (*née* Barry) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Bosqui have returned to Ross Valley to spend the summer.

Mrs. Richardson and her niece, Miss Dorothy Dustan, have gone to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. DuVal are at their country place, "Sunol Glen."

Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Walter S. Martin have gone to Oregon on a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law left Paris on May 3d for a tour of Italy and Switzerland.

Mrs. Bowman McCalla and Miss Stella McCalla spent last week at Santa Monica on the way home from their trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. Len D. Owens and family departed last week for Lake County, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. W. P. Fuller will spend June and July visiting friends in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles intend to make their future summer home at Piedmont, where they will build a residence.

Mrs. E. G. Lyons will spend the summer months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson (*née* Rixford) are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Gwin are expected home from St. Louis during the coming week.

Mr. E. N. Bee was among the recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. G. J. Bucknall has been the guest during the week of Mrs. J. P. Jones, of Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill departed for the East last Tuesday, en route to Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Domingo Ghirardelli are now occupying their new home at Pacific Avenue and Baker Street.

Mrs. Henry Schmeidell will leave for Del Monte next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton and Miss Moulton are in Southern California for a few weeks' visit.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, was among the guests at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson leave for Los Gatos to-day (Saturday) for a two weeks' stay.

Prince Luigi of Savoy left for Honolulu on Saturday on the Italian cruiser *Liguria*.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Worthington and family have gone to Chicago to remain permanently.

Miss Georgie Spieker, Miss Katherine

Plover, Dr. Arnold Genthe, and Mrs. J. S. Bradbury were among the Saturday and Sunday guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Miss Marie Louise Parrott have returned from Paso Robles, and are at the Hotel Richelieu. Mr. Wallace Sabin departed on Wednesday for a three months' trip to Europe.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick is on her way home from Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield Sanborne will remain at Santa Barbara for the next three months.

Miss Lalla Wenzelburger will be the guest of Miss Collier during the month of June at the Collier country place in Lake County.

Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag and Miss Edith Sonntag will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Hubert R. Hill is visiting his grandfather, Mr. Thomas Hill, the artist, and relatives at Wawona. He will spend his vacation in the Yosemite.

Captain Eugene Weher, of the German navy, who is on his way to the Orient, where he is to assume command of a warship, was registered at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. Burnham, of Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Raynes, Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. James Moffatt, Mrs. Louis James, Mrs. Olney, Miss M. Wheaton, Miss Lucie de Haven, Dr. Alfred Newman, Mr. T. M. Fitzpatrick, Mr. W. H. Dalton, Mr. William Keith, and Mr. Alexander McAdie.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. A. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lynch, Mrs. E. R. Robertson, Miss F. German, Miss Edith Finn and Mr. L. C. Homer, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Lowden, of Belfast, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Miss Merrill, of China, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss L. L. McCarter and Mr. R. F. McCarter, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. York, of Portsmouth, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Harsha, Miss Harsha, Dr. D. A. Newcomb and Dr. Theodore Kassel, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Graves, of Seattle, Mrs. C. H. Hopkins, of Santa Barbara, Mr. H. J. C. Landler, of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hill, Mrs. E. C. Allen, and Miss Emma Allen.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Anderson, of Eugene, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Olney, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. M. Welcker, of Berkeley, Mr. O. A. Newcomer, of Chicago, Miss Steinbach, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hirschman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Salts, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Galloupe, Mrs. G. Florsheim, Mrs. Long, Mrs. M. E. Russell, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. J. M. Phillips, Mr. M. Tobleman, Mrs. G. D. Graham, Mrs. J. E. Page, Mrs. J. Wertheimer, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Wertheimer, Miss M. Phillips, Miss Wagner, Mr. P. F. Dunne, Mr. C. W. Durbrow, Mr. C. Follis, Mr. W. A. Sexton, and Mr. Leon Boqueraz.

#### Mark Twain on Lake Tahoe.

Mark Twain said that Lake Tahoe would make even an Egyptian mummy feel lively. And Mark knew because he had been there. Take advantage of the great excursion which leaves San Francisco at 8:05 P. M. Saturday, May 28th, and spend a couple of days at Tahoe. Round-trip rate, exclusive of sleeper accommodations, \$8.50. Tickets sold in San Francisco and Oakland, and good to return on or before June 3d. Ask at Southern Pacific office, 613 Market Street.

Blanche Bates has arrived here from New York on a three weeks' visit.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

#### Opportunity for Young Ladies Going Abroad

An exceptional opportunity for European travel. Two young ladies to join party of five. Everything first class. Careful chaperone by French madame. Only \$675 from New York. Address, with reference, Box 72, this office.

#### A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

#### "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

### SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE

For Ladies and Gentlemen

### MARTIN BRAUN, MASSEUR

Graduate, Imperial University Hospital, Vienna, Austria.

#### THE WENBAN,

Phone John 7181. Cor. Sutter and Mason Sts.

#### WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

### BYRON MAUZY

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

#### PIANOS

308-312 Post St.

San Francisco.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cense, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

## HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

### HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.  
Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## TAKE A REST from society, style, and city life by going to SHASTA MT. HOME

Where you will, amid scenes the grandest, air most invigorating, and water the best, add ten years to your life. Best home cooking, new rooms, and everything so clean and refreshing. Address for rates,

M. A. THOMPSON, Manager,  
Siason, Cal.

#### THE LATEST STYLES IN

## CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

## Spend Your Vacation



A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.



## At Hotel Del Monte









# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1420.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 30, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Bracon Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: England's Little War—Her Invasion of the Forbidden Land—A Country Five Times the Size of California—Causes Which Have Led Up to the Present Situation—Morality of It All—Queer Ideas About Sunday Observance—How Practice Differs in New York and San Francisco—The Tyranny of the Biled Shirt—Sir Hiram Maxim on Boys Learning Trades—The Progress of Wireless Telegraphy—The Great White Plague—Senator Bard and the Political Gossips—The Progress of Parker and Hearst—The Mystery of McNab—A Lull in the War.....	353-355
JOTTINGS ABOUT CAIRO: How We Lost Our Dragoman—Fascinations and Curiosities of Cairo—Decay of Shepherd's Hotel—The Beautiful, Fatal Fiddler—The Confidential Casbier—A Railway Gang at Prayer. By Jerome Hart.....	355-355
WHEN THE LIGHT CAME: The Passing of a Stained Soul. By Mabel Crooks Brown.....	357
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	358
NEW YORK'S BARBLESS FLATS: Homeless Parents of Children—Flats Closed Against Them—Tenements for the Poor, Mansions for the Rich, the Suburbs for the Middle Man. By Geraldine Bonner.....	358
THE GHOST OF BEECHER: Remarkable Story of Alleged Spirit Communication Told by Dr. Funk—Lost Coin Discovered Through a Spiritualistic Séance—The Opinions of Noted Scientists.....	359
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	360-361
DRAMA: Richard Mansfield in "Ivan the Terrible" at the Columbia Theatre. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	362
STAGE GOSSIP.....	363
VANITY FAIR: Barring the "Cheap Man"—Unique Plan of a New York Hotel-Man—Priceless, Deceptive Menu-Cards—Dull, No-Account Stay-at-Homes—Men Encouraged to Go to Clubs—A Portrait of Mrs. John Jacob Astor—First Since Childhood—Woman's Last Vanity—Female Suicides Dress in Their Best—High-Priced Terrapin—Their Extinction Threatened—Women Not So Pretty as Formerly, According to Lahoucbère—The Sale of Matilde's Jewels—A Historical Collection—Men Show Their Age Less Than Women.....	364
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Color of Them"; "An Everlasting Mystery," by S. E. Kiser; "The Candle Time," by Caroline Mischka Roberts; "The Favored"; "The New Russian Hymn".....	365
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—How Melville Was Promoted—Half an Hour on Rome—John Sharp Williams Stumped—An Intelligent Pointer—A Lonely Honey-moon—How the Barbarian Knew—A Loser of Umbrellas—"Ask for It" in New York—Lincoln's Futile Passes—Reed's Definition of Debate.....	365
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	366-367
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	368

Thibet, the "Forbidden Land," is a country 1,600 miles long from east to west, and 500 miles wide; it has a population of two million souls; its area is 750,000 square miles, or five times that of the State of California; it is for the most part a plateau elevated above the sea-level to a height greater than that of Mont Blanc; from this barren, desolate table-land rise innumerable snow-clad peaks, many to the height of 20,000 feet. Thibet is called the "Roof of the World"; the proverb has it that it is the land "of dogs, dirt, and drabs"; its people are a filthy and superstitious race; they are polyandrists, thievish and drunken; the religion is Buddhism mixed

with ancient practices of magic and sorcery; the land is priest-ridden—the monks are the largest landholders and levy heavy taxes; so much do the rites and practices of Thibetan Buddhism resemble those of the Roman catholic church that Jesuit priests, traveling in this land, have, it is said, "guessed them to be borrowed from the Church of Peter." Thibet is believed to have great undeveloped mineral resources; it exports silver and gold in quantity; also wool, salt, yaks' tails, borax, musk, and ponies. The supreme authority is the Delai Lama, who is superstitiously revered as a living deity. In the seventeenth century, Thibet became nominally subject to China. Thibet is not, however, counted among the eighteen provinces constituting China proper, but three Chinese Ambans residing in Lhasa exercise large influence in all important affairs.

In the year 1890, a treaty was signed between the governments of Great Britain and China. It constituted an agreement as to certain unimportant questions of trade and boundaries of Thibet. To this treaty the authorities of Thibet paid no heed. The British Government made no attempt to compel the Chinese Government to enforce its provisions. It made no attempt to deal directly with the Thibetans themselves regarding it. For a decade the treaty remained practically a dead letter, apparently a matter of no concern to the British Government, and might remain so still had not other events, other developments in world politics, centred attention upon it.

The thing that brought the matter of her unrespected treaty sharply to the attention of Great Britain was the activity of Russia in Thibet. Thibet is a "buffer state." Like Afghanistan and Beluchistan it forms a neutral area between India and lands dominated by Russia. It is the policy of the British Government jealously to preserve the neutrality of these "buffer states." They are a safeguard against foreign attack. They are a bulwark against Russian invasion. Therefore, when rumors came of Russian intrigue at Lhasa the British Foreign Office "took notice." Yet it then did nothing, for England was at that moment engaged in a South African war. She had her hands full. That, perhaps, was a reason why Russia chose that particular moment for pernicious activity in the Forbidden Land. At any rate, during the Boer war, in 1901, it was rumored that arrangements were being made for a Russian protectorate over Thibet, and the appointment of a Russian "resident" at Lhasa; previously, in October, 1900, a Thibetan embassy, with a communication for the Czar from the Delai Lama, had arrived in St. Petersburg. In 1901, a second mission headed by the Lama Dorosheeff, a Russian subject, was received by the Czar. Shortly thereafter another Thibetan envoy was accorded the honor of presentation to the Empress of Russia. Denials by the Russian Government that all this "meant anything" were received with doubt by the British Foreign Office. In the Thibetan disrespect of English wants and wishes, and in their obsequious attitude toward Russia, England thought she saw the beginning of Russian dominance in Thibet. That would never do. What was, then, to be done about it? What excuse could be found for a military or diplomatic movement that should offset the growth of Russian influence? Naturally, Lord Curzon bethought himself of the long moribund treaty of 1890.

Accordingly, in January, 1903, after some faint and unsuccessful attempts by the Indian Government to open up negotiations regarding the treaty directly with the Thibetans, Lord Curzon declared that "strong measures" ought to be taken in defense of British prestige. He said that the Russian intrigue in Thibet was "pregnant with possibilities of mischief." He advocated the dispatch of a "political mission" into Thibet.

The British Government did not agree with him entirely; it still hoped to avoid a military expedition; and so appointed commissioners to confer at the Thibetan boundary with Chinese and Thibetan envoys. These latter did not put in appearance. Therefore, in November, 1903, the British Government finally sanctioned the advance of a British mission with military escort into Thibetan territory. What followed is familiar.

On March 31st, a force of Thibetans numbering some 1,500 blocked the passage of the English troops at Guru with a wall; the Thibetan general asked the British to retire; instead, the British troops inclosed 1,500 Thibetans in a circle like a herd of sheep, and endeavored to disarm them. The Thibetans resisted, opened fire, and were in turn fired upon, 750 being killed, the rest escaping. The British casualties were twelve.

Later in the day another engagement took place, the Lhasa general and a Lama of the Golden Monastery being killed.

On May 6th, Colonel Brander attacked 2,500 Thibetans strongly entrenched beyond Karola Pass. After four hours' stubborn fighting, the enemy were defeated, and retreated.

On May 10th, the Thibetans took the offensive, bombarding the British camp with half a dozen guns, carrying solid cannon-balls of a pound weight.

On May 10th, Colonel Brander made a reconnaissance, and was fired upon on his return, the engagement lasting for about an hour.

On May 13th, it was reported that half a battalion of British, half a battalion of native troops, and four more ten-pounder guns had been ordered to strengthen the British expedition then in Thibet.

On May 15th, it was reported that the Thibetans had received heavier ordnance from Lhasa and considerable reinforcements from the east and north.

On May 16th, they began to threaten the British lines of communication.

Great Britain is at war with Thibet. Her army will fight its way across the wind-swept plateaus and over narrow, tortuous passes above the clouds, and capture Lhasa. Russia's hands are tied. Her attention is centred upon Manchuria; she has no time for Thibet. Whether England will "take Thibet" or no is something to be decided when her armies occupy the Forbidden City.

Meanwhile, there is heard in the land the voice of the "little-Englanders," crying out that the Thibetan war is foolish and unnecessary. They say that England is making war against a people who ask only one thing in the world—namely, to be let alone. They say that the disclaimer by Russia of designs on Thibet should be accepted in good faith, and that anyhow it would be absolutely impossible for Russia to march an army through Thibet to India. They ask why it is, since the treaty with regard to Thibetan trade and boundaries was negotiated with China, pressure is not brought to bear upon China to secure its enforcement, rather than upon Thibet, which had no hand in its original formulation. If China has not the authority to force Thibet to comply with the treaty, then she was without right to enter into the agreement in the first place, and the convention is without binding force upon the vassal province.

All this sounds very logical. Perhaps, after all, the real cause of the war with Thibet is not so much the fear of Russia, or the desire to uphold British prestige, as that enduring impulse which (as delicately phrased by an apologist for Curzon's policy) results "in the constant superimposition of races who most truly represent the forces of human progress, over inferior



ward, or decadent peoples, whom they either exterminate or control in domination."

Modern study and investigation have thrown much light upon the cause, cure, and, what is still more important, the prevention of consumption. Thirty years ago, scientific knowledge of consumption was very slight. In 1882, Robert Koch identified it with tuberculosis, and established the germ theory. Since then the fight has been, to a large extent, against these germs. Pasteur has said: "It is in the power of man to cause all parasitic diseases to disappear from the earth." It is in the power of man to do many things—but man is stubborn, careless, and heedless. Efforts are now being made to persuade him to guard against consumption. He is responding, in a measure; in fact, some optimists, figuring from what has already been done, predict that the disease will be stamped out within a generation. They are too sanguine, but they have a basis for their cheerful view of a serious matter.

One thing that has rather startled the general public is the discovery that from one-fifth to one-third of the street-cleaners of New York contract consumption—irrefutable proof that the germs are in the dust, and are inhaled with every breath we draw. We can swallow millions of them in one gasp, and there is danger that some of them will find lodgment. So the first thing to do is to prevent the existence of the germs in the dust and refuse of the streets and sidewalks.

San Francisco is doing somewhat in this direction by spasmodically enforcing its ordinance against expectorating on the sidewalks. It is in that way, more than in any other, that the germs are distributed. Not every person who has incipient, or even fully developed, consumption, knows it; the germs are there, though, and those who unconsciously nurture them make them public property by expectorating in public. The sputum dries, is ground to powder, and is scattered broadcast. Our summer winds are cooling, they carry away the gases from our none too perfect sewers; but they also disseminate the germs of consumption.

Other cities are taking preventive measures, and San Francisco should follow their good example, especially in view of the fact that the health reports show that the deaths from consumption in this city are increasing. In some places sanitary, self-cleaning cuspidors are placed along the streets, and the avoidance of their use is punished. In other cities no sweeping is done, unless the street has been sprinkled. New York's health commissioner, Dr. Darlington, is convinced that a cheap germicide could be put into the water with which the sprinkling is done. It would cost something, but that is not to be considered in a case of this kind. In the United States, 160,000 people die of consumption every year. Of this number, San Francisco contributes about 1,000 per year. New York's list of fatalities is, thanks to the preventive measures taken, decreasing; ours is increasing. It is time that we began an educational campaign against the Great White Plague, and emphasize our teachings by stringently enforced laws. No body is safe. No matter how careful one is, the carelessness of others is a constant menace. The careful ones should increase their vigilance, and compel the heedless to do likewise.

A Stanford University professor addressed to the *Argonaut* not long ago a vigorous letter in controversy of an editorial entitled "Let Us Have More Trade Schools."

But we remained unconvinced. We deplored—and deplore—the overcrowding of the "genteel" but meagrely paid occupations and professions with a resultant scarcity of good workmen in the trades, where wages are high and steady employment sure. Now comes Sir Hiram Maxim with some trenchant criticisms of a phase of the same matter—of what he calls the "Black Coat Fetish" of England. There the situation seems to be even more serious than it is here. Sir Hiram expresses his disgust at seeing rows of pale-faced, narrow-chested young men sitting humped up on stools in offices, drawing a mere pittance, when they might have health and strength and good wages working at an honest trade. He is convinced that snobbishness is the cause of it all; indeed, he calls it colossal snobbishness. Every workman seems to consider that he wears a badge of infamy because he uses his hands; so he endeavors to make his son "genteel" by turning him into a clerk. In consequence, says Sir Hiram, the ranks of clerks are crowded with half-educated youths who work for starvation wages. Instead of trying to be "genteel" on five dollars a week, and ruining their constitutions by bad air and insufficient food, they could just as well become first-rate artisans or mechanics, and earn treble wage. The healthy labor would have made real use of them instead of miserable, undersized, unde-

veloped creatures. But no; the fetish of the respectable black coat is too strong for them.

The great gun-maker speaks on the subject with pardonable heat. He declares that he himself has taken off his coat and worked with his hands every day for forty years. He only errs when he points to the United States as a place where young men do not fall down on empty stomachs and worship the "black-coat Baal." He is wrong, 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. The only difference here is that it is the "biled-shirt tyranny" rather than the "black-coat fetish." In England it is a black coat and a threepenny bit in the plate on Sunday that constitutes the sure way to salvation; here it is an imitation Panama and a red tie. But everywhere it is the same old, pitiful struggle to "keep up appearances"—though pockets be empty, to play the sedulous ape to the gentlemen of leisure or of means. Is not our whole attitude toward the trades tainted with snobbishness and hypocrisy? Says Mrs. Blank with pride to her caller, Mrs. Dash: "My son is now with Fiddle & Bow, the music dealers." Mrs. Dash smiles, and says, "How nice!" It is of no social moment that Tommy Blank is drawing a salary of seven dollars and fifty cents a week. But let Mrs. Blank say abruptly to Mrs. Dash: "My son is working as a lather on the Flood Building" and Mrs. Dash will look a pained surprise and stammer a reply. Yet the wages of the lather are probably quadruple the salary of the music-store clerk. What subtle charm has the word "salary" that "wages" lacks? Are we quite honest when we contend that we respect the honest workman? Do we after all judge men mainly by their clothes and the callosity of their hands?

Last week we printed in these columns a table showing that Judge Alton B. Parker had 130 delegates to the Democratic National Convention; William R. Hearst, 110; Edward C. Wall, 26; Richard B. Olney, 25; Arthur Pue Gorman, 18; and that there were uncommitted 127. Since that table was compiled no less than seven conventions have been held—in Alabama, Tennessee, South Carolina, Ohio, Arizona, Maryland, and District of Columbia—and primaries in Florida.

In Ohio, no instructions were given, but the delegation was directed to vote as a unit should the majority so decide. It is credibly asserted that of the 46 delegates 30 are conservative (friendly to Judson Harmon, of Ohio), 6 are for Hearst, and 4 for Folk. It is quite improbable, therefore, that any change of the political wind will drive Ohio into the Hearst camp.

Arizona elected 6 instructed Hearst delegates.

Tennessee elected 24 instructed Parker delegates.

Alabama elected 22 uninstructed delegates, but declared in the resolutions that Judge Parker "is the most available and acceptable candidate for the nomination for the Presidency, and that the sentiment of the convention is for his nomination."

The District of Columbia elected an uninstructed delegation of 6, but their preference is for Gorman.

At the Florida primaries, 10 delegates were elected, but their political complexion is in doubt. It seems fair to give 5 to Hearst and to place the remainder in the list of the "uncommitted."

South Carolina elected 4 uninstructed delegates, and adopted the unit rule.

In Maryland, Gorman was indorsed, and he is one of the 16 delegates.

Subtracting from last week's table the Hearst and Parker delegates instructed by Ohio district conventions, but who are now under direction of a majority of the entire delegation, and adding the delegates elected during the week, we get the following result:

Parker	174
Hearst	143
Uncommitted	182
Gorman	40
Wall	26
Olney	25
Total	560

In general, it is clear that the Parker boom is taking on new lustiness, while the Hearst hopes languish. We remarked some weeks ago that the struggle was not between Parker and Hearst, but between Parker and some other conservative candidate like Cleveland, McClellan, Folk, Gorman, or Olney, and the statement is as true now as then. If the 544 delegates now elected are divided on the lines of conservatism and radicalism, the Hearst hopes seem faint indeed. Pennsylvania's 68, New Jersey's 24, Wisconsin's 26, and Ohio's 46 are all to be counted on the conservative side. They will never go to Hearst; they may go to Parker. With them, Parker would have three times as many votes as Hearst has now. In brief, it is certain that the candidate of the Democratic party will be a conservative; Parker has far the best chance, but may yet be turned down in favor of a more forceful man; Hearst is cer-

tainly out of the running this year. His statement that he will under no circumstances bolt the convention is taken by many astute observers as an indication that he wants to keep in line for 1908. For it is certain that should he and Bryan bolt, he could poll on an independent ticket the votes of a million or two Populists, socialists, and other radicals. If it is advertising he wants, that is the way to get it.

The more the political wiseacres discuss the conduct of Gavin McNab in the late Democratic convention at Santa Cruz, the deeper grows the mystery. There are a dozen explanations of his course extant—all logical, all reasonable, and all different. The rank and file of the Hearst supporters feel that he was bitterly anti-Hearst. The anti-Hearstites suspect that he was really for Hearst all the time—ready to deliver as many votes from the San Francisco delegation as were necessary to pass the resolutions to instruct for Hearst. Tarpey, Hearst's manager, is reported as saying that when McNab was East last winter he had a conference with Hearst, and pledged his support. McNab is reported as declaring he did nothing of the kind. James J. Barry says that "the Hearst forces won out only by the lavish and corrupt use of money." The political expert of the Oakland *Tribune* stakes his reputation on the statement that "there was no boodle, but influence from all sorts of places." Those who think McNab was sincerely against Hearst explain it all by saying he simply couldn't hold his men together. Those who think McNab was really for Hearst all the time point to the fact that the delegates elected from the fourth and fifth districts, where McNab had "the say," were all strong Hearst men. Really, it is a very pretty mystery. On the assumption that McNab was really against Hearst, Tarpey is revealed as a political manager of conspicuous incapacity. Here were 168 delegates to be elected in San Francisco. They were sure to hold the balance of power. It is perfectly inconceivable that on a fight Hearst would have failed to get the great majority of the south of Market delegates. Yet Tarpey made no fight. On the ballot for chairman, 160 out of the 168 cast their votes against the Hearst candidate. On the other assumption, that McNab had secretly agreed to give Hearst as many votes as he needed at the crucial moment, it is difficult to see who expected to be the gainer by the compact. The closeness of the vote to instruct robs it of some of its moral weight so far as Hearst is concerned. McNab has apparently not strengthened his power as a boss, for he is reviled by both factions. The incident must be set down as one of the most curious and mysterious in the checkered history of California politics.

It stands to reason that the commanders of the two great hostile armies which are maneuvering for advantage in southern Manchuria, are not going to give out to the world—and their enemy—accurate accounts of what they are doing and intend to do. It was therefore to be expected that reports would be conflicting—which indeed they are. All that it is possible to decipher from the innumerable dispatches is the general trend of affairs. It seems probable that, for some reason unknown, General Kuroki, commanding the First Army, has delayed pressing on from the vicinity of Fung Wang Cheng toward Liao Yang. He is said to be fortifying the former point. Small detachments of Japanese have during the week come in contact with small bands of Cossacks at many points to the southwest and north-west of Fung Wang Cheng, and the resultant skirmishes have ended variously. Two only of the engagements seem to have been of importance, and the accuracy of the accounts of both of them is doubted. In the one case, it was reported from Newchwang that on May 15th, Japanese numbering 20,000 came upon 32,000 Russians in a strong position 60 miles west of Fung Wang Cheng, and that, it being unwise to risk a battle, the Japanese retreated in good order until they joined the main force near Fung Wang Cheng. The other story is that, on May 23d, 15,000 Russians, who had marched down the road toward Fung Wang Cheng, under the impression that the Japanese had retired to that city, were surprised by 30,000 Japanese in the Tatung Pass, 4,000 Russians being killed or wounded and 1,000 captured. General Nadya, commanding the Japanese Second Army, seems to be gradually landing it at Takushan, some forty miles south-west of Fung Wang Cheng. It is not clear whether he will move to the support of Kuroki in his attack upon Kuropatkin's forces in the vicinity of Liao Yang, or will move south and west down the Liao Tung Peninsula to aid General Oku, with the Third Army in the reduction of Port Arthur. The cir-

THE TYRANNY  
OF THE  
BILED SHIRT.



cumstantial report that the Russians had destroyed the docks at Dalny seems to have been untrue. Absolute lack of further details regarding the reported sortie of General Stoessel's troops from Port Arthur, and the repulse of the Japanese, with the loss of 1,500 men, renders it doubtful if that engagement occurred. The fact seems to be that General Oku's army is slowly making its way down the peninsula, having reached Kin Chow, which it is vaguely reported was taken on Thursday after a desperate battle. The Japanese appear to be unable to capture Dalny, owing to their fear of fixed and floating mines with which the Russians have sown the sea, and which have already destroyed two cruisers and a battle-ship. Some compensation to the Japanese for the loss of the fine battle-ship *Hatsuse* is the wrecking of the Vladivostock cruiser *Bogatyr* by running on a reef during a fog. It is certain that she was wrecked, but not quite certain, though reported, that she was blown up so that she might not by any chance fall into the hands of the Japanese. The *Bogatyr* was a fine, modern cruiser of 6,750 tons displacement, 20,500 horse-power; she was 416 feet long, carried 12 six-inch guns, and her crew numbered 580 men.

The prospects for the immediate future are for a vigorous attack upon Port Arthur by the Japanese fleet and army. The loss of at least one cruiser and a battle-ship, with the serious damage of another cruiser and battle-ship, and the possibility that the Russians may have succeeded—as they assert they have—in repairing battle-ships and cruisers at Port Arthur damaged early in the war, make it necessary that Port Arthur and the ships that it shelters be captured before the Baltic fleet can arrive in the Yellow Sea. Should Japan suffer further naval disasters her command of the sea will be seriously imperiled. The losses she has suffered already decrease her naval strength eighteen per cent.

Senator Bard has returned to California after a long absence, and he has been talking to the reporters. He tells them that he will make no active canvass for reelection.

However, he says: "I consider an election to the United States Senate an honor so great that no man could well refuse to accept it, and be most gratified at its being conferred upon him." In other words, the senator is willing to take it, but unwilling to go after it. There seems, in some quarters, to be a doubt whether the State will unsolicited tender him the election. Henry Oxnard wants to be a senator from California. Hatton is making for him a vigorous campaign. He is said to have the railway interests behind him. He also has money. He even is said to have the indorsement of President Roosevelt. This does not apparently disturb Bard. He affirms that he has had a conference with Oxnard, and that they were both perfectly frank about their rival candidacies. According to the programme, therefore, it is to be a friendly contest.

As to Perkins's attitude, Senator Bard says: "Senator Perkins told me he thought I ought to be re-elected." In other quarters there is expressed the opinion that Senator Perkins's activity in Bard's behalf will not be particularly noticeable. It is recalled that although Bard said of Perkins during the latter's campaign that California would do well to return him to the Senate, the junior senator did not lift a finger to aid him otherwise, close friends of Bard in the legislature being in the anti-Perkins camp.

The campaign is already on. Riverside County has instructed its Republican nominee to the assembly to support Senator Bard. If we may believe the *Oakland Tribune*, however, the methods whereby the instructions were secured were not compatible with Senator Bard's protestations that he will not actively campaign for the nomination. Mr. Estudillo, the nominee, was understood to be an Oxnard supporter; he was approved by the Oxnard men; it was the understanding that nobody was to be indorsed; but, at the last moment, the committee which had been packed for the purpose, sprung a Bard resolution, and it went through with the others before anybody had time to protest. Such, at least, is the story told by the *Tribune*. Possibly Senator Thomas R. Bard is a more astute politician than has been thought.

Although wireless messages have been sent to Catalina Island from the shore, the first to be transmitted from the Pacific Coast to a vessel at sea were flashed last Saturday from Yerba Buena Island to the navy transport *Solace*, bound for the Philippines. The Slaby-Arco system was used, and communication was kept up until the boat was seventy-four miles away. The experiment is looked upon as successful, although the space covered was comparatively short. One reason given for

this is that the steel buildings of San Francisco interfered to some extent with the messages. It is hoped to have a station at Point Bonita, where this trouble will be eliminated. It may be interesting to know that the first message received from the *Solace* was: "What is the baseball score?"

Wireless telegraphy continues to figure largely in the Eastern war. In several skirmishes that have occurred between the Russians and Japanese, communications directing important movements were sent by air waves, with pronounced success. The London *Times* correspondent is again sending wireless messages. The Czar's orders that he should not do so received little attention, as the promulgators of the anti-wireless ultimatum were not in a position to enforce it. Then the Japanese concluded that it was contrary to their interests to have accounts of their plans and manœuvres wiggled through the air, right over the heads of the censors; so they decreed that the *Times* should depend upon the "grapevine." Now they have taken the ban off, and the correspondent is heading his dispatches, "By De Forest's Wireless Telegraphy"—and devoting much time to explaining his long silence.

While all this is happening on one ocean, Marconi, on another, is perfecting his own system. He has lately crossed to New York from England. On the way over, he kept up constant communication, for 1,700 miles, with Poldhu, in Cornwall, then started receiving messages from Cape Breton, continuing an exchange with that place until the voyage was concluded. Two years ago, Marconi talked with Poldhu when 2,099 miles away from it; but the last messages were far clearer.

This success has settled it that the ocean newspaper will soon be a reality. There is no escaping it—and, most likely, no desire to escape it. The average American doesn't want to be without news. He doesn't want a rest. Once in a while his doctors persuade him that he needs relaxation, and off he puts to Europe or the Orient; but his worries over the stock market, the election, or the prize-fight, are as potent for ill as business burdens—so he will be glad that he may keep informed of all that is going on, although a thousand leagues of water roll between him and his home. A few free spirits there are to whom the sloop of the waves, the wheel and circle of the sea-birds, the sunrise and sunset tints, the whistle of the wind, are a pleasant relief from every-day cares. But such are few—and also, most of them are poor, which make their wishes and inclinations of little account.

#### The Conditions in Colorado.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., May 17, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the last issue of your paper, just received, I note an editorial on the labor difficulties in Colorado, being a digest of Ray Stannard Baker's article. I read your editorial very carefully, as I had previously read the article by Mr. Baker in *McClure's Magazine*, and the impression of the cause of the miners' strike that would be conveyed to the uninformed reader by both these is fundamentally wrong.

In the summer of 1902, the Western Federation of Miners made up their minds that, while they had a strong hold on the mines of Colorado, their hold would not be effective or complete until they controlled the smelting and milling plants buying custom ores in Colorado. To accomplish this end, they sent a representative—One D. C. Copley, a member of their executive board—to Colorado City to organize the employees of the Colorado and Standard plants of the United States Reduction and Refining Company. These efforts met with but little success, and but a small number of the men employed in the above plants could be induced to join the federation.

It would evidently be inferred from your editorial that the point in contention was the granting to the men of an eight-hour work day. I want to call your attention to the error in this, for since June, 1899, the plants of the company have been on an eight-hour basis, and the men were being paid for eight hours' work what they have previously received for twelve.

On February 14, 1903, a demand was made on the United States Reduction and Refining Company that the scale of wages be raised in different departments from twenty per cent. to forty-five per cent., the committee consisting of men who were not employed by, or had any connection with, the reduction company. The management declined to discuss any business with these men, with the result that the Western Federation of Miners called a strike at the Colorado City plants of the United States Reduction and Refining Company. Comparatively few of the men went out, and their places were at once filled by men anxious to work and satisfied with all conditions, and the plants proceeded in their operations.

After finally failing in all their endeavors to stop the operations of the United States Reduction and Refining Company's plants, the federation called on mines in Cripple Creek to refuse to ship ores to such plants. As most of the mines were under binding contracts with the above company, they were unable to comply with the demand, and the Cripple Creek strike then resulted—the same strike that has been marked by intimidation, violence, and bloodshed. It will be noted that absolutely not one grievance was recited, the only one being that the mines discontinue shipments of ore to the so-called unfair mills, which were under the bon of the Western Federation of Miners, regardless of the fact that the mines would have broken contracts had they done anything else. It will also be noted that the strike was not for an eight-hour day, which same already existed and had existed for a period of four years, the same being voluntarily given to the men by the company.

The trouble subsequently spread to the other smelting plants of the State, and subsequently to the coal mines; but it is not my intention to discuss in all its details the matter as has Mr. Baker, but only to call attention to what was the starting of the strike, the whole cause of the Cripple Creek strike, and to show that the end desired by the Western Federation of Miners was to control the whole mining industry of Colorado body and soul, in the same way as they once controlled it in Montana—a lawless condition which it was finally necessary to call on the United States Government to put down.

Yours very truly, J. D. HAWKINS.

## JOTTINGS ABOUT CAIRO.

By Jerome Hart.

When we first visited Cairo we fell at once into the hands of Dragoman Achmet Mohammed. How WE Achmet had recommendations from LOST OUR many of the great ones of the earth. DRAGONMAN. Besides, he was no worse than any other dragoman. They all rob you, more or less; but they certainly prevent you from being robbed a great deal more by others. They get commissions on everything you buy, and steer you into high-priced places; but, generally speaking, they keep you out of places where you would get into trouble. So they are, perhaps, a necessary evil.

On our second visit to Cairo we did not deem it necessary to see all the stock sights. We had come to enjoy ourselves. But when we alighted at the railway station, the first person I saw was Achmet Mohammed. My heart fell. I hoped he would not recognize me. No such luck. He knew me at once, hastened to my side, called a carriage, and assisted me to enter it with that deferential hand-cup for my elbow which I knew so well. I made a feeble attempt to explain to Achmet that we would not need him. He received this remark with a trustful smile of incredulity. When we reached the hotel, Achmet swiftly paid and dismissed the cabman, without asking me for the money. Then I knew that I was lost. I was no longer my own man. I belonged to Achmet Mohammed.

But what boots it to tell of my futile struggle? Achmet had ignored other wayfarers, had fastened himself to me, and had thus lost his chance for any other client until the arrival of the next steamer. So he was determined not to let me go. Did I seat myself on the terrace at Shepherd's? Achmet would come and stand behind my chair. Did I call a cab? Achmet would suddenly appear, and abuse the cabman violently in order to impress him with my importance. Did I enter a shop? Achmet entered it also from another door. He was proof against everything—abuse, entreaty, cursing. I assured him warmly that he was losing his time, for not a piastre would he receive from me. But Achmet soothingly replied that his motives were not mercenary—that he wished to serve me only in consideration of love and affection.

But another steamer came with a new lot of travelers. Among them was a family I knew. I greeted them with an unholy glitter in my eye. I was more than cordial. I was effusive. As soon as the opportunity served—perhaps sooner—I took Paterfamilias aside and asked him if he had secured a dragoman. No, he had not, and he needed one, for they were going up the Nile. "Up the Nile!" My heart leaped for joy. I turned around and clapped my hands: I did not see Achmet, but I knew that he was near. In truth he was; he appeared like the Hindoostanee magician who comes out of the ground. I presented Achmet to Paterfamilias. I told him that Achmet was the boss dragoman—that among Egyptian dragomans he was easily 1t.

The next morning the family took Achmet up the Nile. I did not wish him any particular harm, but I could not help hoping that they would lose him somewhere—in the first or second cataract, say.

.\*.\*

Cairo is an old story, and I have told it before. So FASCINATIONS this letter is made up only of odds and AND CURIOSITIES ends, of jottings, and not of studied OF CAIRO. sight-seeing. For the traveler who has made a previous visit to Egypt may settle down in Cairo with the comfortable sensation that he is not obliged to do the Nile, to do Luxor, Thebes, and Memphis, to do the ruins of Karnak, or to do anything at all unless he pleases.

But those travelers who are in Egypt for the first time enjoy no such delightful feeling of mild do-nothing-ism. Such travelers are slaves of duty. Often they want to stay in Cairo, but, driven by duty, they must move on. They would like to lounge along the ever-shifting streets and bazaars of the Mouski quarter; instead of this, they let themselves be dragged off to view tumble-down ruins in which they are not interested. They would like to sit among the brilliant throng on the hotel terraces, and look at snake-charmers and jugglers; instead of this, they let themselves be hauled around to moldy old mosques which delight them not. They allow themselves to be whisked up the Nile by tourist agents in narrow stern-wheel boats with cell-like state-rooms where they are fried by day and frozen by night. They permit themselves to be driven off on donkey-back over sandy, dusty trails, across great stretches of desert, to gaze on gigantic ruins, taking four days to do things which it would require four weeks to do properly. And all this they call "traveling for pleasure."

Among these slaves of duty I noticed one



woman who had only a week in Egypt and who wanted to spend it in Cairo. I heard her say in a melancholy tone: "How I wish I could stay in this lovely city! But it is my duty to go up the Nile!" And she went. Another young woman, smitten with the Cairo charm, tried to sell her Nile ticket at a ruinous sacrifice. Failing in her attempted sale, this second slave of duty made the Nile trip, like Niobe all tears.

This gives an idea of the charm of Cairo, to the newcomer as well as to the old. It is, in truth, a fascinating city. For some reason, the Cairene Mohammedans seem less hostile to strangers than they are in many Moslem cities. In some Turkish towns the true believers show plainly by their looks and demeanor that they hate Christians. Constantinople, for example—outside of the European quarter, Pera—is not a pleasant place for Christian strangers. Sour looks and words that sound like curses come from the adults, while over-ripe fruit, unsalable vegetables, and even stones at times come from the little boys. In short, while Stamboul is sulky, grimy, and grim, Cairo is cheerful, clean, and pleasant.

In other ways Cairo differs markedly from Constantinople. When one compares the magnificent steel bridge across the Nile with the tottering, craggy, decrepit old wrecks across the Golden Horn, he may note the difference between decaying Mohammedanism and modern Mohammedanism. I have before written of that venerable structure, the Galatra bridge at Constantinople; it looks as if it were composed of bed-slats, old tin roofing, rusty gas-pipe, and superannuated stair-rails. When it gets acute structural weakness, it is fastened together with corroded wire or old barrel-hoops. Occasionally the railing tumbles off for fifty or a hundred feet, carrying with it fifty or a hundred true believers into Paradise via the Golden Horn. If Abdul Hamid were to visit the Khedive and compare bridges, he would go back to Yildiz Kiosk with a still stronger dislike than he now has for his wealthy vassal.

The signal difference between Cairo and Constantinople is in the matter of light. After nightfall, Stamboul is as dark as a church is on a week-day, while Cairo is as brilliantly lighted as a saloon. The rules regulating vehicle lights are so stringent that not only hackney-cabs but private carriages, farm-wagons, and donkey-carts are obliged to carry lights. One evening, while driving out to the Pyramids, we saw a farmer and his wife returning in a cart from selling their product in Cairo. It was dusk, but I could plainly see the anxious look on the dark face of the farmer's wife, lighted by the candle which she held, shaded by her hand. Thus the vehicle was provided with a light—thus she complied with the law. If toward evening you are driving in a cab, if the legal hour for lighting is reached, if your cabman spies a policeman, if he has neglected to light up, he stops at once, nimbly hops down, and lights his lamps. In this respect Cairo is better policed than many Occidental cities.

A word about the Cairo shop-keepers. The term *baksheesh* is applied to other uses than as indicating alms and tips. After a long and animated haggling between shop-keeper and customer, the shop-keeper will sometimes refuse to concede say twenty-five piastres reduction demanded by the customer; he will, however, agree, if the customer will buy the goods at the fixed price, that he will give him a *baksheesh* of twenty-five piastres when the transaction is closed. This is almost identical with the practices of the great railways with big freight shippers in America. The companies will make no concessions or discounts from their rates, but when the full rates are charged they will make a "rebate."

This is exactly like the *baksheesh* of the Oriental shop-keeper. Verily there is nothing new under the sun.

In letters written on previous visits I have spoken in high terms of Shephard's Hotel. I shall have to retract—it used to be very good, but it has deteriorated. It is now living on its reputation. Shephard's has been so thoroughly advertised that its name is known all over the world. Young women in the Middle West who never were further east than Buffalo have all heard of Shephard's, and hope to go there when they make the Grand Tour. They still think it is the haunt of the aristocracy, and that it is a social signet to stop at Shephard's. But they are in error. Shephard's has not only deteriorated practically, but it has cheapened socially. Other hotels now get the princelings, the lords, and the ladies. The past winter season the one frequented by the royalty and nobility seemed to be the Savoy. Here stopped the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother; likewise Archduke Ferdinand. Next to the Savoy comes the Continental, while Shephard's is a bad third.

Personally, I care nothing for the social standing of a hotel. I am much more interested in its cookery. That at Shephard's is no longer good. Generally speaking, you must take the *table-d'hôte* dinner at foreign hotels. It is all very well to talk about "dining à la carte," but, as a matter of fact, the preparation of the *table-d'hôte* dinner taxes the resources of any large hotel. If you order an *à-la-carte* dinner you have to wait a long time for it; and then it is usually not so good as the *table-d'hôte* dinner. The wise man, therefore, orders the *table-d'hôte* dinner, but has it served at a separate table for a small extra charge. If the

menu is not to his liking, he can order some supplementary dish. It is always possible, however, to make out a dinner by selecting from the menu at a good *table-d'hôte* dinner. But it is not possible with a bad one, and that is the kind Shephard's served the past season.

At a good *table-d'hôte* dinner there are always solid things—joints, chops, fillets, fowls, birds, or game, so that all tastes can be catered to. But the cheap *table-d'hôte* dinner shuns these more costly dishes, and garnishes its bill of fare with queer "croquettes," mysterious "cromesques," anonymous "ragouts," "kabobs," and "pilaffs," which later are made of musky mutton hash, disguised under Turkish names. All these weird composite things figured largely on Shephard's bill of fare, likewise "bouchés" and "patés." Marion Crawford speaks somewhere of the three great kinds of pilaff—Turkish, Persian, and Grecian. There are four—the other kind of Shephard's. Avoid it.

Of these various poetically named Shephard dishes, the "croquettes" are unmistakably hash; the "cromesque" is an exotic hash; the "bouché" is a thinly disguised hash; the "paté" is frankly hash; the "rissole" is a kind of doughy dumb-bell closed all round like an apple dumpling and filled inside with hash. Occasionally one found on the Shephard bill the appetizing legend "pain de volaille," which turned out to be minced chicken and bread crumbs—therefore also hash.

But the most dreadful deception was when I saw on the bill one day the legend, "côtelettes de volaille." There are two kinds of this dish—one consists of tempting slices cut from a fat fowl, and served sometimes *en papillote*; these are the true chicken cutlets. This day I knew not which kind we were to have, but when it was served my spirits fell—it was the other kind, the Shephard kind. That kind of a chicken cutlet consists of yesterday's and the day before yesterday's chicken, boiled down, chopped up, and ground through a mincing machine, including the viscera, the drumsticks, and the antennæ of the chicken. This is then made into the shape of a lamb chop, cooked to a delicate brown, and a little white stick is stuck into one end of it, like the bone of a chop. The little stick is adding insult to injury—yet that is the kind of "chicken cutlet" they gave us one day at Shephard's Hotel in Cairo.

There was an "Hungarian orchestra" at Shephard's last winter. Like the poor, we have Hungarian orchestras always with us, so the fact is not notable. But the leader was. He played first violin as well as led. He was a beautiful creature; he had mustaches turned up at the ends like those of William the War Lord; he wore the gorgeous gold-laced uniform of an Hungarian hussar; he wore high, glossy patent-leather boots, reaching mid-leg high on his beautiful blue gold-striped tights; long lashes shaded his fine eyes, with which he darted the most killing glances to left and right, inflaming feminine hearts.

I have long been observant of the fascination exercised by European army officers over American women. I do not wonder at it. Only think of those gorgeous white-coated Austrian officers; just fancy the *corps-d'élite* of the French, German, and Italian armies—is it matter of wonder that our countrywomen admire them? When these sons of Mars are compared with the lean, or globulous, or stoop-shouldered, tired, worn-out middle-aged American business man, he suffers in the comparison. He is a fond husband, a doting father, a good provider, but he is not nearly so pretty as the European army officer. Fortunately for him, he stays "tew hum," makes the money, and sends his wife abroad to spend it, so that he never knows of the comparisons that even the best wife must make between him and them.

My omission of the British officers in the above list is not accidental. It is designed. Not that the gentlemen who wear King Edward's coat are lacking in manly beauty. Far from it. To my thinking, there are as handsome men in England as any in the western world. But English officers affect mufti, and are rarely seen in uniform when off duty. Thus they lose the adventitious aid which buttons, brass, and feathers give the soldier over the civilian. Therefore our American women gaze upon them calm-eyed—not as they gaze upon the gorgeous jack-booted gentry of the Continent, in tin cuirasses and pot-metal helmets. Yet the officers of the Guards in London—or Coldstream or Horse or Blue—when decked for action, are easily worth a shilling to look at—which it sometimes costs you to enter the barracks gate. The sentries outside may be seen for nothing.

A shilling, by the way, is the rate charged by a foot-guardsman for walking with a servant-maid on a Sunday. A mounted guardsman charges the slavery eightpence. I do not know whether heiresses, British or American, in conferring themselves and their sacks on British officers, settle a larger sum on the cavalryman than on the foot soldier. As they resemble their humbler sisters, the kitchen-maids, in their adoration, so also should they resemble them in their generosity.

Which brings me back to the hysterical Hungarian fiddler. That amusing person had his head completely turned by the open admiration of a number of young American women belonging to a large excursion-party. They gathered in front of his band-stand; they gazed

up into his fine eyes; they applauded ecstatically; they made him yield to so many encores that his band—old, fat, bald-headed, and probably married—grumbled audibly. But he was determined to please the young American frauleins, and he did. But the poor devil almost dislocated his cervical vertebrae in attempting to bow to his victims in the midst of a fortissimo *csardas* with his fiddle stuck into his neck.

Bowing with his head—bowing with his fiddle-bow—scraping with his feet—scraping on his fiddle—bowing and scraping, scraping and bowing—verily, the poor fiddler worked hard for our countrywomen's smiles. As for them, their frank admiration for the bedizened fiddler—not for his fiddling—reminded me much of the poor London scullions who save up their 'apenies all week to walk with a gold-laced soldier of a Sunday.

One day at Shephard's I had occasion to go to the cashier's office to change good red gold into Egyptian piastres. I had rather a fad for the cashier—he was one of those remarkable polyglots one finds in the Wagon-Lit Company's hotels. As I have said before, I think they are born in the company's sleeping-cars. This one had pompadour hair, a Kaiser moustache, and an Anglo-Teuto-Egypto dialect which filled me with joy. I delighted to set him talking—an easy thing to do, by the way. I asked him if the fatal fiddler always wrought such havoc in feminine hearts.

"Vat you expect?" he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "All vimmens is grazey, only some vimmens is more grazey dan vot de odder vons vas. You zee dot younk lady vot was yoost gone from out here? Vell, I ought not to tell you, but she is Mees Fon Awen, of Noy York. How I spell dot name, you awsk? *Fee-oen—Ah-tweller—A—en—* you know now? Ach, yes. Vell, I ought not to tell you. But neffer mint—*n'eeimporte*. I veel like talkink. I yoost had my luncheon. I dell you vot I het—a nize ragout of feal, und a blate of maggaroni, und a kwart of hawlf und hawlf. Den I het alzo dree muddon chops—but vid de bone; I don'd like de bone—I like them chops all made of mead. Dey tell me here in Gairo I eat too much mead. Vell vy not? Vout auf I do? I vork hardt. I am here till zwelf o'clock efery night. Und yoost zee vot my vork is—trying to manaitsch nairvous vimmens like dot younk letty. Und I'm pooty nairvous myselluf. Dis is a nairvous blaise, dis Gairo is. De manaitscher he is so nairvous he cawn't talk to dem vimmens. Dot von she wants her hotel-bill at vive o'clock. De manaitscher he vould tell her 'you cawn't haf your bill at vive o'clock, Mees, for you got vashing und odder extras not yet reported already yet.' Vot I tell her? I say: 'Mees, I make an egzceptions—it is against de rule, but I let you have de bill at vive o'clock, und den ve puts de vashing on aftervorts.' Ven vive o'clock come, I tell her: 'I am very sorry, but de bill it not retty,' and I gif it to her in de morning. But de manaitscher he cawn't do dot vay. He cawn't manaitsch dem vimmens like vot I do."

At this moment another lady entered, and began an excited protest against a charge for "electric light" in her bill. As I turned away, the confidential cashier winked solemnly at me, and began his task of hypnotizing her.

I have often remarked the fervor of the Mohammedans. Their strict attention to their religious rites is unique among denominations, so far as my observation goes, for when the hour of prayer comes, whether they find themselves in public or not, they go through their devotions. I admire a man who has the courage of his convictions, religious as well as political, and the unaffected devotion of the Mohammedans has always impressed me.

On the outskirts of Cairo, one day, we saw a row of workmen on the railway lining up just as the Muezzin's call to prayers rang out from an adjacent mosque. "Look," cried I. "There is another instance of Moslems' devotion to their religious rites."

"How so?" I was asked. "What do you mean? What are they standing in a row for?"

"To pray," I replied, sentimentally. "Don't you see they are facing toward Mecca?"

Now they were all standing in a row. As I spoke—as if at a given signal—they all went down.

"See!" I cried. "They are prostrating themselves. In a moment you will see them begin to bow toward the Sacred City, and go through all the elaborate forms of Mohammedan prayer. Ah, is it not interesting to see a group of ordinary workmen interrupt their toil in the middle of the day and turn to their religion?"

We were all much impressed. I was particularly so.

But as we gazed on them, with reflex religious interest, the row of men arose. With a unanimous grunt they rose, bearing on their shoulders a long steel beam, which they proceeded to walk away with down the railway track.

An awkward silence followed. I imagined I heard a faint snickering, but I affected not to observe it. There are moments when it is just as well not to be too observing.

The Carlton Club, London, has elected John Wana-maker an honorary member. It is considered an exceptional honor.

URCAV OF  
SHEPHERD'S  
HOTEL.



## WHEN THE LIGHT CAME.

The Passing of a Stained Soul.

No air of Sunday calm brooded over the little town. A scorching north wind swept the dust down the dreary streets, and sent it swirling round the corners with a gritty swish, and a friction that seemed to generate a thousand electric sparks and prickles.

A group of four loitered on the corner, talking with unusual interest.

"It's too darned bad that express had to be ten hours late last night of all times," growled one. "They'd 'a' been clear away by this time, but now—"

"Oh, pshaw!" struck in a girl's lighter voice, "Jim aint 'spected 'til to-morrow, nohow, and the train 'll be in in an hour. Don't croak!"

The others laughed uncertainly, and the uneasiness deepened as the first speaker continued, unmoved.

"That's all right! But she aint here yet, and I'd hate like cold pizen to be the man who'd married Jim Tyler's girl—I'd hate it like cold pizen I tell you—ef there wuz any chance o' my havin' to stay on the same side o' this yere ball as Jim, afterward—that's all!"

"Oh, Jim won't do nuthin'! She could always wrap him 'round her little finger, anyhow. Say, wasn't it mighty slick uv her, to hev two strings to her bow all the time, and never let on, till the other fellow turned up last night? Though what she kin see in that little dood drummer after a six-foot scorchier like Jim, beats me," drawled the girl.

"Well look a-here, young woman, don't let us hev eny o' that slickness round hereabouts," began her companion, threateningly, "or—" his voice broke, as a man on horseback clattered around the corner and swept toward them.

"By the Lord Harry," he breathed. "It's Jim—Jim Tyler. The Lord help her—now!"

The four stood motionless as the man dashed by, with a gay wave of the arm in salute.

Two blocks down the street he threw his horse back on its haunches before a battered little cottage, and flinging himself from the saddle, threw open the front door without the formality of a knock, then stopped on the threshold, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

A man, of the flashy drummer type, sat in a chair facing him, and perched on his knee was a girl—her hands in his, as she laughingly balanced herself, with her lips just beyond his reach.

For a tense moment the silence held. Then the face of her husband turned yellow-white with fear, and following his eyes, the laughter froze on her lips, and a deadly terror blanched her pretty, silly face.

The man in the door stood motionless.

"Get up!" he said.

She tried a laugh of bravado, which choked in her throat, but the drummer put her from him, and advanced a step, holding out shaking, expostulating hands.

The man measured him with a cold contempt that cut like a knife.

"I'll settle with you, later," he said, and turned to the girl.

"Who is this fellow?"

She thought with frenzied rapidity for a second, weighing and balancing chances. He blocked the only door. Time was what she wanted—time for help to come.

"Jim," she wailed—"Jim—I loved you—you know I loved you—but they threatened—they said—"

"Who is this fellow?" he repeated, with the same deadly quiet.

"Jim—listen—I couldn't help it—he has more money, you know, and they made me—oh, Jim—dear—"

"Who is this fellow?" he asked.

"He—oh, Jim—forgive me—he's my—my husband—we were married last night—Jim—listen—" her voice rose to a shriek.

The man plunged forward, revolver in hand, toward his successful rival, who squealed with terror, but the girl threw herself between them, and clutched his arm in a frenzied grasp.

"Listen, Jim—listen! Oh, God, don't hurt him! Listen—I couldn't help it—I couldn't! You know I love you," she lied; "I've always loved you—" she threw both arms about him with a sudden strength that checked and held him. He struggled with her, his cold rage rising to a mad, unreasoning fury, with the lies, her touch, the baffled desire of the man. Freeing one arm, he brought down the heavy revolver full in her upturned face.

At the thud of the steel on flesh, the drummer, uttering a shriek of wild, animal terror, fled past them into the street, and on—on—still shrieking, in a voice that held no human sound, until he stumbled and fell, dazed and stunned, in the dust.

In the other man, the lust of killing woke, and he struck, deliberately, again and again, until the shrieks were stilled, the last frantic grasp gave way somehow, and he stood looking down at a silent heap on the floor, and struggling with an insane desire to kick it and trample on it.

He laughed—the instinct of slaughter all alive—laughed, and turned to find the man. He was gone.

A noise of horror-stricken voices in the street fell

on his ear—of voices and of running feet—fell, and grew louder.

With the light of murder in his eyes—the joy of killing—he strode from the room, and flung himself upon his horse, as a crowd of men raced toward him. Straight at their midst he dashed, but with no sign of wavering they came on, and horse and men met, with a shock that nearly unseated the rider.

Maddened by the spurs, the horse shook off the clutching hands—the man, with the frenzied light still in his eyes, turned in his saddle, and laughing gayly emptied his revolver into the crowd.

There was a shriek, a groan, a scurry of hoofs, and then silence—for a space.

Beyond the town the desert stretched away—a level reach of sand and alkali baking under the pitiless sun.

The man, on a jaded horse, spurred desperately toward the line of jagged rocks at the northern side, that rose like a palisade built by hands, clear-cut against the cloudless sky.

He looked often over his shoulder as he went, and cursed, under his breath, the gasping animal on which he rode. The lust of murder was gone, and only the instinct of the hunted remained.

A mile from the rocks, where comparative safety lay the horse stumbled and fell. Mechanically the man swung himself free as the animal went down, and stood a moment watching it. It lay still, with a stillness he had seen before. Suddenly a woman's face came between him and the dying beast—her face, with the great gash on the temple and the awful fear in the eyes. Curse her! If he had only had time to square his account with the man, too! He laughed grimly at the memory of the disfigured face that was not an object for any one's kisses now. Again he looked behind him, and stood rigid as he saw, far in the distance, a line of dots creeping nearer.

"The posse, by God!" His hand went to his belt—it was gone! In a flash he remembered that the strap had given away in their last desperate struggle, and she held it now, no doubt, clenched in her stiffening fingers—she held his life in her hands until the end! His revolver he had emptied into the crowd as he fled.

With the eyes of a trapped animal, he looked about him. A mile away were the sheltering rocks—a mile in this heat! A mile through the blistering sand. Behind were the relentless men. There was no choice. He clenched his hands, and then gave the horse a savage kick. With a faint moan of pain the dying brute struggled to rise, fell forward, and lay still—quite still—even under the blows and kicks the maddened man rained upon it.

He ceased, finally, from exhaustion, and after a moment's breath started forward over the yielding sand. The sun had nearly set, but the heat was stifling, his breath came in gasps, and his eyes were blinded by the water dripping from his forehead; but he stumbled on, and fell, as the horse had fallen, under the shadow of the first great boulder, at the foot of the rocks.

For a moment he lay helpless, then slowly raised his head and looked back with an evil chuckle. They were out in that heat and glare, while he lay "in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"—when had he heard some one say that?

"A weary land!" God knows, it was that! The few cactus plants shriveled and grew grayer in the heat, which had a weight to it—a weight under which no living thing could stand erect. Even the coming of twilight brought no relief. Oh, if he had a drink; a cup of cold water. He had heard some one say something about that, too—somewhere. What was it? Who was it? His mother? He must go on, higher up among the rocks, where safety lay. He turned weakly on his elbow, but stopped half way, as a sharp, ominous sound pierced the heat—a sound that somehow seemed the intensification of cold—a cold that flashed through his fevered body and froze him into a statue as he lay.

It was the warning of a rattler. Beside him, coiled, ready to strike, with its head on a level with his eyes, lay a snake as thick as his wrist.

His brain whirled for a moment, and then suddenly grew strangely clear.

Was there nothing which could face this heat? Here was one thing no Arizona sun could shrivel—one thing the fires of hell could not warm!

Its head was proudly erect, as the rattler and his human prototype looked into each other's eyes. The eyes of the snake were cold and still, and in a moment the eyes of the man grew dreamy, and then—then the eyes of the snake began to glow with a fire which crept through the man's veins like wine.

Was he exhausted? No, that was his body. Now, he had no body—he was a soul—the preachers said he had a soul—this must be it, before him on the sand. A soul from out whose eyes looked a knowledge of sin of which even he had never dreamed! He—whose name was a terror for miles about! What did they know of sin back there in the town? Here was the fountain—head of all evil, at which he could drink forever and never be filled! Of sin—of sin—

The head of the snake began to sway slowly back and forward, and to thrust itself out toward him. The head of the man followed its movements as though drawn by a magnet. The two heads had each the same narrow temples, the same sinister jaw, the same cruel mouth, but the eyes—the eyes of the man had much to learn.

A shout came over the desert—came slowly—for

even sound shrank back from the heat—and pierced its way into his brain. They had found the horse.

But they did not know of the empty revolver. They would think twice before they ventured into those rocks in the dark. They would wait—would wait until the light came. He must go higher up—he started slightly, but froze again before the warning whirr.

When the light came they would come, and he would die like a rat in a trap. There was no escape. Yes, here was one way—just one. With a sigh of despair he stretched out his arms to the snake as a lover to his mistress!

Again the warning. For one instant he looked into those marvelous eyes. Then he deliberately cuffed the evil head lightly with one hand. Swift as lightning the snake struck!

When the light came, the pursuing men moved cautiously forward, hoping to reach a sheltering rock before his bullets found them, but their leader started back from a motionless figure lying in the shadow.

As they stared, the man's shirt heaved slowly, as though he had breathed, and from out its folds a head with narrow temples and sinister mouth lifted itself, and with languid insolence, the huge rattler passed like a glimpse of hell, down the man's side, and vanished into a cleft in the rock.

The men stood rooted to the spot. As the crawling horror disappeared, their leader wrenched himself free.

"By God, I believe it was his soul," he said.

MABEL CROOKS BROWN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1904.

## Lost Islands.

Among the red dots on the map denoting the empire upon which the sun never sets is a group of islands to the south of Australia bearing the name of the Royal Company Islands. These have hitherto appeared on the British admiralty charts as a group of four or five specks, the exact position being latitude 50.20 south, longitude 143.0 east. In atlases they have the red line beneath them, which is usually taken to mean that the British flag has been hoisted there. Now the admiralty has issued a "notice to mariners" headed "Royal Company Islands—non-existence of." The original report of their discovery can not be traced, nor have they apparently been seen by passing vessels. However, on dark nights vessels sailing in their supposed neighborhood have set a course to clear them, and the look-out has watched for "breakers ahead." Certain matters have come to the notice of the admiralty, which has led it to expunge the islands from the charts, the most convincing testimony being that of the captain of the *Matatua*, which passed right over their alleged position in 1900. Thus it is that the copper chart plates on which the islands are engraved will be filed and burnished at the spot where the ghostly natives of the phantom Royal Company Islands once enjoyed the privileges of being under British protection.

Dr. O. C. Kessler, of Nodaway County, Mo., has been indicted for murder in the first degree under peculiar circumstances. Kessler is a physician. According to his accusers he has kept among the other drugs in his office a flask of whisky which his acquaintances have been accustomed to drink out of in his absence. Kessler, it is said, suspected some persons of taking whisky from his bottle that they did not pay for, and remarked that if they didn't quit it one of them would some day get a drink that would be his last. On February 24th, William Simmons took a drink from the bottle when Kessler was not in, and within a half-hour he was dead. It is charged that Kessler had put deadly poison into the whisky. The case is probably without a precedent in the criminal history of the State.

School histories have given the South no end of trouble in the past, but it was not supposed that anything so non-partisan as an arithmetic could wound the sensibilities of any section. But the children of Richmond, Va., have found this "sum" in an arithmetic recently adopted by the city's school board: "In a school-room containing five hundred and sixty-seven white children every tenth child is colored. How many children in the school?" Great indignation is expressed that an arithmetic should encourage the idea of mixed schools and social equality. A deep-laid plot is hinted, for the school board says strips of blank paper were pasted over the problem in the samples of the offending book submitted to them for inspection.

A special mouthpiece for the public telephones has been introduced in Germany with the object of avoiding the spread of diseases carried by the condensed moisture of the breath. A pad of a large number of discs of paper, with a hole in the middle, is inserted in the mouthpiece, and the upper disc of paper is torn off after every conversation. The Vienna call boxes are provided with napkins, bearing the request, "Wipe if you please." The practice of wiping the mouthpiece of the transmitter is a sanitary precaution.

A Parisian who has been much annoyed by duns has connected his bell handle with a powerful electrical battery and switches on the current at psychological moments. So far the police have declined to interfere.



## NEW YORK'S BABYLESS FLATS.

Homeless Parents of Children—Flats Closed Against Them—Tenements for the Poor, Mansions for the Rich—The Suburbs for the Middle Man.

There has been a great deal of talk lately about the difficulties envolving the existence of the man with the family, if he happens to live in New York. On one side the President is giving forth Delphic utterances about race suicide, and on the other all the owners of apartment-houses and flats are banding together in an effort to exclude the couple who have committed the folly of having children.

Some of the papers have taken up the subject, and the result of their investigations is illuminating, if somewhat startling. A very large percentage—I am not sure of the figures so I will not quote—of the apartment and flat buildings in New York refuse to admit tenants who have children. One journal published a piteous story of an enterprising woman who had a family of eight, and went from pillar to post trying to find a place wherein the eight could be comfortably lodged, and finally had to give it up and go to a hotel. There was not a reasonably priced apartment-house in New York where eight children would be taken in. In a large majority of the better class of flats, no children at all are admitted. In some, small families are taken, one or two meek and well-behaved infants being allowed to pursue the noiseless tenor of their way, which must never become audible to the other occupants of the building.

That children are continually born in flats is an indisputable fact, and one that must be a thorn in the side of the owners—not of the children, but of the flats. Children have an insidious way of being born that the most vigilant agent can not circumvent or prefigure on. The stage has not been yet reached—though I feel quite sure it's coming—when a married couple will have to guarantee that no child will be born in their apartment during their three years' tenancy. They will probably take out a sort of insurance policy, as you do for accidents—so much for a single baby; double the amount for twins. The agents complain that childless couples are continually taking flats, signing two and three years' leases, and then having babies. This is certainly taking a mean advantage of the agent, and becoming a tenant of the building under false pretences. I suppose it legally could come under the head of the act of God, but other tenants, who had not been visited by any such act of God, might not see it in that light, and would raise the customary bitter complaints whenever the act of God cried.

That man who has to live in New York, and is at once a husband and a father, with a moderate income upon which to support his responsibilities as such, is one of the most harassed beings of modern life. There is absolutely no provision made for him, and his life is a struggle, not alone for bread, but for a decent place to live, for a roof over his head, and a board which may not groan, but at least can show forth three solid meals a day. Long ago the simple desire for his own vine and fig tree was beaten out of him. He wishes for nothing so extravagant as a bit of greenery round his house on which a tree or two burgeons beautifully in the spring, and where, beneath their shade, he may sit on summer evenings and see his children playing on the grass.

Those dreams died out long ago. What he asks for now is the permission to live in half a dozen rooms, most of which are semi-dark, and which, in the torrid summer nights, are like a sultry inferno. His children's playground is the flagging about the front door, and where he sits in the cool of the day is on the brown stone steps—there is no balcony—listening to the roar of the city and breathing in its evening reek. It is this privileged existence from which he is now being excluded on the ground that he has a family. He could live in his half-lit seven rooms and be allowed to sit on the front-door steps if he were childless. But his children are the bar to the Elysium. He must either take them to the suburbs or to a cheaper locality where the poor live—for the poor snap their fingers at landlords, and go on bringing forth and raising families in the way the Lord and the President agree in commending.

The only two classes in New York who are now permitted to live comfortably in the city—and the number of whose offspring is a matter of indifference to real-estate agents—are the very rich and the very poor. The former live in their own houses, and are their own landlords. There is no one to tell them that because they have children they are barred out of the places in which they want to live. They have large fortunes, and they want heirs to inherit them. I am under the impression that the rich of New York all desire families. There are very few childless wives among the fashionable women who make up what is known as society. I have never heard a New York woman say she did not want children. In California, on the other hand, I have constantly heard women of all ages and of divers means say they either hoped they would never have any, or were glad they had never had any.

With the very poor the bar against the tenant with a family is lifted. The very poor always have children, and a family is regarded as a disgrace. Among the Jews and the Irish, a family without offspring is regarded as a disgrace. The laboring class has life made

a great deal easier and pleasanter for it than the man who comes as the middle layer between poverty and wealth. New York is a city to be very rich in or very poor in. One finds a certain degree of comfort at either extreme. The new tenement-house laws are making the homes of the humble both sanitary and attractive. The time will soon come when all the old rookeries which swarm with a vagabond life will be swept away and decent tenements take their places. The children of the poor have the parks to play in, they have free bathing establishments in summer, they go on excursions down the bay, they go to the country to charitable fresh-air institutions. And wherever they lodge or move to, they are accepted as a necessary adjunct, not regarded as a crushing misfortune, the presence of which comes back upon their parents like a destructive boomerang.

The middle-man's problem is a serious one. At the rate the apartment-houses are closing their doors against him when he has a family, he will soon find himself practically homeless. He can not afford a house. A house in New York, like a house in Paris, is a prerogative of wealth. He must therefore either live in a flat or a hotel. The latter is the worst substitute for a home yet invented, and the poor middle man, being a simple, domestic soul, wants a home. No decent, self-respecting man with a wife and children was ever content to live in a hotel. Lazy wives have insisted on it, and henpecked husbands have complied, but if it lasted there was only one solution of the situation, and that was that the henpecking had gone deep into the man's spirit, and finally broken it. Such things have been.

The middle man is not a person of large means. He belongs to that enormous class whose income ranges from, say, two to eight thousand per annum. When you get past eight thousand you can arrange your life comfortably even with two or three children. Below that he keeps to the world of the flat-dweller, who has one or two servants, and whose wife is apt to get her spring and winter suits at the large department-stores. Both he and his wife are, as a rule, people of a prudent, bourgeois respectability. They attach great importance to certain marks of outward gentility. Both agree as to the necessity of having the entrance to one's apartment of an up-to-date and stylish dignity. The wife wants her maid or maids to wear black dresses in the afternoons and colored prints in the mornings. The baby must have the new English perambulator now in vogue, and the other children must go to a good private school.

How so much neatness, method, and style can be evolved in the semi-darkness of the seven-room flat I can not imagine. But these dwellers in the middle ranks are, as a rule, excellent managers. They are real "nest builders"—women who can turn the line of dingy rooms into an attractive and picturesque suite, and lend the air of home to the compressed, half-lit vista opening off the narrow hall. They have even sought to beautify those stifling evening hours on the front steps by carrying out rugs and cushions and disposing them about as one might at a country mansion, where the deep balconies are set forth in luxurious wicker chairs and hung with hammocks.

Unless some public-spirited citizens begin to raise flats especially reserved for families, the fate of the man who has three children and as many thousands a year to support them on, is a matter for pondering. In the present aspect of the situation, he has found his best move to be a translation to the suburbs. This generally means some discomfort to himself and various small deprivations for his wife. He has to undergo that relentless and tiresome trip in and out twice a day, in summer not so bad, but in winter horrible. His wife has to give up the metropolitan joys of "bargain days," of theatres and concerts, of agreeable city friendships from which teas and drives and restaurant lunches pleasantly arise. Where they console themselves is in the thought that it is better for the children, and the life of the middle man and his wife circles round and centres in those children whose presence is such a bar to choice of residence.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1904.

Panama, the new republic, has a coat of arms showing a comprehensive design. It consists of a shield, surmounted by an eagle, in whose beak is the ribbon upon which is written the motto of the State, "Paz, Libertad, Union, Progreso" (Peace, Liberty, Union, Progress). Below, on the upper part of the shield side by side, are the implements of war and of peaceful occupations. Below this, occupying the central place, is a land and water view, the site of the canal; the fruits of the harvest and a rushing train on a track fill up the point of the shield. Flags drape it on either side, and stars surmount the eagle.

Recently the interesting discovery has been made of a subterranean passage leading from the Abbey at Thorney, the last parish in the diocese of Ely, down to the river. The passage is five hundred feet in length, and, although constructed centuries ago, its existence has hitherto been undreamed of by dwellers on the Duke of Bedford's model Thorney estate. A hermitage was founded at Thorney by religious Saxons in 655, but the present abbey, which is used as the parish church, was built at the end of the eleventh century.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Coin" Harvey and his "school" of 1896 have retired to the obscurity of Monte Ne, a place in Benton County, Ark., which he founded and named some years ago. Mr. Harvey lends his name to the Monte Ne Herald, which his son edits, as "assistant editor."

Carrying lightly her eighty-four years, Susan B. Anthony, the woman suffrage leader, has just sailed for Europe to attend the quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women, which opens in Berlin on June 6th. She is just as sanguine that the suffrage movement will eventually be successful as she ever was, although she has given up hope of living to see the day when woman will be on an equal political footing with man.

Henry Watterson is a firm believer in revision of editorials. "I write my leader to-day," he says, "and lay it aside until to-morrow, when I go over it carefully, adding fresh thoughts or taking out undesirable stuff. The next day I dress it up until it pleases me, then it goes to the composing-room and is put in type. I go over the proof and make many changes, sometimes re-writing the entire article. When the proof is corrected I toss up a penny. If it falls 'heads' I publish the leader; if 'tails' I destroy it."

There is an interesting explanation of Matthew S. Quay's kindly thought for the Indian, so often moving him to valuable service. He is a twentieth part Indian himself. Way back in the eighteenth century an ancestor was stolen by the Delawares, brought up as an Indian, and married a woman of the nation. From that marriage Quay is descended. Now that he is anticipating death, he is preparing souvenirs and heirlooms for his friends and family in the shape of sketches of his connection with the Delaware nation, and photographs of himself in the costume of a Delaware chieftain.

According to a writer in the Paris Presse, Signora Dusé now lives in complete retirement, seeing no one, avoiding all fatigue, and doing her best not to think of things theatrical. She refuses to speak of anything concerning the stage, and so anxious is she to divert her thoughts from her profession that when she goes out she will not pass before a theatre if she can help it. If the theatre has brought her her greatest triumphs, it has likewise been the cause of much sadness to her, and she has recently fallen into a profound melancholy. Her friends are few in number, and she refuses all opportunities of making new acquaintances. She constantly keeps near her a statuette of Prosperine. The pagan deity has a peculiar fascination for Signora Dusé, who has invested her with a mystic charm, and believes she has discovered in her points of resemblance to herself.

An interesting man is Governor John Green Brady, of Alaska. His rise in life is a hard-fisted romance. He was born in the slums of New York, about 1850, and was cast adrift. He is not sure where he got his name. The Children's Aid Society finally picked him out of the streets, and he was one of a carload of homeless youngsters shipped West. At Tipton, Ind., a benevolent citizen named John Green came down to the station and asked the man in charge of the waifs to give him the raggedest, ugliest, poorest boy in the lot. With a promptness equaled only by his candor, the superintendent ordered "Jack" Brady to step forward. The lad took to study, and money was found to give him a course at school and college. He went into the Presbyterian ministry, finding his way by degrees to Alaska. The natives interested him greatly, and he did good work among them. Later he resigned his ministerial office to start a tide of emigration toward Alaska. He went to Washington in the spring of 1897 and procured an introduction to President McKinley, in order to present his own application for the governorship. Brady went back with his commission in his pocket. Since then his labors in behalf of Alaska have been indefatigable.

The stump audiences of the coming summer are to have an opportunity to hear the principal Republican humorist in Congress, J. Adam Bede, of Duluth, a former newspaper man, and now one of the most-sought-for orators in the House of Representatives. "Jadam," as he is popularly called, has been requisitioned by Chairman Babcock, of the Congressional Campaign Committee, to go into some of the close districts and help elect Republican members of the House. During the eighties Bede was connected with the Washington Star in its home office. Later he edited a little paper in Minnesota called Bede's Budget, which was made up chiefly of paragraphs on political subjects from his own trenchant pen. While it lasted, it was the brightest aggregation of paragraphs in the country. He was United States marshal under the second Cleveland administration, but resigned in 1894 because the Department of Justice reproved him for making some campaign speeches. He preferred to speak even at the expense of his public office. He finally left the Democratic party on the money issue, and was returned to this Congress as a Republican. He delivered a notable speech in the late session, in which he invited his old friends the Democrats to "come in" and get next to the winner.



## THE GHOST OF BEECHER.

Remarkable Story of Alleged Spirit Communication Told by Dr. Funk  
—Lost Coin Discovered Through a Spiritualistic Séance—  
The Opinions of Noted Scientists.

Will the public confidence in that excellent work, the "Standard Dictionary," be diminished or will it be increased when it is known that, through the alleged agency of the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher, an error in the present edition will be corrected in future ones? Probably, at any rate, the "Standard" is the only dictionary extant to whose accuracy the "spirits" have contributed. But they have done even better than that for the new book of Dr. Isaac K. Funk, the editor of the dictionary—they have proof-read it for him! "Even ghosts," he writes, "should be granted this ghost of a chance to correct misquotation and hasty utterance." So he submitted the proof-sheets of "The Widow's Mite" to the "intelligences," who made, he says, several emendations.

It is the high standing of the persons concerned that gives to the incident of the finding of "The Widow's Mite," through directions given at a spiritualistic séance, its unique interest. Dr. Funk was not only editor of the "Standard Dictionary," but he is at the head of the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls, is a doctor of divinity, and the founder of the *Literary Digest*. Furthermore, while interested in occult phenomena, he declares that he is not a spiritualist, and aims, in his book, to preserve the attitude of an impartial observer. E. J. Wheeler, editor of the *Literary Digest*, who was present when the coin was found, is a thorough skeptic regarding such manifestations. And Dr. Funk includes in the volume the opinions of a great number of specialists in psychologic study to whom he sent the story of the "widow's mite" as he tells it in the book. Five of these, according to Dr. Funk's summary, pronounce in favor of the spirit theory. The wise men so deciding are Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes, English scientists; M. Anesaki, Imperial University of Tokio; William T. Stead, editor *Review of Reviews*, London; the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, New York. "Possibly spirits" is the summary line opposite the names of Dr. Parkhurst and Professor Hyslop, of Columbia University.

The story of "The Widow's Mite" is best told in Dr. Funk's own words. He says:

In the early part of February, 1903, having heard of a woman in Brooklyn who every Wednesday evening gave spiritualistic "sittings" to her family and a few invited guests, I requested a mutual friend of the family and myself, Irving S. Roney, a gentleman who has long been in the employment of Funk & Wagnalls Company and who has the confidence of us all, to secure for me an invitation to attend several of these meetings. I found the family plain, intelligent folks, in humble circumstances; the medium a delicate lady of sixty-eight years, of little school education, refined in manners. The family is composed of this lady, a son of thirty-five years of age, and a brother of fifty-eight years. The woman is a widow, and the brother a widower whose three children died many years ago. The controls report themselves to be three in number: a daughter of this brother, by the name of Mamie, who died at the age of seven, and a friend of one in the circle by the name of George Carroll, and a son of the medium by the name of Amos.

The sittings are a kind of a prayer-meeting, a weekly reunion of the family, "living and dead," and have so been held, I am told, every Wednesday for over four years. No charge of any sort whatever is made, nor is there any collection taken. The communications are believed to be by direct or independent speech and by raps, with lights occasionally appearing on the curtains. The medium says that she knows nothing whatever of what takes place during the sittings, being lost in a trance. The voices are of a great variety; I counted in a single evening as many as twenty—some apparently the voices of children, and others of middle-aged persons and of old men and women: a few of these are the voices of Indians, and one of a jolly, typical Virginian negro. Each voice maintains its individuality during the evening, and from one evening to another. Listening very closely, I was never able to detect any confusion of the voices, except on one occasion in the voices of Mamie and the negro, Aunt Eliza. When attention was drawn to this, Aunt Eliza explained that she and Mamie were much of the time together, and that she sometimes fell into the habit of talking "like them folks I like." This explanation fitted in with the theory that I was inclined to adopt from the first, that the mediumship in this circle was an excellent case of secondary personality, not of spirit control. The brother and son of the medium were always at the circle and in sight, so that there was no collusion possible on the part of any of those members of the family.

"In addition to the above facts," Dr. Funk says, "the absence of any apparent advantage to the medium or her family that could come from any trick, as no effort up to the time of my visit was made to secure sitters, and no money, directly or indirectly given, make it hard to think there is any intended deception." He continues:

On my third visit I was quite tired, and sat rather quietly during the entire evening listening to the talk between the cabinet and the sitters—of the sitters there were fewer than a dozen. About eleven o'clock the control named "George," in his usual strong masculine voice, abruptly asked: "Has any one here got anything that belonged to Mr. Beecher?" There was no reply. On his emphatic repetition of the question, I replied, being the only one present, as I felt sure, who had ever had any immediate acquaintance with Mr. Beecher: "I have in my pocket a letter from Rev. Dr. Hillis, Mr. Beecher's successor. Is that what you mean?"

The answer was: "No; I am told by a spirit present, John Rakestraw, that Mr. Beecher, who is not present, is concerned about an ancient coin, 'The Widow's Mite.'" This coin is out of its place, and should be returned. It has long been away, and Mr. Beecher wishes it returned, and he looks to you, doctor, to return it."

I was considerably surprised, and asked: "What do you mean by saying that he looks to me to return it? I have no coin of Mr. Beecher's!"

"I don't know anything about it except that I am told that this coin is out of its place, and has been for a number of

years, and that Mr. Beecher says you can find it and can return it."

I remembered then that when we were making the "Standard Dictionary," some nine years before, I had borrowed from a gentleman in Brooklyn—a close friend of Mr. Beecher's, who died several years ago—a valuable ancient coin known as "The Widow's Mite." He told me that this coin was worth some hundreds of dollars, and, under promise that I would see that it was returned to the collection where it belonged, he would loan it to me. Although a member of Dr. Richard S. Storrs's church, this gentleman remained a conspicuous friend of Mr. Beecher all through the famous trial which so severely tested the loyalty of many of Mr. Beecher's friends.

I said to the control: "The only 'Widow's Mite' that has ever been in my charge was one that I borrowed some years ago from a gentleman in Brooklyn; this I promptly returned"; to which the control replied:

"This one has not been returned." And then, after a moment's silence, he said: "Do you know whether there is a large iron safe in Plymouth Church?"

I answered: "I do not."

He said: "I am impressed that this coin is in a large iron safe, and it has been lost sight of; it is in a drawer in this safe under a lot of papers, and that you can find it, and Mr. Beecher wishes you to find it."

The next day, on going to New York, Dr. Funk thought over the curious communication about "The Widow's Mite," and when he reached his office, asked his brother (without telling him of the night's experience) if he remembered "The Widow's Mite." He said that he did, and affirmed that the coin had long ago been returned to the person from whom it was borrowed. To continue:

In the afternoon, at our business conference, Mr. Wagnalls, the vice-president of our company, and E. J. Wheeler, the editor of the *Literary Digest*, being present, I told them of my curious experience. Mr. Wagnalls said: "I never heard that you had borrowed such a coin." Mr. Wheeler, who is particularly skeptical of "spirit communications," playfully remarked: "Well, now find that coin, and it will be a good test." I said, half jestingly, "All right"; and, tapping the bell, called in the cashier, and asked him: "Do you remember an old coin called 'The Widow's Mite' which was in our possession during the making of the dictionary?" He replied that he did, that it was given to him by B. F. Funk, and he was under the impression that it had been returned to its owner. I asked, "Are you sure of this?" He said: "I believe it has been so returned." I told him to go to the large iron safe (we have two safes in the cashier's office), and have his assistants help him see whether that coin was anywhere in the safe. In about twenty minutes one of his assistants came into the office and handed me an envelope in which were two "Widow's Mites." The envelope had been found in a little drawer in the large iron safe under a lot of papers, where it had lain forgotten for a number of years.

In examining the two coins and also the plate of illustrations in the dictionary, it was found that they had used for reproduction the smaller and lighter colored one. The other was much blacker, and Dr. Funk concluded that the light one was the genuine "Widow's Mite," for he remembered that they had sent both to the curator of the Philadelphia Mint, who was an expert on ancient coins, and had asked him which of the two was genuine. It was determined, however, at once to make further test of this curious intelligence by seeing whether the control could tell which of the two coins should be returned. So it was agreed to keep the whole matter secret, not telling even the cashier the reason for the inquiry:

On the following Wednesday evening I attended this same Brooklyn circle.

Toward the close of the séance "George" began talking. I said to him: "George, you remember the request you made of me last Wednesday evening?"

He at once replied: "Yes, about the coin, 'The Widow's Mite.'"

"There are two of them: now, George, can you tell me which of the two is the right one?"

Without an instant's hesitation, he answered: "The black one."

I was certain that the lighter one was the correct coin, as that was the one we had used in the dictionary. I asked him whether he was sure that it was the black one. His reply was instant, "Certainly." Then I asked whether he could tell me to whom it was to be returned. He said that he could not tell, but he thought it was to be returned to some place in Connecticut, but he did not know for sure. I asked him whether he could tell me from whom I had received it. He said that it belonged to some friend of Mr. Beecher's. I wished to know what friend, if he could not give me the name. He said that he could not, but that he was shown a picture of a college, that he did not know what this meant unless that this man had been connected with a large school. I said: "Where located?"

"In Brooklyn."

"What part of Brooklyn?"

"On the Heights."

"A gentlemen's school or a ladies' school?"

"A ladies' school."

This information about the owner of "The Widow's Mite" was all correct as far as it went, for the gentleman from whom I had got it was Professor Charles E. West, who was, at the time that I had borrowed the coin, and had been for many years, at the head of a ladies' high school on the Brooklyn Heights. But the curious thing was that so much could be told of the details and yet the name of the owner of the coin could not be given, nor could I be told with any certainty where Mr. Beecher desired the coin to be sent. The answer to my repeated questions on these two points was at this sitting and two future sittings: "I can not tell you; I do not know; for some reason Mr. Beecher does not tell."

After receiving the surprising answer from the control, George, that it was "the black coin" which was the correct one, I sent both coins again to the Philadelphia Mint, without giving any indication or clew of what had taken place, simply requesting to know which of the two coins was the genuine "Widow's Mite." The reply was: "The black one."

It was the second and smaller coin that we had used by mistake in the dictionary; the larger is the "black coin" and the one that we should have used, and which we have ordered on the above information to be substituted in the dictionary plate in the next edition.

Along with the story thus told, Dr. Funk presents the affidavits of persons present at the séance and of others who witnessed the incidents and heard the talk at the office. The medium made a sweeping and solemn written statement that she knew nothing whatever of the doctor's connection with the coin, and that she had

no knowledge that there ever existed in Brooklyn such a man as Professor West.

In the remainder of the volume—which runs to over five hundred pages—Dr. Funk tells of many incidents in his experience as an investigator. He has detected frauds on numerous occasions. He has been impressed by the too-ready belief of many persons in apparitions and spirit. Yet he urges upon all his readers and upon the churches in particular his plea for earnest "psychic research." The "something in it" is very serious with him.

The forty letters from scientists of note the world over form very interesting reading. Their conclusions, briefly summarized, run as follows:

William James, Harvard, "subjective faculties and spirits"; G. T. Ladd, Yale, "fraud and honesty mingled"; Alfred Russel Wallace, English scientist, "spirits"; C. A. Young, Princeton, "trick easiest solution"; Max Wentacher, Bonn, Germany, "subconscious faculties"; A. Kirschmann, University of Toronto, "fraud"; A. Sadewsky, Imperial University, Jurjev, Russia, "subconscious faculties"; Sir William Crookes, English scientist, "spirits"; Frank Chapman Sharp, University of Wisconsin, "fraud or telepathy"; Edward H. Griffin, Johns Hopkins, "all four theories open to objection"; Paul Carus, editor and author, Chicago, "coincidence, spirits as last resort"; I. J. DeBussey, University of Amsterdam, "subconscious faculties"; Walter D. Scott, University of Chicago, "self-deception and coincidence"; Collins Denny, Vanderbilt University, "psychic facts not yet enough for generalization"; James H. Hyslop, Columbia University, "possibly spirits"; Thomas J. Hudson, author, "subconscious faculties"; Louis T. Moore, University of Cincinnati, "possibly fraud"; Frederick Slate, University of California, "not ready for decision"; Arthur L. Foley, University of Indiana, "solution fraud or spirits"; A. Riehl, Halle University, "reject spirit communication"; Robert M. Yerkes, Harvard University, "subconscious faculties"; Benjamin F. Thomas, Ohio State University, "fraud"; George Rebec, University of Michigan, "subconscious faculties"; Sidney H. Malone, Hollywood, Belfast, Ireland, "possibly subconscious faculties"; D. W. Herring, New York University, "fraud"; M. Anesaki, University of Tokio, "spirits"; John Trowbridge, Harvard University, "fraud"; W. B. Pillsbury, University of Michigan, "possibly coincidence"; Edward L. Nichols, Cornell University, "possibly fraud"; John Daniel, Vanderbilt University, "fraud"; William T. Stead, editor, London, "spirits"; Arthur Allin, University of Colorado, "possibly unconscious deception"; Edwin B. Holt, Harvard, "a jest"; A. Meineng, University of Graz, Germany, "unknown natural laws"; Alfred H. Lloyd, University of Michigan, "too trivial to be of spirits"; E. Colsenet, University of Besacon, France, "subconscious faculties"; Minot J. Savage, D. D., New York, "spirits"; J. Brough, University of Wales, "deception"; William Duane, Colorado State University, "fraud and subconscious faculties"; Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, "possibly spirits"; Sydney Alrutz, University of Upsala, Sweden, "no opinion; asks additional questions."

One of the more interesting letters comes from Professor George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale University, perhaps as distinguished a student of psychological phenomena as any of those who reply to Dr. Funk's queries:

"I shall doubtless surprise you when I say that this case, as it is presented in this fragmentary and rather superficial way, does not seem to me likely to prove specially remarkable or difficult of solution, if it could be subjected to prolonged expert investigation. Give some one accustomed to such psycho-physical diagnosis a free hand, and I venture to believe that its seeming mysteries would ultimately be disclosed."

"I very much doubt whether the case of 'The Widow's Mite' would not easily lend itself to solution, if the problem it proposes were undertaken by a trained investigator with an absolutely free hand. For he would know about the hyperaesthesia, and the extreme suggestiveness, and the only half-conscious and almost involuntarily trickiness of self-induced hypnosis; about the astonishing feats of memory that rest upon absolutely forgotten bases of sense-impressions, and the confusions of intention and expectation with memory; about the strange mixtures of honesty and fraud—more or less unintentional—which are tolerated in the mental activities of good people; about the almost limitless possibility of correct guessing, in view of very insufficient data, which may be cultivated by some persons; about the strong but unrecognized influence of selective attention (prevalent as it is, in the most scientific circles), where there is a preferred form of theory to be established, and, indeed, about a number of other psychological principles which, while they dominate our daily living, do not ordinarily combine in such a manner as to seem to make either the telepathic or the spiritualistic hypothesis necessary."

Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton University, says:

"I have read carefully your description of 'The Widow's Mite' incident, but have such an inconquerable distrust of all phenomena exhibited under conditions of semi-darkness, etc.—conditions which so easily lend themselves to deceit, and have often been known to do so—that I do not care to attempt to deal with this case. I am too obstinately prejudiced, so that it is much easier for me to believe that we have to do with a trick or delusion of some kind than that Mr. Beecher's spirit should really busy itself in such a manner; or even that thought can be transferred in the way necessary to explain the phenomena."

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Parisians have found a new use of the verb "to dope." Its original vogue was on the race-tracks in this country to designate the drugging of horses just before races to increase their speed. As all French sporting slang is English, "dope" came to be used in the same sense at the race-tracks by Paris. Now, however, it is in general use. If a Parisian takes a cab and the horse does not go fast enough, he says to the cabman, "Je dope." The horse begins to go as if by magic. The word means an increased tip to the cabbie.

A door key hung outside a house in Sweden is a sign the family are not at home. The custom is more courteous to callers than the American practice of allowing the visitor to "find out by ascertaining" through futile bell ringing or button punching, but it requires a greater confidence in your fellow-man, justifiable perhaps in Sweden.



## LITERARY NOTES

## Nine of the Best New Novels.

The summer novels seem this year to be somewhat better than usual. There are a good many well-known names among the list of authors. Joseph Conrad has a new story called "Romance." Stewart Edward White's new book, "The Silent Places," is now out. So are Quiller-Couch's "Fort Amity," J. A. Mitchell's (the editor of *Life*) "The Villa Claudia," Maarten Maartens's "Dorothea," Onoto Watanna's "Daughters of Nijo," and David Graham Phillips's "The Cost." There are many less-known names attached to books quite as good. In subject, there are all sorts. He is a difficult person to please who can not find something to suit him somewhere between the refined intellectual style of Edith Wharton's "The Descent of Man" and the sentimental humanitarianism of Florence Kingley's "The Singular Miss Smith."

One of the first-rate stories in the list is Samuel Merwin's "The Merry Anne" (Macmillans). Merwin wrote that brutal but strong tale "His Little World." This book, we regret to say, lacks the force of that one, but nevertheless is thoroughly readable. It is a story of whisky smuggling on the great lakes. The hero, Dick, is the young captain of a small schooner, on board which contraband whisky is discovered by a revenue officer who is in love with Dick's girl. The story includes a chase after the smuggler "Whisky Jim" across the lakes and through the Michigan woods, and concludes with the capture of the smuggler band, the discomfiture of the revenue officer, who has designs on the sailor's lass, and the thoroughgoing vindication of Captain Dick. Thomas Fogarty has drawn a satisfying series of illustrations in color.

Curiously enough, the hero of Stewart Edward White's novel, "The Silent Places," not only bears the name of Dick, but is a young man of the same general type. This Dick, with an old woodsman of the north, named Sam Bolton, is sent out by the Hudson Bay Company to hunt down an Indian who has cheated the company. "Either you must come back with that Indian or you need not come back at all," the Factor Galen Albret tells them. "I won't accept any excuses for failure. I won't accept any failure. It does not matter if it takes ten years. I want that man." So the two plunge into the heart of the illimitable wilderness on their man-hunt, and at length are victors. There are wonderfully good descriptions of the lonely forests of the Great White North, and the glimpses we get of Indian ways and of the craft of woodsmen are very interesting. It is, however, the picture of the Indian maiden, May-Gwan, who follows on the long trail for love of Dick Eagle-Eye, that exhibits Mr. White's fine powers at their best. Hers is a grim story of a hopeless love, yet touching and true. The book as a whole is full of the poetry of the "silent places" and a distinct advance upon Mr. White's earlier efforts.

A book of quite a different sort is Florence Morse Kingley's "The Singular Miss Smith." Miss Kingley is the author of that enormously popular story, "Titus, a Soldier of the Cross." It had not, as this has not, any remarkable literary merit, but it "caught the masses." Considering the current sentimental interest in the servant and other sociological problems, this story of a rich young woman, who "goes out to service," first in the home of a querulous, lazy slattern, then with a charming and inexperienced young wife, and finally in a cheap boarding-house, ought to prove popular. The love-interest appears when Joey Larkins, the grocer's boy, begins an unconventional wooing which is pleasantly interrupted by a socialistic foundry-man, who turns out to be a Harvard professor. The book, while rather amusing, exhibits no grasp of economic problems. The discussion of "problems of the hour" by the professor-foundry-man is peculiarly unedifying.

A fine antidote to such sentimentalism as that peddled about by Miss Kingsley and others of her ilk is the volume called "The Jessica Letters" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is not a summer novel; in fact, the chronic novel-reader had better skip it altogether. Though anonymous, and though we have seen no suggestions as to its author, we have little doubt but that one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*—probably Rollo Ogden—is the author of the masculine half of the book. The style and the ideas will, we think, be familiar to all steady readers of the *Post* (or the *Nation*)—too familiar to admit of any other conclusion. The correspondence purports to be that between an editor and a fair book reviewer. Acquaintance rapidly ripens into friendship, and from friendship into love, and the editor wins Jessica's yes. Then a stern, Titanic parent steps between, and a period of deep woe precedes the happy end. The real interest of the volume lies, however, not in the editor's wooing, but in the philosophical controversy in which the girl and her intellectual lover engage. It involves a discussion of the modern degeneration of Christianity from a theological system into a mere humanitarianism, of the comparative value of Buddhism and Occidental religion philosophy; with excursions into sub-

jects as diverse as socialism and the poetry of Virgil. A certain inharmonious vivacity is a flaw in Jessica's letters, but the editor's are rarely well written, full of the color of passion, and of poetry.

"High Noon" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Alice Brown, is a volume of delicately told short stories. They are personal, intimate, feminine. Perhaps they are more than feminine sometimes, verging on the sentimental; but, taken as a whole, "High Noon" is a vital and informing book. Here style and thought are one; word and idea run hand in hand. The atmosphere of the volume is fragrantly fresh. The author uses no coarse instruments in the dissection of emotion. Emphatically, it is a book to be recommended.

A book with local interest is "The Picaroons" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. For fear he will go astray, the reader is told in a prefatory note that a picaroon is a petty rascal; one who lives by his wits; an adventurer. Also, that the picaresque tales in Spanish literature dealt with the fortunes of beggars, impostors, and thieves, and chronicled the romance of roguery. This book, "The Picaroons," is an attempt to render similar subjects with an essentially modern setting. The setting, in fact, is Coffee John's, situate on Barbary Coast, San Francisco. The tales chronicle the adventures of brake-beam artists, rusticated college-students, broken-down reporters, and other knights of the empty pocket. They one and all tell their tales with vim and relish. Slang and dialect are ubiquitous, and of moral scruples there are none at all. But you can't go to sleep over "The Picaroons."

Easily the most sparkling novel of the season is Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" (John Lane). Chesterton is one of the most brilliant of England's young men of letters. A paradoxicalist, with a fine sense of nonsense, with the ability to get outside the intellectual fads and scientific foibles of the day, and see them for what they are, he is infinitely tonic to the more sober and less agile writers. The first thirty pages of his book are as keen satire as we have read in years. On the point of his glancing spear he neatly impales H. G. Wells, Edward Carpenter, Benjamin Kidd, Stead, and other "prophets and philosophers." Further on he becomes cryptic to us, for he hits at little big men in English politics, letters, and art, with whose caricaturable eccentricities we are unfamiliar. But throughout he writes splendid nonsense; it is significant fooling; he is a new laughing philosopher. London a hundred years hence is the theme of the novel, and the Napoleon of Notting Hill is a Lord High Provost, against whom the boroughs of Bayswater and North and West Kensington lead an army. With masterly stratagem he defeats it, the whole absurd story being told with a delicious gravity.

In periods of peace, we learned in our history books long ago, art and literature flourish apace. Could the present phenomenal growth of child-literature be thought to bear any relation to a "period of peace"? Is it not possible that, in "perspective," the bachelor-maid and bachelor-man have found a charm and inspiration hitherto marred by too close contact with the "infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms"? Certain it is, these babes of the pen are altogether lovely—not the least of their charms being the delightful age at which they are born. A certain unpleasant period is thus deftly passed over by these wonderful persons in *loco parentis*. "Bruver Jim's Baby" (Harper & Brothers), by Philip Verrill Mighels, is one of the late arrivals. He is a "wistful armful of a boy," found deserted on the plains of Nevada by an old miner, "If-Only Jim." The story shows the softening influence of a child on the hardened and starved hearts of a mining camp. It is well told. Amusing incidents and quaint bits of philosophy enliven the tale, and in working up a climax through the illness of the child, Mr. Mighels has been

more logical than he knew. For any mother's son to escape disease after hugging a dead rabbit for twenty-four hours, then having that same rabbit skin transferred to an old bottle in lieu of a "dolly" without so much as a hint of curing or tanning, would be a most illogical sequence of events. Mr. Mighels in his blind instinct for artistic proportion has seen to it that nothing of the kind happens. The stories told in past decades by fond fathers have often taxed the credulity of the listener, but the present parent-literati go them one better every time.

The literary style of Edith Wharton's latest book, "The Descent of Man" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is undeniably Jamesesque. Yet it is too much her own, too devoid of the superfluous elaboration and ambiguity of her delightful, though often too artificial, contemporary, to be anything but altogether brilliant and convincing. The first story, from which the book takes its name, is a study of a man of science, who, in a moment of enforced leisure, conceives the idea of writing a brilliant satire on the pseudo-scientific literature of the day. He writes the book—and is taken seriously! Thenceforward he becomes the idol of the women's clubs, and is harried into giving two-column "talks" on moral, ethical, and scientific matters to the neglect and ruin of his real work. The four following stories, "The Other Two," "The Quicksand," "The Dilettante," and "The Reckoning," deal with various phases of the divorce question. Mrs. Wharton's keen analysis and brilliant satire give dramatic force to many a sordid incident, and instantly awaken in her reader a tardy sympathy or fine contempt. The two remaining stories are lighter in subject and treatment, but show the same mastery of detail, so that the atmosphere is always perfectly maintained, whether the story be a ghost story, told by an English lady's maid, or a glorified police item of the eighteenth century. The half wink that lurks behind many a page of "The Descent of Man" titillates our vanity—sends a flow of self-congratulatory warmth to the very core of a flattered ego; it is so clever of her to say it as she does, so clever of us to see it as she does! Mrs. Wharton easily holds her place at the head of American women novelists.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Test," by Mary Tappan Wright.
3. "He That Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell-Keays.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Place and Power," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
3. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
4. "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.
5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.
2. "Stella Fregelius," by H. Rider Haggard.
3. "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller.
4. "Violett," by Baroness von Hutten.
5. "The Frontiersmen," by Charles Egbert Craddock.

English advices say that "a love-story by Marie Corelli is announced there for publication this summer."

You ride a wheel? Then let us make for you a pair of our special cycle glasses. Large, sensible lenses—comfortable, easy-fitting bows.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## Wedding Invitations

PROPERLY ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON'S, 126 Post St.

# 15,081 REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

are used for instruction purposes in the schools of the United States and Canada—3,499 MORE THAN ALL OTHER MAKES OF WRITING MACHINES COMBINED.



This condition is created by the demand for Remington operators; therefore it clearly reflects THE CHOICE OF THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Remington Typewriter Company  
327 Broadway, New York

228 Bush St., San Francisco.

# HOT AND HANDY

TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

The Greatest Doctors  
in the world recommend

# Quina LAROCHÉ

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGÈRE & CO.,  
20-30 N. William St., N. Y.



# BOHM BRISTOL CO.

Our beautiful display of

## WEDDING SILVER

offers innumerable suggestions for tasteful gifts

104-110 GEARY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

# THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT,  
Manager.

JOHN D. SPECKELS,  
Proprietor.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

George Wharton James says in *Impressions Quarterly* for June that it is Ina D. Coolbrith to whom the Poet of the Sierras owes his lyric name, Joaquin. His first book was entitled "Joaquin et AL." When he came down out of Oregon to San Francisco he met Miss Coolbrith, and the two became stanch friends. One day she said to him: "Mr. Miller, how do you expect to climb the heights of Parnassus weighted down with such a name as yours? Better be Brown, or Jones, or Smith, than Cincinnatus Heine Miller! Can't you change it? Take something less ponderous and heavy—something Western, something musical. Why not assume the very name of your hook, 'Joaquin'?" "By Jove! I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "And from that hour," writes James, "he became Joaquin Miller. It was not many days afterward that he wrote a letter to Miss Coolbrith, and therein, for the first time, he wrote his new signature, which he has ever since retained."

The Countess of Munster, in her just published reminiscences, tells a tragic story concerning her brother-in-law, Hay Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle. Mr. Wemyss, who was in ill health, was, on a moonlit night, talking to his sister about his condition. "As they spoke together there was a crash, and part of one of the terraces fell and smashed. He turned to Fanny, and said: 'I am a dead man! for as a warning to the owner of Wemyss Castle of his approaching death, a piece of masonry always falls.' Not many days after he was a corpse."

The *Sun* remarks that the purple cow is located at last, quoting in support of the statement this item from the *Connecticut Valley Advertiser*: "Henry Peck, of Little Haddam, now rides in a two-seat surrey, and Judge Purple is drawing his lactical supply from a new cow. They 'swapped' Tuesday, and the honors, it is said, were about even in the trade."

The forthcoming autobiography of Arminius Vamberg is described as exceedingly frank—especially in those portions which relate to his suffering childhood and youth. Up to the age of eighteen it is said that the life of the traveler and Orientalist-to-be was a continual struggle against starvation.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose new story, "In the Closed Room," is to appear serially and later to be published in book-form, has left New York for Italy, and from there expects to return to her English home, Maythorn Hall, in Kent.

Henry Harland, author of "My Friend Prospero," writes to friends in the United States that he is now in Venice. He was driven from London by the bad spring weather, and spent some time at the Italian lakes. He says he is making good progress with his new Italian-American romance.

Philip Verrill Mighels, author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," is a native of Nevada. His father was editor of the *Carson Appeal*, and he was educated for the law, but had published a story at the age of eighteen years. Later he was a sketch artist and reporter in San Francisco. Then he went to New York and took to "trade journalism." He is under thirty.

Robert W. Chambers's new novel, "In Search of the Unknown," is announced for immediate publication. The story appeared in serial form under the name of "The Sphinx," and relates the adventures and feminine entanglements of a young man who went to Florida for science's sake. The young man found things much more exhilarating than are usually dreamed of in natural philosophy.

In Volume XI of the Harriman Alaska expedition, which is just being issued, W. E. Ritter writes about ascidians, enteropneusta, and has some "General Remarks," and A. E. Verill deals with "Remaining Echinoderms."

There will be published in book-form July 1st the "Confessions of a Club Woman," which aroused some interest during serial publication. It is the story of a grocer's wife and how she first came into contact with club life, the growth and spread of her social ambitions with her husband's financial rise, and the dead-lock caused by the conflict of her club interests with her married life. The author, Agnes Surbridge, is said to be a well-known club woman.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that the life of Walt Whitman in their American Men of Letter Series will be written by Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The life of Holmes will be by Samuel M. Crothers, author of "The Gentle Reader," and that of Lowell by Ferris Greenslet, associate editor of the *Atlantic*.

Dr. Scherer, in his "Japan To-Day," speaks of the Japanese customs as being exactly opposite to our own. In a book, the word "finis" comes just where we put the title-page, while the foot-notes are printed at the top, the lines running downward instead of crosswise, from right to left instead of from

left to right. A dinner is served on the floor, and the first course is dessert. You mount a horse only from the right-hand side, and the animal stands in his stall with his head where the tail ought to be. Boats are hauled on the heach stern first. Sailors say "eastnorth" and "westsouth" instead of "northeast" and "southwest." Nurses carry children on their backs. Carpenters pull their planes and saws instead of pushing them, and when using the adz they cut from themselves instead of toward themselves.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, whose new book, "Behind the Footlights," will shortly be published in this country, is well known in England. She is the author of "Mexico as I Saw It," "George Harley; or, The Life of a London Physician," "Through Finland in Carts," and other volumes. The new book will contain twenty full-page illustrations.

The *Argonaut* has received the following from E. J. Clode, a New York publisher: "Imagine a ship adrift, no coal in her bunkers, and the necessity of reaching port by a certain day, tremendous issues being at stake, and then you will understand why her captain can order all superfluous woodwork, and some that is far from being superfluous, torn up and used for fuel. This is exactly one of the many unusual and unacknowledged incidents in the new novel just completed by Bailey Millard soon to be announced, and its writer has excellent authority for this particular situation since a similar necessity occurred a few years ago on the old steamship *Cleveland* on her voyage from Nome. Mr. Millard's brother having been aboard at the very time."

## New Publications.

"Mozart," by Ebenezer Prout, B. A., Mus. D. Frontispiece. George Bell & Sons.

"Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography," by James F. Chamberlain. Maps. The American Book Company.

"Hero Tales Told in School," by James Baldwin. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents.

"Port Argent: A Novel," by Arthur Colton. Frontispiece by Eliot Keen. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

"Whittier-Land: A Handbook of North Essex, Containing Many Anecdotes of and Poems by John Greenleaf Whittier Never Before Collected," by Samuel T. Pickard.

Illustrated with map and engravings. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"The Barefoot Time," by Adelbert Farrington Caldwell. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.00.

"Brevities," by Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Illustrated by Clare Victor Dwiggins. Henry T. Coates & Co.; 80 cents.

"Little Mitchell: The Story of a Mountain Squirrel," by Margaret W. Morley. Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Little Gardens: How to Beautify City Yards and Small Country Spaces," by Charles M. Skinner. Handsomely illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

"Getting Acquainted with the Trees," by J. Horace McFarland. Handsomely illustrated from photographs by the author. The Outlook Company; \$1.75 net.

"The Reciter's Treasury of Verse, Serious and Humorous." Compiled and edited by Ernest Pertwee, with an introduction on the art of speaking. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Southern Poets: Selected Poems of Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne." Edited with biographical and critical introductions and explanatory notes by J. W. Abernethy, Ph. D. Maynard, Merrill & Co.; 12 cents.

"The Social Unrest: Studies in Labor and Social Movements," by John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Company; paper, 25 cents—a cheap edition of one of the best and most practical books extant on the labor problem. We reviewed it at length on its original publication in cloth at \$1.50.

"The Journey of Coronado from the City of Mexico to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska, As Told by Himself and His Followers." Translated and edited, with an introduction by George Parker Winship. Map. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00.

"Extracts from Adam's Diary," by Mark Twain. Profusely illustrated by F. Strothmann. Harper & Brothers; \$1.00—a book purporting to be the actual diary of Adam, written shortly after the creation. Adam's thoughts about woman, "losing his property [Eden]," and the arrival of Cain and Abel are recounted in Mark's best style.



POPE MFG. COMPANY

*Bicycle Innovations*

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

*Pope Quality in Every Wheel*

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

**SOZODONT**  
TOOTH POWDER

There is no Beauty that can stand the disfigurement of bad teeth. Take care of your teeth. Only one way—

**SOZODONT**

PRESS OPINIONS

—OF—

Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT: "Some entertaining chapters."—"Yet the author lets his pen wander all over the world, instead of confining it to Spain."—"Still, some food for thought."—"Book by no means without value."

SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN: "A charming book."—"Written in unhackneyed fashion."—"Amusing, enlightening, instructive."—"The book will be widely welcomed."

LOS ANGELES HERALD: "Obtrusiveness of the ego."—"The flaw in the work is the tendency to use the first personal pronoun."

A MEXICAN JOURNAL'S OPINION—HERALD, CITY OF MEXICO: "One of the best books on Spain that has appeared for many a day."—"An observant traveler."—"Practical and experienced."—"A keen eye for the picturesque."—"Bright descriptions."—"Full of novel points."—"Author at his happiest, and is never dull."

A SPANISH JOURNAL'S OPINION—LAS NOVEDADES: "La parte material, y la literaria es amenisima."—"Extranjeros inteligentes en nuestra tierra."—"Esta lleno de anecdotas de lo mas divertido."—"El libro hemos lido gustosamente."

AN ITALIAN JOURNAL'S OPINION—L'ITALIA: "Umoristiche critiche."—"Molte informazioni e divertimento ne ricava il lettore."

Price, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter Street, S. F.

**The Tribune**

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, T. T. DARGIE, President. Secretary.

**TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS**

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 536 California Street, Telephone Main 266.

Educational.

The Rose POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE Devoted to all branches of Engineering Science, Mechanical, Electrical, and Civil. Architecture and Chemistry. Thorough instruction, practical work. Courses under direction of specialists. 2nd year. Send for catalogue. C. L. MEES, Pres., Box U, Terre Haute, Ind.

Now Ready

SCRIBNER'S

The New Book by the Author of GORDON KEITH

**BRED IN THE BONE**

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THIS volume has an additional interest from the fact of its being the first collection of stories Mr. Page has issued since the appearance of "The Burial of the Guns" in 1894. The stories contained in it have, in large measure, those distinguished qualities which have made the great repute and popularity of the author of "Marse Chan" and "The Old Gentleman of the Black-Stock." The book represents the maturity of Mr. Page's talent as a teller of stories.

Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50

The First Novel by the Author of OUT OF GLOUCESTER

**THE SEINERS**

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

The daring, sail-carrying Gloucester skippers who have made Mr. Connolly's tales famous with their exploits, here play their parts in a romance of a sailor's love and prowess that will rank with the small group of lasting sea-fiction. For the first time women enter among Mr. Connolly's characters, and play their part in a story as full of go as the song of "Nancy Lee"; and the book closes with a great race which will be memorable in sailor literature.

With Frontispiece. 12mo, \$1.50

Another Novel by the Author of THE HOUSE ON THE HUDSON

**THE BY-WAYS OF BRAITHE**

By FRANCES POWELL

The action in this striking and absorbing novel takes place at Braith Manor, which the first American Braith, years before, had built in exact reproduction of the ancestral English home of the family, even to the secret room and the hidden labyrinths of passages called the By-Ways from which the novel takes its title. The number of notably portrayed figures, the romantic charm of the love interest, the alluring atmosphere of mystery which invests the scenes and the characters, combine to make it a novel to be remembered.

12mo, \$1.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS : : : New York





Mansfield's season of two weeks is about over, and many who have witnessed his remarkable impersonations of the five characters in which he has appeared during his brief course, are conscious of a regret that he has been seen in but one play which placed him before his auditors in a wholly romantic and agreeable light, not a desire dictated by pure love of art, it must be confessed, and yet there is some justification for it. His choice of repertoire was evidently made to show his remarkable versatility; and yet it is scarcely to be wondered at that infrequent theatre-goers who rarely have such a feast of reason have some natural preference that a flow of soul should accompany it. There was plenty of this most simple and human element in "Old Heidelberg," but both "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "A Parisian Romance" appeal to a sense of horror. "Beau Brummel" is artificial in sentiment and treatment, and all three plays are too recent to have acquired the dignity of antiques, and too removed from modern to possess the realism of the latter, its bright, ready flow of unstilted dialogue, and, in fact, its satisfying air of being abreast of the times. All this "Old Heidelberg" has, together with motives, theme, and atmosphere that unite in making a quick and direct appeal to the sympathies. The audience are one with the hero—his hopes, fears, and regrets are shared with peculiar unanimity. What wonder that such freshness of interest, such wholesomeness of atmosphere, such romantic charm and such satisfying sentiment should have pleased the public so mightily as to have made an extraordinary vogue for the popular German play, both on the Continent and in England. "Old Heidelberg" ran for two years in Berlin, and had lesser but long runs in other German cities. It went for more than a year in Vienna and St. Petersburg. George Alexander had it on for an entire season in London. Different versions of it have been repeatedly played with great success in New York, in which city Mr. Mansfield also starred as Prince Karl Heinrich in a successful run at the Lyric.

What we have definitely missed during this San Francisco season is his "Monsieur Beaucaire," which would have formed something of a companion picture to his "Prince Karl." In "Beaucaire," the chivalrous and manly prince who travels incognito is idealized to a height beyond the possibilities of Prince Karl, who, after the first sympathy induced by his young griefs has passed, is wont to impress one as succumbing too easily, in a world of cheerful possibilities, to a settled, non-resisting melancholy. M. Beaucaire is a princelier figure, and plays a more commanding part with destiny, by whose decrees he does not allow himself to be crushed into a too sorrowful compliance. It is a pity that we could not have seen Mansfield in this companion picture of royalty, but after a season of such financial success and artistic triumph, we need not, perhaps, consider ourselves too sanguine in hoping to see him and "Monsieur Beaucaire" within a year or two.

As "Ivan the Terrible" it is probable that we perceive Mansfield's powers at their utmost height. But the intensely vivid portraiture that he presents is that of a sinister ruthless old tyrant in his dotage, a prey to the terrors of death while still given over to the fierce ambitions and unappeasable cruelties of his prime. Shuddering of horror and not the beneficent flow of sympathy constitute the prevailing testimony to the power of the impersonation.

"Ivan the Terrible" was written by a Russian for Russians. Alexis Tolstoy wrote it forty years ago, but, until within a few years, the play was banned for public performances. Since the Czar removed the embargo, it has been immensely popular with Russians, for whom it possesses a strong historical interest, and who, unlike Americans, are temperamentally in rapport with a study of the baleful and scurbarious emotions which form its dominating force.

The senile decay of a wicked old man is not a pleasant thing to view in life, and the contemplation of a masterly reproduction of its phases on the stage is not precisely an exhilarating or amusing occupation. Yet it is only when Ivan is present that the attention of the looker-on is riveted upon what is transpiring in the play. Hence their rich robes and superabundance of hirsute development, the Boyars have lost all in wax works. No one character

stands out strongly and clearly from the others save that of Boris Godunoff, which is essentially theatrical, and is played in a manner to correspond by Arthur Forrest, an actor of fine presence and sufficiently imposing elocution.

The play is dull and wordy during Ivan's absence. In his presence, the illusion is intensely strong, with such minute elaboration has Mansfield worked out the details of the portraiture; details which are as closely adhered to during the shock and stress of Ivan's soul-tempests as during his milder moments, when the least disagreeable manifestations of his mood are confined to craft, suspicion, and a sardonically tolerant contempt for the courtiers around him. Mansfield's make-up of the aged Ivan is extraordinarily successful. That goes without saying. The hands alone, feeble, pallid, and shrunken, are worth study. The face is not only thin, furrowed, and of a sickly bloodlessness of hue, but its contour, so firm and youthful in "Old Heidelberg," is broken by the flabby looseness of skin that is one of the most dreaded and repulsive manifestations of extreme age. "A mad dog, a wolf," Ivan calls himself, and his face, to carry out the image, perhaps, has the snarling grin, his words the sharp, barking utterance of a wolf. The quavering voice breaks into senile weakness, the toothless gums work, automatically the hands shake with palsy, the beard is scattered and patchy. Truly, in life one would turn around the corner to avoid offending the sight by such a spectacle of unlovely old.

I have heard of the "Mansfield hark," and recognized it the other night. It is a trick, a habit that Mansfield has of dividing his discourse into brief, choppy phrases of a monotonously similar inflection. After one has listened to it for some time, it begins to have a slightly mechanical sound. But like Mrs. Fiske, Mansfield turns his mannerisms to account, and during the death of Ivan this defect of utterance became an indication of the dying monarch's failing powers of speech and understanding.

Plays dominated by had old men do not tend to give the imagination wings, but chill it by the inevitable suggestions of a loveless death and an execrated grave. Nor with Mansfield are we uplifted by contemplating the grandeur of genius in full play. The sway he exercises over his audiences proceeds from a talent ruled by intellect and set off with the thousand accessories that flow from standards so exacting as to neglect no means of being artistic. One is not conscious of that irresistible, demonic force which can neither be measured nor analyzed, but yields profound admiration and full sympathy for the achievements of a finished art that scarce has its equal on the American stage.

"Ivan the Terrible" is not a play of superior merit, being episodic in construction, its climax—or rather climaxes, for there are three at least—consisting of the fine old royal rages into which Ivan works himself

when brooked or thwarted. At such moments, Mansfield paints with unerring skill and almost perfect divination the sudden return of virility to tottering age. The bent form straightens and towers aloft, the shaking voice rings with the strength of defiance and command, and the trembling, claw-like hands assume the gestures of irresistible sovereignty. It scarcely needs the servile courtiers who "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," the heralds abasing themselves in the dust while they affront the imperial ear with ill tidings, the patient women standing in drooping humility around the throne, to suggest the absolute sway of Ivan's harsh and heavy authority on those who serve him. Mansfield shows Ivan's fixed conviction of his divinely inherited right to rule over the bodies and souls of his subjects as the most dominating force in the soul of the failing monarch, and it becomes the least hideous trait in a nature that is wholly corrupted by the exercise of exclusive power. It flares up in the scene with the defiant envoy, in the savage wrath with which Ivan receives news of the defeat of his armies, and in the expiring frenzy during which he seeks in vain to punish the treachery of his favorite.

Nobody who has once seen "Ivan the Terrible" will ever wish to see it again. In spite of its imposing setting of mediæval Russian interiors, in spite of its richly clad nobles, in spite of the magnificence of the imperial robes, both of the Czar and Czaritza, the play does not permit beautiful images to haunt the mind. The translation, which closely follows the text of the original play, is of such quality as to have sacrificed Tolstoy's literary style. The language is commonplace, and the dialogue redundant. It calls aloud to be cut—excepting that in Ivan's rôle—but Mansfield has evidently made a point of adhering to the original text.

The fact that the company makes no great appearance in the play is nothing against them. All the characters are subsidiary in the extreme, save that of Ivan and Boris Godunoff, his favorite. The play, in truth, is more a study and delineation of a ruthless and tyrannical nature sinking, with occasional lurid upflarings of its early fires, into the ashes of age, than a drama of action and events.

Ida Conquest, as the Czaritza, has but a couple of scenes, and these brief ones. She gives a faithful, but necessarily limited, portrait of a timid nature held in fear and subjection by iron-heeled despotism. As for the other characters, men and women, the spectator fails even to distinguish them by their names on the programme.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## At Public Auction

### SALESROOM OF

## Shainwald, Buckbee & Co.

### THURSDAY, JUNE 9th

At 12 o'clock Noon

### BUSINESS PROPERTIES OF THE JOSE GUARDIOLA ESTATE

### ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

- (1) NORTH-EAST CORNER CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STREETS, LOT 15 x 90 feet. Improvements, three-story and basement brick building. Annual rents \$12,300. No leases.
- (2) NOS. 34 TO 52 ELLIS STREET. LOT 90 x 137.6 FEET. IMPROVEMENTS, modern four-story and basement brick building. Stores, lofts, and offices above. Annual rents \$17,800. No leases.
- (3) NOS. 117-119 PINE STREET. LOT 50 x 91.8 FEET. THREE-STORY and basement brick building; just vacated. Former rent \$3600 per annum. Reasonable amount spent in renovation will produce largely increased rent.
- (4) NOS. 318-320 O'FARRELL STREET NEAR MASON STREET. LOT 55 x 137.6 feet. Three-story and basement brick building. (Palo Alto Stable). Rent \$2100 per annum. No lease. Present rent nominal. Can be materially advanced by giving lease.
- (5) NOS. 9-11 BAGLEY PLACE, OFF O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN Grant Avenue and Stockton Street. Lot 42.6 x 60 feet. Four-story and basement brick building, rented as piano warehouse at \$1800 per annum.
- (6) THE "HEREDIA TRACT," CONTAINING 1522 ACRES OF LAND IN Placer County, California.

For further particulars apply at the office of

**SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE & CO.**  
218-220 Montgomery Street

MILLS BUILDING

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Beginning next Monday matinee (Decoration Day), superb revival, one week only of the charming comic opera,

— THE TOY MAKER —

Splendid cast, scenery, costumes, and effects.

Every child attending the matinees Monday and Saturday will be presented with a toy.

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinee Saturday.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning next Monday, May 30th, matinee Saturday only, Charles Frohman will present

**MAUDE ADAMS**

(Her first stellar appearance here) in the

role of Lady Babbalanja in J. M. Barrie's comedy,

**THE LITTLE MINISTER**

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar," BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. Extra matinee Memorial Day, 25c and 50c. Monday, May 30th, one week, Langdon McCormick's drama,

— TOLL GATE INN —

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, June 6th—Under Two Flags. In preparation—Lovers' Lane.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Extra matinee Monday (Decoration Day),

**MELBOURNE MACDOWELL**

In a perfect production of Sardou's

— GISMONTA —

Beginning Sunday matinee, June 5th (last week of Mr. MacDowell), first time in this city of the

romantic drama,

**A CAPTAIN OF NAVARRE**

Monday, June 13th—Du Barry.

### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Props. Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Starting matinee May 30th (Memorial Day), magnificent production of the famous historical drama,

**A CELEBRATED CASE**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, May 29th. (Special matinee Decoration Day, Monday, May 30th.) Unprecedented attractions! Ferrar, Cole and Company; Gaston and Stone; Powers Brothers; the Colby Family; Marcel's Living Art Studies; Al Lawrence; Belle Gordon; and last week of Burke, La Rue and the Inky Boys.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Fischers THEATRE

GRAND REOPENING, Sunday night, May 29th. Come and see the most beautiful and safest theatre in America. Entire new burlesque company. An "all star" chorus of forty voices.

First production here of the rip-roaring burlesque

— U. S. —

Same popular prices—Reserved seats: Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c. Seats now on sale at the box-office.

## Schaeffer Pianos

**A WELL-BUILT PIANO**  
At the Right Price.

**CLARK WISE & CO., Agents**  
126 Geary Street.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Maude Adams at the Columbia Theatre.

Beginning Monday evening at the Columbia Theatre, Maude Adams will enter upon her initial starring engagement in San Francisco. As a child she made her first professional appearance in this city. She attended school until sixteen years of age, then went East where, after a couple of years, she entered upon a regular theatrical career. She attracted the attention of Charles Frohman, who engaged her. She has been under his management ever since. She became leading woman for John Drew, then Frohman made her a star. She made her greatest Eastern success in "The Little Minister," playing it for over two years at the Empire Theatre, New York. It is in this play that she will appear for two weeks in San Francisco. Her leading man is Henry Ainley, a young English actor. The other members of her company are Eugene Jepson, George Irving, Margaret Gordon, Lloyd B. Carleton, G. Harrison Hunter, Joseph Francoeur, Violet Rand, John H. Bunney, Richard Pitman, William Henderson, Charles D. Pitt, Thomas Valentine, Mrs. W. G. Jones, and May Galyer. There will be Saturday matinees only, and no Sunday night performances.

## Reopening of Fischer's.

The reopening Sunday night of Fischer's Theatre will be an event of interest, since the house has been very much improved and will inaugurate the season with an entire new burlesque company and many innovations. The management claim that the theatre is now the safest and most comfortable west of New York, and that with the many additional exits it can be emptied in less than two and a half minutes. In the new company is Caroline Hull, who comes highly indorsed as a singer and actress; then there is Edna Aug, the soubrette, who has just finished a successful tour of Europe; the Garrity Sisters, dancers and specialty artists; Yorke and Adams, whose names are well known here; and Al Fields, who has appeared on several occasions at the Orpheum. Edwin A. Clark, the leading man, has been with the "Chinese Honey-moon" company for the past several seasons; Ben T. Dillon, the comedian, and Roy Alton, the tenor, will remain, and there is a new "star" chorus of forty voices. The burlesque is "U. S.," proclaimed by the management to be even funnier than was "Fiddle-Dee-Dee." Many new songs, dances, marches, and specialties will be introduced by the company, there being twenty song numbers. A particular feature will be the first exhibition here of "The Radium Girls," an act that is said to cost a thousand dollars a week to produce. Lionel Lawrence and his assistants have been in the city for two weeks preparing the act. Seats are now on sale at the box-office of the theatre.

## War Drama on Memorial Day.

Commencing with a special Memorial Day matinee Monday afternoon, the stock company of the Alcazar Theatre gives its first presentation of "Toll Gate Inn." This is a romantic play of the stirring American Revolution days. The scenes of "Toll Gate Inn" are laid in Vermont, near the border line, when Burgoyne's red coats were coming down through Canada to become entangled with Seth Warren and his Green Mountain boys. The story contains a love romance, and has a dramatic character in Poathee, a Canadian Indian half-breed. James Durkin is assigned this rôle, and the quainter, simpler Maple Valley folk will include Miss Block as the heroine, Frances Starr as the village hoyden, Marie Howe as the droll spinster, George Oshourne as the host of Toll Gate Inn, and Luke Connors and Harry Hilliard as the dashing young Continentals, John B. Maher as the comical tinker, and F. J. Butler as the robust doctor. To follow June 6th, comes the first Alcazar stock production of Ouida's dramatic romance, "Under Two Flags," with Adele Block as Cigarette, "Lovers' Lane" will soon present Frances Starr as Simplicity. White Whittlesey comes next month.

## Fifth Week of MacDowell.

Melbourne MacDowell will begin the fifth week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, with a production of Sardou's "Gismonda." Mr. MacDowell will sustain the rôle of Almerio, the falconer, and Ethel Fuller will appear in the title-rôle. There will be a special matinee Monday next, Decoration Day. Sunday matinee, June 5th, Mr. MacDowell will begin the last week of his season. The programme will be a French historical drama, entitled "A Captain of Navarre." It is entirely new here, but was well received in the East. Monday night, June 13th, Mrs. Leslie Carter will open in David Belasco's play, "Du Barry."

## French War Drama.

The Central Theatre will follow "A Great Temptation," now in its closing nights, with "A Celebrated Case." This melodrama

has a prologue in two parts, showing scenes preceding and immediately after the Battle of Fontenoy, and four acts, which give the sequel and solution of the mystery outlined in the prologue. John Renaud, the hero, is a soldier, and has shown bravery in the fight at Fontenoy. Renaud absents himself from his regiment the night before the battle long enough to give jewels belonging to Count de Mornay into the safekeeping of his wife. After the battle he is arrested for the murder of his wife, and condemned on the evidence of his own innocent child, who testifies that her father was alone with her mother on the night the latter was assassinated. The papers and jewels were stolen. For his brave conduct as a soldier, Renaud's death sentence is commuted to life in the galleys. Then it is discovered that De Mornay is the real murderer and robber. There will be a large cast, and the management promises gorgeous scenery and costumes. The play begins with a matinee Monday.

## "The Toy Maker" Revived.

At the Monday matinee (Decoration Day) "The Toy Maker" will be revived at the Tivoli Opera House for one week only. Over a year has elapsed since its last production. The story of the opera is familiar to San Francisco theatre-goers. Ferris Hartman will be seen in his old character of Johannus Gugenheimer, in which he achieved one of his successes. Dora de Philippe will for the first time appear in the rôle of Elsa. Bessie Tannehill will also be seen for the first time in this opera, appearing as Frau Gretchen Gugenheimer. Esther King will be Marguerite; Arthur Cunningham, Brother Matthew; Edward Wehh, Frederick; Joseph Fogarty, Count Ballenher. Others in the cast will be George Barnum, William Schuster. George Chapman, Addison Braidwood, Nettie Deglow, Aimee Leicester, Lillian Raymond, Edna Pendelton, Ethyle Haines, and Ann Carney. At the Monday and Saturday matinees every child in attendance will receive a handsome toy.

## Many Newcomers at the Orpheum.

Jules Ferrar, Dorothy Kendal, and Thornton Cole, farceurs, will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week. The medium for their introduction to San Francisco will be a short comedy sketch entitled "His College Chum." Gaston and Stone, known as "The Jolly Jackies," will also be new here. They are eccentric singing and dancing comedians, and their sketch is called "A Whiff of the Briny." Andrew and William Powers, the original "Alphonse and Gaston Awheel," promise a laughing novelty in their trick bicycle act. In grotesque costume they roll around inside of hoops, on old wheels, and, in fact, on anything that revolves. Charles Burke, Grace La Rue, and their "Inky" boys, for their second and last week, will introduce new specialties in "The Silver Moon." The new reproductions of famous bas-reliefs and paintings in Mardel's Living Art Studios will include "The Cleaners," "Virginus," "The Abduction," "Cedipus," "Apollo Charming the Shepherds," "The Sailor's Return," and "For the Flag." The Colly Family of musicians will vary their musical entertainment; Al Lawrence will present an entire change of songs, stories, and imitations; and Belle Gordon, the world's champion hag-puncher of her sex, will complete the programme. There will be a special matinee on Monday (Decoration Day).

## Miss Marlowe's Latest Triumph.

Julia Marlowe has been appearing at the Empire Theatre, New York, as Parthenia in "Ingomar," the play in which she made her Gotham debut years ago. The Mail says that her performance is "her happiest achievement, all beauty, grace, warmth, and delicacy." The critic further says that her act is so nearly final that "criticism is obsessed willingly and without reserve." Speaking of her postures and walk, he says: "These side

glances of her eyes in the interview with the repulsive Polydor were long lessons in expression; and when she followed Ingomar up the rocks with his spear in her hand and his helmet on her glorious head, she was like an ode by Keats. There were times when her posturing, in that beautiful white gown, was quite too remote and fine a thing to be described in a tongue no closer to old Greek than this polyglot of ours." William Winter, of the Tribune, says of her: "The exquisite modulation of Miss Marlowe's tones has not at any time had a more delicious effect. The delicate flexibility of her elocution, sequent on fine intelligence and sympathetic feeling, descending into every word and making every shade of meaning instantly obvious, made her delivery a continuous delight." Tyrone Power, who was so successful in "Ulysses," appears with her in the title-rôle. He does not receive such high praise as is given Miss Marlowe, although he is described as almost magnificent in the violent scenes in the forest. He "looked the part and sometimes acted it."

## Every Variety Offered.

For the information of those who are undecided where to spend their vacation, nothing is more valuable than "Vacation 1904," the little booklet issued by the California Northwestern Railway. Some of the most attractive places in California are scattered along this road. Mineral springs which bring health and strength to the sick, woods where there is plenty of game, streams well stocked with fish, stretches of water for bathing and boating, are reached over the California Northwestern lines. While enjoying all these outing pleasures, the choice may be made of living in tents or farm houses, or staying at sumptuous hotels, just as fancy dictates. "Vacation 1904" has one hundred and fifty pages, and contains a complete list of places where board may be obtained for from seven dollars per week upward. The booklet is free, and may be had at the offices of the California Northwestern Railway Company, or by mail, in response to a request addressed to the general passenger agent, San Francisco.

The top of Mt. Tamalpais, where cool breezes always blow, is a welcome resort in hot weather, besides furnishing the most beautiful, varied, and extensive view in California. The railroad up the mountain is picturesque, and the Tavern of Tamalpais dispenses delightful hospitality.

Shainwald, Buckhee & Co. will hold an important auction sale at noon Thursday, June 9th, disposing of property at different downtown points, as well as the "Heredia Tract" of one thousand five hundred and twenty-two acres in Placer County.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.  
MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCHES—53 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS.  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocquerez.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Well, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn.....President  
Geo. D. Gray.....Vice-President  
George F. Lyon.....Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark.....Cashier  
W. F. Williamson.....Attorney  
Directors—F. W. Dohmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, F. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000

Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYDNIES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
215 Sansome Street, Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association  
OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid Up Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

## Union Central Life Insurance Co.

Largest annual dividends. Largest interest earner. Lowest death ratio. Lowest annual payments of any old line company.

ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Mgr.  
419 California St., San Francisco

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

"Cheap men not wanted" is to be the motto of one of the new skyscraper hotels which will be opened shortly in upper Fifth Avenue, New York, not far from the entrance to Central Park. Everything about the hotel is to be the finest money can buy, and the type of New Yorker who likes to get cheap food in fine settings is not desired. A unique and simple way of discouraging him has been devised. There will be no prices on the menu-cards. A plain omelette may cost as much as a brace of quail, or a wedge of pie—if they condescend to serve anything so plebeian—may be as expensive as a "baked Alaska," so far as the guest can tell from the menu. When one has eaten all one wants the waiter will bring an itemized check with a glorious footing in red ink. "We want the patronage of people who order what they want regardless of cost," said one of the managers of the new hotel; "there are thousands of New Yorkers who like to be seen in an expensive place. They search the menu through for inexpensive dishes, and then order half portions. We will not have room for them." "But a man experienced with high-class menus can spot the cheaper dishes from memory," objected a friend. "We will have some surprises for him spread through the bill. Dishes that are ordinarily moderately priced will be top liners with us." "The new hotel for mine," cried a youth who had just heard of the plan: "I go around a bit with the prettiest girl in New York. She believes she has an expensive appetite, and scales the menu every time for the most expensive dishes. She'll be lost with a priceless dinner card, and I won't think I'm paying for a family of nine every time I sign our supper check."

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago, encourages man to wander from his own fireside, and repeats this variation of "Homekeeping youth had ever homely wits": "Men who stay at home every night aren't good for anything; it is my observation for a quarter of a century. I side with the men on this question of organization. I don't like to see a man at home every night, with one foot on the cradle. Clubs and lodges are good things. The man whose attention is given all day to buying or selling, to contracts, to figures, or to other routine of business, is in a rut. He needs change. In the evening, if he goes to his lodge or to his club, the merchant is given an opportunity to meet the hanker, the lawyer meets the doctor, the grocer meets the architect, and they all find recreation in it." The young women of Chicago "are favorable to men's clubs and lodges." So vanishes the palæolithic jest about "going to the lodge."

Among the most notable portraits which have been seen in New York during the last year is the full-length portrait of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, now on private view in the studio of Prince Troubetzkoy. It is the first portrait of Mrs. Astor since she was a mere child. She is posed standing before a sofa, the face turned somewhat toward the right, the glance of the eyes very straight and direct, the hands engaged most simply in holding a black fox-hat in place above the neck. The gown, perfect in its simplicity, falls in long lines of black velvet, with a soft front of white chiffon. The hair, with its added distinction of a prematurely grayish tinge, reproducing the effect of the powdered locks of an old-time court period, is simply disposed in a single loose wave above the forehead. There is not a jewel to be seen, not a touch of bright color in evidence; no attempt whatever on the part of subject or painter to call attention to a single feature of exteriority. The figure, slender and delicately feminine, stands well within the canvas, and the color scheme has to do merely with black and white and the flesh tones, with the dull red browns of a broad-based background and the changing gray lights on a highly polished floor in the foreground.

"Is the type of beauty changing?" queries Henry Laboulière. "Is delicacy of feature old-fashioned? And is it gradually becoming modish to have rather thick features, a complexion so mat as to approach sallowness, and eyes that express the very reverse of the joy of life? Is dullness like a canker eating into our very tastes and affecting our apprehension of the beautiful? A few faces there are of the mignon type, sweet in expression and neat of nose. But all the most admired of modern women are very different indeed. There is a lady of the lyric stage whose features can be described only by the word flat. There is no denying her charm. The difficulty lies in analyzing it. What kind of soul looks out from those apparently almost lifeless eyes? The stolidity of expression is almost inconceivable. The lips are like those of the women of ancient Egypt, large, thick and yet with some vague if sensuous, charm about them. The chin is solid, firm, and masculine. One can imagine men obeying the owner of that chin. One could never see her obeying any one. A smile would wonderfully transform the face. But it is not

easy to imagine it curving into a smile. Is this the coming type? 'It almost seems so. Such a woman as she whom I have been trying to sketch would never trouble herself to ask, 'Why?' about anything, and her answer to every question would be 'Because,' a sufficient reason to any one who understood her."

Women who are driven to suicide presumably lose most of their ambition before taking the fatal plunge, but there is one feminine trait that they retain to the end, namely, pride in clothes. "Seldom," says a doctor, whose position has required him to perform post-mortem services for many of these unfortunates, "have I seen a woman who did not go to her death as well dressed as her circumstances would allow. The published reports of these tragedies confirm my observation. Read in the papers the account of a suicide, and nine times out of ten it will wind up by saying 'the woman was well dressed,' or, at least, 'her clothing was neat and clean.' Unless these women belong to the dregs they are found dressed in the silk skirt and silk waist which have become the inevitable garb of the suicide of moderate means. At the last the true feminine instinct seems to assert itself, and, although the woman will not be here to read the account of the tragedy, she wants to die in the blessed satisfaction that she will be written up as a well-dressed member of society."

Dr. E. C. Savidge, of New York, gives in a paper in the *Medical Record* his observations at the opera—strictly from a physician's point of view: "Take a Metropolitan Opera House audience on a star night, and scan the couples in the decade of adult summit. Look at the men—agile, keen, quick of movement, still in the game of life, of use to their family, age, and race. Turn to their consorts—save a few exceptions for our chivalry, they are obese or scrawny, hebetudinous, or jerking, flabby bundles of tissue hanging in folds; each fold, to the esoteric eye, full of burned-out tissue juice, poisoning the individual with the ashes of her own life. The difference is a sex difference, though not a sexual difference. It is due to the habits, ideals, environment, and especially the traditions of the sex. And, as such, it is a gynecological problem, the nature of which is not changed even by the conceded greater longevity in the female. There is a distinction between longevity and effective longevity."

Great interest is taken in Paris in the sale at auction early in June of the historic jewels that belonged to the late Princess Mathilde. Among the most important numbers is a superb necklace given by the first Napoleon as a wedding present to his sister-in-law, the Queen of Westphalia, who married King Jerome of Westphalia, and who was mother of Princess Mathilde. "The necklace," says L. N. Ford, the *Tribune's* correspondent, "consists of seven rows of 384 white pearls, weighing 4,200 grains, the intrinsic value of which is estimated by experts at \$100,000. There are also three pearl necklaces that Princess Mathilde inherited from Queen Sophie of Holland, one of which contains 102 large white pearls and four enormous black pearls at equal intervals, the ends terminating in a large tassel of 900 small white pearls. There is a brooch of diamonds forming an imperial eagle, a gift of the third Napoleon to Princess Mathilde. There are rivieres of diamonds, bracelets, and magnificent pear-shaped solitaire gray pearl earrings, also a gold traveling alarm clock used by the emperor in his campaigns, made by

Breguet in 1810. Altogether there are 319 objects of jewelry, all with historic associations."

Enormous Yosemite Travel.

Santa Fé travel to Yosemite Valley is assuming enormous proportions. By the Santa Fé alone may the famous California Big Trees be seen without side trip or extra expense. It is also the short, quick way. Seats on the stage may be reserved at 641 Market Street, Santa Fé office.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAfee District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
May 19th.....	68	50	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	74	52	.00	Clear
" 21st.....	76	54	.00	Clear
" 22d.....	66	52	.00	Clear
" 23d.....	60	50	.00	Cloudy
" 24th.....	62	54	.00	Cloudy
" 25th.....	64	52	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 25, 1904, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed Bid, Asked	
		Shares.			
Bay Co. Power 5%	3,000 @ 101			101	102
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.					
C. T. 5%	12,000 @ 82	82½	82		
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	2,000 @ 97½		97½		
Los An. Ry. 5%	4,000 @ 111½		111½		
N. R. of Cal. 6%	1,000 @ 106½		106½		
Oakland Transit 6%	1,000 @ 118½		119½		
Oakland Transit 5%	1,000 @ 111		112½		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	22,000 @ 105		104½	105	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	12,000 @ 116½		116½		
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	2,000 @ 108½		108	109	
S. V. Water 4%	25,000 @ 98	98½		100	
		STOCKS.		Closed Bid, Asked	
		Shares.			
Water.					
Spring Valley	444 @ 37½-38½		37½	38	
Powders.					
Giant Con.	110 @ 60½-60¾		61½		
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. S.	230 @ 49½-49¾		49½	50	
Honokaa S. Co.	100 @ 12½-12¾		12½	12¾	
Hutchinson	180 @ 9-9½		8½	8¾	
Makaweli S. Co.	260 @ 21-21½		21	22	
Onomea S. Co.	50 @ 25		25	25	
Paauihau S. Co.	185 @ 14-14½		13½	14½	
Gas and Electric.					
Mutual Electric	15 @ 12-12½		12	12½	
Pacific Lighting	12 @ 57		56¾		
S. F. Gas & Electric	320 @ 61-61½		60	61	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers	70 @ 138¾-140		139	140	

The market was exceedingly quiet during the week, with few fluctuations.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off one-half point to 61; closing at 61 bid, 61 asked.

Spring Valley Water has been in good demand, 440 shares changing hands at 37½-38½; closing at 37½ bid, 38 asked.

The sugars have been steady on sales of 1,005 shares, with narrow fluctuations. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar being quoted at 49½-49¾; Honokaa Sugar Company at 12½-12¾; Hutchinson at 9-9½; Makaweli Sugar Company at 21-21½; Onomea Sugar Company at 25; Paauihau Sugar Company at 14-14½.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

CAUTION!

The following Manufacturers and Importers are licensed under the pioneer patent Number 549,160, granted to George B. Selden, dated November 5th, 1895, on

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES

In view of their license agreement they and their agents will not sell, keep on hand, or in any manner dispose of or deal in directly or indirectly any unlicensed new or second-hand gasoline vehicles, infringing said Selden patent.

MANUFACTURERS

Electric Vehicle Co.	The Peerless Motor Car Co.	Northern Manufacturing Co.
Winton Motor Carriage Co.	Standard Motor Construction Co.	Pope-Robinson Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.	Walham Manufacturing Co.	The Kirk Manufacturing Co.
Olds Motor Works	J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.	Elmore Manufacturing Co.
Knox Automobile Co.	H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.	E. R. Thomas Motor Co.
The Haynes-Apperson Co.	Pope Motor Car Co.	Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co.
The Autocar Co.	Smith & Mabley, Inc.	T. B. F. Stearns Co.
The George N. Pierce Co.	The Commercial Motor Co.	Pope Manufacturing Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.	Berg Automobile Co.	Sandusky Automobile Co.
Locomobile Co. of America	Cadillac Automobile Co.	Crest Manufacturing Co.

IMPORTERS

Smith & Mabley, Inc.	Hollander & Tangeman	Auto Import Co.
Central Automobile Co.	Standard Automobile Co.	F. A. LaRoche Co.
Alexander Fischer	E. B. Gallaher	Sidney B. Bowman Automobile Co.

Both the basic Selden patent and more than 400 other patents owned by members of this Association will be enforced against infringers. Manufacturers, Importers, Dealers and Agents, also Users of unlicensed machines are liable.

ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS  
NO. 7 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

Look at the Brand!  
Walter Baker's  
Cocoa and  
Chocolate



The FINEST in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells,  
etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

455 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Telephone Bush 639.

RUBBER LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation  
Company  
713 Market St., S. F.  
AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

THE

Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	2.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little Boston girl found it difficult to master a stitch in knitting, and her aunt thought to enforce patience by reminding her that Rome was not built in a day. To which came the quick response: "Oh, aunty, how can you talk so? Don't you know that it took God only six days to make the whole world, and I don't suppose he spent more than half an hour on Rome!"

Canon Melville, who died, the other day, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was "David," had a living at his disposal, he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Lincoln's humor got him out of trying situations, and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the Civil War, when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the Federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to a quarter of a million men, and not one has got there yet."

The late Speaker Reed was once encountered by a friend in an uptown hotel, late in the evening, while the House was in the throes of a terrific tariff debate. It was supposed to be the crisis of the struggle. "How is it," this gentleman asked of the Speaker, "that you are not at the House and within range of that debate?" "Debate," repeated the Speaker, contemptuously; "that's only language—only language," with which laconic remark he dismissed the subject.

John Sharp Williams tells of attending a dinner in the West some time ago. On the previous day he had been caught in a violent thunderstorm while out in the woods. In telling his fellow-guests of this experience, he said: "The scene was frightful—awe inspiring. I expected every moment that the lightning would strike the tree under which I had sought shelter." "Why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?" shouted a man at one of the tables, and Mr. Williams, quick witted though he is, could not find a ready reply.

A story regarding a converted barbarian is told in the English papers. A negro clergyman was entertained at tea by the president of a college. The guest, who came from West Africa, retailed some particulars of his early life, when a lady asked him how he became a Christian. "The story of Jeehel converted me," he answered; "you know, we are told the dogs did not touch the palms of her hands. Well, that convinced me of the truth of the narrative, for we never eat the palms of the hands in my country. They are too bitter."

John Ward, of Brooklyn, accompanied by his pointer dog and a friend, was approaching Brooklyn Bridge. Mr. Ward was telling how wonderfully smart his dog was, asserting that his judgment could be thoroughly relied upon. He never pointed unless there was cause for it. While he was speaking the dog came to a sudden stop, stiffened his tail, reached out his nose, and raised his left front paw. "Look at him," said the friend; "what should bring him to a point here in this crowd?" "There is something," answered Mr. Ward, "for he never fails. As I live, if there isn't Colonel Partridge, former police commissioner, right ahead of us."

There is a story told of a Duluth servant, a Swedish girl, who asked for a vacation, as she was to be married. A substitute was obtained for her, who at the last moment announced that she could not come for two weeks. The Swedish girl was asked to postpone her marriage for that length of time, but she objected. She agreed, though, to come back after the wedding, and work until the other girl could come. Half an hour after the ceremony the girl was performing her customary duties, and her mistress said to her: "And I suppose your husband has gone back to his work, too, Matilda?" "Oh, no, indeed, ma'am," replied the girl; "he hane gone on his honeymoon."

In a magazine article on Max von Pettenkofer, who has been called the founder of scientific hygiene, and, next to Humboldt, the most popular of all German naturalists, Max Gruher tells a good story of the professor's absent-mindedness. He lost a fortune in umbrellas, seldom bringing back what he had taken away. Once, however, he made a trip as far as England, and was very proud of having actually succeeded in bringing back his umbrella to Germany. At Augsburg he stopped on business, but sent a telegram read-

ing: "At six o'clock I return with my umbrella." He did return at six o'clock, but as he entered his house in Munich he saw to his dismay that he had no umbrella. He had left it at the telegraph station!

A New York detective asserts that if one wants anything in Gotham, it can be obtained by asking for it. As an instance he cites a happening at the Casino Theatre. The ticket-seller was resting during a lull in business, when a rough-looking fellow stuck his head in at the window. "I've come for the clock," he said. "Well," snapped the ticket man, who is described as "fly," "you don't expect me to come out and take it down for you, do you?" "Fresh, aint yer," responded the fellow, and turned away. He put up a ladder and took down the clock, a valuable timepiece, and walked away with it. He hasn't returned. Neither has the equanimity of the very smart ticket-seller.

## A Real Conversation.

## IN A WEST END DRAWING-ROOM.

PATRICIA—My dear old darling, I'm so frightfully glad to see you!

VICTORIA—Pat, darling! [They kiss, lightly.]

PATRICIA—It's sweet of you to drop in like this!

VICTORIA—Simply had to, my dear child! What on earth have you been doing with yourself all this long time? I thought you must be dead, or married, or something horrible.

PATRICIA—Oh, my dearest old Vic, I've been so tremendously rushed it's a wonder I haven't expired ages and ages ago.

VICTORIA—The usual things, I suppose?

PATRICIA—Of course, only a million times worse than ever! This is the first hour I've had to myself since—oh, I don't know. What'll you have? Tea?

VICTORIA—Please. But tell me. Are you free on the fourteenth?

PATRICIA—The fourteenth? I do believe I am.

VICTORIA—Glory!

PATRICIA—Wait! Let me look at my little hook. Twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth. My dearest, I'm so sorry.

VICTORIA—Just my heastly luck, and I fagged round on purpose.

PATRICIA—My heastly luck, you mean! What was it? No! On second thoughts, don't tell me.

VICTORIA—Oh, it wasn't anything. Only just a little informal kick-up we're giving.

PATRICIA—You old wretch, Vic. Why did you tell me? I've a good mind to cut the Hamiltons and the other people.

VICTORIA—I forbid you to do anything of the kind. Ours will only be a rotten little affair, and you know the Hamiltons always do you awfully well.

PATRICIA—Who cares a hang about the Hamiltons? I should simply love to come to your show.

VICTORIA—To tell you the truth, my dear old Pat, you'd certainly have been hored to death.

PATRICIA—Silly child! Just as though I could be hored to death with you. Are you really rushing?

VICTORIA—Must. By-hy, dear. Don't bother to come down.

PATRICIA—By-hy. See you somewhere soon.

VICTORIA—Rather. [She goes out.]

PATRICIA—Thank heavens! What an escape!—As reported by Keble Howard for the London Mail.

Howell—"What kind of a fellow is Rowell?" Powell—"A man of certain debts and uncertain income."—Town Topics.

## The Infant

takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Color of Them.

Grass widows may, of course, be blue,

But I have never seen

(No more has any one of you)

A single one that's green.

—Philadelphia Press.

## An Everlasting Mystery.

Why does it always chance to happen

When Death gets authors in his clutches

That they have just completed stories,

"Just added on the final touches?"

And why are these productions always

So much more beautiful and splendid

Than any that their authors gave

The world before their days were ended?

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Candle Time.

'Tis candle time; the day has grayed

To dusk; the low tea table's laid,

And Flo and Phyllis cosily

Discuss their world, and sip their tea

From curious cups of priceless jade.

'Tis now each calls a spade a spade,

For, if there is one hour made

For gossip most especially,

'Tis candle time!

"Mabella's gown's a horrid shade;

Whatever made her choose brocade?"

"Gwen's flirting just outrageously—

She'll soon win Jack from poor Marie!"—

Alas! I'm very much afraid

'Tis scandal time!

—Caroline Mischka Roberts in the Smart Set.

## The Favored.

'Twas Smith who beld her rosy palm

And prophesied—a specious Daniel;

'Twas Jones who left a heaven of calm

To proffer sugar to her spaniel.

'Twas Brown who took her broken fan

And brought it back when it was mended;

To call her carriage Clarkson ran,

Blake cloaked her when the play was ended.

And Robinson, beloved by Fate,

Secured the extra I aspired to;

But when the spaniel strayed of late,

'Twas I, 'twas I, Clarinda wired to!

'Twas I who found the erring cur—

An erring cur—bred not the rarest;

'Twas I who carried home to her

Beast to the Beauty—Fat to Fairest.

For me, for me, she watched the street,

Echoed the door bell's every spasm;

She called me everything that's sweet

In one enchanting pleonasm.

So, though no word that's worth a word

Is fixed between us, Life flowers double:

She shares her pleasures with the herd,

She turns to me—in serious trouble.

—London Outlook.

## The New Russian Hymn.

(As sung regularly at Port Arthur.)

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,

How so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last

beaming?

No, your highness, I can't; for some time in the

night,

It ran foul of a mine and it's long past re-

deeming.

Giant powder's red flare,

Iron filings to spare—

Then up went a battle-ship high in the air;

And the mines of Port Arthur,

Oh, long may they flo-at!

I regret to-o-o report-t—

Had destroyed-d—the wrong—boat-t-t!

—Puck.

Magazines now print their cereal stories in the advertising pages.—Ex.

## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, audibly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itching, scaling, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by the drug stores and shoe stores. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail.

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!" **MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS**, the best medicine for Feverish, Teething Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE**. Address, **ALLEN S. OLUSTED, 14 Ray, N.Y.** [Mention this paper.]

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

Germanic..... June 4 | Philadelphia..... June 15

St. Paul..... June 11 | St. Louis..... June 25

Philadelphia—Queensdown—Liverpool.

Haverford..... June 4, 1 pm | Noordland June 18, 10 am

Friesland..... June 11, 10 am | Merion..... June 25, 10 am

**ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.**

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mimmetonka..... June 4, 10 am

Minnehaha..... June 11, 3.30 pm

Minneapolis..... June 18, 9 am

Mesaba..... June 25, 9 am

Only first-class passengers carried.

**DOMINION LINE.**

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Kensington..... June 4 | Southwark..... June 18

Dominion..... June 11 | Canada..... June 25

**HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.**

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BRUSSELS.

New Twin-screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Statendam..... June 7 | Rotterdam..... June 21

Potsdam..... June 14 | Rydam..... June 28

**RED STAR LINE.**

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.

Vaderland..... June 4 | Zealand..... June 18

Kronland..... June 11 | Finland..... June 25

**WHITE STAR LINE.**

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Teutonic..... June 8, 10 am | Majestic..... June 22, 10 am

Celtic..... June 10, 3 pm | Arabic..... June 24, 3 pm

Cedric..... June 15, 6 am | Oceanic..... June 29, 7 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic (new)..... June 9, July 7, August 11

Cymric..... June 16, July 14, August 18

Cretic..... June 30, July 28, August 25

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romantic..... June 18, July 30, September 17

Canopic..... July 2, August 27, October 8

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904.

S. S. Captic..... Wednesday, June 23

S. S. Gaelic..... Thursday, July 14

S. S. Doric..... Thursday, August 18

S. S. Captic..... Saturday, September 10

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, May 29, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 4, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, June 16, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 375 Market St., San Francisco.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE

a new and original process through which we

are enabled to save over 50 per cent. in the

pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film

is developed separately, thus making it possible

to assure the correct treatment for every ex-

posure. There is no increase in cost; simply

more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-

velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-

thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San

Francisco.

## ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS,

etc. Reliable instruction on horoscopes writing given

at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best

references. ROBT. REMBRANDT HILL,

Phone: Black 3723. 1606 Steiner Street.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-

lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED

1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-

lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223

Sutter Street, established 1852—89,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED

June 7, 1879—145,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will

want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress suit

cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay

you to see our large assortment of these goods,

and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn,

Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Dutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, to Mr. Josiah Rowland Howell.

The engagement is announced of Miss Stella McCalla, daughter of Rear-Admiral Bowman McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, to Mr. William Wallace Chapin, of Sacramento. The wedding will take place at St. Peter's Chapel, Mare Island, on August 3d.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Blanche Hoag, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hoag, of Santa Rosa, to Mr. Merle Harold Thorpe, of Stanford University.

Miss Florence Bailey gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2033 Pacific Avenue. Others at table were Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Milton Bailey, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Nourse, of Boston, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Bessie Wilson.

Miss Mabel Toy gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Elizabeth Mills. Others at table were Mrs. Harvey Toy, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Kelcey Patterson, Miss Georgie Shepard, Miss Alice Wilkins, Miss Alice Treanor, Miss Bessie Wilson, and Miss Elizabeth Allen.

Miss Mollie Phelan gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, Seventeenth and Valencia Streets, in honor of Mrs. Chadwick of New York. Others at table were Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. Luther Wagner, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. J. V. de Laveaga, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. McMullin-Belvin, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, Miss Mullen, Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Frances Joliffe, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Paula Wolf, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Wickham Havens and Mrs. D. A. Proctor gave a luncheon on Wednesday at the Piedmont club-house. Others at table were Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. Edward Engs, Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld, Miss Carrie Nicholson, Miss Belle Nicholson, Mrs. Albert A. Long, Mrs. R. A. Mauvais, Miss Bertha Young, Mrs. Henry Maxwell, Mrs. George Sterling, Mrs. J. Loran Pease, Mrs. William Gage, Miss Eva Longworthy, Mrs. James Tyson, and Mrs. Frank C. Watson.

Mrs. William Willis gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1840 California Street, in honor of Mrs. Lord, of Los Angeles. Others at table were Mrs. W. D. Haslan, Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. Arthur Whipple Spear, Mrs. John Haviland, Mrs. Cooke Caldwell, Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Miss Doherty, and Miss Adele Martel.

Miss Ida Conquest gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Josephine de Greayer.

Mr. William H. Irwin, prior to his departure for New York, was given a farewell dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Mr. Gordon Ross, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. Laurie Buntin, Mr. Ernest Simpson, Mr. R. B. Hale, Mr. R. M. Hotelling, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. Robert I. Aitken, Professor Landfield, Mr. W. M. Sims, Mr. Frank Buck, Dr. J. Denis Arnold, Mr. F. J. Koster, Mr. David Atkins, Mr. C. S. Aiken, Mr. Bruce

Porter, Mr. Thomas Pernel, Mr. Chester Fernald, Mr. Leonard Chenery, Mr. L. Maynard Dixon, Mr. Lloyd Oshorn, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. George Sterling, Mr. Harry Lanherton, Mr. Herman Scheffauer, Mr. J. B. Leighton, Mr. J. T. Martinez, Mr. Clarence Wendell, Mr. H. J. Maginnity, Mr. C. K. Bonestell, Mr. Porter Garnett, Mr. R. J. Taussig, Mr. C. K. Field, Dr. Russell Cool, Mr. George Mastick, Mr. Charles Greenwood, Mr. Henry Haight, and Mr. W. J. McCoy.

## San Rafael's Wild West Show.

Undoubtedly one of the most attractive events of the summer will be the Wild West pony show and tea to be given by the San Rafael Improvement Club on Saturday afternoon, June 4th, at the old Bates grounds in San Rafael. These far-famed ponies of San Rafael and their young riders will appear in all kinds of interesting manoeuvres—jumping, mounted games, trick riding, etc. One of the prettiest features will be the parade, with the tandems and the gayly decorated pony-carts. Socially, as well as artistically, the affair promises to be a marked success. The ladies in charge of the arrangements are Mrs. Vincent Neale (president of the club), Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. George Page, and Mrs. George Pinckard.

The will of the late Amelia K. Hecht, who died on the sixteenth inst., together with an application for letters of administration from Joel K., Elias M., and Marcus M. Hecht, has been filed with the probate clerk. The estate will approximate about \$1,000,000, and by the terms of the will it will be divided equally among Joel K. Hecht and Elias M. Hecht, sons, and Edith and Adelheid Hecht, daughters of the deceased. Marcus M. Hecht, who, with the two sons is named as executor, is a brother-in-law of the deceased. Several charities are remembered with legacies by the will, the amount of the gift in each instance being \$250.

Dr. George H. F. Nuttall, a graduate of the medical department of the University of California in 1881, lecturer in bacteriology and preventive medicine in the University of Cambridge, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, which is regarded as the highest scientific honor that can be conferred in England. Dr. Nuttall is the second son of the late Dr. Robert Kennedy Nuttall, of Tit-tour, County Wicklow, Ireland, and San Francisco.

The Association of American Physicians, at its meeting in Washington, D. C., last week, elected Dr. Philip King Brown, of San Francisco, to membership. This honor is conferred in recognition of his work in research and criticism. He is the first Californian so honored.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

It has been decided to extend the privileges of the San Francisco Golf Club to visitors to include Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, also, to request ladies who are members of the club to make use of the links and club-house on these days.

## Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has been in the city during the week, en route East.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille, U. S. A., and Mrs. Trille have gone to Pacific Grove, where they will remain during the summer.

Captain Malcolm Graham, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, U. S. A., with Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Allen, are now at Vancouver Barracks.

Colonel P. C. Pope, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Pope are at Byron Hot Springs for a fortnight.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Rear-Admiral Bowman McCalla, U. S. A., and Miss Stella McCalla have returned to Mare Island.

Lieutenant David C. Hanrahan, U. S. N., has been detached from the United States steamer *Albatross* and ordered to the United States steamer *Boston*.

Colonel B. C. Lockwood, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Lockwood, departed on Monday for his new station, Fort Douglas, Utah.

Captain W. S. Alexander, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is now in command of the One Hundred and Fifth Company of Coast Artillery at the Presidio, having recently been transferred from the Thirty-Third Company.

Captain F. J. Morrow, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who arrived on the transport *Sheridan* last week, was the guest of his brother while here.

Captain A. P. Berry, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will arrive from the Philippines on the transport *Bufo*, due here about the middle of June.

Captain Charles Ballou, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain William M. Fassett, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail for the Philippines in charge of recruits on the transport *Sheridan* on June 1st.

Mrs. Charles F. Andrews, wife of Lieutenant Andrews, U. S. A., and Miss Edith Henrici have returned after an absence of several months in Paris.

The order directing Major Guy L. Edie, Medical Corps, U. S. A., to report for duty in the Philippines, has been revoked, and Major Edie ordered to report to the surgeon-general of the army for duty in his office.

Lieutenant George L. P. Stone, U. S. N., has been appointed aid to the governor of the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Stone sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamer *Sonoma* last Thursday to join her husband, and expects to remain there some time.

Mrs. Cutts, Jr., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Solace* last week to join her husband, Captain Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., at Olongopo.

Lieutenant Andrew C. Wright, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., will bring a detachment of recruits to San Francisco, and will then join his regiment in the Philippines.

Among the passengers on the transport *Solace* Saturday were Mrs. Collins and Miss Collins, who have gone to join Commander J. B. Collins, U. S. N., in the Orient.

## Red Lion Banquets

The handsome dining-room and sumptuous service of The Red Lion Company have been recognized as offering such advantages for private or public banquets, that the company has been fairly overrun with requests for the exclusive use of its restaurant during the evenings for these purposes. To meet this demand, it has decided, during the months of May, June, and July, to open The Red Lion to the public for luncheon only, and to reserve same in the evenings for the exclusive use of private or public banquets and dinners. The place is already well established as the most popular of the first-class down-town grills for lunch-parties; but it is as a banquet-room that it excels. Nothing in this city can surpass for beauty and effect The Red Lion tables and appointments when prepared for a banquet. Among the many affairs of this kind for which it has recently been engaged is the Yale dinner, which took place on Friday evening.

The Bunker Hill Association is preparing for an elaborate celebration this year of Bunker Hill Day, June 17th. The Sons of the American Revolution, the Sons of Vermont, and the Society of California Pioneers have appointed committees to assist in carrying out the plans formed. The association has been invited by the board of trade of Los Gatos to hold the celebration there, and it is thought that the invitation will be accepted. The Secretary of War has been asked to have salutes fired from all the government posts on June 17th.

The Berkeley Quartet will give a concert at the Hotel Rafael on Friday, June 3d.

## Wanted

by a young woman student of Stanford University, some employment for the summer vacation, May 18th to August 18th. Address H. T. 329 Lincoln, Ave. Palo Alto, Cal. The best of references given.

—SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

Sold all over the world.

## Every Bride

wants a wedding book to keep a record of her wedding. The book given at the leading New York weddings is

## "Cupid's Proverbs"

It is the finest book made. Prices \$3.00 to \$20.00. Ask your bookseller. Circular mailed free. Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR PANAMA

And Outing Hats and Caps

## HERRMANN & CO.

328 Kearny Street, S. F.



Established 1852.

ALL JUNE WEDDINGS will have this in common—

## Dorflinger Glassware

Either pieces or sets for presentation. Ask the dealers.

## Glassware

## ANNOUNCEMENT

MISS D. HONIG, of the Waldorf, 241-243 Geary St. Has returned from the East, and is displaying the finest

ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED HUMAN HAIR and SHELL ORNAMENTS that has ever been SHOWN ON THE PACIFIC COAST



**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free. GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

## REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANOERS & JOHNSON

## TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3  
Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

There is no Substitute for



## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

It is a Matter of Health



# Moët & Chandon

Own more vineyards than all other leading houses combined, assuring the continuance of the highest grade of champagne in

## WHITE SEAL.

This brand leads all others in importation, and has the preference at all smart functions.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,  
216 Mission St.,  
Pacific Coast Agents.

## Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobiling, howling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## At Hotel Del Monte

### FOR RENT IN SANTA BARBARA, CAL. FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

Two of the most desirable and completely furnished houses in the city, above the Arlington Hotel and within one block of car line. Rent reasonable. Fine gardens and location the best.

For particulars apply to

F. M. WHITNEY,  
Santa Barbara, Cal.

## VACATION 1904

### IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

## Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. X. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent

### SUBSCRIBERS LEAVING TOWN

For the summer can have their paper forwarded by mail to their new addresses by notifying the Argonaut business office, either by mail or telephone.

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F., Cal.

Telephone James 2531.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith will spend the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee have gone to Fruitvale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson, who are at present in Paris, leave soon for Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson expect to depart for Santa Barbara about June 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have gone to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin returned on Monday from St. Louis.

Mrs. Francis Davis has been the guest of Mrs. Gaston Ashe at Tres Pinos.

Mrs. W. P. Redington and Miss Louise Redington have returned from abroad after an absence of a year and a half.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper (née Goodall) are in Southern California on their wedding journey, and expect to return to Oakland about June 1st.

Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler will spend several weeks with friends in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen expect to depart next week for Gaston, Nev., where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Henry R. Judah and Miss Christine Judah are at their country place in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Louise Cooper, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel Cooper, has returned to Santa Barbara.

Miss Katherine Selfridge, who has been visiting relatives in the East, sailed the first of the week for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law, after visiting London and Paris, were traveling in Switzerland when last heard from.

Miss Marion Dillingham, of Honolulu, left here Saturday for Cambridge, Mass., where her brother, Mr. Henry Dillingham, will be graduated from Cambridge University.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith left last Sunday for their Eastern residence at Shelter Island, New York, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Florence Nightingale, and Miss Evelyn Ellis. They expect to return late in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and Mr. Barbour Lathrop will spend a few days in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble are at Blithedale for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker and family are at their country place near Cloverdale, where they will remain all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild and Mr. Fred Meyerstein departed on Tuesday for New York. They will sail for Europe on Tuesday.

Mr. Harry Gillig arrived from New York on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and Miss Maylita Pease returned from New York last Sunday, coming via St. Louis, where they spent several days at the exposition.

Miss Cora Smedberg expects to leave within a few days for St. Louis and New York.

Mrs. John Tallant and Miss Elsie Tallant will spend June in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore are at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Montague will spend part of June on a driving trip through Lake County.

Mrs. Luke Robinson and her daughters, Mrs. George P. Tallant and Miss Bernadette Robinson, after a tour of Spain, were in Portugal when last heard from.

Senator and Mrs. Thomas R. Bard arrived from the East Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Valentine (née Moore) are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore at their residence in East Oakland.

Miss Helen Pettigrew is visiting relatives at Mountain View.

Mrs. George Hellman and family will spend the summer in Monterey.

Miss Margaret O'Callaghan has been the guest of Mrs. John H. Jewett during the past week at her country place in Sonoma County.

Miss Ethel Lincoln is visiting the St. Louis Exposition, and is the guest of Captain H. C. Benson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Benson at Jefferson Barracks.

Mr. Richard Hotaling expects to spend the summer months traveling in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, accompanied by Miss Mary Jolliffe, have been on an automobile trip through Sonoma County this week.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt will remain at Santa Barbara all summer, and will take up her residence in Chicago later in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Field and Miss Anne Field are occupying apartments at Washington and Devisadero Streets.

Mrs. Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe will depart for Mexico in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harley have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Toy and Miss Mahel Toy will spend several weeks at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. Kohl and Miss Mary Kohl have re-

turned from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. George McNear, Jr., has taken an apartment at the Empire, corner Leavenworth and Bush Streets.

Miss Marian Huntington is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, in New York.

Mrs. William James Shotwell departs for the East on June 1st, and expects to be gone for several weeks.

Bishop and Mrs. Thomas Bowers, of Chicago, registered at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles W. Hathaway and Miss Lily Hathaway have left the Occidental Hotel, and are at their country place, "Sycamore Park," San Lorenzo, for the summer. Mrs. Hathaway's daughter, Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, has joined her.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn were in Spain spending some time at the Alhambra, when last heard from.

Mrs. Arthur Moore will go to Menlo Park within a few days to spend the summer.

Miss Marie Voorhies is expected to arrive here on June 12th after nearly a year in Japan and the Philippines.

Mrs. Damon, of Honolulu, who has been the guest of Mrs. John F. Merrill, departed on Wednesday for a lengthy European trip. Miss May Damon will remain as the guest of Mrs. Merrill.

Mrs. Camilo Martin and Miss Grace Martin expect to return soon from Sausalito to their residence on Broadway.

Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt and family have taken a residence near Los Gatos for the summer.

Mr. Edwin Tobin expects to leave for the East in a few days, and will be absent several weeks.

Among those who registered during the week at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss S. E. Gillis, of Auckland, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Larthu, Mrs. G. Wayman, Mrs. L. A. Stephenson, Mrs. E. Woodruff, Miss Wheaton, Miss Jessie Sollom, Mr. C. J. Sollom, Mr. M. G. Ferrell, Mr. J. J. Hoag, Mr. Neil C. Whyte, and Mr. H. F. Gilcrest.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wheelwright, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Higgin and Mr. D. C. Adams, of Salt Lake City. Mrs. A. G. Pratt and Mrs. P. S. Hammond, of New York. Mrs. C. P. Lampey and Mr. C. B. Brewster, of Chicago. Miss Simpson and Mr. Simpson, of New Zealand. Miss Bernice Lathrop, Miss Jennie L. Lathrop, and Mr. G. W. Lathrop, of Rhode Island, Mr. C. M. Oddie and Mr. J. T. Overbury, of Wyoming. Mr. Edward Paluso, of Paris. Mr. Fritz Krone, of Germany. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. J. Metcalfe, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, Miss Denston, Professor S. W. Young, and Mr. J. C. Varleaux.

Among those who arrived at the Hotel Rafael during the week were Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Judson and Mrs. O. A. Judson, of Philadelphia. Mrs. R. C. McCreary, of Chicago. Miss D. Lehman, Miss M. Lehman, and Mr. E. M. Foster, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. L. Juttner, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carron, Mrs. P. C. Deuroche, Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. C. L. Wickersham. Mrs. C. A. Eggers, Mrs. E. S. Ciprico, Miss I. Ciprico, Miss C. James, Miss M. Yost, Mr. L. Bocqueras, Mr. S. L. Jones, Mr. C. H. Merrill, Mr. E. Halden, Mr. Philip Baker, Mr. E. A. Davis, Mr. J. C. Love, Mr. J. S. Gallagher, Mr. C. H. Turner, Mr. E. Juhl, and Mr. P. Nye.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

### A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

### "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

## SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE

For Ladies and Gentlemen

## MARTIN BRAUN, MASSEUR

Graduate, Imperial University Hospital,  
Vienna, Austria.

### THE WENBAN,

Phone John 7181. Cor. Sutter and Mason Sts.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU & HOTEL GRANADA

1012 Van Ness Avenue

1000 Sutter Street

The Finest Family Hotels on the Pacific Coast.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

## BYRON MAUZY

PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Hotel  
Knickerbocker  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

33th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## TAKE A REST from society, style, and city life by going to SHASTA MT. HOME

Where you will, amid scenes the grandest, air most invigorating, and water the best, add ten years to your life. Best home cooking, new rooms, and everything so clean and refreshing. Address for rates,

M. A. THOMPSON, Manager,  
Sisson, Cal.

## The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where alter-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hot dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 P. M., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

### Catering a Specialty

F. B. SIGNOR, Manager,

Formerly with Louis Sherry of New York City.



LEAVE - MAIN LINE. - ARRIVE

CLAS	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7.00	Cash, H. Winters, Rummy.....	7.50
7.00	Benicia, Suisun, Eureka, and Fremont.....	7.20
7.30	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon.....	5.20
7.30	San Luis, Lodi, Marysville, Stockton.....	7.20
8.00	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows (for Eureka), Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.....	7.50
8.00	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	7.50
8.30	Port Costa, Lathrop, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4.20
8.30	Port Costa, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	4.50
1.30	Yuba, San Jose, Berkeley, Stockton, (Millerton), Yone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4.20
8.30	Oakdale, Chinle, Hanford, Fresno, Tulare, Tulumene and Angels.....	4.20
9.00	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	11.20
9.30	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	5.50
10.00	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	5.20
10.00	Vallejo.....	12.20
10.00	Los Angeles, Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	7.20
12.00	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3.20
1.00	Sacramento River Steamers.....	11.00
1.30	Hayward, Niles, Lodi, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.....	10.50
1.30	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	7.50
3.30	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa.....	12.20
3.30	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Wawona.....	8.50
3.30	Martinez, Tracy, Lodi, Hanford, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations.....	10.20
4.00	Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....	9.20
4.00	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	4.20
4.30	Hayward, Niles, Irington, San Jose.....	11.50
5.00	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Talaro, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	8.50
5.00	Port Costa, Tracy, Lodi, Hanford, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations.....	12.20
5.00	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	7.20
5.00	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	9.50
5.00	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Benicia, Sul- san, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Rocklin, Ashura, Colfax, Truckee, Boonville, Reno, Wash- worth, Wianamene.....	5.20
8.00	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.....	7.50
7.00	Vallejo, Sunday only.....	7.50
7.00	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11.20
7.00	Oregon & California Express—Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Grainland, Packer Point.....	8.50
8.05	Reno Passenger—Truckee, Lake Tahoe.....	7.50
8.10	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sun- day).....	11.50

7.45a Santa Cruz Excursion (Sonder only) 8.10p

8.15	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	5.55"
12.15	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations .....	10.55
4.15	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations .....	10.55

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 4)  
 - 7:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1.00 3.00 5.15 P.M.

From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway — 16:00 18:00  
18:03 10:00 A.M. 12 00 2.00 4.00 P.M.

8 10A	SAN JOSE and Way Stations.....	5 30P
-------	--------------------------------	-------

7 00 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5 40P
7 15 A	..... Cruz Excursion (Sunday only).....	10 30P
8 00 A	New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only).....	4 10P
8 00 A	The Coaster—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister, Pajaro, Castroville) from connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, and principal stations thence Surf (connection for Lompoc), principal stations thence Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Buena Vista, Oxnard, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connects at Santa Clara, except Sunday) to Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge (Palata) at Gilroy for Hollister, Tres Pinos, at Pajaro for Santa Cruz, at Castroville for Salinas.....	10 45P
10 30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	4 10P
11 30 A	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	1 20P
1 20P	.....	7 30P
5 00 P	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connects at Santa Clara, except Sunday) to Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge (Palata) at Gilroy for Hollister, Tres Pinos, at Pajaro for Santa Cruz, at Castroville for Salinas.....	8 38P
3 30P	Tres Pinos Way Passenger.....	12 15P
4 30P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	10 45A
5 00 P	San Jose, Los Gatos, Los Alamos, and principal Way Stations (except Sunday).....	18 00A
5 30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	19 00A
5 45 P	..... Limited—Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Pacific Grove, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Heming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York, connects at Pajaro for Santa Cruz and at Castroville for Pacific Grove and Way Stations.....	18 40A
8 15 P	San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Santa Clara, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto.....	7 10P
5 30P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8 48P
8 00P	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	10 15P
11 30P	San Jose, Los Gatos, Los Alamos, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park and Palo Alto.....	8 45P
11 30P	San Jose, Los Gatos, Los Alamos, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park and Palo Alto.....	18 45A

A for Morning  
P for Afternoon  
'Sunday' excepted  
'Sunday' only

Stop at all stations on Sunday.

Only trains stopping at Valencia St. southbound  
10:4:10 A. M., 3:01 A. M., 7:15 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:30 P. M.

6:00 P. M. AND 4:00 P. M.

call for a check baggage from hotels and restaurants. Telephone 222-2222. Inquiries of Ticket

1. Name	2. Address	3. City	4. State	5. Zip	6. Telephone	7. E-mail	8. Fax	9. Other
10. Name	11. Address	12. City	13. State	14. Zip	15. Telephone	16. E-mail	17. Fax	18. Other
19. Name	20. Address	21. City	22. State	23. Zip	24. Telephone	25. E-mail	26. Fax	27. Other
28. Name	29. Address	30. City	31. State	32. Zip	33. Telephone	34. E-mail	35. Fax	36. Other
37. Name	38. Address	39. City	40. State	41. Zip	42. Telephone	43. E-mail	44. Fax	45. Other
46. Name	47. Address	48. City	49. State	50. Zip	51. Telephone	52. E-mail	53. Fax	54. Other
55. Name	56. Address	57. City	58. State	59. Zip	60. Telephone	61. E-mail	62. Fax	63. Other
64. Name	65. Address	66. City	67. State	68. Zip	69. Telephone	70. E-mail	71. Fax	72. Other
73. Name	74. Address	75. City	76. State	77. Zip	78. Telephone	79. E-mail	80. Fax	81. Other
82. Name	83. Address	84. City	85. State	86. Zip	87. Telephone	88. E-mail	89. Fax	90. Other
91. Name	92. Address	93. City	94. State	95. Zip	96. Telephone	97. E-mail	98. Fax	99. Other
100. Name	101. Address	102. City	103. State	104. Zip	105. Telephone	106. E-mail	107. Fax	108. Other
109. Name	110. Address	111. City	112. State	113. Zip	114. Telephone	115. E-mail	116. Fax	117. Other
118. Name	119. Address	120. City	121. State	122. Zip	123. Telephone	124. E-mail	125. Fax	126. Other
127. Name	128. Address	129. City	130. State	131. Zip	132. Telephone	133. E-mail	134. Fax	135. Other
136. Name	137. Address	138. City	139. State	140. Zip	141. Telephone	142. E-mail	143. Fax	144. Other
145. Name	146. Address	147. City	148. State	149. Zip	150. Telephone	151. E-mail	152. Fax	153. Other
154. Name	155. Address	156. City	157. State	158. Zip	159. Telephone	160. E-mail	161. Fax	162. Other
163. Name	164. Address	165. City	166. State	167. Zip	168. Telephone	169. E-mail	170. Fax	171. Other
172. Name	173. Address	174. City	175. State	176. Zip	177. Telephone	178. E-mail	179. Fax	180. Other
181. Name	182. Address	183. City	184. State	185. Zip	186. Telephone	187. E-mail	188. Fax	189. Other
190. Name	191. Address	192. City	193. State	194. Zip	195. Telephone	196. E-mail	197. Fax	198. Other
199. Name	200. Address	201. City	202. State	203. Zip	204. Telephone	205. E-mail	206. Fax	207. Other
208. Name	209. Address	210. City	211. State	212. Zip	213. Telephone	214. E-mail	215. Fax	216. Other
217. Name	218. Address	219. City	220. State	221. Zip	222. Telephone	223. E-mail	224. Fax	225. Other
226. Name	227. Address	228. City	229. State	230. Zip	231. Telephone	232. E-mail	233. Fax	234. Other
235. Name	236. Address	237. City	238. State	239. Zip	240. Telephone	241. E-mail	242. Fax	243. Other
244. Name	245. Address	246. City	247. State	248. Zip	249. Telephone	250. E-mail	251. Fax	252. Other
253. Name	254. Address	255. City	256. State	257. Zip	258. Telephone	259. E-mail	260. Fax	261. Other
262. Name	263. Address	264. City	265. State	266. Zip	267. Telephone	268. E-mail	269. Fax	270. Other
271. Name	272. Address	273. City	274. State	275. Zip	276. Telephone	277. E-mail	278. Fax	279. Other
280. Name	281. Address	282. City	283. State	284. Zip	285. Telephone	286. E-mail	287. Fax	288. Other
289. Name	290. Address	291. City	292. State	293. Zip	294. Telephone	295. E-mail	296. Fax	297. Other
298. Name	299. Address	300. City	301. State	302. Zip	303. Telephone	304. E-mail	305. Fax	306. Other
307. Name	308. Address	309. City	310. State	311. Zip	312. Telephone	313. E-mail	314. Fax	315. Other
316. Name	317. Address	318. City	319. State	320. Zip	321. Telephone	322. E-mail	323. Fax	324. Other
325. Name	326. Address	327. City	328. State	329. Zip	330. Telephone	331. E-mail	332. Fax	333. Other
334. Name	335. Address	336. City	337. State	338. Zip	339. Telephone	340. E-mail	341. Fax	342. Other
343. Name	344. Address	345. City	346. State	347. Zip	348. Telephone	349. E-mail	350. Fax	351. Other
352. Name	353. Address							

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED  
to No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

Telephone: 261-1516



For Printing } 401=403 Sansome St.  
and Wrapping.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1421.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 6, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 322 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Some Speculations About Hearst—Says He Will Not Bolt—Holding Back the Funds—Impossibility of Success this Time—Has He an Eye on 1908?—Some Considerations that Lead to that Belief—Again, a Salt-Water Fire System—The Outlook for Prosperity—Dull Times in the East—Labor for the Panama Canal—Jamaicans, Porto Ricans, Southern Negroes, Chinese, Japs, or White Men?—The Quarrel Between France and Vatican—Ineffectual Protest of the Pope—Will the Concordat Be Abolished?—A Great Battle at Kin Chow—Floating Mines and Pacific Commerce—The Prospects of Oxnard—Parker's Chances Grow Brighter—Signor Biondi and His Naughty Statuary—Death of Senator Quay.....	369-371
THE SEAMY SIDE AT SEA: Going Down to the Sea in Ships—Seats at Table—Practical Directions for Ocean Travelers—The Food at Sea. By Jerome Hart.....	371-372
OLD FAVORITES: "An Indian Revelry," by Bartholomew Dowling; "Written on the Night of His Suicide," by Richard Realf.....	372
A WORLD WITHOUT A WOMAN: The Sacrifice of Anselmo. By Marguerite Stabler.....	373
AMONG THE POOR IN TOKIO: Sacrifice of Children—Relief Work for Soldiers' Families—Many Societies Formed—Incidents of a Day's Visits—A Brave, Contented Old Soldier. By Helen Hyde.....	374
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	374
ODD PHASES OF STANLEY'S LIFE: His Great Quarrel With the "Sun"—An Unpublished Satiric Poem—His Three Love Affairs—A Bridegroom Proxy—A Bad Case of Stage Fright.....	375
W. S. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY: "The Fairy's Dilemma" Well Received—An Amusing Fantasy, But Without Music—Fairies and Mortals Achieve Amusing Tangles—An Adequate Cast. By "Piccadilly".....	375
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	376-377
DRAMA: Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" at the Columbia Theatre. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	378
STAGE GOSSIP.....	379
VANITY FAIR: "Cockaigne" Writes of the London Season—Begins Earlier this Year—Everybody in London Becoming Americanized—Girls Have More Freedom—A Brilliant Match—Something About Viscount Ingestre, Who Married Miss Paget—Japan's "New Women"—What a Blush Is—Miss Roosevelt's Good Time—Went Driving While Her Mother Went to Church—A Living Chess Game—Are Women Responsible for Scandal in Newspapers?.....	380
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—A Proverb that Failed—Bismarck's Wine Story—Leonard Bacon's Wit—Senator Hoar's Note of Sympathy—Wilhelmina and the Beggar—How Peck Lost His Case—Some Scotch Anecdotes—Too Much for the Democrat.....	381
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Perfectly Proper," by S. E. Kiser; "Modest Mr. Hearst"; "Plaint to a Roving Sweetheart," by T. Ybarra.....	381
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	382-383
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	384

In re Hearst, several things have happened or have at last become apparent, which again centre upon his very striking, if not attractive, figure the general attention:

First—It seems to have become the general opinion of the unprejudiced—an opinion that has heretofore been expressed in these columns—that it is quite impossible for Hearst to secure one-third of the delegates to the national convention, which number is necessary

to render him an effective factor. On this point, Walter Wellman, a remarkably acute observer, says:

Three facts stand out saliently. First, all of the candidates or possible candidates, with a single exception, represent the conservative forces, and this one radical candidate, notwithstanding the remarkable campaign which has been waged in his behalf, has only about one-tenth of the entire convention. Granting that he may have, or be able to get, a few more votes from the unclassified column, his greatest strength may be estimated at not to exceed one hundred and fifty, or less than one-sixth of the convention. The uprising against radicalism, therefore, is complete and overwhelming.

Second—Mr. Hearst has unequivocally declared that he will not bolt the St. Louis convention. "I have," he says, "supported the Democratic ticket in the last five campaigns. I supported Cleveland three times, and Bryan twice. I intend to support the nominee of the party at St. Louis whoever he may be."

Third—A very circumstantial and interesting report comes from St. Louis that A. M. Lawrence having, as financial manager for Hearst, been asked by the management of the Planters' Hotel, St. Louis, for a part payment on the three floors engaged there some time ago for convention week, telegraphed canceling the contract. Furthermore, A. M. Lucas, Jr., a Hearst agent, states that he has received a letter from Lawrence notifying him that there will be no more funds forthcoming with which to prosecute the Hearst campaign. In this city, a rumor is afloat that, while a special train to carry the California delegation to St. Louis was on the original programme, a sudden change in the plans has been made, and the twenty voters and their alternates from California will crowd themselves into a single car, and be glad to get that.

Fourth—Perhaps the sudden activity in the line of retrenchment on the part of Mr. Hearst has no connection whatsoever with similar action on his mother's part. Yet it is singular. She has withdrawn her financial support of a Washington kindergarten which has heretofore cost her sixteen thousand dollars per annum, and from the Berkeley organizations known as the Hearst Domestic Industries, the Piedmont and Enewah Clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the West Berkeley Settlement.

Putting two and two together is an interesting occupation. It engages the constant and assiduous attention of many persons. And when we have so curious and striking a series of events as these, it can only lead us, too, to engage in the same delightful task. What do these facts mean? Have they an essential harmony? Do they form basis for prophecy? Some people think so.

Mr. Hearst is a very young man. He is a very successful young man. He is forty-one years old, and Mr. Brisbane affirms that he enjoys vigorous health. Mr. Brisbane also says that, if he lives; he will, within a few years, publish at least fifty newspapers, and reach every day practically the whole population of the United States.

Now suppose—just suppose—that Mr. Hearst has, in fact, become thoroughly convinced that he can not be nominated for President on the Democratic ticket in this year, 1904. Yet he is ambitious. He looks toward the future, and he says to himself: "It is true that, should Mr. Bryan and I, with a couple hundred delegates between us, walk out of the convention at St. Louis, I would undoubtedly be nominated on a third-party ticket and would poll the vote of the middle-of-the-road Populists, the Socialists, and the members of the radical wing of the Democracy. But I should inevitably be defeated. A couple of million votes is all I could expect.

"If, on the other hand, a conservative candidate is nominated this year, he will inevitably be defeated. I, by supporting him in my nine newspapers, will win the

good will, at least, of the whole Democratic party. In 1908, as the most conspicuous candidate before the convention of 1904, and as one who did not carry the fight to a point where it engendered bitterness, I shall then be the most available candidate for the nomination.

"The Republicans will then have been in power twelve years. The natural reaction against the party will have made itself apparent. The country will be tired of Roosevelt. It will desire a change. Furthermore, through my fifty newspapers [vide Brisbane] I shall be preaching the evils of trust tyranny to practically the entire population of the United States. The defeat of their conservative candidate in 1904 will have convinced the Democracy that success lies not in that direction. I rely on the growth of socialistic sentiment throughout the country. If, solely through the power and influence of my nine newspapers, I, in 1904, secured one hundred and twenty-five delegates instructed for me to the Democratic National Convention, why should I not, in 1908, with fifty newspapers, secure five times as many, and capture the prize?

"Up to this time, the country has enjoyed great prosperity. It will not continue forever—there are even now signs of a change. Hard times will inject new life into the party of discontent. Under the pinch of want and distress, who should the people turn to but to him who has for twenty years declared himself their sole incorruptible and unconquerable champion?"

An interesting programme, is it not? And does it sound entirely chimerical or impossible? Is it not a plan that has in it glints of logic? Has Mr. Hearst done anything since his campaign began to discourage the idea that his ultimate purpose is to secure the nomination in 1908? Is not his decision not to bolt only intelligible on the assumption that his hope of success lies in the future, not in the present? Perhaps Mr. Hearst will have more money to spend in 1908 than in 1904. The Hearst millions are not exhausted.

There is one unknown factor in the imagined equation. It is Theodore Roosevelt. Are there any reasons, in the above paragraphs, for supposing that, on November 10, 1904, orders will issue from the White House directing the attorney-general to institute vigorous and meaningful action against all corporations believed, suspected, or imagined to be in restraint of trade? Will Theodore Roosevelt spike all the guns of William Randolph Hearst between now and 1908?

It may be news to the majority—and it should be startling news—that ninety-three per cent. of San Francisco's buildings are of wood. This is a greater percentage than exists in any other large city in the United States. Yet we are inadequately supplied with fire defenses. Our engines and apparatus are excellent, and our firemen are efficient and heroic. But all this does not count when the water supply is deficient, when the mains are too small—or do not exist at all—when hydrants are scarce, and when buildings are too high for the streams that the engines can throw. San Francisco has grown, and it has high buildings; it needs a fire system to meet this growth.

The Argonaut is unqualifiedly in favor of a central, high-pressure salt-water system. Experiments in other cities have demonstrated the thorough success of the salt-water plan. Philadelphia has tried it, and finds it cheap and in every way satisfactory. That city has laid separate mains, used only for fire service, with a central pumping-station located in the centre of the district to be protected. The pressure is such that a stream can be thrown to the top of a twenty-story building. About \$326,000 were expended in piping a district containing 425 acres, and the cost of maintenance is nominal.



sides this, the insurance rates have been decreased twenty-five cents on each \$100 since the salt-water system was installed.

New York has appropriated five and one-half million dollars for a similar system, which will be used, as in Philadelphia, for flushing sewers and washing streets. Neither of these cities is more advantageously situated regarding a salt-water supply than is San Francisco.

San Francisco is in constant danger. Dr. Harland Law, at a recent banquet, uttered a warning in which there is not a touch of exaggeration. He said:

The seriousness of the situation is not realized by business men. There is no man in this audience to-night who would dare run his business as close to the brink as this city is to-day so far as a conflagration is concerned. Take, for instance, Pine Street, in the boarding-house district, where so much opposition recently developed against extending the fire limits to that street. It was found that Pine Street has only a six-inch main. If a conflagration were to start to-night while we sit here, at the corner of Jones and Pine Streets, there would not be enough water in the mains to supply half the engines that would be called out on the first call. Not more than two could get the water supply on that street, and if the wind were blowing that whole section from Jones and Pine east over the hill into the business district would be at the mercy of the flames. In some sections, there are only four-inch mains, and on some streets, where there are many buildings containing inflammable material, there are no mains at all.

Wooden buildings, high summer winds, small mains, low pressure, scattered hydrants—it is not a cheerful prospect. To continue this condition, when the remedy laps our very shores, washes up to the streets that are in danger, amounts to criminal negligence. Safety and cheapness both demand a salt-water, high-pressure system for San Francisco.

It is impossible not to feel a sensation of pity in witnessing the futile endeavors of that gentle old man, the "captive of the Vatican," to set back with his feeble fingers the hands of the clock—to try ineffectually to wrest back a little of the old power of Rome, vainly imagining that his solemn "protest" against the action of the president of France would still have weight in the world's capitals in this, the beginning of the twentieth century. The temporal power of the Pope has vanished never to return. "This time," as was said in the Italian Chamber of Deputies last week, "the Vatican is not protesting, but bleating." "Call it braying," interrupted another member. A rather brutal colloquy, no doubt, but it shows how little is respected or regarded the Pope's latest, and possibly last, attempt to dictate to a temporal ruler.

The causes which have lead up to the present great crisis are many. For several years, France, first under Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, and later under Premier Combes, has waged a relentless war of extermination against the religious congregations or teaching orders. The supporters of this policy have alleged that the whole trend and bearing of the instruction given the youth of France by the religious teachers is such as to make them anti-republican and anti-liberal, promonarchical and reactionary. The movement against the orders inaugurated by Waldeck-Rousseau has had the enthusiastic support of the French people. Predictions freely made at the beginning that, if the anti-religious crusade was pushed too far, a popular reaction would set in which would sweep the anti-clerical party out of power, have one after another been disproved by the event. But the relations between France and the Pope have constantly grown more strained.

Then Loubet went to Rome. It was the first visit to the Quirinal of the official head of a great catholic state since the loss by the Pope of his temporal power, thirty-four years ago. Other sovereigns have visited the King of Italy at the Quirinal—the German emperor and King Edward among them—but they were Protestants, and the Pope made no sign of his displeasure. Now, however, he has seized the occasion of Loubet's visit at the Quirinal, and his conspicuous failure to appear at the Vatican, to utter a violent protest, addressed directly to France and to all the catholic powers. The document was not only in content objectionable to France, but it was worded with remarkable lack of restraint. An added cause of indignation in France was the fact that, in the copy delivered to the French Government, one important sentence was omitted—"If, in spite of all, the Papal Nuncio remains at Paris, it is solely on account of grave motives of an altogether special character." It was this omission that was made the basis by France of an inquiry by its ambassador, who, on receiving an unsatisfactory reply, was recalled from the Vatican, together with the minister, M. de Navenne.

What the next step will be is problematic. It may be that by dismissing his secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, at whose door is laid the responsibility for the mannerly and bungling effusion, the Pope may "save face" and secure the resumption of diplomatic rela-

tions with France. Up to this time, he has not himself withdrawn the Papal Nuncio at Paris, despite the action of the French Government in summoning home both ambassador and minister. He seems to be waiting in the hope that the political storm will blow over. On the other hand, it may be that Premier Combes, whose course was indorsed by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber of Deputies last week, may take advantage of the greatly intensified anti-Papal feeling to denounce the Concordat. This bond of union dates back to Napoleon—to be exact, to July 15, 1801. During the early years of the century, it was once abolished, but finally, in 1830, restored in full force and effect, and has ever since been the basis of the relations of the Gallican church and the Vatican. Under its provisions, the government of France nominates the dignitaries of the church, and pays them, the cost to the state being approximately ten millions of dollars a year. The abolition of such a venerable and historic treaty as is the Concordat would mark an epoch in the history of France.

But whether or no the Concordat is abolished now or in a few years, the whole incident is vastly significant, as showing the attitude still rigidly maintained by Rome. The protest of the Pope goes on the old assumption that the King of Italy is an usurper in the Quirinal. Therefore, the protest says in effect, it was wrong for President Loubet to visit this usurper "at the very seat of the Pontifical See; and in the very Apostolic Palace." It would be laughable were it not pathetic. The Papal power vanished thirty-four years ago. The King of Italy is recognized by all the world as the established sovereign. Yet, says the Pope, President Loubet must not visit him, for we hold that he is a usurper. In other words, Rome still shuts its eyes to the established facts, and clings to the visions of the past. It moves in a world of dreams of dreams.

Last week, we said in these columns that the Presidential boom of Judge Alton B. Parker was taking on new lustiness. It continues to. Five conventions have been held. Georgia, with 26 delegates, instructed them to vote for Parker so long as "there is a reasonable probability of his nomination." The Michigan convention elected four delegates-at-large, all said to be anti-Hearst, and instructed the entire delegation of 28 to vote as a unit. No instructions as to the candidate were given, but since only a few of the delegates elected by the district are for Hearst, there is no reason to suppose that he can by any chance secure the vote of the State in the convention. The Nebraska convention was completely dominated by Bryan, and he himself wrote the platform, which reaffirms the Kansas City platform, and declares against monopoly, extravagance, and militarism. It is to be supposed that Nebraska's 18 delegates might, under certain circumstances, cast their votes for Hearst. The Wyoming convention instructed its six delegates for Hearst. The Oklahoma convention was dominated by Bryan men, and the six delegates from the Territory to St. Louis will undoubtedly follow the lead of Nebraska in casting their votes.

Tabulated, the case now stands like this:

Parker .....	200
Hearst .....	119
Uncommitted .....	224
Gorman .....	40
Wall .....	26
Olney .....	25
Controlled by Bryan .....	24
Total .....	658

There is still a chance—a good chance—for a dark horse; but it is evident that if Judge Parker continues his conquest of the South, as it seems likely he will, he will enter the convention with between 400 and 500 votes on the first ballot, and will stand a good chance of receiving on the second a sufficient number of votes from Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and from the uncommitted delegates to bring him close to nomination. Colorado, Hawaii, Kentucky, Utah, and Vermont will all hold conventions next week. With the exception of Vermont, which will probably be favorable to Parker, and Hawaii, which will be for Hearst, these States are all emphatically in the doubtful class.

Once more it is demonstrated that the American art ideal and the Continental art ideal are two totally different things. A few years ago the authorities of the Boston library toppled Macmonnies's nude, drunken dancing woman, entitled "Bacchante," from her pedestal, and now the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have retired to a cobwebby cellar the "Saturnalia" of Ernesto Biondi, one of Italy's foremost sculptors, notwithstanding that the group had received the *grande prix* in Paris, and that a replica had been bought by

the Italian Government and prominently placed in the National Gallery in Rome. The reason given by the trustees is that, while the statuary is admittedly a masterpiece of execution, it is offensive to the American sense of propriety. It depicts a group of revelers of the period of the decadence of ancient Rome. At one end of the group is a girl with a playing pipe leaning unsteadily forward. Next comes a drunkenly hilarious soldier, then a tottering pagan priest; by his side is a low woman. At the left, are two more leering priests, standing, and another has fallen, and lies flat upon his back. In the centre of the group stands erect a young athlete, his lip curled in scorn; and upon him leans a patrician woman, startled, yet amused, by the drunken revelry about them. Her little son, at her feet, is feebly pushing away a priest who is making familiar advances toward the mother. All the figures are fully clothed, with the exception of one woman, who is slightly décolleté. It is the expressions and attitudes that alarmed the good American trustees.

Naturally, Signor Biondi does not like it to have his great work of art deposited in a dark cellar. He sent the great group to the Metropolitan Museum, and the authorities entered into a written agreement to exhibit the piece for a year. Then, when the bronze was set up in the east wing and all ready to be unveiled, the trustees gathered, and with ashamed eyes viewed the landscape o'er, and decided it would never do. It was forthwith taken apart and stored safely away. Signor Biondi was offered one thousand dollars to soothe his wounded feelings. But he spurns the gold. He cares not for money. "In Italy," he dramatically declared to the attentive reporters, "we live for poetry, not for gold." He is about to bring suit against the museum to force it to fulfill its contract. He seems likely to win his case. But that is not the significant point. The interesting thing is that what is "good art" in Rome and Paris is regarded by a representative American art committee as fit only for the cellarage. After all, it must be that we are yet a modest and a puritan people.

The battle is joined between Henry T. Oxnard and Senator Thomas R. Bard for the honor of representing the State of California in the United States Senate for the next two years. Mr. Oxnard has made a formal announcement of his candidacy. Mr. Bard, last week, qualifiedly announced his candidacy. On account of the sugar interests of the Spreckels family, it is anticipated that the *Call* will support Mr. Oxnard. That his candidacy has the approval of the Southern Pacific is inferred from the fact that an evening newspaper of this city, whose relations with the railway have long been intimate, now espouses the sugar magnate's cause. The *Chronicle*, so far, preserves an attitude of dignified silence. The *Examiner* evidently thinks Mr. Oxnard a formidable candidate, for it promptly attacks him. The chief objections that are likely to be urged against Mr. Oxnard are the facts that he has until recently been no more closely identified with California than with several other States in which he has large interests; that he did not register as a voter in California until 1902; that he has never voted in California. It is also said that his acquaintance among politicians is slight. However, he has an excellent political manager in George F. Hatton, and shows a disposition to go after the nomination in forthright and vigorous fashion. Curiously enough, both Senator Bard and Mr. Oxnard reside not only in the same county (Ventura), but in the same town and voting precinct. An exciting contest is now on in Ventura between the Bard and Oxnard candidates for the assembly nomination. Both men have large interests there, Bard in lands and Oxnard in sugar factories, and the fight promises to be an interesting one.

Matthew Stanley Quay, whose death came on Saturday last, at the age of sixty-nine, was one of the most remarkable men in American public life. His life was one long struggle for political supremacy. For forty years he has held office, great and small, almost continuously. He has waged campaigns in the face of personal attacks seldom equaled for bitterness. He has been indicted for crimes, but never convicted, and his appointment to the Senate by the governor of Pennsylvania to fill the vacancy caused by a deadlock in the legislature was repudiated by the Senate, and Quay was unseated. As a politician, as a manipulator of men and parties, he had no equal. He made warm and lasting friendships, and the first message of condolence received by his family was from President Roosevelt, who said: "Accept my profound sympathy, official and personal. Throughout my term, Senator Quay has been my staunch and loyal friend. I had hoped to the last that he would, by his sheer courage, pull through his illness." President



Roosevelt also mentioned the dead senator in his Gettysburg speech. Quay's character was singularly contradictory. Practical politician as he was, always in the thick of battle for political supremacy, he yet took a keen intellectual delight in literature. It is said that he was a rare Latin scholar, and a man with a fine and catholic taste for, and a wide knowledge of, English literature.

Business is bad east of the Rockies, and cash is a drug in the market. The decrease in trade in the country districts has caused a great flow of money into New York, where the sub-treasury is redeeming bank-notes at the rate of one million dollars a day. This money lacks employment. There was a time when it would have gone into Wall Street, but the public is suspicious of that financial centre, which is idle—so much so that a Gotham daily has a cartoon of the bulls and bears, in their summer togs, going away for an indefinite vacation.

Such reasonably safe investments as bonds issued on the recent Japanese and Russian loans, and the New York City and Cuban bonds, are absorbing a good deal of money. England and France, which also have much cash to spare, have invested rather heavily along these lines. Banking affairs are unsatisfactory. Small banks throughout the country are suspending. They are small, but the failures are many, and indicate poor conditions in rural trade and finance. Then the railway earnings are declining, and so are the expenditures. This decrease is slight, but it is steady. Bank clearings are 14.6 per cent. less than at this time last year. The failures for last week were 266 as against 206 for the corresponding week last year. Industries are on the decline, and many factories are closing. Where better conditions are reported, there is no hope for their continuance.

So far the Pacific Coast has almost entirely escaped the effect of this depression. Crops are good. We will have much hay, grain, and other staples—and the Orient wants them. Its demand, and our willingness and ability to meet it, may mean good times for this Western slope, even in the face of stagnation in the East.

The budget of municipal expenses for the fiscal year has been passed to print by the board of supervisors. The tax-rate fixed is \$1.2053. The increase in rate is said by the supervisors to be due to the necessity for providing a redemption and interest fund for the redemption of \$5,000,000 in bonds which it is expected are to be issued. A start has been made toward the sorely needed protection of the city from fire by the appropriation of \$150,000 for an auxiliary system, and two more engine-houses are provided for. Allowance is made for twenty-five more policemen, and the board of public works receives an enlarged appropriation.

The field upon which the great and bloody battle of last week was fought is shaped like an hour glass. At the neck, the peninsula is only two miles wide. Just south of the neck, right in the middle of the peninsula, is Nanshan Hill, which was strongly fortified by the Russians. Just north of the neck, but close to the west shore, is the town Kin Chow, also held by the Russians. The position of the Japanese army was first with one end at the narrowest point of the neck, the army facing Kin Chow, with the line extending northward, and then, as Kin Chow was captured, swinging about with the southerly end as a pivot to storm Nanshan Hill.

For several days prior to the battle, desultory firing went on from Nanshan Hill and Kin Chow. The Japanese watched the points whence the shells emanated, and by picking them up and measuring them were able to ascertain the size and exact position of the guns. The Japanese gunboats stationed in the bay to the west also bombarded Nanshan Hill and Kin Chow with some effect. By Wednesday afternoon, May 25th, the Japanese had a perfect knowledge of the strength and position of the Russian army, and were ready for the attack.

At midnight Wednesday there was a terrible thunder-storm with heavy rain. The army was wet, the way muddy. A dense fog hung over land and sea. Yet at four-thirty the Japanese army began the attack on Kin Chow, and at twenty minutes after five occupied the city, the Russians retreating through the narrow neck to Nanshan Hill. Then the real battle began. By six o'clock it was light enough for the Japanese squadron in the west bay and the single Russian gunboat in the east bay to do effective work. For three hours the fight was at long range, with naval and land artillery. Then this fire slackened, and the Japanese troops moved up to the base of the hill—a terrible hill honeycombed with rifle pits and netted with barbed wire. Eight

times the Japanese infantry charged this hill, and eight times they were driven back with awful slaughter. By this time the day had passed; it was near sunset, and the hill was not yet captured. Then, with ammunition nearly exhausted, the last charge was made, and after a bayonet-to-bayonet conflict the Russians were driven from the hill. In the words of the official report, "At half-past seven, as the sun was sinking behind the horizon, the flag of the Land of the Rising Sun floated above the blood-sodden Nanshan Hill, while the shouts of 'Banzai!' swelled from hilltop to shore and reached from squadron to fort." The Russians left dead in the trenches five hundred men; they left sixty-eight cannon and ten machine guns; and the Japanese loss in killed and wounded was three thousand five hundred men.

On the same day, May 26th, the Russians fled from Dalny; bandits took possession of the town; and next day the Japanese appeared. The Russians left the town so hastily that, though they burned the offices and residences, destroyed the railway, and scuttled three large merchantmen, the gunboat *Bohr*, and all dredgers and launches, they left undestroyed the docks and piers (save the largest one), one hundred barracks and stone houses, and two hundred passenger and freight coaches. Since that date, the Japanese have advanced down the peninsula until they are in touch with the outposts on the perimeter of the fortifications. A system of land mines extending several miles from the forts are reported to have been discovered and destroyed. Siege artillery and heavy ammunition have been landed from transports. An engineer battalion with loads of sapping material is waiting to disembark, and it is reported that this battalion has a balloon section which will be used in directing the artillery preparations for the assault. In short, preparations are being made for a grand assault upon Port Arthur, and that it will ultimately succeed can scarcely be doubted. The additional troops to support General Oku's army, which are being landed, will bring the assaulting force up to 120,000; the Russian garrison at Port Arthur is variously estimated at from 20,000 to 40,000. Moreover, supplies are reported short. In central Manchuria, the armies of Kuroki and Kuropatkin still manoeuvre. More Japanese troops are being landed at Takushan. But what the plans of Kuropatkin are—whether to come to the aid of Port Arthur or remain in the north—or of Kuroki—whether to delay or hasten conflict—is unknown.

The overcoming of the political and financial difficulties that stood in the way of building the Panama Canal was only part of the task. Who is to dig out the dirt that stands in the way of the short passage between the great oceans? The money is on hand, but whether or not the laborers can be found is a serious problem. Fifty thousand of them are needed, and the work will take at least ten years. It is a settled thing that white men can not labor to any advantage on the Isthmus, and propositions that are made for the employment of black or yellow labor have strenuous friends and enemies.

A discussion anent the matter has been going on in the Eastern press. One writer is in favor of employing natives of Jamaica, but this is meeting with opposition by the Jamaican Government, which is urging the imposition of a six-dollar tax on each laborer leaving for Panama, also the levying of a similar sum upon the man hiring him. But, according to the accounts that some give, the Jamaicans are unfitted for the work. William Thorp, who has had experience in Panama Canal matters, says that Jamaica furnished much of the labor for the French Canal Company. The men were not efficient and most of them degenerated, returning home idle, worthless, and dissipated, becoming a burden upon the community. Albert S. Ashmead, the eminent physician, says: "For heaven's sake, do not engage Jamaica negroes," and urges the employment of our own negroes, who, he says, are as immune against malaria, dysentery, or yellow fever, as "those wretched Jamaicans," who seem to be wanted at home, and not desired abroad.

D. Collazo writes strongly and logically in favor of the Porto Ricans, who, he says, deserve some help from us. Their island is terribly overcrowded, and he says that, with fair pay and proper encouragement, they will work as well as anybody can be expected to in the tropics.

There seems to be much opposition to Chinese labor. Mr. Thorp says that out of 800 coolies taken to Panama by the French company, some died at sea, others became diseased as soon as they reached their destination, many committed suicide—and in less than two months hardly 200 were alive. Another thing against Chinese labor is that it might be the means of introducing yellow fever into the Orient, where it is now unknown.

## THE SEAMY SIDE AT SEA.

By Jerome Hart.

When you are going to sea, go down to the sea to see your ship. You learn much more from the ship than you do from the plan of the ship. However well located a state-room seems on the plan, when you are aboard you may find some unexpected drawback. For example, a magnificent deck state-room, with two windows, with two outer walls exposed to the air, with a private corridor opening on a main corridor, which itself opened on the deck, was nevertheless found to be undesirable in one respect—that the corridor door slammed. When repeated incessantly night and day, it was somewhat wearing. This shows how unsuspected trifles are brought to light by actual inspection.

Furthermore, when you go down to the sea to see your ship before she sails, you can make the acquaintance of the chief steward, the second steward, and the deck steward, all important persons so far as your comfort is concerned. To them, you are a mere abstraction, a numeral "No. 63." When you appear in company with several hundred other numerals, your influence seems lessened. But when you come alone you stand a very much better chance to secure a good place for your deck-chairs, for a well-selected state-room, and to secure a good seat in the dining-saloon.

The old custom of "captain's table," "purser's table," "doctor's table," dies hard. On some of the transatlantic liners the captain rarely occupies his seat. But on ships where he does, there are people who intrigue for the place of honor at his table. If there be a titled person aboard he usually is placed at the captain's right hand; if not, the next most notable dignitary. When there is an embarrassment of riches the captain will place rival notables at right and left. Once on the *Deutschland*, for example, the captain put Prince Von Pless at his dexter and the United States minister to Greece at his sinister hand.

Personally, I never coveted the honor of sitting at the captain's table. I have enjoyed that privilege, but do not yearn for it again. Sea captains are selected for navigating, rather than for conversational ability, and the number of old jokes that a worthy skipper can retail at his own table would make Joe Miller groan. Further, a seat at the captain's table imposes an exasperating silence on your part concerning the shortcomings of the kitchen. The best is supposed to be served at the captain's table, and the captain surely can not condemn his own cuisine. Thus the honored but unlucky passenger is deprived of the dearest privilege of the sea voyager—that of kicking.

For those who go down to the sea in ships a few practical suggestions may not be amiss. Get a state-room amidships if you can, with an outside port-hole; not too far from dining-saloon and bath-rooms, and not near. Avoid the proximity of kitchen and pantry. Don't sail on a "hoodoo ship." I am not superstitious, but sailors are. If they believe that they are on an unlucky ship their belief may send her to Davy Jones's locker. Choose your line. They are all good, but some are better than others. You can save money by sailing in the winter or intermediate seasons; you can also save money by sailing on what are called "slow" boats on the White Star and German lines; they take eight or nine days instead of six. There are still slower lines, like the Atlantic Transport Line, which takes ten or twelve days; these boats are said to be very good. You can sail on a slow boat in the winter season for \$80 or \$90, when in summer on a fast boat the same accommodations will cost you from \$150 to \$175.

Get good canvas-covered basket-trunks with two stout straps encircling the trunk and riveted to it; such trunks will last three times as long as cheap wooden ones, and will not break open when banged about by baggage-smashers. Get a good steamer-trunk made, long, wide, and shallow, to go under the berth. You can get excellent basket-trunks in San Francisco, but you had better buy your bags elsewhere. Make lists in a little book of what you want to take before you begin to pack; it will save you much time. Another time-saver is to make a list of what you put into each trunk. True, the contents will eventually get mixed, but what if they do? Everything in this world gets mixed, everything gets broken, everything gets worn out. We wear out ourselves—our very rags outlast us. Shakespeare died, but his "second-best bed" survived him, to go to the widowed Anne Hathaway, relict of the poet. *Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe.* Yes, everything gets broken except the Ten Commandments. Get a good pair of rubber-soled deck-shoes; the



ber soles prevent slipping on slippery decks, and on the brass treads of companion-ways. Many people break bones slipping on stairways at sea. Some of the new ships have rubber treads, which are better than brass.

Take a good warm steamer-rug; also a rain-coat to wear at sea if you wish to take your daily exercise in foul weather as well as fair. Take along a cushion for your steamer-chair; it will add greatly to your comfort. A fish-net bag to hang behind your deck-chair, for books, magazines, your marine binoculars, and any other small objects you want on deck, is useful, and will save many trips to your state-room and prevent small articles from being lost on deck.

Take both light and heavy clothing—a fast liner nowadays runs in the course of a day into a great many kinds of climate. Westbound for New York a steamer passes rapidly out of cold weather into the Gulf Stream with its hot weather, and back into cold weather again.

Before sailing, it is just as well for a man not to take too many farewell dinners, and not to start out "with a head on him." One of the worst cases of seasickness I ever saw was accumulated by a man who had never been seasick before, and had sailed all over the world. But he was sailing from Honolulu, and the day before had been to a farewell *luau*, where he had eaten *poi* and raw fish, mixed with a great deal of frapped champagne. His friends came down to "see him off," and hung many floral leis about his neck. They also poured more champagne into his neck. As a result, the acute case of seasickness which he developed when the ship got underway alarmed even the ship's surgeon; the sufferer could scarcely lift his head from the pillow for three days.

As for a woman, if she has any tendency to seasickness she had better lie down in a deck-chair as soon as she gets aboard and get used to the motion in a recumbent position. This is excellent advice, but nobody ever follows it.

Seasickness is a much more complex malady than most people think. The nausea is purely a reflex symptom. Many ships' surgeons believe that seasickness is primarily a malady of the nerve-centres, caused partly by agitation of the optic nerves, resulting from the disturbance of ordinarily horizontal and perpendicular bodies; partly also through the mechanical disturbance of the human body itself. It is said that Queen Victoria was subject to nausea at her drawing-rooms from gazing at the continually swaying bodies before her; in her case the cause was purely visual. At sea, of course, the visual element is added to by the continual adjustment of the body—and the contained viscera—to the rocking, pitching, tossing, or rolling movements of the ship. A recumbent position minimizes this effect.

The food varies on the different lines. On the German lines it is coarse, but generally speaking good. It is entirely according to German taste, and stewed cherries, stewed prunes, stewed peaches, stewed apricots, and other cooked fruits are served with meats. Of course, they serve apple sauce with pork and goose as is done on the American and British boats, but they have some weird mixtures of their own, such as stewed beef and raisins.

The most disagreeable feature of the German dining-saloons is the martinet manner in which they serve the meals. They are in courses like a *table-d'hôte* dinner, but every course is served on the stroke of a bell. If roast beef is number five, you will have to wait for the fifth course before you can get any. The dinners are long and tedious in consequence. The experienced traveler who cares naught for the greasy soups and un-fresh fish can walk the deck, looking in occasionally to note the slow progress of the dinner, and when the meat courses are reached, he can enter and take his place in the procession.

The Cunard is a good line, but not famous for its table. In fact, the Cunard people seem to look on feeding their passengers as a secondary matter. I have cracked open eggs on Cunard boats that smelled to heaven. At sea I always expect the fish to be bad, but the meats ought to be eatable. The Cunard meats at times overtop in odor the fish of other lines.

The French boats serve meals in the French fashion, with wine for luncheon and dinner. I am told the table is fair. I have never traveled on the French boats.

The White Star Line has always been famous for its table. It is in the plain English style, which personally I greatly prefer at sea. On the White Star menu there are always chops, steaks, sirloins of beef, legs, saddles, and hanches of mutton, and the usual variety of oleaginous dishes which so many people seem to like at sea. The fish is also in English style—boiled cod with oyster sauce, haddock with white sauce, boiled turbot garnished with snails. The bill is eminently British, as you can see, but still good. The sweets on the White Star cuisine include custard pudding, bread pudding, and Rusk pudding, with ice cream for the American palate.

I never eat fish at sea. Cold storage is all very well, but sometimes they keep fish at sea for more than one voyage, I fear. Then when it is taken out of cold storage and cooked, what happens to it is what happened to M. Valdemar. He was hypnotized in articulo mortis, and then suddenly brought to. What happened

to him? Well, never mind. It is what happens to much cold-storage fish.

Yet many people seem indifferent to the character of their food at sea. It is strange. They pay about twenty dollars a day, of which about seven dollars is for food. By the indifferent passengers I do not mean those who pay seven dollars a day for food which they do not eat at all. I refer to those who eat a great deal of food, regardless of its nature or its age. From the remarkable character of the bills-of-fare at sea, the oleaginous entrees, the dark-brown ragouts, the mysterious stews, the hair-oil ices, and pomade puddings, I have sometimes thought that the chefs must be humorists. From their selections, it would almost seem as if they were striving to concoct the compounds which would work the most havoc with weak stomachs and semi-seasick passengers. Look at the average steamer bill-of-fare—here are some sample delicacies: Pork cutlets and apple sauce; curried mutton; multi-gatawney soup; stewed tripe, Spanish style; pig's jowl with greens; corned beef and cabbage; beefsteak and kidney pie; jugged hare and stewed rabbit—two animals tabooed by Jews and Mohammedans, and eschewed by wise men generally. Think of the odoriferous dishes—Finnan haddock which you can smell a mile off; salt mackerel; also rump steak and fried onions, another fragrant dish. Then consider the little kick-shaws, such as filleted herring, bloater roast, pickled oysters, chow-chow, piccalilli, anchovy paste, deviled sardines, potted shrimps, and lobster salad. Any one of these is enough to make a stout stomach ashore work hard; fancy a weak one at sea.

On a certain voyage there sat, across the table from us, a pleasant English lady. I noted her daring experiments with admiration mixed with terror. On the bill the English chef gave us such American delicacies as blue fish, pompano, and red-snapper. I am extremely fond of all three, but not so far from their native waters; I have already explained that I do not care for fish as it is being carried around the globe in various stages of decomposition. But the English lady had a magnificent digestion, and she even tackled our American buckwheat cakes for breakfast—for they are found on several of the liners' lists. She ate potted shrimps; she ate deviled lobster; she ate duck, grouse, and snipe that had died in the dim past; she ate bloater-paste; she ate apple dumplings, strawberry jam, raspberry jam, gooseberry jam, Stilton, Cheshire, Cheddar, and Gorgonzola cheese. But on the fourth day out she ate some Welsh rarebit. Then, even her sturdy stomach gave way. The English lady collapsed. I think she ascribed it to a north-easterly gale that kicked up a slight sea. But I knew better.

When she reappeared at table she had an appetite, but nothing like her old one. Some of the glutinous and oleaginous dishes she passed unheeded by. One day she refused frankfurter sausage and sauerkraut. A wan smile flitted over the face of the pale cadaverous-looking young man who sat next to her and who lived principally on tea and toast. For him the rich, succulent, porcine parts of the bill-of-fare had no charms; to paraphrase Wordsworth:

"A sausage by the dish's rim  
A bloated sausage was to him  
And it was nothing more."

Apropos of the pale young Englishman with his tea and toast, it is remarkable how universal is the tea-habit among the English. In England, it is drunk by old women of all ranks, from laundresses to peeresses; by Girton girls and senior wranglers; by pallid students and robust athletes. Out of England the English drink it all over the globe, from India's coral strand to Our Lady of the Snows. They drink it at all hours of the day; they drink it for breakfast and drink it before dinner. Considering the marked English taste for tea it is really surprising that their brew should be so bad. Tea as served in England and on English ships tastes as if it had been boiled for hours. Without milk, it is about the color of claret; however, it contains more tannin. When this hydrate of tannin is served to you without the milk, and you add milk, the tannin instantly turns it into a kind of curd and whey.

Lest any English subject should feel aggrieved at this condemnation of his national beverage, I hasten to assure him that the railway station tea in the United States is just as bad, and that the tea on the German steamers is worse than that on the English ones. No non-Teutonic stomach can swallow the German brew and live.

Even in America I have been where hostesses in handsome mansions, with richly gowned guests around them, with delicate and beautiful tea-services and Russian "samovars," would, when a new guest arrived, calmly remark: "Wait a moment—I'll fill the tea-pot up again." This dreadful thing she would do, and give the resultant concoction to her innocent guest. Every individual tea-leaf at the bottom of the tea-pot had already yielded up its theine, and become a sodden mass of tannin and vegetable fibre. Such an act is a high crime and misdemeanor. If American women of wealth, who say they are fond of tea, don't know as much about making it as a cheap Chinese coolie, probably English and German ship stewards are scarcely to be blamed.

AT SEA, April 30, 1904.

In 1903, two million bunches of bananas were exported from Honduras to the United States.

## OLD FAVORITES.

GALVESTON, TEX., May 2, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You will greatly favor an old subscriber by republishing in "Old Favorites" department a poem entitled "Hurrah for the Next that Dies," and giving some account of its authorship.

Yours very truly,

S. O. HOWES.

### An Indian Revelry.

(Henry T. Coates, in the "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry" says: "This remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed, in the *St. Helena Magazine*, and was afterward copied in the *London Spectator* and other journals.")

We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,  
And the walls around are bare;  
As they shout back our peals of laughter  
It seems that the dead are there.  
Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
We drink in our comrades' eyes;  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,  
Not here is the vintage sweet;  
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,  
And dark as the doom we meet.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
And soon shall our pulses rise;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,  
And many a cbeek that's sunk;  
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,  
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.  
Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis here the revival lies;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laugh'd at others;  
We thought we were wiser then;  
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,  
Who hope to see them again.  
No! stand to your glasses, steady!  
The thoughtless is here the wise;  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,  
Not a tear for the friends that sink;  
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,  
As mute as the wine we drink.  
Come stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis this that the respite buys;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,  
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;  
And thus does the warmth of feeling  
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
For a moment the vapor flies;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
Who shrinks from the sable shore,  
Where the high and haughty yearning  
Of the soul can sting no more?  
No, stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis the world is a world of lies;  
A cup to the dead already—  
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,  
Betray'd by the land we find,  
When the brightest have gone before us,  
And the dullest are most behind—  
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis all we have left to prize;  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

—Bartholomew Dowling.

### Written on the Night of His Suicide.

[An exigent reader, who lives in New York, pastes on a postcard a passage clipped from a recent article in the *Argonaut*, where we said: "No verse of his [Still's] will live longer than Richard Realf's poem that begins: 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum.' Our reader asks with brevity and point: "Why don't you print this?" It is a pleasure to comply.]

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When

For me this end has come and I am dead,  
And the little voluble, chattering daws of men

Peck at me curiously, let it then be said

By some one brave enough to speak the truth:

Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.

Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth

To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,

And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,

He wrought for liberty, till his own wound

(He had been stabbed), concealed with powerful art

Through wasting years, mastered him, and he

swooned,

And sank there where you see him lying now

With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed

World's honors and world's plaudits, and the wage

Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed

Daily by those high angels who assuage

The thirstings of the poets—for he was

Born unto singing, and a burthen lay

Mightily on him, and he moaned because

He could not rightly utter to the day

What God taught in the night. Sometimes, natless,

Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,

And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;

And benedictions from black pits of shame,

And little children's love, and old men's prayers,

And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred

With big films—silence! he is in his grave.

Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;

Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.

Nor did he wait till Freedom had become

The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;

He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb

And all his arching skies were in eclipse.

He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,

And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed

To see the august broadening of the light

And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.

He loved his fellows and his love was sweet—

Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

—Richard Realf.



## A WORLD WITHOUT A WOMAN.

The Sacrifice of Anselmo.

"*Laudate dominum*" arose in deep-voiced chant from the chapel; "*dominum*" reverberated in widening circles throughout the shadow-hung valley.

The broad acres that rolled into the sea, the rising hills that formed a natural buttress against the rough winds, the red-tiled mission buildings, with their long, low corridors and smiling gardens, sank, with the vesper chant, into the night's repose.

The heavy footstep of the patrolling lay-brother, the soft-shod shuffle of the last departing neophyte, soon died away. Anselmo was, at last, alone. The world was his. The murmur of the distant ocean grew distinct with an appealing plaintiveness as other sounds subsided, bringing with it memories of the world beyond the blue water.

Anselmo's vigil wore into a reverie. The alarm of an uprising among the Indians was, he told himself, only a rumor. Since the last outbreak among the hostile tribes, the civilized ones had seemed to realize the need of the mission's protection, and recruits had been coming, almost daily, into their fold. This strengthening of their numbers made their safety from the forest tribes surer. It also insured the padres' ability to cultivate a more extensive acreage of land. In the alchemy of his imagination, the mission vineyards spread out to the farthest confines of the valley, the mission flocks covered every hillside, and the possibility of a stealthy onslaught from the Indians faded out of the prospect.

And after getting more flocks, more land tilled, and still more flocks and land each year, what was still beyond to hope for? There was but one answer. He was a priest. After every hard-working day came the peaceful night; some day, after a life of hardship, the eternal night would come, and a new cross on the hillside would bear the name "Anselmo."

But the insistent murmur of the ocean arose above the minor strain of his thoughts. The *Miserere* he fell to humming ran off, somehow, into *arpeggio* effects, and, at last, tripped willfully into a gay little long-forgotten *danza*. A pale young moon came riding softly through the sky, throwing shadows on the flagstones and picking out the dark corners of the garden. The rugged oak, that stood like a sentinel at the porter's gate, beamed silver-white in the witchery of its light, and the clinging vine that crept up to its outstretched arms flung out its waving tendrils in swaying rhythm with—not the *Miserere*, but the gay little trala-la of the world beyond the ocean. With eyes closed against the boundless wastes of this new world, the random bars slipped into their words—words that fitted the melting air—and the rustling of the straggling shrubs that brushed the folds of his soutane came with the soft swish that told of a tripping footstep. Then high up in the branches above him the note of a night bird pierced the stillness. Just one drowsy little call, but somewhere from among the vines an answer came, the answer from the constant mate that told he was near, and that in all the wide bird-world they two belonged to each other.

Anselmo was a priest. The world, the flesh, and the devil were the forces against which he fought. The growth of the church in this new world was the glorious field to which he had given the strength of his life. But he was young. Under the coarse long garments his skin was white and soft from generations of ease-loving ancestors, and under the heavy cowl his hair crisped and curled with the grace of the *gente de razon*.

When the body is worn with ceaseless activity for the care of the helpless and ignorant, the mind, in dutiful unison, both directs and follows. But the duties once over, the passions clamor for their sway; and Anselmo, thinking he was still repeating his *Miserere*, went answering with heart and soul this drowsy call—this call of an answering soul somewhere that spoke to a hungry heart.

Hour after hour the padre sat in the shadow-wrapped corridor. No unusual sound disturbed his reverie, no singing twang of an arrow for which the ears of the mission fathers were ever on the alert, no signal call from scout to *tyee*. And when the first faint streak of dawn lit up the east, it was with a final "*Miserere mei*" that the priest ended his vigil, only half conscious of the undercurrent that had formed the substance of his meditation.

When the superior was told of the peaceful night and assured that there had been no scouting redskins on the scene, he praised the saints, but with a mental reservation to the effect that if their intervention should not prove all-sufficient, he knew of a magazine of gunpowder that would.

But mooning all night in a rose-embowered garden is not a wholesome practice for an untried young priest. The next time his services were required for sentry duty his thoughts strayed still farther away from the threatened Indian uprising. Fortunately, however, for the whites, the Indians from San Francisco to San Diego were divided into numberless tribes, always in a state of hostility toward each other. Each *rancheria* held grudges against every other *rancheria* for the theft of cattle, the usurpation of fishing preserves, or the killing of some marked quarry. Thus, because of their constant internecine strife, they had never learned to

unite for a common object, and knew nothing of the strength of union. Not until brought under the mission discipline, and made to live in peace with their neighbors, did they begin to realize the power of a united force. Gradually the value of combination grew upon some of the older chiefs. Among the neophytes of La Purisima and San Buenaventura, an imperfect, but widespread, conspiracy was formed, their purpose being to kill off all the *gentes de razons*, and thus free themselves forever from further foreign invasion. Vague rumors of a war on the Atlantic Coast had reached them half a score of years before, and an impression that this remnant of the pale-face tribe might easily be wiped out gave them courage to try to nip their intrusion in the bud.

So, while old Padre Arillo, knowing the redskin heart from a life-time's service to him, realized the need of constant vigilance within the mission fold, Anselmo dreamed dreams in the garden. The neophytes rose early, worked hard, were well sheltered and well fed. The younger ones sang lusty *Aves* at the mass, and crossed their hearts with holy water when it was over.

So, while the roses rioted over the garden walls, the honeysuckles flung their heavy fragrance upon the ambient air, the sentinel-priest sang his *Miserere* to a *danza* tune, a fleet-footed red courier was stealing from mission to mission, leaving in each place the bunch of arrows that meant war. Nevertheless, whether Anselmo mounted guard at night or rested from the duties of his arduous day, the call that had thrilled him from the treetops reverberated throughout his being. There was a drowsy, half-awakened call to something he had never had to reckon with before; but once aroused, it rose and elamored for recognition till everything else went down before it, till in the moonlit garden there came the soft, insistent consciousness of the emptiness of his life, the hunger of his heart, the incompleteness of his being—for what?

The austerities of his religion had taught him to subjugate the flesh by fast and flagellation, but these material means could not reach a quality made present only by its absence. When the running ivy entangled itself in his passing robe and left its trailing echo on the flags, he bent to disengage himself, and thought of the sturdy oak that held out his protecting arms to the tender little vine. His pulses beat quicker as he dwelt on the sweet sympathy in the relation: strength for softness, love for protection—and the desolation of his own unanswered call smote with a heavy hand upon him.

The prayers in his breviary did not cover his need. A call from the depth of a lonely heart for an answering sympathy was nowhere mentioned. Heavy footsteps, deep voices, rugged faces, filled the corridors and refectory. Nowhere was that airy step, the light voice, the gentle presence, for which man, in his maturity, stops and listens.

The image of the holy Virgin beamed upon him with an understanding sympathy as he intoned the mass. Why, oh, why, in this world without a woman, should they enshrine this emblem of holy love from which the earthly element could not be separated?

In a graceful sweep her white garment fell about her feet, the soft folds of her blue mantle fell lightly over her breast. Her countenance beamed pale and lovely above the flickering tapers, and when the clear treble of the organ ran out in a glad "Excelsis," it was as if this woman-soul had spoken.

One evening after the service of the *Rosario*, Anselmo waited long. "*Beate Maria, semper Virgine*," he whispered almost audibly. With a sudden gust of wind that sent the tapers flaring, the sad, sweet eyes seemed to bend toward him, and for an instant, in this transforming light, she almost seemed to live—a woman. And when, later, he made his *novena*, it was his heart, not his soul, that cried to the pale brow, the dainty hands, the rippling hair, through his *Aves*. The choicest flowers from the garden were brought to her shrine; roses for her lips, violets for her eyes, labrumun branches to rival the sheen of her hair; and as he gathered them it was with the ardor of one who does a sweet, forbidden thing. The twilight hour brought a certain moment when a faint, opalescent light shone on the side altar where the Virgin stood. A soft glow lit up the pale countenance and gave the cold marble a tender flesh tint. That moment never failed to find Anselmo deep in his devotions.

And when, on succeeding sentry-nights, Anselmo dreamed in the moonlit garden, the call of the night-bird turned his thoughts to the white-robed figure, the gentle eyes, and pale countenance of the woman in her cold, high little niche. "*Deus Omnipotens!*" he cried—"in a niche!" Springing to his feet, throwing back his powerful shoulders, flinging his arms high above his head, the core and fibre of his being cried out for this wonderful wholeness of life that he had missed. Standing under the wide, silent heavens, hearing again the elusive call, he waited, desolate. Into the teeming universe he sent his cry. The wind rose with a low sigh, the waters of the ocean echoed a plaintive moan, and his cry returned to him void.

Into the cold gray dawn of the morning, arms claspings empty air, he knelt upon the flagstones, but the "*Miserere mei*" that burst from his lips was for the need of his heart, not his soul.

Meanwhile, the red courier had done his work. The plan of the insurrectionists was to rise at different points at the same time, Sunday at the hour of mass,

and begin their bloody work when soldiers and missionaries alike would be collected in the churches.

Accordingly, when the horde of armed and painted savages, unable to restrain their lust for blood, burst upon the mission, the advantage was all on their side. The little band had just made their supplication, "*Salutare tuum da nobis*," when a roar as of some infuriated beast smote upon their startled ears.

The savages, in their painted skins, seemed to stir the rank blood in the civilized Indians. Among the hostile ranks the padres saw the men they had trusted and relied upon—the men they had labored with in quelling the wild instinct and trying to awaken a spark of smoldering intelligence.

The armory and magazine of gunpowder, known only to the house servants, was given over to the hands of the despoilers by a favorite neophyte, a young fellow who had been raised on the mission lands, and been entrusted with the management of the refectory. The efforts of the soldiers and padres did not avail against such numbers, even to spare the spilling of blood in the sanctuary. Padre Arillo, springing between the ringleader and the high altar, was struck down and trampled on by the savage onslaught. Then Anselmo's voice arose, strong and commanding, cannonading orders and commands in their own tongue. The Indians, for a moment, wavered. Still in their own vernacular he ordered them back. His eyes, fierce with determination, seeming to cover the whole brutal mob. Slowly, reluctantly, but quelled by his dominating spirit, they fell back.

But it was only to resort to their barbarous methods of burning. The chapel doors had no sooner been barricaded against them than fires at different points broke out. From the storehouses to the dormitories the energies of the soldiers, now organized into fire-fighting brigades, were directed, when suddenly Anselmo, priest, soldier, captain, saw a thin blue column of smoke ascending from the chapel belfry.

"To the chapel!" he commanded, counting nothing else of value, and to the chapel they turned their forces.

The barricading bars had expanded by the heat, and the locks refused to move. Seizing a pike, Anselmo, his limbs divested of their trammeling robes, forced in a window. Clouds of smoke burst forth from where, moments before, a soft haze of incense had ascended, as the draught swept through the nave of the building, fanning the smoldering embers into flames.

The soldiers from the barracks, who by the time the burning began had reached the spot, now turned their fire upon the redskins. Having no idea of military discipline, they were soon overpowered, although numbering many times the small squad of soldiers. Thus temporarily relieved of the sterner duty of reckoning with the savages, all hands fell to work to save the beautiful Santa Inez Chapel, the pride of the whole mission.

But whatever the Indian methods of warfare may lack in disciplined concert of action is more than counterbalanced by his low cunning strategy. Not one, but many fires, it was found, had been kindled against the walls, which, although of sun-baked adobe and slow to ignite, were now falling in upon their framework foundations.

Seeing the futility of their efforts, the soldiers drew back. But Anselmo, one thought in his mind, pushed on. With the tearing off of his holy vestments, the struggle with the savage forces, something in his own nature arose and struck for freedom. His years of ecclesiastical training fell away with his priestly robes. It was the man Di Corilleraz, not the priest Anselmo, who sprang into the flames.

Down at the left of the high altar stood the white-robed figure in its niche. Without asking himself why he should save it, why this insensate image must be rescued from the fire, he fought his way through the smoke and flames. The niche in which it stood, being out of the range of the draught, was as yet untouched. The flames that swept the centre of the building threw their lurid light upon the white draperies, the soft blue mantle, while the pale brow bent above him, serene as on those peaceful twilight vigils.

Clearing the track of the flames into a temporary safety, the man stretched out his arms to save her. Again, in the flickering light, she seemed to bend toward him. The next moment, with a sudden lurch, the belfrey toppled, wavered, crashed down upon the roof. With the shock the heavy marble image came crashing down upon the figure underneath.

When at last the fire, having burned away all that was wooden in the structure, was exhausted from lack of material, the charred and blackened side-walls still remained. And when, after the zealous efforts of the mission and civil authorities, the insurrection was quelled and the buildings rebuilt, all traces of the burning were obliterated.

But one of the reminders of the disaster is the very much restored image of the Virgin that stands in its high niche. The arms and folds of the draperies show where they were broken in their fall, and a new diadem covers the necks in her hair. The pale brow, however, is still serene, and when at a certain twilight moment a soft glow steals upon the side altar, her sad eyes seem to bend downward—down to the crypt that holds the relics of Anselmo, as the last departing rays picks out his "*Requiescat in pace*."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1904.



## AMONG THE POOR IN TOKIO.

Sacrifice of Children—Relief Work for Soldiers' Families—Many Societies Formed—Incidents of a Day's Visits—A Brave, Contented Old Soldier.

"The theatre is my great dislike," said Ustuyama, "where the *musumi* kill themselves, and the Papa San kills the Baby San because he must go to war. I do not like."

I was grieved, for I had taken him there as a great treat; but the scene he spoke of burned itself into my memory, too. The soldier was about to start out on a desperate mission for his lord. The women had bravely said good-by, but the little son followed his father to the gate, crying, and pulling at his gown. Twice, three times, the man tried to get away, but his heart grew soft within him; and fearing that he should give way altogether, he drew his sword and stabbed to the heart his child, the one thing standing in the way of his mission. He lifted the limp little body, carried it back, and laid it at the mother's feet. Then, while the women gathered around weeping, he slipped away unnoticed, stood a moment in deep thought at the garden gate, then shook himself together, and without looking back strode away down the "flower path," amid the plaudits of the audience.

We drew deep breaths, then remembered that that happened in old Japan, and that they wouldn't do such things now. They would, however—and they have. New Japan seems to be only a thin veneer over old Japan.

In the first days of the war, a poor man living near here was called out. There were many dependent upon him, and homes were provided by relatives for all but one, a small girl, whom none of them would accept. The night before he joined his company the father cut this daughter's throat, and entered the barracks the next morning, the authorities having full knowledge of what he had done. It was considered that he had sacrificed his child for his country. The relatives were brought before the magistrates and reprimanded only.

Down in Yokohama a man was forced to leave his two helpless little ones. He was on bad terms with his family, and they refused to care for the children. He strangled both boys the night before leaving, and he, too, joined his company. But the hard-hearted relatives were imprisoned for a year, I heard.

A friend of mine, who understands Japanese perfectly, heard two Japanese talking before a shop.

"Yes," said one, "Také has gone, and left his wife on our hands."

"Divorce her from him," said the practical friend, "then her parents must care for her."

So it is to be seen that all Japanese families are not generous.

As the soldiers earn but four *sen* a day, their families try, when they are within reach, to supply them with little luxuries. To take the place of families who can not or will not look after their boys, thousands of women are working constantly, and there is an especial fund to provide comforts for soldiers at the front or in the barracks all over the land.

At first a feeling of blank despair seemed to come over those who were left behind. One sick old woman drowned herself and her two grandchildren when her son left. If they had only waited, people said sorrowfully, provision would have been made for them.

The people of each district in Tokio, and probably in all other Japanese cities, too, send in monthly such sums as they can afford to an office opened for that purpose. This money is distributed among the needy by the police, or others appointed.

There is the Imperial Relief Fund, which has swollen to great proportions, and our own Perry Memorial Fund, started by Bishop McKim, of Tokio. An English friend of mine has been made a district visitor for the "Women's Patriotic Association for the Comfort and Support of Soldiers' Families."

I wanted to see how this money was used, what the families needed, and how they lived. So I accompanied my friend on her rounds. In the first place, the only room we saw was littered up with many garments. The baby was asleep. There was a shrine on a shelf, a glass bottle containing a big bunch of yellow flowers, and the photograph of a young soldier was near by. The baby was a lusty little mite, three weeks old, but the mother looked somewhat frail. She said that she had taken advantage of the arrangement whereby soldiers' wives are cared for at the hospitals, and that she had been home a week. When we expressed surprise at her short stay, her eyes grew big, and she said: "Oh, but there are many, and they can not keep any of us long."

This young woman also has a daughter eight years old, and lives with her father-in-law, who earns nine *yen* a month as a messenger. Four and a half dollars is not much with which to feed and clothe four people, and pay the rent of two *yen* fifty *sen* per month.

"The baby's name is Tai Teli, Great First Son; his father was a fifth son."

"Does he know?" we asked.

A soft smile came to the mother's face. "I have had a letter from Corea in answer," she said.

We rejoiced that one soldier went into battle with that load off his heart, and knowing that a healthy little infant was there to flourish in his stead should he

The association sent two *yen*, the present made to all new babies, and fifty *sen* for the mother, while we also took presents for the child, and promise of work when the mother was stronger—for it is an unwritten law in Japan that even the poorest mother shall do no work for thirty days after the birth of a child. This mother begged us to have tea, but we hurried away down more muddy streets, and down a narrow way by a stream.

Willows hung over it, and bamboo poles covered with little garments of all colors out to dry stretched across it. A woman was washing by the bank, the baby on her back an interested spectator of her labors.

"Here it is," said Mrs. P—. "Isn't it picturesque?"

In the little room off the street stood two strange weaving machines, and perched high on them, in a bewildering tangle of cords, bobbins, and shuttles, sat two boys making the silk cord and tassels that all the Japanese use to fasten their *haori*.

Mrs. P— had brought so many orders from her friends that she took no money to this house.

The mother was the spokeswoman as we sat on the little veranda and picked out shades of silk. She said she had eight children, four boys and four girls. One boy was blind. The eldest son, the main support of the family, earned thirty *sen* a day making cords. Two younger boys earned eight *sen* a day at the same work. Two grown daughters, with faces like those of the women painted by Bastien le Page, had married soldiers who had gone to the front. One of the daughters was childless, but the other had two of the most beautiful boys I have seen in Japan. Two daughters pick tobacco all day, while the father earns ten *sen* a day making wooden *geto*. The whole family earns about seventy *sen* a day, out of which eleven people must be clothed, fed, and housed. Yet there was no visible poverty, they asked for nothing, made no complaints. They had received from the police three *yen* sixty *sen*, and some rice that month.

They all bowed together when we left, asking us to come again, and we vowed that we would, wondering on our way down the path by the stream what we could do with the number of cords and tassels necessary to make excises for further visits.

"To what class would you say those people belonged?"

"To the lowest," said our little Japanese attendant.

The lowest class! Those gentle, courteous people! What would they say to the lowest class of our vaunted civilization?

In another little alley we found a very dirty little house, and a poor and dirty old deaf woman sadly mending her clothing. A young baby was asleep on the floor. It is the time of the boys' festival, when from well to do houses mammoth paper carp float and tug from high bamboo poles. Even this baby had its carp. A very poor little pink paper one, fastened to a tiny bamboo pole, hung over its head. The emblem was the same, however, the fish which fights against odds and forces its way up stream. It is an example all Japanese are enjoined to follow. There was something about the sturdy set of this baby's head that gave promise that it, too, would follow the carp against the currents of life.

The baby's mother looked far from strong. She earns seventeen *sen* a day preparing cotton for the wounded. The old woman's niece lives there, too, and earns thirty *sen* a day working in an arsenal.

"We are going to this place," said Mrs. P—, "because we want to. It is not on our list."

From a small, a very small shop, with a few cakes and candies, loaves of bread, and eggs for sale, a smiling, sturdy old woman hurried out to meet us. In a room beyond, hardly visible from the street, her old husband lay on *futons*. He has been paralyzed for eleven years, but nevertheless is the ruler of the family. Sure that war would come, he has kept his eldest son unmarried, that he might be ready when the time came to give his life for his emperor, untrammelled by any ties. The younger son earns twelve *yen* a month, which is considered sufficient for their support. Every night he studies in a room furnished with a desk and an amazing quantity of books.

"You were a soldier, too, were you not?" I asked from my lowly seat without. "What war was it?"

"The civil war," answered the old man.

"Oh," I said, "did you fight for the Tokugawa or the emperor?"

The old wife smiled, proudly. "For the emperor," she said.

The old soldier brightened, and said something to her. She took an ancient little satchel out of the cupboard, and found among the papers a precious document. It was a reward of merit for bravery, carrying with it a bounty of two *koku* of rice.

"Two *koku* of rice," said the wife, "with us is enough to feed three grown men for two years. Rice was given then as medals are given now."

The old man seemed to have withdrawn into the past. He had fought his good fight, and was sure the son he had trained would fight his. He looked blissfully content.

HELEN HYDE.

TOKIO, May 18, 1904.

During the tour of members of Parliament in France, at the famous Château LaFitte, there were brought forth "vintages not offered to mortal palate twice in a generation." The British guests called for whisky.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The *Argonaut* erred in stating recently that the name of the new minister of the Netherlands to the United States is Jonkheer Van Swinderen. It is in fact Jonkheer Reneke de Marees Van Swinderen.

Captain William Clark, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, New York Fire Department, will head the list of heroes to receive the benefits of the Carnegie fund. His last rescue was that of Robert Hyndman from the fifth story of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. Hyndman, a violently insane patient, had climbed to the roof of the burning building, and the police and attendants were unable to get him. He threatened the life of his pursuer. Captain Clark caught him and brought him down.

The result of the fourth competition promoted by Eduardo Sonzogno, music editor and proprietor of *Il Secolo*, for the production of a new opera, has been announced. The award, together with Signor Sonzogno's prize of fifty thousand lire, was given to M. Dupont, of Paris, for the opera, "La Cabrera." Two hundred and thirty-eight operas were submitted, from which a jury of eight prominent musicians selected three for the final competition. It was the second of these competitions that Mascagni won with "Cavalleria Rusticana" the first prize, which was then three thousand lire.

It is again reported that the divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse (Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha) is engaged to Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, who was on the ill-starred *Petropavlovsk* when she met disaster. Rumors have been circulated several times within a year ascribing matrimonial intentions to Grand Duke Cyril, but it is now said that Emperor Nicholas, who hitherto has opposed the alliance, has given his consent because of Grand Duke Cyril's narrow escape from death at the time of the sinking of the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* off Port Arthur, which also affected the Grand Duchess of Hesse more favorably toward his suit.

It was recently rumored that Eugene F. Ware, Pension Commissioner and humorous poet, had tendered his resignation. The Chicago *Tribune* wired him: "Won't Ironquill please write for the *Tribune* a poem on the resignation of Pension Commissioner Ware and the troubles of the Pension Department?" And this was the reply the *Tribune* got: "I have received your telegram. First—The public looks with disfavor on the act of the newspapers who hand in my resignation every day. I insist that I shall not be resigned oftener than once a week. Second—Your allusions to my youthful indiscretions under guise of asking for a poem are treated with impertinent silence. Third—There are no troubles in the Pension Bureau. It is a fountain of pellucid, squirtiferous joy. Fourth—I shall stay in the Pension Office until pardoned out of it."

Here is a remarkable description from the Washington correspondent of the *Times* of the personality of John Hay, our great Secretary of State: "A short man, extraordinarily punctilious in dress, with an attentively combed beard, a pleasant voice, an attractive face, and a voice of singular precision and sibilance; a man of aristocratic tastes and ways and democratic manners and language; a man who uses slang in private conversation, and wields the English language like a musical instrument in his public utterances, and who always wears evening dress in his own house after six o'clock—that is the outward man of the Secretary of State. The impression is abroad that Hay is an aristocrat. In his tastes he is, but not in his manners. He is democratic, confidential, though always dignified. He sometimes, when talking to one he can trust, discusses great international questions in pungent idioms and with a Yankee rough-and-readiness that is proof positive of his authorship of 'Pike County Ballads.' He is sensitive to criticism; there is no man in public life more sensitive."

Paris has a worthy successor to Mme. Humbert. Her name is Comtesse de Chatillon, and her accomplice is the Marquis de Massa Malaspina, now undergoing trial on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses. Until 1902, all went well with the Comtesse de Chatillon. Without any visible means of subsistence, she lived luxuriously in the best hotels of the capital; her carriage was one of the smartest in the Bois de Boulogne; her toilets were of the most elegant description; her scale of living was at the rate of forty thousand dollars a year; she posed as an author, but no one has seen her books. Nobody suspected she was only the daughter of a Lyons grocer until she rashly undertook to defend her claim upon the estate of M. Monthiers for the sum of one hundred and forty thousand francs. Then it appeared that on the kaleidoscopic background of her life, there are scenes in Turkey, a harem and jewels, and a Turkish functionary of high standing; then a hurried elopement with a hundred thousand francs' worth of stolen jewels, an arrest at Vienna, and the forced return of Selim Pasha to his mother's roof, an alleged Russian husband, and the final establishment of the Comtesse de Catillon at the Grand Hotel in Paris. It is certain that the case now being tried will drag into the daylight an extraordinary tissue of unscrupulous devices on the part of the fair countess for raising money.



## ODD PHASES OF STANLEY'S LIFE.

His Great Quarrel with the "Sun"—An Unpublished Satiric Poem—  
His Three Love-Affairs—A Bridegroom by Proxy—A Bad  
Attack of Stage Fright.

The long and thrilling story of Stanley's explorations in Central Africa is written in his many books. It is history, and need not again be detailed. But there are phases of Stanley's life less familiar—less important, perhaps; his love-affairs, his great quarrel with the *Sun*; his marriage. These, with anecdotes now told of him by friends of his younger days, fill out and complete the picture given by his books of a great explorer and a great man.

Who would have supposed that Stanley Africanus ever composed (though he did not publish) a satiric poem in the vein of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," launched at the devoted head of Charles A. Dana? Yet such, according to one of his old friends on the *Herald*, was the case. When Stanley came back from finding Livingstone, amid the acclaiming chorus of the civilized world, but a single bitter, persistent note of dissent was raised. It came from the New York *Sun*, at that time a four-page paper, conducted by Charles A. Dana. Regarding this attack the *Herald* writer says:

Somewhere in the wilds of Long Island the astute city editor of the paper, Amos J. Cummings, had discovered another preposterous Livingstone in the person of a young man named Lewis Noe. To him many expeditions were sent, and at an initial cost of ten dollars, it is stated, the standard of attack upon Henry M. Stanley was raised. The story told by the somewhat weak-minded youth was intended to be highly disparaging to Mr. Stanley. It recounted the youth's experiences in Asia Minor during the year 1866, when Stanley, with one other companion, engaged in an expedition to the lands of Central Asia.

Briefly told, Noe's complaint was one of ill treatment at Stanley's hands. Stanley had beaten him. Turks had captured the expedition and robbed them, and they returned to Constantinople penniless and in rags, abandoning the journey. A portrait of Stanley was drawn as that of a tyrant and desperado. The idea was artistically conveyed that, though such a man might penetrate a wilderness and achieve remarkable results, he was also capable of any great crime fancy could picture, and that a wholesale deception of his employer and the rest of the world would come very easy to him. Stanley, upon being notified by cable of the nature of the attack, told how young Noe had set fire to a wood in the neighborhood of Broussa and so brought down upon the others the vengeance of the Turks in the neighborhood. For this, and before their capture by the Turks, Stanley had given young Noe a switching, and this it was that rankled in the young man's mind.

The *Sun*, however, was not satisfied to let matters rest. Upon the publication of the facsimile of a now famous letter written to James Gordon Bennett by David Livingstone, from Ujiji, the *Sun* obtained a couple of specimens of Stanley's handwriting from Noe, and reproduced them in its columns, declaring that the handwriting of the Stanley letters was identical with that of the letter from Livingstone. On this ground, and pointing out what it called the "Americanisms" of the Livingstone letter, the *Sun* declared the latter to be an unblushing forgery. The *Herald* writer continues:

This clever, if questionable piece of journalism, caused a new sensation, and for a time at least seemed to put Stanley on the defensive. The *Sun* followed up the work of the city department by editorially declaring that the Noe facsimiles disposed of "the boldest and most reckless impostor who ever traded in human confidence and rashly attempted to deceive the whole world," further on denouncing Stanley's great feat as "the most gigantic hoax ever attempted on the credulity of man."

It may be imagined that the *Herald* was not slow to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down. Evidences innumerable of the authenticity of the Livingstone letters were found.

Nevertheless, the sting of the *Sun's* persistent attacks upon Stanley rankled in him deeply. Contradiction and refutation did not suffice to silence the *Sun*. To his mind, Mr. Dana became the embodiment of malice and all that is knowingly evil:

"Where they knew Livingstone," he would say, passionately, "and wherever I am known, no suspicion of my honesty or my manhood has ever risen, but here in this land, which surely shares any honor I have won in this toilsome business, this *Sun* scorpion arises to sting me. A man like that has no right to live in a civilized community; he should be branded and driven out."

To these outbursts the most soothing reasoning was applied by those who heard them. Amos Cummings was described to him as a persistent joker. Mr. Dana, he was told, was a subtle tormentor. People only laughed at it, and so on. But Stanley would not be comforted. It was a crime if it could continue, and if it went much further something would be done, and Stanley looked dark and dangerous. When Stanley looked thus angered his face was not pleasant to see.

The date of his lecture series was approaching, and Stanley became more and more uneasy. He revivified his opening lecture. Every one he consulted had told him that what the public was looking for was a bright narrative of his journey. That narrative, himself, and his exhibition of souvenirs, would be the whole show. But this was not to be:

The sting of the *Sun's* attacks induced him to take another course. He would confound his enemies. He would show them by the internal evidence of his knowledge of Africa that he was no pretending adventurer. The man whom the Royal Geographical Society had approved should be worthy of his place in the scientific world of explorers. Accordingly, when the audience assembled in Steinway Hall on an evening early in December there was consternation among his friends when Stanley, advancing to the front of the platform, his strong jaws set and his eyes fixed in a half-glance, unfolded a portentous manuscript, and without preface began reading in a dull, even monotone, what sounded to be interminable strings of extraordinary names of places and persons in the regions he had traversed. It was dull beyond description.

For an hour and a half he rolled off period after period in

the same heavy tone, and when he ceased, the audience had been chilled to the marrow. Naturally the *Sun* took special rejoicing out of this. The fate of his lecture series was sealed. His second lecture drew merely a handful, and so it came about that this brilliant talker and lively man of the world, failed all but utterly in his first essay at that branch of public entertainment in which so many mediocrities manage to shine.

Again he blamed the *Sun* for all, and even went to the length of composing a long poem, written in the satiric vein of Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which you may depend upon it, the portrait of Charles A. Dana was drawn in very lurid colors. It was not good poetry, however, although its sweep of epithet would have satisfied a sailor, and after many a siege of reasoning with him, he was induced to forego an attempt at its publication.

It may be interesting to note that the *Sun*, on Stanley's death, eulogized him in an editorial of a column and a half as "the first explorer of his age."

Affairs of the heart did not play any conspicuous part in the life of the grim, stern man that Stanley was. Yet, hidden away, there were, it is said, several romances. Mrs. Finley Anderson, an intimate friend, says:

In his chambers in London hung the picture of a beautiful Greek girl. She was slender and wondrous fair, with the grace of the South in her limbs and the pomegranate bloom in her cheeks. It was when he met her that Stanley's boyish heart throbbed with enthusiasm, and his life was wreathed with dreams that were roscate. The thunders of war had sounded in his ears. He had returned from Abyssinia with honors. The chief of his journal had sent him to the beautiful clime of Crete. It was in Greece that he met the girl whose picture hung so long in his rooms. They loved each other, but the girl's parents objected to the "Englishman." She vowed to love him forever, and her letters followed him into Africa. But finally she was forced against her will into a marriage with another man.

As the years went by and the young man returned to Europe and America, he won another love, a woman as young and quite as fair as the Greek flower had been. She was an American, serious, kindly, deep-hearted, and beautiful. With her promises in his ears and his ring upon her hand, Stanley again plunged into Africa. For the sake of this girl he named his boat "The Lady Alice."

The thing of wood lasted well, but the lady's patience, worn out with waiting for a word that did not come from the African wilds, failed her, and she married another man. I believe that she died a few years ago. In England he heard of the marriage of his sweetheart, and the gloom of it spoiled the triumph of his mission.

Even Stanley's love which finally resulted in his marriage, was fraught with difficulties, it seems. On this point, a writer in the London *Telegraph* says:

Because he dyed his hair, Henry M. Stanley was once rejected by the woman who afterward became his wife.

Stanley met Miss Tennant with a party on the Duke of Westminster's yacht a few weeks before he started for Africa to rescue Emin Pasha, and was introduced to her by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Stanley was much impressed with Miss Tennant, and sought an occasion to continue his friendship, and a few days before he started for Africa, he proposed to her, and much to his surprise was rejected.

To the baroness and one or two other intimate friends, Stanley did not hesitate to denounce Miss Tennant's conduct in encouraging him to the point of proposal and then jilting him.

Stanley's hair was then dyed jet black, and Miss Tennant admitted that this had prejudiced her. While journeying from Brussels, after finding Emin Pasha in Africa, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts let Stanley know that another proposal might not be treated as had his first offer. He met Miss Tennant at the Victoria Station in London, and apparently proposed to her at once. This time his hair was white, the natural color, and the answer of Miss Tennant made Stanley a married man within a short time.

His marriage, however, was marked by a curious incident, told also by the *Telegraph*:

On the day of his wedding to Miss Dorothy Tennant, fourteen years ago, Stanley suffered an attack of malarial fever, the crisis coming on just as the married pair were about to leave Westminster Abbey. Sir John Millsall at once offered his arm to the bride, and escorted her to the carriage. Seeing them emerge from the Abbey, the crowd mistook Millsall for the bridegroom, and cheered him so lustily that he could hardly make himself heard as he exclaimed: "I am not Stanley. I wish I were the lucky dog."

Curiously enough, Stanley, who had unflinchingly faced the terrors of a pathless wilderness, had a bad case of stage fright when he first appeared before the Royal Geographical Society. The story is told by Henry Ruggles, his friend in Spain:

"I had never," said Stanley, "made an address before an audience in my life, but I knew one would be expected from me here, so I went to work and wrote out in advance the speech which I was to make and that I had prepared with much care. It was quite long, and I committed it to memory so that I could repeat it without referring to my manuscript. When the time came for me to make my appearance I came on the stage from a door in the rear, and was confronted by a vast audience. The stage was occupied by two or three score of the prominent members of the Royal Geographical Society, many of whom were the most distinguished savants of Europe. They all rose to their feet as I entered, and joined with the audience in giving me such a welcome as I never had before and never expect to have again. When the cheering, which lasted several minutes, had subsided, I walked to the front of the platform to make my address. My God, Ruggles, my speech which I had prepared with so much care had all left me—I could not remember a word. I stood there trembling like a frightened school-boy who had 'forgotten his piece.'"

"A most distinguished audience was in front of me, that it would be difficult to equal. It seemed as if all the royalty and nobility of England were present. In one seat I saw the familiar faces of Napoleon, Eugénie, and the young prince, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and in fact I think all the royal family were there except the queen—and they were all staring me right in the face, waiting for me to go on. But I could not—the words would not come. I stood there at least three minutes, which seemed hours. I wished I were hunting lions and elephants in mid-Africa."

"Soon I heard some two or three loud whispers in the rear of me—'Go ahead, Stanley; Go ahead, Stanley,' and one a little louder than the rest, 'We know you found Livingstone.' Then, as if by magic, my speech came back to me, and, commencing slowly, I went through it without a break."

Stanley repeated to me from memory his address, word for word, which gave me evidence of his great talent as a writer, as well as being a famous traveler.

Many eloquent tributes to Stanley have been written since his death, but Mark Twain's introduction, long ago, when Stanley spoke in Boston, is worth quoting. The Boston *Transcript* reprints it:

"When I contrast," began Mr. Clemens, "what I have achieved in my measurably brief life, with what he has achieved in possibly his briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar." Mr. Clemens also compared Stanley with Columbus, to the disparagement of the latter gentleman. When Columbus started out to discover America, he didn't have to do anything but "sit in his cabin and hold his grip and sail straight on"—America would discover itself. "Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of the South American continent, and he couldn't get by it. He'd got to discover it. But Stanley started out to find Dr. Livingstone, who was scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States."

## W. S. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.

"The Fairy's Dilemma" Well Received—An Amusing Fantasy, but  
Without Music—Fairies and Mortals Achieve Amusing  
Tangles—An Adequate Cast.

Some time ago a publisher referred to W. S. Gilbert, the playwright, as "the late Mr. Gilbert." Sarcasm, engendered by the idea that the humorist was growing indolent, may have inspired the phrase—or it might have been ignorance, induced by Mr. Gilbert's long silence. At any rate, it is said that the four words I have quoted made him resolve to show the public that he is very much alive—and he has done it, even without the assistance of Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose death Mr. Gilbert has often given as an excuse for not enlivening the public by his irresistible comedy; he said there was no one to write the music for him. So he has written a fantasy without music.

I think their thorough acquaintance with Gilbert and Sullivan operas accounts for the lack of hilarious enthusiasm that "The Fairy's Dilemma" inspires in those who have witnessed it at the Garrick. Mind you, there is not a song in it, not a snatch of music, not a rollicking chorus. There is a parson, but he does not sing, "For I was a pale young curate then." Nor is there any hurrah for "the gay Sally Lunn" or "the rollicking bun" or "the mustard and cress." It is sad, indeed, to see Gilbert's name on the play-bill and not to hear Ralph's impassioned tenor ringing out, or the Mikado's announcement that he will "make the punishment fit the crime." His name conjures up all of Sullivan's gay and swinging melodies, and all his own liting verses and ingenious rhymes. There are verses, though, in his latest play, and as much wit and satire as he has ever displayed. The satire is more subtle, perhaps, than formerly—rather too subtle, in fact, for a public that is accustomed to the present-day style of stage humor, which is, as a rule, too obvious.

All of this must not be understood, though, as an announcement that "The Fairy's Dilemma" is not a success, for it is, and a pronounced one, especially as compared with contemporary productions. The laughter that greets it is not uproarious. One chuckles instead of guffaws. It is wittier than anything we have had for a long time, the plot is clever while it lasts, then becomes fantastic, and the lines lend themselves to the efforts of the players. The Supernaturals and the Naturals are represented in the comedy, which is divided into two acts and seven scenes. Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer, Bart., and Rev. Aloysius Parfitt, M. A., are the principal male characters—two young men of irreproachable character. They have vowed to be matrimonial knights-errant—to rescue young ladies from objectionable marriages. Sir Trevor discovers that Lady Angela Wealdstone detests the man her father has chosen for her, so induces her to leave home, become a nurse, and promise to marry him when she shall become of age. Sir Trevor is also engaged to Clarissa Wortle, who hates him—so what does the parson do but ask her hand. To deceive the parents, Sir Trevor keeps up an appearance of love for Clarissa, while Rev. Parfitt devotes himself to Lady Angela—and both overdo it. Then two of the Unnaturals, Demon Alcohol and Fairy Rosebud, intervene, being as badly deceived as the parents are, and endeavor to disentangle affairs. At this point, Mr. Gilbert abandons logic and motive, and devotes himself to fun and spectacle. Sir Trevor is changed into a clown, Angela into a Columbine, the parson, protesting, is changed to a Harlequin, and a dignified judge finds himself a pantaloone. They are all rescued, in good time, from their unpleasant predicaments, but not before they have furnished an avalanche of fun.

Arthur Boucher plays the baronet, and is surprisingly and refreshingly funny as the clown. The gravity of O. B. Clarence as the parson, and his ludicrous buffoonery in the rôle of the clown, constitute as good comedy work as I have seen in many a day. Sydney Valentine is properly dignified as the judge, and as the pantaloone he is irresistible. It is unusual to see Violet Vanburgh in such a rôle as Columbine—and her acting makes her share of the work most entertaining. Jessie Bateman and Jerrold Robertshaw as the two Unnaturals are a great success.

There are gorgeous transformation scenes and ballets, and beautiful stage settings are employed. "The Fairy's Dilemma" is worth while—but how we miss the music!

PICCADILLY

LONDON, May 15, 1904.



## LITERARY NOTES.

Clarence King: Californian and Cosmopolitan.

François Villon has been five hundred years dead. He left little to the world. All that has come down to us are a few poems and fragments and a few traditions. McCarthy says that we do not surely know his name, we do not know where he was born; we do not know how he looked to his fellow-men or what his fellow-men thought of him; we do not know how, for the most part, he lived; we do not know how he died. Yet François Villon is a vital force. He still inspires poets and playwrights. The world could not, if it would, efface him from its memory. In a land that was unknown, undreamed of, when François Villon brawled in the wineshops of Paris, he is to-day enshrined in many romance-loving hearts. Kings of France there were who lived and are forgotten; the memory of the outcast Villon will never fade. Such is the spell that Genius cast upon the world; thus are honored they who house within their breasts even a single spark of the divine fire.

How much more is character than achievement. Few to-day read "Rasselas"; nobody reads the tragedy of "Irene"; "The Life of Savage" is forgotten; the "Dictionary" is superseded. Yet Samuel Johnson lives. The man is not forgotten. He is as real to many of us as the great men who move and have their being in this day. We bave but to close our eyes to see him before us as vivid faints him; we almost hear the thunder of his voice, and sense his heavy tread upon the floor. The works of Samuel Johnson are dead—if not dead, moribund; but Samuel Johnson the man yet plays his part in the life of the world.

"I have read," says Emerson, "that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt there was something finer in the man, than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French Revolution, that when he had told all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not in the record of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and few deeds. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. The inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance."

Perhaps this may seem to some too florid and grandiloquent an introduction to a review of the memoirs of the late Clarence King. But it is, above all books that the year has brought us, a book to inspire enthusiasts. The friends that King grappled to himself with hoops of steel—John Hay, Howells, Stedman, John la Farge, Henry Adams, James D. Hague—have in this volume written of King with such high tenderness and affection; have painted such a luring and unforgettable figure; have so touchingly acknowledged their infinite debt to this man, that they convince us that he, too, was one in whom "somewhat resided which begot an expectation that outran all his performance"; that the largest part of his power was latent; that he was great in himself, without achievement: "O Iole! how did you know that Hercules was a god?" "Because," answered Iole. "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." So with King. Little as was, in quantity, his achievement in literature, those who knew him never faltered in their belief that, if he would, he could have won fame. "If he had given himself to literature," says John Hay, "he would have been a great writer. The range of knowledge, both of man and nature, was enormous; his sympathy was universal; his mastery of the word, his power of phrase, was almost unlimited." "He knew the 'world' of his time," says Howells, "far beyond all other literary men save one." "Judge of the statue by the fragment," exclaims Stedman, speaking of "The Helmet of Mambrino," "and think of what was lost to literature by the fact that it was not his vocation, but his accomplishment."

Clarence King was born in Newport, R. I., January 6, 1842. He was graduated from the Yale Scientific School in 1862; in 1863, he set out for California, and spent the next four years in exploration of the Sierras, discovering and naming Mt. Whitney and Randall. Later he was chief of the United States Geological Survey, serving until 1881. He was connected as a mining expert with the Mariposa and Comstock mines, and he exposed the "salting" of the alleged diamond fields of Wyoming. He wrote a book of rare power and clarity, a classic of California, called "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." His only other work outside of scientific books was an idyl of adventure, "The Life of Savage." Stedman says that "any writer might

be proud to be judged by it," entitled "The Helmet of Mambrino," which was published in the *Century Magazine*, and is now reprinted at the beginning of this book. "Clarence King: Memoirs" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). As a physicist, King was highly regarded. His reasoned estimate of the age of the earth was accepted by savants of Europe. Lord Kelvin among them, as more nearly definitive than any other.

But it was not, as we have endeavored to indicate, in what King did, but in what he was, that his strength lay. His personality was irresistible. Edward Cary says:

The talk he made or evoked may be equaled by those who are to come after; it can never be matched. Its range was literally incalculable. It was impossible to foresee at what point his tangential fancy would change its course. From the true rhythm of Creole gumbo to the verse of Theocritus, from the origin of the latest *mot* to the age of the globe, from the soar or slump of the day's market to the method of Lippo Lippi, from the lightest play on words to the subtlest philosophy, he passed with buoyant step and head erect.

The book is full of anecdotes. It is told of King that he met Ruskin in a picture shop, and his comments were so delightfully phrased that Ruskin took him to his heart, inviting him to Coniston, and offering him (writes John Hay) his choice of his two greatest water-colors by Turner. "One good Turner," said King, "deserves another," and took both. James D. Hague tells this story:

I remember, somewhat vaguely, a story, in effect, that he was once a visitor at a certain country house in England when the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, was a guest there. After dinner, while the men were still smoking, the host complained of some indisposition, whereupon the prince begged him to retire and leave his guests to themselves and their own resources, saying, assuringly: "King and I will get on well enough together."

Here is another told by Mr. Hague:

Many years ago, when King was in the West and near a then very important mine, he received from one of the owners a telegram asking him to visit the mine immediately and wire the results of his examination, especially with regard to an alarming rumor that the value of the vein had been much impaired by finding in it a very large "horse," which is a miner's term for a body of worthless rock that sometimes displaces the ore and makes a rich vein poor. When King had come out of the mine after inspection, he found another telegram waiting for him from his impatient friend, asking, in effect, "Is it true that there is a 'horse' in the mine?" To which he promptly replied: "The mine is a perfect livery stable."

Here is another story showing his audacity:

On another journey from Newport to New York, King happened to enter an ordinary railway car which was wholly vacant except for a single passenger, an elderly lady, a stranger of interesting and companionable appearance, who was sitting quite alone in one of the usual double seats, but quite hampered with bundles, parcels, and a large bird-cage. King, advancing as though the car were full and crowded, paused opposite the seat only partly occupied by the lady, saying: "Madam, is this place engaged?" and on being assured that it was not, with prompt removal of all encumbrances, he took his seat there, and thus completed the journey in doubtless mutually agreeable companionship.

In these anecdotes is shown one side of King's nature, the gay and audacious; but there was another: the tender and the gentle. Stedman expresses the paradox when he heads his essay in appreciation "King: the Frolic and the Gentle." This tenderness of King's is perhaps best revealed in his letters to Horace F. Cutter, otherwise "Don Horacio" and "The Bachelor of San Francisco." Here is part of one:

"I am happier for knowing you and your unclouded soul.

Before very long I want to make a pilgrimage to California if it is only to take our classic walk through the fresh greenery

of park, the gray monotone of our beloved sand dunes, and reach the lips of the Pacific, and hear him whisper to us of far lands and infinite horizons. It breaks my heart to think that the day will come when our happy feet can not wander together thither, that one of us will tread the sands alone, and then a little later no footfall of either will leave its print by the foamy edge of our sea.

But God grant that where the waters of Paradise ebb and flow in the sunshine of Eternal Peace, there together we may wander with hearts still warmer, thoughts still loftier, souls more transparent. Amen.

Here is a never-delivered letter of introduction addressed to John Hay:

SAN FRANCISCO.

My DEAR JOHN: My friend, Mr. Horace F. Cutter, in the next geological period will go East. It would be a catastrophe if he did not know you. You will "swarm in," as the Germans say, when you meet. Lest I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias, I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is Socrates or Don Quixote. I know better—he is both.

Ever yours, CLARENCE KING.

It was Cutter—whom Hague in an imitable essay calls a composite in characteristic qualities, of Confucius, Socrates, Swedenborg, Don Quixote, Mr. Micawber, and Colonel Sellers—for whom King made his memorable search in La Mancha after the Helmet of Mambrino, a Spanish barber's basin of the olden time. He sent it to his friend wrapped in a piece of silk taken from an old robe of the time of Cervantes, and with it the epistle wherewith, says Stedman, he "imprisoned the very soul of Spain in the flask of his translucent English."

It is impossible, in a brief article, to convey an adequate sense of the savor of this book, written by great men in memory of a great friend. We can only hope that many will be led hereby to read this record of comradeship for themselves. Even that essay which concerns King only indirectly—Mr. Hague's "Don Horacio"—is as perfect a bit of humorous writing as search through many libraries will discover; and to any lover of beauty it will be a real misfortune never to journey with King and Adams where "the trade-wind draws down through the valley with a passion for the palm trees which only tropic winds feel." H. A. L.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Ather-ton.
3. "The Ambassadors," by Henry James.
4. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
5. "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "When Wilderness Was King," by Randall Parrish.
2. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
3. "People of the Abyss," by Jack London.
4. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Ather-ton.
3. "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin.
4. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
5. "When Wilderness Was King," by Randall Parrish.

Put a camera in your camp outfit. Get your camera here—we'll give you the necessary instructions for its use.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

## Wedding Invitations

PROPERLY ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON'S, 126 Post St.



## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5x12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,  
1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

# REMINGTON

Standard Typewriter  
211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:  
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—54 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge

Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

# THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

# PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

# CLARK WISE & CO., Agents

126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gwendolen Overton, who scored a hit with her first novel, "The Heritage of Unrest," has planned a notable undertaking. She intends writing a series of six novels which are to be serious studies of the most striking features in present-day American life and conditions. The first volume, which is to be called "Captains of the World," is to be published in September.

Professor W. A. Cooper, of Stanford University, has been selected by New York publishers to translate into English Dr. Albert Bielschowsky's work, "Goethe sein Leben und seine Werke."

Gelett Burgess has so identified himself with the amusing side of literature that no one would suspect him of having made his literary debut as a writer of melancholy verse. But he did. When he was a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. Burgess, having engaged in a competition with a friend as to who could write the most mournful poem, won the prize with some stanzas, which began: "The dismal day, with dreary pace, hath dragged its tortuous length along." It was decided that this must be printed. To effect this, Mr. Burgess's friend wrote a letter to the "Notes and Queries" column of the Boston Transcript, saying: "Can you tell me the name of the author who wrote the poem beginning, 'The dismal, etc.?' The query was printed, and the obliging friend responded promptly with the following answer: "The poem asked for in Query No. 2416 is by Frank Gelett Burgess. The whole poem runs as follows," and gave it in full.

"Old Gorgon Graham," being more letters from the "self-made merchant" to his son, by George Horace Lorimer, is the title of a volume announced for publication in September.

During one recent average year, one of the most conservative of the New York publishing firms says that it received five hundred unsolicited book manuscripts. The bulk of the manuscripts offered come from New York, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and California, in the order mentioned, but with New York contributing five times as many as any other State.

The Macmillan Company announces that the first edition of Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Crossing," will consist of one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies.

Joseph Conrad objects emphatically to meeting strangers, and few interviewers have ever had a chance at him. A friend of Ford Madox Hueffer, who collaborated with Conrad upon "Romance," recently met the famous author, and describes him in a letter as "a broad-shouldered man above medium height, who would look taller if he were not so stooped, and who is saturnine of exterior, with dark hair, dark overshadowed eyes and a black, bushy beard. His unconventional dress and manner set him aside, immediately, from the general run of people. His whole manner is extremely nervous. He is a Pole, whose first allegiance was to France, and he betrays his foreign nationality, for he has a pronounced accent, and speaks with a very French rapidity, although his English is academically pure."

Eleanor Hoyt is preparing for the press a new volume of short stories, entitled "Nancy's Country Christmas," after the first tale. The book is to be illustrated in color, and will be published in the fall.

Mrs. Israel Zangwill has written a volume of stories about children. It will be called "Barbarous Babes."

Hallie Erminie Rives has made Lord Byron the hero of her new romance, which will shortly be published under the title, "The Castaway." It takes its title from a remark Byron once made: "Three great men ruined in one year—a king, a cad, and a castaway," meaning Napoleon, Beau Brummel, and himself.

Yvette Guilbert, the French music-hall performer, has written a romance entitled "Les Demivielles," which will be published in Paris next autumn.

The long-promised biography of Mortimer Menpes, entitled "Whistler as I Knew Him," will be published by the Macmillan Company the middle of June. It contains one hundred plates reproduced from Whistler's etchings, and is printed, chiefly in colors, under the author's direction at the Menpes Press.

Rupert Hughes has written a novel entitled "The Real New York," in which he describes the different sections of the city. A group of persons from various parts of the country—Chicago, Terre Haute, San Francisco, and other cities—meet on a railway train entering New York. They are taken around the city in groups guided by a native New Yorker, a Southern poet, and a New York newspaper man of New England birth. One of their number, a clergyman, is shown

hospitals and settlement houses and the organized charities of New York; the other characters are shown other sides of the city's life. Each is impressed in his own way. Throughout the book runs the love-story of the New Yorker and the girl from San Francisco. Henry Mayer has made one hundred drawings for the book. Two dozen of these are in color and tint. The book will be published the middle of this month.

## Robert Louis Stevenson Without Honor.

In a recent letter to the New York Evening Post, Katherine Pope discusses the attitude of the people of Hawaii toward Stevenson. She writes:

In Hawaii the *haeoles* (whites) couldn't see Stevenson's genius because of his bohemian bare feet. It always was to me most comical, a thing to be ridiculed, the attitude of Honolulu toward Stevenson. But I only dared laugh in my sleeve; if I had guffawed outright I should have been exiled.

In Hawaii there is a recognized censorship that, with a strictness and success which Russia and Germany might envy, forbids the expression of bold opinions. And a newcomer soon submits, feeling the iron hand of the statuteless law—unless the newcomer be superior to laws and creeds.

The idea of making Stevenson an outcast because he liked to wriggle his bare toes in the warm sands, and because his wife preferred, on a warm day, to wear a single garment instead of a dozen superfluous articles of clothing!

I went out to the islands an ardent Stevensonian, and in polite society there found I might not mention his name aloud, in fact scarce dared whisper it. I asked why and why. I was told people had seen his feet uncovered—that Mrs. Stevenson was addicted to the *holoku* (native dress, really a "Mother Hubbard" wrapper, quite decently long and voluminous)—that Mr. Stevenson was absolutely without diplomacy, had greatly offended one of the influential citizens, and that former friends of the writer were forced "to take sides"—that Mr. Stevenson ever was accompanied by a cigarette; it was whispered he even smoked in bed.

The young, hot-headed hero-worshiper failed to appreciate the heinousness of these catalogued sins, all together, or a single one of them; but soon learned any attempted defense would fall on deaf ears. When she met her hero, always when she saw him, shod and wearing, to all appearances, the conventional number of garments, she would cross the street that his shadow might fall upon her; yet ever with surreptitious glances to right and left. So cowardly, so afraid of public opinion, is the most devoted. Whenever she got a chance, she hungrily devoured her hero's writings, but grew less and less to mention his name or his productions in a country where neither the man nor his work was appreciated. And it was some time after she returned to "the States" before she was able without looking over her shoulder to say the words for which R. L. S. stand. And it was some years before she mustered up courage to write her strange little tale.

## New Publications.

"In the Dwellings of the Wilderness," by C. Bryson Taylor. With two decorations in color. Henry Holt & Co.

"Famous Composers," by Nathan Haskell Dole. Two volumes. Illustrated with portraits. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"Forward: Letters Written on a Trip Around the World," by Lina Boegli. Frontispiece. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.00 net.

"Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph. D. With portraits and other illustrations. The Macmillan Company; \$3.00 net.

"The Alaska Boundary," by George Davidson. Frontispiece. Alaska Packers' Association—an excellent statement of the facts in this historic controversy.

"History of the German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow. Volume III. 1815-1848. Illustrated with portraits. Harper & Brothers; \$2.25 net.

"The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company: A Romance of Millions," by James Howard Bridge. Illustrated. The Book-Lover Press; \$2.00 net.

"The Roosevelt Book: Selections from the Writings of Theodore Roosevelt." Introduction by Robert Bridges. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents.

"The Issues of Life: A Novel of the American Women of To-Day," by Mrs. John Van Vorst. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—an interesting study of sociological problems.

"Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods: A Manual for Use in Schools and at Home," by H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated from photographs by A. B. Phelan. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

"Painters Since Leonardo: Being a History of Painting from the Renaissance to the Present Day," by James William Pattison. Illustrated. Herbert S. Stone & Co.—an excellently illustrated and apparently capable work.

"The Bay Psalm Book: Being a Facsimile Reprint of the First Edition Printed by Stephen Daye at Cambridge, in New England, in 1640." With an introduction by Wilberforce Eames. Dodd, Mead & Co.—a very curious reprint.

"How to Know the Butterflies: A Manual of the Butterflies of the Eastern United States," by Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock. With forty-five full-page plates from life, reproducing the insects in natural colors. D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.25 net—an excellent work by the most noted entomologists in the United States.

Widely Imitated but never equalled  
THE GENUINE

**MURRAY &  
LANMAN'S  
FLORIDA WATER**

The Perfume of Perfumes.  
Refreshing, Delightful.  
Without exception the best Toilet Water  
in the world.

Ask your druggist for MURRAY & LANMAN'S  
and see that you get it.

## SPAIN IN 1903

PEN-SKETCHES ON THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA

Two Argonauts in Spain  
By JEROME HART

Payot, Upham & Co., Publishers.  
Two hundred and seventy pages and  
Index. Sixteen full-page plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top.  
Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address

THE ARGONAUT,  
246 Sutter St., S. F.

HOT  
AND  
HANDY

TESLA BRIQUETTES  
Now Greatly Improved.

TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

## FRENCH WITH OR WITHOUT A MASTER

The exact pronunciation in English sounds under every word. French Verbs Conquered. A thorough yet simple, natural, and practical method for learning to speak, read, and write French correctly. In 3 Parts, with a Chart of Verbs. By Alfred Sardou. Price, set and chart complete, \$3.50, postpaid.

**WILLIAM R. JENKINS**

851 and 853 Sixth Avenue, corner Forty-Eighth Street, New York

NO BRANCH STORES

Complete catalogue of all publications in French and other foreign languages sent to any address when requested.

## The Busy Man's Friend

Up-to-date and condensed BUSINESS DIRECTORY. Contains 40,000 names of Business Men and Firms in San Francisco. One thousand pages. Arranged alphabetically and classified. Illustrated.

PRICE \$2.50

Your Business Address and other convenient data will be found in

THE SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE-BUILDING AND  
BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Now Ready for Delivery

A postal-card will bring our representative. Published by

**THE IDEAL PUBLISHING COMPANY**

Phone James 5696

320 Sansome Street

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, President. T. T. DARGIE, Secretary.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## Educational.



Oregon. Portland.

St. Helen's Hall

Home school for Girls. Ideal location. Expert teaching in all departments. Outdoor exercise. Illustrated book of information sent on application.

ELEANOR TEBBETTS  
Principal.

## The Rose POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Devoted to all branches of Engineering Science, Mechanical, Electrical, and Civil. Architecture and Chemistry. Thorough instruction, practical work. Courses under direction of specialists. 22d year. Send for catalogue. C. L. MEES, Pres., Box U, Terre Haute, Ind.

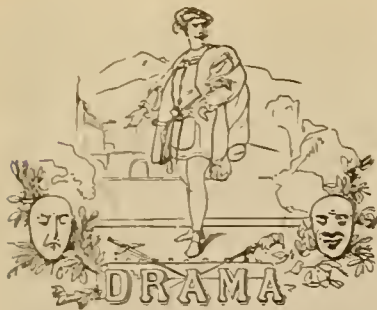
## Gongtze School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal. Gongtze School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S**

BUSINESS  
COLLEGE,  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.





By one of those curious coincidences which are always turning up in the theatrical world, the Central Theatre is this very week running one of the plays in which Maude Adams, as a little child, first charmed San Francisco audiences and made them aware of her budding talent. I had the curiosity to have old Argonaut files looked over until the criticism of "A Celebrated Case" was run to earth, to discover just what, if any, mention was made of the midget whose sweet unconsciousness and baby intelligence in reciting her lines made her so peculiarly pleasing in contrast to the ordinary phonographic child-actress. She was summed up in a sentence as "a sweet and charming little bundle of precocity." I could tell you the date, too, but that I decline. It would be taking an unfair advantage of an actress whose freshness of spirit and winsome girlishness is her greatest charm.

During this early launching of her career, the tiny maid won hearts and laurels in another play—one of Herne's, I think—in which a returned Enoch Arden sort of character found his little child playing near his supposed grave, and had an affecting interview with the little one, who prattled prettily to him of her small happenings, and pointed out with proud proprietorship the grave of her suppositiously defunct parent. Quite a Herne touch, was it not?—and one whose power to move, the simple, sweet childishness of the little Maude was happily able to increase.

Since then, the prestige attached to Miss Adams's New York success has won for her a reputation that reaches to the uttermost verge of her native country. It has been rather puzzling, this rise of an actress of limited powers to an eminence that has permitted her manager to feel justified in starring her before New York audiences in such exacting rôles as Juliet, and the boy duke in "L'Aiglon"; rôles in which Miss Adams's limitations in emotional expression prevented her from making an artistic success. But it is explained by the fact that a theatre-going community is capable of experiencing affections. Maude Adams has won, and continues to win, the affectionate regard of a large proportion of the patrons of upper-class New York theatres. Now, why is this? one is prone to ask. Not by the supreme quality of her art, for many of the noted Eastern actresses, whose popularity and celebrity are far more circumscribed than Miss Adams's, are infinitely her superior in talent, intellect, versatility, emotional temperament, and the technical equipment necessary for practicing the art of the histrion. But they fail to reach with equal sureness and facility the ready and eager susceptibilities of audiences in the mass. Miss Adams has many faults. She is too restless, she is frequently, nay, habitually, superficial. With all her witching ways she has not learned to let emotion fall as an ennobling mantle of beauty upon her features. In moments of strongest feeling her face and gestures become less pleasing. But she has winsomeness, refinement, blitheness of spirit, individuality—not, it should be added, of method. She has many ways not unlike the tricks of such popular comediennees as Lulu Glaser: little facial and gesticulatory exaggerations, the making of playful pop-eyes, sudden and radical changes of mood, with transitions of tone to correspond, the farcically angular flutterings of flexible fingers, and a hundred other manifestations that impress one as tricks to draw laughter rather than fine and spirited acting. Yet Miss Adams has the personality that enables her to lend that touch of blithe individuality to methods that lack originality.

She has made the part of Lady Babbie peculiarly her own by the deftness with which she has fitted her arsenal of pretty witcheries to the character of Lord Rintoul's wayward daughter. It is a character that is no more built on nature than the play itself, which, barring the likeness to life of the solemn elders, is conceived in the spirit of fantastic comedy. A very good test of the sterling qualities of a play is to put it in the hands of second or third class players. I have seen "The Little Minister" thus treated on two occasions, and it stood the test badly. The minister became a prig, Babbie a larkie and uninteresting school girl, and the elders were solemn and unmitigated bores. The fantastic character of the episode vanished, and the whole piece was pitched in a frankly theatrical manner. Some of this element must of necessity remain even under better conditions of pre-

sentation, and, indeed, it assimilates readily enough with Maude Adams's array of prestidigitatory coquetties and caprices, so that her impersonation of Laddy Babbie becomes a curious mingling of artificiality and nature.

Miss Adams is not in the least a beauty, but there is a sort of aura of simple maidenliness about her which is attractive. She has abundant, light-brown hair, a fragile girl's figure, quick, light, youthful movements, nice eyes, a thin face, and small but irregularly molded features. She is slender in the extreme, but so small-boned as to stand the ordeal of a low-cut gown successfully. Her slenderness, indeed, is an important part of her charm, for her girlishness of temperament, if one may so term it, requires an appearance in keeping. One of the prettiest things that Miss Adams does, and which is illustrative of this spontaneous girlishness, is the manner in which Babbie, in the last act, twines like a delicate tendril around the sturdy bulk of the paternal oak, while she coaxes, cajoles, and wheedles a smile and an embrace of forgiveness and reconciliation from her justly incensed parent. One of the faultiest, to my thinking, is the tone of farcical exaggeration with which Lady Babbie, in the aristocratic environs of Rintoul Castle, communes with herself, and wavers between a decision for and against the claims of a lowly love.

Fantastic though the comedy be, and conceivable the adventures of the little minister in the gypsy-haunted wood, yet the play does not entirely leave the domain of the actual. The deacons are there, and they are not purely imaginary. They are built on a foundation of reality. They are of that type of the righteous of whom it may be said that they feel more joy over the one saint that trips than the ninety and nine sinners that repent. The deacons are always "laying for" the little minister, whom they think they own, body and soul, and for whom they profess a profound affection that indulges in threats of breaking his bones should he fail to reach to their standard.

Barrie attempts in the first act to give an idea of the one-and-twenty year old dominie showing his great moral ascendancy over his flock by his success in compelling the stubborn weavers to line up in front of his admonitory finger and look meek. But there's nothing in it. It is merely surface obedience, and we feel that the quartet of hard-headed, dour old Scotch mules will continue to do precisely as they please, and try their best to prevent the minister from doing as one-and-twenty of the most tried and trusted morality ought to be allowed to do.

Mr. Ainley, a very proper-looking little man, with hair, garments, and headgear of the appropriate clerical cut, puts himself in the proper position of being merely an instrument from which Lady Babbie evokes tunes characteristic of the courted male.

The play, in effect, is not ended with the fall of the curtain. This mingling of fantasy and reality will not always work harmoniously. One's thoughts pursue Babbie to the lowly precincts of the manse. Romantic imaginings do not entirely rule. It is impossible to avoid thinking of a dominie's mischievous wife setting the elders by the ears, fleeing from the Sabbath-school and the mothers' meetings, missing her French maid and her silk attire; or a bored Babbie finding her explosively exhortatory dominie with his trail of suspicious deacons a somewhat austere settler of madcap tastes.

Perhaps it is as well, at the close of the play, to turn the mind away from such intrusive thoughts by again invoking the spirit of fantastic comedy. A piano, somewhere in the background, is struck sharply, and an air played in marked and exaggerated style. In time to its measures, the assembled population of Thrums peeps over the hedge, while the minister tries to embrace his wife. The young couple, finding themselves discovered, retire precipitately to the precincts of the manse, whither Lord Rintoul has also withdrawn, and, as my obstinately prosaic imagination tells me, is surveying with dismayed

vision the future home of his willful daughter. Still in time to the music, the Thrumsians hasten to the window and again endeavor to surprise the bridal embraces of the pair. And while the window shades are slammed down before the compositely crest-fallen countenance of Thrums, the play, felicitously enough, closes.

We, perhaps, ought, by this time, to know good Scotch from bad. Or perhaps stage Scotch is an entirely different article. Maude Adams's Scotch is anything by turns, and nothing long. The deacons speak by the book, with painstaking accuracy—only a dweller of Scotland may say how faithfully. But Scotch or no Scotch, I find the deacons a prosy old set of dullards, although the scene in which they sit in solemn consultation over the poor dominie's love lyrics storms the heights of pure comedy. They and others of the Scotch characters were conscientiously impersonated by a sufficiently able company, among whom Mrs. W. G. Jones gave quite a personation of old Nannie. Nannie has given me some bad moments at other "Little Minister" performances. In the hands of the first old woman in a cheap company, she is a potent factor for inspiring *cunni*.

I am aware that opinions of this nature are sacrilegious in the eyes of Barriophobes, who see no spots on their literary sun. That I and others see many is only another instance of the diversity of tastes that go to make a variety of reputations.

To give an instance of the strained and artificial key to which the humor is occasionally pitched, and to which some tastes must take exception: Jean, the manse servant, clad in her best array, is pacing with starched dignity on her way to the prayer-meeting. She is asked if she has heard a scream—a particularly pitiful cry from Lady Babbie—to which she makes this extraordinarily self-conscious reply: "I can neither see nor hear. I am wearing my best black alpaca."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

George W. Lederer has put on a new musical comedy in New York. It is called "The Southerners," and, to quote a critic, it "is a bunch of good vaudeville stunts tied with a pink string. Something doing every minute; no matter what, but something doing." The book is by Will Mercer and Richard Grant, and the music by Will Marion Cook.

Thomas J. Maguire, the New York theatrical manager, whose tongue was completely removed on account of a cancer, has recovered, and, to the surprise of everybody, is able to talk sufficiently well to make himself understood.

It is said that, now that Weber and Fields have separated, Lillian Russell is to star in a comic opera based upon Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," the book of which has been adapted by John Kendrick Bangs.

The oldest theatrical managers in London do not remember so disastrous a season as the one just ended. There have been many failures, and it is estimated that five hundred thousand dollars has been lost.

Augustus Thomas has written a new play in which John Drew will appear as an American of the Rough Rider type. It will be presented at the Empire Theatre, New York.

A dispatch from Vienna says that three complete symphonies have been found among the manuscripts of the late Antonin Dvorák.

#### "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Only matinee Saturday. Beginning next Monday night, June 6th, first production in this city of the military comic-opera triumph,

#### — SERGEANT KITTY —

Book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside. Music by A. Baldwin Shoen, composer of "The Mocking Bird." Ban Francisco debut of the gifted young prima donna, Miss Lillian Seiton.

Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning next Monday (second and last week), matinee Saturday only. Charles Frohman presents

#### MAUDE ADAMS

— IN —

#### — THE LITTLE MINISTER —

Monday, June 13th—E. H. Sothern in *The Proud Prince*.

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."

BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. Monday, June 6th, one week, magnificent production of

#### — UNDER TWO FLAGS —

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, June 13th—*Charley's Aunt*. In preparation—*Lover's Lane*. Coming, *White Whitlesey*.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning next Sunday matinee, June 6th, sixth and last week of MELBOURNE MACDOWELL. First production in this city of the romantic drama,

#### A CAPTAIN OF NAVARRE

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinee Saturday.

Monday night, June 13th—Mrs. Leslie Carter in *Du Barry*. Seat sale begins next Thursday at box-office.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors.

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Starting Monday, June 6th, all next week, Hal Read's tremendous Eastern success,

#### THE PEDDLER

The stage masterpiece of Hebrew character drawing.

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

June 13th—*The Octoroon*.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 5th. Five big new acts! Truly Shattuck; Avon Comedy Four; Leah Russell; Brandow and Wiley; Gaston and Stone; Powers Brothers; Burke, La Rue, and the Inky Boys; Orpheum motion pictures, showing the Brooklyn Handicap; and Marcel's Living Art Studies.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Fischer's THEATRE

Have you heard the news? The one distinct hit,

#### — U. S. —

A burlesque with a plot and a thousand laughs. Tremendous success of the new company: Caroline Hull, Edna Aug, Garrity Sisters, Yorkie and Adams, Al Fields, Edwin Clark, Ben Dillon and Roy Alton. Star chorus of forty. Sunday night, first time, Lionel Lawrence's great novelty, *Eight Radium Girls*.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Same popular prices

**BOHM**  
**BRISTOL & Co.**  
are displaying a comprehensive collection of  
**SILVERWARE**  
suggesting innumerable tasteful gifts for  
**June Weddings**  
Original conceptions and exquisite workmanship  
104-110 Geary Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Schaeffer Pianos

A WELL-BUILT PIANO  
At the Right Price.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 Geary Street.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## E. H. Sothern Coming.

There will be one week more of Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" at the Columbia Theatre, the final performance to be given Saturday night, June 11th. The sale of seats for this production has been very large, and Miss Adams, on her first appearance here as a star, has been given a warm welcome. To follow her comes E. H. Sothern, beginning June 13th, in "A Proud Prince," by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Mr. Sothern, as Robert of Sicily, has a dual rôle, that of the king and the court fool, giving an opportunity to show his versatility. The piece will be elaborately mounted. A special orchestra is employed to interpret the fifty-two musical numbers, and there is a choir of trained voices and a ballet. The company numbers over one hundred in addition to the principals. Mr. Sothern's engagement is for two weeks. Seats go on sale Thursday.

## Miss Block as Cigarette.

Beginning Monday, a dramatic version of Ouida's novel, "Under Two Flags," will receive its first production by the Alcazar Theatre company. This play depicts army life in Algiers, in both the English and French camps. The part of Bertie Cecil, which will be enacted by Mr. Durkin, shows a type of the Englishman much to be admired. He exiles himself from his native land, enlisting as a private in the French army, where he meets Cigarette, a *vivandière*. It was in the character of Cigarette that Blanche Bates won fame, and in this production Miss Block will play the part. The play abounds in sensational scenes, notably the great sand-storm in the desert and Cigarette's ride for life. The cast contains twenty-eight speaking parts, and will include Luke Connors, John Maher, Harry Hilliard, Edwin Emery, and F. S. Butler, together with Frances Starr and Marie Howe. The following week, June 13th, "Charley's Aunt" will be revived, with John Maher as Lord Fancourt Babberley. "Lover's Lane" will shortly be given, Frances Starr playing the child, Simplicity.

## A New Comic Opera.

At the Tivoli Opera House, Monday night, "Sergeant Kitty" will have its initial presentation in San Francisco. It is a military comic opera, by R. H. Burnside and A. Baldwin Sloane. The action takes place in 1830, at Montigny. There are many love-affairs in it, and the heroine is Kitty La Tour, whose endeavor to elope with a lieutenant leads to a general complication, the unraveling of which affords a host of amusing incidents, including Kitty's disguise as a sergeant. The opera will introduce the Tivoli's new prima donna, Lillian Sefton, as Kitty, and the rest of the company will be well cast. The management has taken particular pains with costumes and staging, and announces that the production will be a notable one.

## Melbourne MacDowell in a New Play.

For the last week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House, beginning at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee, Melbourne MacDowell will present "A Captain of Navarre," a play entirely new here. It is of the time when Charles the Ninth of France was at feud with Henry of Navarre, and the hero is a young captain, René de Pardallan, who, for love, fights duels and meets with many adventures. Mr. MacDowell will play this rôle, and Ethel Fuller will have the part of Duchess d'Armenonville. On Monday night, June 13th, Mrs. Leslie Carter will commence an engagement at the Grand Opera House in Belasco's "Du Barry." The sale of seats begins Thursday.

## Fischer's New Burlesque.

Fischer's Theatre was reopened to the public on Sunday night, after being closed for extensive alterations, with a new company in a new burlesque. The theatre has been much improved, and its seating capacity enlarged. The new piece, "U. S.," by Judson Brusie, was well received. It deals with a South American revolution, and is a mix-up of music, songs, and dances, giving the new people an opportunity to display their talent. Caroline Hull, the new leading lady, has several solos, as has Edwin Clarke, the new leading man. Songs, dances, and specialties are provided for Edna Aug, the *soubrette*, and a little of everything falls to the lot of Yorke and Adams and Al Field. On account of a break in the machinery, the "Radium Girls" dance has been postponed until to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

## Many Newcomers.

Truly Shattuck, the California soprano, who has been in London and Berlin, returns to the Orpheum on Monday evening after an absence of nearly four years. She will be heard in songs, new and old. The Avon Comedy Four, composed of John F. Coleman, Will Lester, Joe Smith, and Charles Dale, will be new to San Francisco. They will present "The New Teacher," which abounds in singing, dancing,

and fun. Leah Russell, the "Yiddish *soubrette*," renders popular melodies in half Hebrew, and tells facetious stories in dialect. Russell Brandon and Stella Wiley, the colored singers and grotesque dancers, will return for one week only, and Marcel's living art studies will include a reproduction of the Phelan statue at the corner of Market and Mason Streets. Burke, La Rue, and the Inky Boys will have new specialties. Gaston and Stone, Powers Brothers, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing many new and amusing moving pictures, including the Brooklyn Handicap, will complete the programme.

## Comedy at the Central Theatre.

On Monday evening, the Central Theatre will introduce "The Peddler," a comedy-drama which has a new stage conception of Hebrew character. The play contains much pathos, and is not without an abundance of comedy. It has a variety of character studies, including a colored gentleman from down South, a Bowery graduate, and a belle of the same famous New York district. The scenery embraces views of Cooper's Union by night, and a typical street on the Bowery, in addition to the peddler's shop and attic and the baronial palace. Herschel Mayall will play the title-rôle.

## Short Time Between Plays.

Jessie Millward has gone into vaudeville, appearing at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street and Fifth Avenue (N. Y.) Theatre in "A Queen's Manager," a playlet by Hartley Manners. She is also playing the same piece at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. The end of the play, which has but two characters, represents them leaving the stage, supposedly to get into a carriage. And that is what they really do, for one is waiting at the stage entrance to hurry them away in stage costume to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where they repeat their play. This rapid-fire change of play-houses takes place both afternoon and evening. Charles Hawtree is also presenting "Time is Money" in double editions at two of Proctor's theatres, but these two are so far apart that he has to use an automobile.

Mr. Le Quex tells a story of Verdi's modesty. His father was an intimate friend of the great maestro, and the novelist in his youthful days used to visit him at his palace at Genoa. One evening they were alone in the great musician's private study, having dined together, when the servant entered with the post. Among the letters was a roll of music, which, on being opened, proved to be a new waltz by a Viennese composer, who had dedicated it to the great master of opera. Verdi first hummed it to himself, swaying his head the while, and afterward, seating himself at the piano, played it off. Then, having finished, the man whose works had charmed the world and brought in colossal royalties, turned to the young novelist and, sighing, said: "Ah! How I wish I could write popular music like that!"

*Life*, of New York, makes the following announcement: "Life has been sued for libel by Messrs. Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger, of the Theatrical Syndicate. They claim that *Life* has damaged them a hundred thousand dollars' worth. Whether *Life* has damaged, or could damage, these worthy gentlemen to that extent will in due time be determined by a jury of their superiors. Meanwhile, *Life* will continue to criticise their shows without prejudice."

Viola Allen will play "The Winter's Tale" next season. Boyd Putnam will be her leading man.

Vesta Tilley has just returned to England after a successful tour of the United States.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## New Stars and Plays.

Charles W. Strine has returned from the East, whither he went to secure attractions for the Tivoli Opera House. Many new singers were engaged, among them Floyd Redledge, *soubrette*; Lillian Sefton, prima donna; Kate Condon; Willard Simms, the comedian; Barron Berthold; Alfred McGahan, the Irish tenor; and Melville Ellis. Among the operas to be produced are "Sergeant Kitty," "Robin Hood" (which never until now has been played by any company but the Bostonians), the "Toreador," "Emerald Isle" (the last opera written by Sir Arthur Sullivan), "The Wild Rose," "The Mocking Bird," "The Chinese Honey-moon," "The Messenger Boy," "Dolly Varden," "Babette," "San Toy," "Country Girl," "Three Little Maids," "The Greek Slave," "Gaiety Girl," "My Lady Mollie," "The Circus Girl," and "Foxy Quiller." It is said that there will be no Italian opera season this year.

At the celebration of the second anniversary of the founding of the Actors' Fund Home, A. M. Palmer proposed a new scheme for its maintenance, namely, a tax on theatrical deadheads. Mr. Palmer calculates that the three thousand theatres of the United States each give away, on an average, ten seats nightly to deadheads. He proposes to tax these witnesses of free performances ten cents for each time they use the magic pass. With each theatre averaging one hundred performances a year, Mr. Palmer calculates an annual sum of \$300,000 per year for the Actors' Fund Home. At the end of ten years, with interest, there would be \$3,390,000, enough for a permanent pension fund. There would probably be enough in twenty years to provide pensions that would make retired actors richer than active ones—provided the deadheads don't object to the scheme.

Despite the return of James K. Hackett and others to the theatrical syndicate, David Belasco announces that he will still be independent of it.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich has sailed from New York for Europe, and will remain abroad until October.

## ORDER SOME "Club Cocktails" SENT HOME TODAY.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at dinner which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or V. S.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to

G. F. Heublein & Bro.,  
29 Broadway, N. Y.  
and Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.

400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rothe, H. E. Russ, N. Ohlndt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,332,908  
Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier. Asst. Cashier,  
HENRY F. ALLEN, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Steinhardt, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Monteagle, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. C. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn.....President  
Geo. D. Gray.....Vice-President  
George F. Lyon.....Secretary  
Frederick H. Clark.....Cashier  
W. F. Williamson.....Attorney  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

Branches—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,483

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, 216 Sansome Street. Manager Pacific Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association  
OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid in Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
W. M. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

"The season is now in full swing," writes the *Argonaut's* London correspondent, "Cockaigne," under date of May 14th. "I can recall the time when it was well on to the end of May before you could say that. But times have changed. Things have advanced of late years; there has been an advance all along the line, and the London season has felt its effects like everything else. The stodge, easy-going, stick-to-rule, don't-hurry-yourself Englishman is becoming a thing of the past, and in his place you see alert, quick-moving, impatient-of-delay, up-to-date men who want to get as much out of the twenty-four hours as they can every day, and to carry the year on upon the same plan. Instead of droning and dozing away hour after hour in clubs in sleepy silence or whispered gossip and scandal, they are up and about. And so with the women. The stately indolence, the tied-down repression of our mothers and grandmothers, have given place to activity and independence of action in the open air. Where twenty, ay, ten years ago, girls used to embroider and make sketches (very bad ones, mostly), try over ballads, or practice nocturnes and sonatas, all through the sunlit morning hours, with pale faces and taper fingers, to-day they are up and away after an early breakfast often by themselves, playing hockey or tennis or croquet in matches and tournaments, or having a few minutes' chat with friends at their club, or perhaps are gone for a fifty-mile spin in their motor before luncheon. Of course, that is the morning work. In the afternoon social functions claim them. Then at night there are dinners and balls and the opera. But even there the finger of change has left marks. Dinner-parties are now given and partaken at the Carlton, the Savoy, and the half-dozen other restaurants of high degree which swells patronize. People find it less trouble to feed their friends at hotels than in their own dining-rooms. There is no bother about it. The occupation of your butler may be gone, but you save the expense of a chef. Even to dinners and the theatres and opera (with the inevitable supper afterward) girls now go—if not alone, as they can—without matron or chaperon, unattended save by some gentleman friend or friends, if they don't mind the spoiled sport of a fifth wheel. But truth to tell, your present-day girl has deuced little sentiment when it comes to that, and an evening, or three hours of an evening, with one man, she would regard as unmitigated, unadulterated boredom. She much prefers the frothy admiration of several to the concentrated adoration of one.

"The fact is, as I have said dozens of times," continues "Cockaigne," "England is getting Americanized, and nowhere more plainly do you see it than in society. And the girls see it themselves, and will tell you so. Only the other day a young lady said to me: 'I know we're like American girls, but it's so much jollier. You can do just what you like and go where you please without your mother or aunt or married sister to bother. I'm awfully glad I wasn't a girl when poor mother was. It's dreadful to think American girls have always been like that, isn't it?' 'Why so?' I asked, not quite seeing her drift. 'Oh, they have always had the pull of us before, with their free and easy ways. Think of the time we have lost. We might have married all those dukes, you know, if we'd only picked up New York girls' ways before.' I smiled to myself. In England everybody thinks that there is only one kind of American girl, and if she doesn't come from Chicago she does from New York.

"Apropos of Americans, the match of the year was made by Mrs. Paget's pretty daughter to Viscount Ingestre about a month ago. Miss Paget was a most awfully pretty girl, tall, with a fine figure, and the loveliest gray eyes; and her good mamma settled a big slice of the Paron Stevens millions on her. She was a girl that any young man would be but too glad to marry if she hadn't a 'red cent,' for, like Desdemona, she was so lovely that 'the scenes acted at her.' But the young lord she married is probably the best-looking youth in London high society to-day, and that is saying somewhat. He certainly is a handsome boy; he is but just come of age, and is the eldest son and heir of the premier earl of the British peerage—the Earl of Shrewsbury, himself a very rich man, and one of the cleverest 'business' lords in the kingdom, for he runs a motor-car business, and is as well a leading sportsman and polo player, as Mr. Waterbury, of Foxhall Keene's American team, had cause to remember a year or so ago. Young Lord Ingestre is besides an officer in the Royal Horse Guards, Blue; the same regiment in which was the Duke of Roxburghe when he married Miss May Golet. But Lord Ingestre is really a far greater 'swell' and a much bigger matrimonial catch than the Duke of Roxburghe. He is, to begin with, any girl's choice, from his looks, which the Duke of Roxburghe, with his bulldog 'mug' isn't. He's rich, which the duke wasn't, and he is a better 'swagger chap' in every way. Besides, in his splendid cavalry uni-

form, he is a picture of manly beauty for girls to covet and long for. Duke is, of course, a bigger title than earl. But ever since 'The Orchid' (or was it 'The Girl from Kay's?') made reference to 'Duchesses and Other Americans' there seems to have been rather a cooling down in the demand for strawberry leaves. Such is the withering power of ridicule."

Miss Alice Roosevelt is the object of intense interest wherever she goes—especially to reporters. Last week she spent a lively Sunday in Philadelphia (*mirabile dictu!*) to which the New York and Philadelphia papers gave much space. The *Sun's* account was the most vivacious, and ran: "Mrs. Roosevelt wanted to go to church to-day, and Miss Roosevelt didn't, so she went driving. After that Miss Roosevelt took a spin down the river on a city fire-boat, held the reins over the backs of Congressman Morrell's smartest four-in-hand horses, looked over his golf links, and took the Washington express for the capital. The express stopped at Torresdale especially for her. 'It has been a great day,' called Miss Roosevelt to Colonel Morrell as he and his wife waved her farewell. Miss Roosevelt left 'San José' shortly after ten o'clock this morning. 'San José' is Colonel Morrell's place at Torresdale, and she had spent the night there. Behind two of her host's cobs she drove down to the Spruce Street residence of Mrs. Brook, where Mrs. Roosevelt was stopping. 'We've come to take you out driving,' she called. 'I was waiting for you to go to church with me,' said Mrs. Roosevelt. 'It's a beautiful day for driving,' said Miss Roosevelt. 'It's a beautiful day to go to church,' said Mrs. Roosevelt. Then they talked together earnestly. After that Miss Roosevelt went back into the carriage, and Mrs. Roosevelt went to St. Luke's Church, where she sat through the service with few knowing her. Miss Roosevelt drove down Chestnut Street. Then she boarded the fire-tug *Ashbridge*, which took her down past League Island. Returning, it dropped her at the Torresdale wharf. There the President's daughter mounted the box of one of Colonel Morrell's four-in-hands, cracked the whip, and drove off like a veteran. There was a late luncheon, and then a dash for the Washington express."

Commenting on the "new woman" in Japan, a writer in the *Metropolitan* says that there as elsewhere she is a stubborn fighter, adding: "Now and again in Tokio one hears rumors that some day, by imperial rescript, a dove-like monogamy will be imposed upon the court. Though that day has not yet dawned, a princess of the greater house of Mito has recently cut off her beautiful hair, robed herself in mourning garments, and retired to a convent on the shores of the inland sea, because her lord, and as he thought her master, had taken unto himself another companion."

The living chess game which was given recently at George J. Gould's casino at Lakewood was such a success that the Women's Chess Club of New York is to arrange a similar entertainment. Chess playing with living figures was such a novelty that everybody in Lakewood wanted to see it, and the riding arena in Mr. Gould's palace of sports was thronged with cottagers and hotel patrons on both occasions of its production. A big chess board was laid out on the tanbark floor. The games were played by two experts, who occupied seats on raised platforms at either end of the board and directed the moves of the figures. The chess pieces were represented by thirty-two boys, handsomely attired in costumes of the fifteenth century. The pawns were costumed as esquires, and the kings, queens, knights, and rooks wore the costumes of their ranks. Two trumpeters, attired as heralds, announced each move as it was made. When a piece was taken, the chess man was permitted to take a seat in the audience instead of having his head cut off, as was the gentle custom of the kings of olden times who played the game with living figures. At the end of the game the players who were beaten knelt in submission to the victors.

Before the press section of the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held at the World's Fair grounds at St. Louis last week, "the woman's column" was the subject of an address by Miss Lavinia Egan, of Louisiana, a member of the World's Fair board of lady managers. She said that the "woman's column" in the average newspaper is filled with "plaudits and platitudes and pie-crusts and pudding." "No woman," continued Miss Egan, "is fit for the ballot, or for equal rights with men as long as she permits a woman's column of the accepted type. Clear it of recipes and frivolities and let it express the woman's point of view." Melville E. Stone, president of the Associated Press, spoke on the influence of women on newspapers. He said that not a line of scandal would be printed in an American newspaper were it not for the women. "No large metropolitan newspaper can live without the support of women," he continued; "newspapers to-day are edited for women

and not for men. If the women of the General Federation of Women's Clubs will set their faces against scandal, the objectionable in journalism will disappear. Women have a joint responsibility with the editors as to the class of news contained in the columns of the metropolitan daily."

"A blush," according to the *Southern Medicine*, "is a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, etiologized by one perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger, or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated precordia."

First politician—"You remember that famous saying of Lincoln's, 'You can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.'" Second politician—"Well, I'm no hog. Some of the people for mine."—Judge.

Enormous Yosemite Travel.

Santa Fé travel to Yosemite Valley is assuming enormous proportions. By the Santa Fé alone may the famous California Big Trees be seen without side trip or extra expense. It is also the short, quick way. Seats on the stage may be reserved at 641 Market Street, Santa Fé office.

Tesla Bricquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved,  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
May 26th .....	80	58	.00	Clear
" 27th .....	62	54	.00	Clear
" 28th .....	58	50	.00	Cloudy
" 29th .....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 30th .....	60	54	.00	Cloudy
" 31st .....	62	54	.00	Cloudy
June 1st .....	64	54	.00	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 1, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000 @ 106		105 1/2	106 1/4
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	2,000 @ 97		96	97 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%	19,000 @ 111 1/2-113 1/4		111 1/2	
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5% .....	2,000 @ 101 1/2		101	
N. R. of Cal. 6%	15,000 @ 106 1/2-106 3/4		106 1/2	107 1/4
Oakland Transit				
6% .....	16,000 @ 119-119 1/2		119 1/2	
Oakland Transit				
5% .....	5,000 @ 111		110 1/2	112
Con. 5% .....	1,000 @ 101 1/2		101 1/2	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	37,000 @ 105		104 1/2	105
Sac. E. G. Ry. 5%	10,000 @ 97 1/2		96 1/2	98
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5% .....	4,000 @ 116 1/2		116 1/2	
S. F. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd. ....	25,000 @ 107 1/2-108		107 1/2	108 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	2,000 @ 98 1/2		99	
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley .....	305 @ 37 1/2-38		37 1/2	38
	BANKS.			
Anglo-Cal .....	10 @ 85		83 1/2	86 1/2
	POWERS.			
Giant Con. ....	60 @ 59 1/2-60 1/2		60 1/2	61
	SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. S. ....	100 @ 49 1/2-50		49 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co. ....	35 @ 8 1/2		8 1/2	9
Makaweli S. Co. ....	60 @ 21 1/2-21 3/4		21 1/2	22
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Mutual Electric. ....	35 @ 12 1/2		12 1/2	13
S. F. Gas & Electric	135 @ 60 1/2-60 3/4		60 1/2	
	MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers ....	15 @ 139		140	
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	10 @ 90 1/2		90 1/2	

The market has been very quiet.

Giant Powder sold off one point to 59 1/2 on sales of 60 shares, but closed in better demand at 60 1/2 bid, 61 asked.

The sugars have about held their own in price.

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, 305 shares changing hands at 37 1/2-38, closing at 37 1/2 bid, 38 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weaker, and on sales of 135 shares sold down to 60 1/2, a loss of one point, closing at 60 bid.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

The Best Way



What do we know  
without trial

Hunter  
Baltimore  
Rye

The perfect Whiskey  
has stood every test.  
Between good and  
bad, trial is the test  
and taste the umpire.

It is particularly recommended to women  
because of its age and  
excellence.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells,  
etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

455 Sutter St., San Francisco.  
Telephone Bush 639.

NEW YORK LONDON

THE MANHATTAN  
PRESS-CLIPPING BUREAU

ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor  
KNICKERBOCKER BUILDING  
Cor. 5th Ave. and 14th St., New York

Will supply you with all personal reference and  
clippings on any subject from all the papers and  
periodicals published here and abroad. Our large  
staff of readers can gather for you more valuable  
material on any current subject than you can get in  
a lifetime.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

TERMS { 100 clippings, \$5.00; 250 clippings, \$12.00;  
500 clippings, \$20.00; 1,000 clippings, \$35.00

THE

Argonaut  
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and  
by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled  
to make the following offer, open to all subscribers  
direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing sub-  
scriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention  
the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century .....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine .....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas .....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar .....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Trib- une (Republican) .....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) .....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World .....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quar- terly .....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine .....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge .....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine .....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic .....	5.10
Argonaut and Life .....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck .....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature .....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century .....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy .....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly .....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews .....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine .....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review .....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan .....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum .....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue .....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age .....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine .....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald .....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine .....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion .....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West .....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set .....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Winston Churchill's recent breakdown in a speech in Parliament recalls to the English press a similar lapse of memory on the part of a member named Shell, in the House of Commons. Shell was commencing a carefully prepared sentence with the word "Necessity," when his memory deserted him. He repeated "Necessity" three times, and then Sir Robert Peel mischievously added: "Is not always the mother of invention."

Bismarck once related the following anecdote about wines: "Formerly, when wine was still cheap, everybody could both drink and stand more of it. I remember the story of two men from the Rhine. They met together in the morning for a drink, and, on sitting down, one of them said to the other, in the dialect peculiar to the Rhine districts, 'This wine is good.' Toward sunset they got up, and after emptying his last glass, the other one made answer, 'And it agrees with one, too.'"

Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a quarter of a century ago, was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" "Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I can not allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

In Washington one day, Senator Hoar met an acquaintance who stopped to inform him that a very dear friend was seriously ill with appendicitis. Senator Hoar was very solicitous, and determined to write a note of sympathy at once. He had hardly finished the note before word came to him that his friend was ill with acute indigestion instead of appendicitis. Senator Hoar tore up the first note, and sent the following in its place: "DEAR A.: I am very sorry to hear that you are ill, but am glad that the trouble is with the table of contents rather than with the appendix."

The visit of Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, to Italy recalls her life in Florence with her mother in her childhood. They lived in a modest way, going out daily on foot. It is related that one day they were going along the Lung Arno, when they were accosted by a beggar. The Queen Regent wanted to push on, fearing that her daughter might catch some fearful disease, but the little queen, having a will of her own, insisted on stopping. She questioned the man in broken Italian, believing herself quite unknown, and on proceeding gave him half a franc. He looked from the silver in his hand to her, and then back again, and at last said, with an air of impertinence: "So your subjects keep you as short as that! Poor queen!"

George R. Peck, the railway attorney, was once in South Dakota arguing a case before the Federal court. After making his argument, he walked to the hotel with a judge of the court, who highly complimented his effort. Peck was delighted, and confided to a friend that he knew, on account of the judge's manner, he would win the case. His friend was not so sanguine—he knew the judge. In support of his pessimistic view, he told this story: "Once there was a lion tamer whose duty it was to go into the cage and put his head in a big lion's mouth twice a day. One day, after he had gotten his head in the animal's mouth, he asked the keeper in a low voice, 'Is the lion wagging his tail?' 'He is,' replied the keeper. 'Then I'm gone,' said the tamer, and the next moment the lion closed his jaws and killed the tamer." It was both a story and a prophecy. Mr. Peck lost his case.

Dr. Cyrus Teed, head of the Koreshan Unity, which believes that the earth is a hollow shell, of which the human race inhabits the interior, and John Temple Graves, the Georgia editor, who has been trying to swing Florida into line for Hearst, arrived in Tampa on the same night recently, each with the intention of addressing an audience on his favorite topic. Graves was delayed, and a crowd waited impatiently at the court-house for his appearance. Dr. Teed took advantage of the opportunity, and, mounting the platform, proceeded without introducing himself to expound his theories about the convexity of the earth's surface. An old-line Democrat from the country, who had come into town to hear Graves, listened to the Koreshan's arguments for some time, then arose and addressed the speaker from the middle of the hall: "See here, Mr. Graves, I've stood for Cleveland Demmocrats and their radical-like tomfoolery, and I've voted 'er straight like a man; I've stood for Bryan Demmocrats, with their 16 to 1 never can win monkey business, and I've voted 'er straight like a man; but if you Hearst Demmocrats are a-going to try

to make the people of this country believe that we are walking on the inside of this earth, with our heads p'inted to hell and our toes p'inted to the angels, right here's where I quit the old ship, hy gum!"

Dr. John Kerr, in a new book of "Memoirs," recalls a number of humorous Scotch stories. For example, there is the story of the "argumentatively tipsy" Scot, who, calling on the minister, and being told to go home, and return the next day when he was sober, replied: "Man, minister, when I'm soher, I dinna care a d—n for religious conversation." Then, there is the story about Thomas Thorp, who died leaving his fortune to a poor relative, on condition that a headstone with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry, be erected beside the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters in the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve, on account of their too great length, the lines—

Here lies the corp  
Of Thomas Thorp,

the following was finally offered and accepted—

Thorp's  
Corpsce.

## When Boys Fight.

You were feeling very spunky that noon when, amid your preserves, you desecrated a stranger boy; but civilly you challenged him. One may witness two bluff but wary fox terriers thus approach each other, accost and investigate.

"Hello!" you wagged; that is, said.  
"Hello, yourself!" wagged he.  
"Say, what's your name?" you inquired, as you had every right to do.  
"Puddin' tame; ask me again, an' I'll tell you the same," he replied, insolently.  
At the unmerited rebuff you stiffened.  
"Better not give me any of your sass!" you growled.

"Pooh! What'll you do!" he growled back.  
"I'll show you what I'll do."  
"You couldn't hurt a flea."  
"I couldn't, couldn't I?"  
"Naw, you couldn't, 'couldn't I'!"  
Walking circles around each other, after this fashion you and he sowed crimination and recrimination, while larger and larger waxed an audience hopeful of seeing them spring up as blows.

Only when the flurry came did you discover too late how much taller and stronger and older than you he was. Your bleeding nose showed this to you; and cowed and weeping you retreated in had order.

"I'll tell my big brother, and he'll fix you!" you howled, threateningly.  
"Aw, he aint got any big brother," jeered the heartless crowd, who saw no pathos in your abused organ.

This was true; you had none.  
"I'll tell my father, then," you wailed, angrily—another empty boast; and still sniffing, and fearfully gory, with the handkerchiefs of yourself and your one faithful companion quite exhausted, you reached the haven of a friendly pump.

Yet you had not been whipped—not exactly.

"Got licked, didn't you?" unkindly commented various friends and enemies.  
"I didn't either!" you asserted, indignant; "I had to quit because my nose was bleedin'." It takes more'n him to lick me."

"He gave you a bloody nose just the same." You would not admit so much as that.  
"He didn't, either; he never touched my nose. It bleeds awful easy. It bleeds sometimes when you just look at it—don't it, Hen?"—Edwin L. Sabin in Century.

## No Substitute

not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals and general household cooking. It is the result of forty-five years experience in the growing, buying, handling and preserving of milk by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Perfectly Proper.

I've been kissing our cook  
While nobody was looking.  
Oh, you needn't be shocked.  
For my wife does our cooking.  
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

## Modest Mr. Hearst.

[A peculiarity which seems most admirable to Hearst's friends and hurts him among a certain class of blatant, self-advertising politicians, is his modesty.—Arthur Brisbane in Collier's Weekly.]

He said it with a mantling blush,  
This modest editor,  
"Publicity is shameful—tush!—  
And boasting I abhor.  
I am no pride-inflated gent,  
By fell ambition cursed—  
I only would be President,"  
Says bashful Mr. Hearst.

"My papers, set in twelve-inch type,  
Roar shyly through the land,  
The plutocratic hordes to wipe  
In one intense demand;  
And when my busy journals shove  
My name where all may see,  
'Tis but another symptom of  
My innate modesty.

"My circulation? Estimate  
A billion, more or less;  
For really, to exaggerate  
Would kill me, I confess.  
To dislocate my country's laws,  
This is my bumble task.  
I only want the earth, because  
That's all I dare to ask.

"Just read my rainbow war news when  
My modesty you'd see,  
My murders, scandals, horrors, then  
Sit down and think of me.  
And when the public pulse is stirred  
In any sort of way,  
'I done it!' is the only word  
My stammering lips can say."

He cast his glances to the sward,  
This shrinking, modest one.  
"I only ask a slight reward  
For all that I have done.  
Far, far it is from my intent  
To put my virtues first—  
Please ask me to be President!"  
Says timid Mr. Hearst.

—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

## Plaint to a Roving Sweetheart.

(Style of twenty-first century.)

Amid the melancholy tune  
Of sound waves beating on the moon  
I think my love, of thee.  
On atmospheric shore I sit  
And ask this boon of thee to-wit:  
Marconi soon to me!

I watch the wavelets as they press  
In mild ethereal choppiness  
My love to carry thee;  
And think: From sining boulevards  
Of gay, canal-besotted Mars  
Will she Marconi me?

While watching ferries plough the air  
Toward Venus and the Little Bear,  
My thoughts are all of thee,  
While gazing, sad beyond all words,  
At birding schooners catching birds,  
I sigh: "Marconi me!"

Alas! some youthful Martian fine  
Or gay Lothario Saturnine  
Has sighed and sung to thee,  
And made thee leave without reply  
My notes—that is the reason why  
You don't Marconi me!

—T. Ybarra in New York Sun.

One man's bed is another man's breakfast.—Town Topics.

## Nelson's Amucose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

## SOZODONT

A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE FOR THE  
TEETH AND BREATH.

USE WITH

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHEROKEE—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
Philadelphia..... June 18 | Germanic..... July 2  
St. Louis..... June 25 | St. Paul..... July 9  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Noordland..... June 18, 10 am | Westerland..... July 2, 10 am  
Merion..... June 25, 10 am | Haverford..... July 9, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis..... June 18, 9 am  
Mesaba..... June 25, 9 am  
Minnetonka..... July 2, 9 am  
Minnehaha..... July 9, 2 pm  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Southwark..... June 18 | Vancouver..... July 2  
Canada..... June 25 | Kensington..... July 9

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Rotterdam..... June 21 | Noordam..... July 5  
Ryndam..... June 28 | Statendam..... July 12

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Zeeland..... June 18 | Vaderland..... July 2  
Finland..... June 25 | Kroonland..... July 9

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic..... June 22, 10 am | Teutonic..... July 6, 10 am  
Arabic..... June 24, 3 pm | Celtic..... July 8, 1 pm  
Oceanic..... June 29, 7 am | Baltic..... July 13, 5 pm  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric..... June 16, 17, 14, Aug. 18  
Cretic..... June 30, July 28, Aug. 25  
Republic (new)..... July 7, Aug. 11, Sept. 15

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic..... June 18, July 30, Sept. 17  
Canopic..... July 2, Aug. 27, Oct. 8  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for,  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Coptic..... Wednesday, June 22  
S. S. Gaelic..... Thursday, July 14  
S. S. Doric..... Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Coptic..... Saturday, September 10  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 4, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, June 16, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 2, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS, etc. Reliable instruction in horoscope writing given at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best references. All inquiries and appointments by phone, Black 3723. ROBT. REMBRANDT HILL, 1606 Steiner St.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay you to see our large assortment of these goods, and it will be a pleasure to show them. Salsburg, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## Weber Pianos

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction, and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is its pure, rich, and sympathetic tone, in the possession of which it stands alone.

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

Largest stock Sheet Music in the City.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Hobbs, daughter of Major Charles W. Hobbs, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Pressley K. Brice, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Shorb, daughter of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, to Mr. James K. Steele, of Sacramento. The wedding will take place on June 18th at the residence of the bride's mother.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabelle Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. A. Hooper, of Alameda, to Mr. Wigginton Creed, of Alameda. The wedding will take place in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Malvina Nathan, daughter of the late Washington Nathan, of New York, to Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude A. Elam, daughter of Mrs. D. L. Haun, of Chico, to Mr. Edward F. Wheaton.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, to Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Erwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Erwin, of Berkeley, to Lieutenant James Gibson Taylor, U. S. A., took place at the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Rev. Frederick Hosmer. Miss Lucille Webster was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Alice Downing, Miss Mabel Reed, Miss Alma Mitchell, Miss Bright Wallace, and Miss Edna Beatrice Wild. Lieutenant B. C. Daly, U. S. A., acted as best man, and Captain R. W. Barnett, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. J. Sutherland, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert A. McElroy, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Elliott, U. S. A., were ushers. An informal reception at the residence of the bride's parents followed the ceremony. After a month's wedding journey, Lieutenant Taylor and his bride will reside at Mcatraz Island.

The wedding of Miss Clara Viola Sawyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo S. B. Sawyer, to Mr. Edward Francis Bishop, took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, 649 Hyde Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by Archbishop Montgomery. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop will go to St. Louis and New York on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at the Bishop ranch, near Haywards.

The wedding of Mrs. Christine Luhrs Cutting, daughter of Mrs. Anna E. Luhrs, to Mr. Walter Byron Webster, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 1165 Bush Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Julius Fuendeling, of the German Lutheran Church. Mr. and Mrs. Webster have gone to Vancouver on their wedding journey, and on their return will live at 1165 Bush Street.

The wedding of Mrs. Cora V. Stinson, daughter of Mr. C. V. Meyerstein, to Dr. Harold Johnson, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Empire. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock by Rev. Dr. Meserve, of Plymouth Church. The bride had no attendants, and Dr. Harold Brunn acted as best man. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson left immediately after the ceremony for St. Louis, and from there will go to Brookfield, Mass., where Dr. Johnson's parents live. They will make their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray gave a dinner at St. Dunstan's on Saturday. Others

at table were Mr. and Mrs. Low, Mr. and Mrs. King, of Oakland, and Mr. C. S. Morey, of Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stratton entertained a large party on Wednesday by a cruise around the bay on the revenue cutter *Golden Gate*.

## An Extended Journey.

John Muir, the geologist and botanist, returned on the *Siberia* from a journey around the world, having been gone since May 15th of last year. He was accompanied by Professor S. C. Sargent and son. They spent some time in England, France, Germany, and Holland, visiting the famous botanical gardens and parks. They went to St. Petersburg and Moscow last summer, and later visited the Caucasus Mountains. They returned to Moscow, then made a hotanial trip through Siberia and Manchuria. Next they visited Vladivostok, thence to Nagasaki. Mr. Muir's companions left him there, and he made the rest of his journey alone. He visited Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, Agra, Calpa, and Simla, making botanical and geological studies at all these places. After leaving India he went to Egypt, then to Ceylon, and later to Australia and New Zealand. From there he went to the Philippines, and then home.

The Mechanics' Institute Library has had placed in its vestibule a splendid mural painting by Arthur F. Matthews. The picture, which was presented by Rudolph J. Taussig, the president of the institute, represents a California landscape, with fine distance in it. In the foreground is a grouping of figures, buildings, and objects representing the industrial arts. The painting, although in subdued colors, typifies California in beautiful manner. It is excellent, both in theme and treatment.

Mrs. Caroline Ashe, a prominent pioneer, died at her residence, 2315 Sacramento Street, on May 27th. Mrs. Ashe was a native of Virginia, being of the Loyall family. She was the widow of the late Dr. R. Porter Ashe, and was the mother of William Ashe, Porter Ashe, Gaston Ashe, Sydney Ashe, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Harold Sewell, and Miss Betty Ashe. The funeral took place on May 28th from Grace Episcopal Church, with which Mrs. Ashe had been identified since its establishment.

To-day (Saturday) and to-morrow the Bohemian Club will dedicate its new club-house on the Russian River. It is situated in the Bohemian grove of redwoods, and is made in rustic style, of rough logs. Light is admitted through huge plate-glass windows. The interior is handsomely and comfortably furnished.

Frank McKee has secured Bernhardt's signature to a contract to appear in America in "La Sorcière." Mr. McKee will wait until June 15th to satisfy himself that the tour will be a success before signing the contract, but does not doubt that he will do so.

Mme. Rejane is coming to New York in November for four weeks at the Lyric Theatre. She will play "Zaza," "La Passerelle," "La Course aux Flambeaux," and others of her successes.

## Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., will visit the Coast during this month on a general inspection of army posts.

Captain Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A., sailed for Honolulu on the transport *Sheridan* last Wednesday. He goes to relieve Major Williamson, U. S. A., as depot quartermaster at that post.

Captain Willis Uline, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is now stationed at Ord Barracks, Monterey.

Captain J. M. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered from Angel Island to Fort Grant, Ariz.

General George Rodney, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Rodney will remain at the Hotel Vendome, San José, all summer.

Colonel Alfred C. Markley, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Markley had a young ladies' house-party at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, from Saturday until Tuesday.

Lieutenant J. H. Howard, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* last Wednesday.

Mrs. Roosevelt departed last Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where she will join her husband, Captain Henry Roosevelt, U. S. A., who is on duty there. Mrs. Roosevelt was accompanied on her trip East by her mother, Mrs. Morrow.

Colonel Edward Moale, U. S. A., retired, has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel G. H. Torney, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, and will be absent for two or three weeks.

The United States training-ship *Mohican* sailed from Honolulu last Saturday for the Philippines, where she will be made station-ship at Olongapo.

The San Francisco Blue Book for the current year is out. This is an interesting directory of society, containing the names and addresses of the best people of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Rafael, Sausalito, Belvedere, Burlingame, San Mateo, San José, Sacramento, Los Angeles, and the other important towns of the State. It also has a list of the members of all the clubs, a complete list of the leading public and family hotels, and all information that could be asked regarding social life throughout the State. It is a handsome volume, well printed.

Rev. John Hemphill, D. D., pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, of this city, and his wife will arrive by the Oceanic steamer *Ventura*, due here on Monday next, June 6th. During their four months' absence in Australia, Dr. Hemphill occupied the pulpit of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Sydney. The members of Calvary Church, and some other old-time friends of the Hemphills, propose giving them an informal reception in the chapel at the close of next Wednesday evening's services, June 8th.

"Yvette," a new play by Paul Berton, author of "Zaza," was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, recently, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. It is described as an interesting but repellent play, telling of a woman, an immoral adventuress, who is planning to have her daughter lead the same life. The awakening of the daughter to her mother's character and intentions forms the chief motive of the play. Margaret Hillington played the heroine with much success.

The portrait of the Empress Dowager of China, painted by Miss Kate Augusta Carl, which was described in the *Argonaut* recently, arrived here on the steamship *Siberia* May 27th. It will be exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition, and later will be presented to the American people. Shen Nang Hoo accompanied the picture as a special commissioner appointed to see to its safe delivery.

There is nothing more glorious in California than sunrise and sunset from the top of Mt. Tamalpais. The trip up there is a most pleasant and picturesque one, and the Tavern at the top is comfortable and hospitable. The gravity-car method of coming down the mountain is very popular.

Over one hundred special trains have been chartered by Knights Templar for the San Francisco conclave, and more than four hundred Pullman sleepers have been engaged. Accommodations have so far been engaged at the leading hotels for twelve thousand Sir Knights.

Nance O'Neil, the actress, has just purchased the famous old Brinley estate in Tyngsboro, on the Merrimac River, and will make it her summer home. The property is part of the grant to Jonathan Tyng about three hundred years ago.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,  
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

# Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps, as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

Established over 100 years.

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**PANAMA**  
And Outing Hats and Caps  
**HERRMANN & CO.**  
328 Kearny Street, S. F.



## FOR SALE

Country residence, situated in the hills five miles south of Livermore. For further particulars apply to P. O. Box Y, Livermore, Cal.



## REHNSTROM &amp; HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

## TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

There is no Substitute for



It is a Matter of Health



**RHINE AND MOSELLE WINES.**  
FROM MESSRS  
**DEINHARD & CO.**  
**COBLENZ.**  
PURVEYORS TO  
H.M. The German Emperor,  
Laubenheimer, Niersteiner,  
Hochheimer, Ruedesheimer,  
Johannisberger, Zeltinger,  
Berncasteler Doctor, and other  
well known growers in quarts and  
pints.  
**WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.** 216 Mission St.  
SAN FRANCISCO,  
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

## Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## At Hotel Del Monte

FOR RENT IN SANTA BARBARA, CAL.  
FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

Two of the most desirable and completely furnished houses in the city, above the Arlington Hotel and within one block of car line. Rent reasonable. Fine gardens and location the best.  
For particulars apply to

**R. M. WHITNEY,**  
Santa Barbara, Cal.

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent

## SUBSCRIBERS LEAVING TOWN

For the summer can have their paper forwarded by mail to their new addresses by notifying the Argonaut business office, either by mail or telephone.

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F., Cal.  
Telephone James 2531.

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt will continue to remain in Santa Barbara until the first of July. She is occupying the Underhill villa at Montecito. Mrs. Joseph Marks is her guest.

Mrs. A. M. Easton, who has been visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, in New York, is expected to return to San Mateo in a few days.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Runyon, Miss Helen Runyon, and Miss Belle Runyon left on Friday for Yosemite Valley. They will be absent three weeks, and on their return will spend the summer at their country place, "Fragaria," in Mill Valley.

Miss Emily Carolan and Miss Cora Smedberg have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams Poett at Burlingame. Miss Smedberg departed on Thursday for New York, where she will remain for several months.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and the Misses Clover arrived from Washington, D. C., last Saturday, and will spend part of the summer at their country place in Napa Valley.

Mrs. Frederick Beardsley, of Honolulu, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor, at the family residence on Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd have gone to their country place, "Casa Boyd," in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay expect to leave for the St. Louis Exposition next week, and later will spend several weeks in New York.

Mrs. R. Gilman Brown is spending the summer at Del Monte.

Miss Sallie Maynard is the guest of Miss Jennie Flood at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and family are spending the month of June in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Richards are at Blythedale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent will occupy the Eastland place in Mill Valley this summer.

Mrs. Mary McMullin Latham is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Collier at "Villa Kabel," Clear Lake.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell is at Del Monte, where she will spend the greater part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., leave today (Saturday) for St. Louis. They will be away until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and family have gone to Rowdennan for the month of June.

Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Miss Sonntag, Miss Lillie Reis, and Miss May Reis departed during the week for St. Louis, where they will spend the next few weeks.

Miss Mabel Poett, who has been the guest of Mrs. James Carolan at 1714 California Street during the past month, has returned to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster will spend June at St. Louis.

Dr. and Mrs. Minor Goodall are at Catalina Island for a few weeks.

Mr. William Blair and Miss Jennie Blair intend to spend the month of July at Bartlett Springs.

Miss Ada Sullivan was in Madrid when last heard from.

Mrs. Barry Baldwin will be at Del Monte this month.

Mr. John Morrissey has departed for the East for a stay of several weeks. He will meet Mrs. Morrissey in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winchester and their children are at Blythedale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard are visiting Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bissell are sojourning in Lake County.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Barkan and family will spend some time at their country place in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister are at Blythedale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod and Miss Lamh are at the Linda Vista, San Anselmo, for a few weeks.

Mr. E. M. Greenway has been spending a few days at Santa Barbara.

Senator George C. Perkins and Miss Pansy Perkins have returned to Oakland. In autumn they will return to Washington, D. C., where Miss Perkins is to make her debut next winter.

Miss Lillie Spreckels has been at Byron Springs for a few days.

Miss Lutie Collier and Miss Lalla Wenzelberger have gone to the Collier country place near Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin will spend the summer at Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent (née Harris) have left St. Louis for New York.

Mr. Oscar Sutro and Miss Sutro returned from the Philippines on the *Siberia*. Miss Sutro will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro at San Rafael.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson have gone to Monterey to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wallace expect to de-

part on June 9th for an extended European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson have been automobiling in Yosemite Valley this week.

Miss Alice Hager is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin in their country place near Calistoga.

Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen, Miss Elizabeth Allen, and Miss Ruth Allen are at their country place near San Mateo for the summer.

Governor Carter, of Honolulu, Mrs. Carter, and the Misses Carter arrived on the *Siberia*. Bishop W. H. Moreland, of Sacramento, was at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hall (née Bolton) departed Wednesday for Alaska, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and Mr. Bradley Wallace are at San Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. Richardson and Miss Dorothy Dustan are in Washington, D. C., where they will remain for several months.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick have gone to their country place near Pleasanton for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney are in Mill Valley for a few weeks.

George S. Evans, of Oakland, who died of typhoid fever at the St. John's Hospital, this city, last week, was one of the most promising of the younger school of California writers. He was graduated from the University of California in 1896, later took up the study of law, and had practiced for a number of years. He found time, however, to write a number of exceptionally good short stories, one or two of which were published in Eastern magazines, and several in the *Argonaut*. Among them were "A Tennessean's Antipathy," "The End of the Game," "Enter Lizard Bill," and "A Big Red Steer." Another story, "Why Wylackie Jack Went to Chama," had been accepted by the *Argonaut* at the time of the writer's death, but not yet published. It will appear in an early issue.

A benefit matinee for Clement Scott, the great dramatic critic, will be given in London on June 28th. The leading stage people of London will contribute to the programme, which will be unique, being composed of entirely new songs, burlesques, and recitations. Henry Irving will make his only London appearance for the season. Beerhohn Tree will deliver a monologue written especially for the occasion. Stalls will cost two guineas, balcony stalls one guinea, and other seats in proportion.

Theodor Vogt, of San Francisco, gave an orchestral rehearsal of the scores of two of his comic operas—"Prince Asmodeus" and "The Lily of Che-Foo"—at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, recently. The music is described as "above the present-day standard in New York, rich in harmony, and suggestive of the old Italian school of composition."

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

## Vacation Suggestions.

Don't go away without one of our self-filling fountain pens, three size pens and six style points. Playing cards, cribbage boards, tablets—leather lap tablets—are useful articles to take with you. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT-waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

## SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE

For Ladies and Gentlemen

## MARTIN BRAUN, MASSEUR

Graduate, Imperial University Hospital, Vienna, Austria.

THE WENBAN,

Phone John 7181. Cor. Sutter and Mason Sts.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU & HOTEL GRANADA

1012 Van Ness Avenue

1000 Sutter Street

The Finest Family Hotels on the Pacific Coast.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
308-312 Post St. San Francisco.  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.  
Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

**H. R. WARNER, Manager,**  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## TAKE A REST from society, style, and city life by going to

## SHASTA MT. HOME

Where you will, amid scenes the grandest, air most invigorating, and water the best, add ten years to your life. Best home cooking, new rooms, and everything so clean and refreshing. Address for rates,

**M. A. THOMPSON, Manager,**  
Sisson, Cal.

## The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

Is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where after-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hôte dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 P. M., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

## Catering a Specialty

**F. B. SIGNOR, Manager,**

Formerly with Louis Sherry of New York City.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Curry—"I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed." Edna—"I know you didn't—you weren't there."—Ex.

"I'm getting old." "Having rheumatism?" "Worse than that. I'm having reminiscences."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"So she has started on a life journey into matrimony, has she?" "Well, I guess it is only an excursion trip."—Brooklyn Life.

He—"I suppose you think smoking is hurtful?" She—"Not always. It is quite an improvement to pork products."—Boston Transcript.

Bursley—"He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it." Floyd—"The man's a fool." Bursley—"That may be a mere coincidence."—Smart Set.

A true friend: Teacher—"Who was the best friend Ireland ever had?" Irish scholar—"O! don't just now remember, but he discovered Ameriky."—Town Topics.

Mrs. Hoggard—"Do you know, myself and my daughter are often mistaken for sisters." Mrs. Gay—"Ah, the dear girl must be studying too hard, don't you think?"—Puck.

"What are you going to do this summer?" "Well, we haven't quite decided whether to go to St. Louis for two days or to the seashore for a month."—Chicago Evening Post.

Jimmy—"Ma, did y' huy Georgie a birthday present?" Ma—"Yes." Jimmy—"Ma, what did y' huy t' pacify me 'cause taint my birthday?"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Mr. Krusty—"What's all that noise?" Mrs. Krusty—"Katy is practicing 'The First Steps in Music.'" Mr. Krusty—"Tell her to take the steps in her stocking feet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I punish you, Browning, because I love you. But you are too young to understand what a mother's love is." "Is it two soles with but a single thought; two hands that beat as one?"—Life.

Mistress (who is going out for the day)—"And, Mary, you may invite a friend to come in to tea, if you like." Mary—"Please, 'm, I haven't got any friends. I only know young women!"—Punch.

"So you have quit selling gold bricks and conducting hunko games," said the old-time pal. "Yes," answered Mr. Conne; "it is foolish to run around the streets picking up a thousand here or there. The thing to do now is to open an office and have people send you the money by mail."—Washington Star.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steedman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

Conductor—"I got your fare before, sir." Passenger—"I know. This nickel is for the company."—Judge.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## Santa Fe ALL THE WAY CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30 A. M.—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL:** Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

**9.30 A. M.—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED":** Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.10 p. m., Bakersfield 5.50 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 7.10 a. m.

**4.00 P. M.—STOCKTON LOCAL:** Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

**8.00 P. M.—OVERLAND EXPRESS:** Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.35 p. m.

\* Daily.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

## OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.  
Drifted Snow.  
Golden Gate Extra.

## Sperry Flour Company

## NORTH SHORE

FOR SAN RAFAEL  
ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc.  
Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS at 6.30, 7.10, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10, 11 A. M.; (11.40 A. M., Sausalito only); 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.50, 6.25, 7.15, 9.10, 10.20, 11.35 P. M.

DEPART SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7.10, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10, 11, 11.40 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.50, 6.25, 7.15, 8.15, 9, 10.20, 11.35 P. M.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7.45 A. M., 3.15 P. M., 5.15 P. M. (except Saturday); on Sundays and legal holidays at 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10, 11, 11.40 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.50, 6.25, 7.15, 8.15 P. M.

## THROUGH TRAINS.

7.45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 9.15 A. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc. 3.15 P. M., daily except Sunday, for Cazadero, etc. 5.15 P. M., daily except Saturday, Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc.

7.15 P. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc. 8.15 P. M., Sundays only, for Cazadero, etc. Ticket Offices, 626 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St.

## MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Francisco		Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St.		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days.	Sun. days.			Sun. days.	Week Days.
.....	8:30 A			12:45 P	* 8:45 A
.....	10:00 A			2:05 P	* 11:05 A
10:00 A	11:00 A			3:35 P	3:35 P
1:45 P	12:20 P			5:40 P	5:15 P
6:15 P	1:45 P			8:15 P	10:05 P
.....	4:35 P			8:50 P	.....

\* Via Gravity Car. Tamalpais to Mill Valley.  
TICKET (626 MARKET ST. (North Shore Railroad) OFFICES (and SAUSALITO FERRY, FOOT MARKET ST.



Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**

FROM JUNE 1, 1904.

FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE — MAIN LINE.		ARRIVE	
7.00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey, etc.	7.50 P	
7.00 A	Benicia, Salinas, Elmira and Sacramento, Los Banos, Merced, etc.	7.20 P	
7.30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon, etc.	8.20 P	
7.30 A	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	7.20 P	
8.00 A	Shasta, Eureka, Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, (Fruita, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, etc.	7.50 P	
8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	7.50 P	
8.30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Merced, Arroyo, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	4.20 P	
8.30 A	Port Costa, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	4.50 P	
8.30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Alhambra), Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, etc.	4.20 P	
8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels, etc.	4.20 P	
9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and Salt Lake City, etc.	11.20 A	
9.30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	5.50 P	
10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, etc.	5.20 P	
10.00 A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa, etc.	7.20 P	
10.00 A	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	3.20 P	
12.00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	11.00 P	
1.00 P	Sacramento, River Street, etc.		
3.30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	10.50 A	
3.30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	7.50 P	
3.30 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa, etc.	12.20 P	
3.30 P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Wawona, etc.	8.50 A	
3.30 P	Martinez, Port Costa, Lodi, etc.	10.20 A	
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	9.20 A	
4.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi, etc.	4.20 P	
4.30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	11.50 A	
6.00 P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Modesto, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, etc.	8.50 A	
6.00 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa, etc.	12.25 P	
6.30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	7.20 A	
6.30 P	Overland Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East, via Port Costa, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Colfax, etc.	9.50 A	
6.00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday, etc.	5.20 P	
7.00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only, etc.	7.50 P	
7.00 P	Lithgow, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	11.20 A	
7.00 P	Oroville and California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East, etc.	8.50 A	
8.05 P	Union Passenger—Port Costa, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, and Way Stations beyond Sacramento, etc.	7.50 A	
8.10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only), etc.	11.50 A	

## ASK PECK! HE KNOWS

Literature and particulars on all the Summer Resorts and Camping Places of California. 11 MONTGOMERY ST.

## FREE INFORMATION

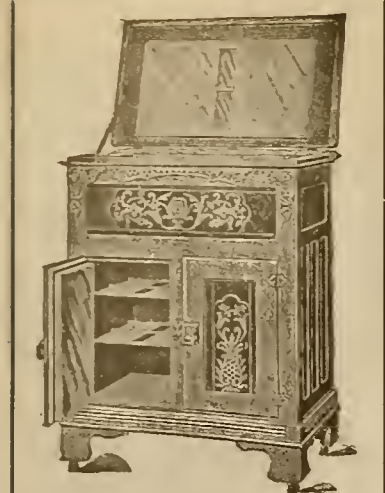
BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

RUBBER LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



## ALASKA REFRIGERATORS

FOR HOTELS  
RESTAURANTS  
BUTCHERS  
GROCERS AND  
THE HOUSE

Use Less Ice and Keep Provisions Longer than any other Refrigerators.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

309-317 Market Street

## California Northwestern Railway Co. LESSEE SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Thiuron Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30 and 11.30 p. m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 1.40, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 6.00, 6.20, 6.25, 7.50 p. m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 1, 1904.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.		Week Days.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Ignacio.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
			7.25 p. m.
			8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Novato	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Petaluma	8.40 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	Santa Rosa.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
			8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Fulton.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
			8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Windsor.	7.25 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Healdsburg.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
			7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Geyserville.	7.25 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Cloverdale.	7.25 p. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
			7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Hopland.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	and Ukiah.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
			7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Sherwood.	7.25 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Guerneville.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	and Vacation.	8.45 p. m.
			6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Sonoma.	8.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Glen Ellen.	6.00 p. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
			8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Sebastopol.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
			6.20 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, at Fulton for Altura and Mark West Springs, at Layton for Layton Springs, at Geyserville for Skaggs Spring, at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Bonville, and Greenwood, at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay Lakeport and Bartlett Springs, at Ukiah for Viola Springs, Salsburg Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Patten Lake, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Buckner's, Sandhedm Heights, Hillville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sierwood, Chito, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.  
Sat. day to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.  
Get off at 6.50 Market Street. Chronicle Building.  
Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN  
Gen. Pass. Agt.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1422.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 13, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions: \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 324 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beames Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Another Crack in the President's Shield?—Democrats Find Another Reason for Calling Him "Unsafe"—Cuban Letter Severely Criticised—Foreign Journals Hail "Policeman Roosevelt"—Expensive and Useless War—Correspondents—Their Day Said to Be Over—An American Citizen Held for Ransom—Capture of Perdicaris by a Moroccan Chief—Oregon in Line Again—Its Large Republican Vote—Judge Parker's Prize Red Poll Bull Peter Famous in France—Amusing Remarks of a Paris Weekly—A Chaotic Democratic Situation—Judge Parker Loses a Little Ground—Chance for McClellan, Gorman, Olney, Gray, or Folk—Will Port Arthur Fall?—Conditions About the Beleaguered Fortress.....	385-387
HUMAN FRAILTY AS SEEN AT SEA: Concerts and Captain's Nights—A Cockney Tragedy at Sea—People at Sea Whom You Remember—Selfishness at Sea. By Jerome Hart.....	387-388
MAGAZINE VERSE: "Love Sang to Me," by Josephine Preston Peabody; "O Comrade Mountains," by Mary S. Paden; "Thanatos Athanatos," by John Hay; "The Rockies," by Arthur Stringer.....	388
THE PASSING OF ZILK: The Result of a One-Sided Duel. By Mahel Haughton Brown.....	389
NEW YORK'S EARLY SUMMER: Came With a Rush—Indications of a Scorch—All Who Can Afford It Leaving Town—How Gotham Cools Itself—The Shop-Girls. By Geraldine Bonner.....	390
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	390
QUAY: THE BOSS OF PENNSYLVANIA: Remarkable Career of the Late Senator—Varying Estimates of the Man—Power of Mediaeval Despot—Amusing Anecdotes—Advice to Young Men.....	391
THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER: London "Times" Reduces Its Price—The Fact Regarded in England as a "Great National Event"—Interesting History of the Venerable Journal—Men at the Helm.....	391
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	392-393
DRAMA: "Sergeant Kitty" at the Tivoli Opera House; "U. S." at Fischer's Theatre. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	394
STAGE GOSSIP.....	395
VANITY FAIR: "An American Lady" on Divorce—Tells the British Public of Our "Progressive Polygamy"—Summer Evening in Paris—Carry's Beautiful Description of It—Sargent's Portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland—A New Precious Stone Introduced by King Edward—A Modern Cinderella Story—What Tailors Do for Civilization—Fine Note-Paper Made of Filthy Rags—Miss Roosevelt as a Bridesmaid—Women Well Paid by the Government.....	396
STORYVETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—The Virginian's Rebuke—Convinced Even the Guilty One—Kipling and the Jackie—Funk's Youthful Astuteness—Page's Introduction of Caine—Masculine Logic—The Market for Moss—J. Pierpont Morgan's Coat of Arms—Quay's Willingness—Webster a Stickler for Proper English—The Faithful Butler—A Daniel Webster Story.....	397
THE TUSEFUL LIAR: "Roosevelt Campaign Slogans"; "Increasing Circulation"; "Sonnets of Schooldays," by J. W. Foley.....	397
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	398-399
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	400

Probably most folks are blissfully ignorant that a "perpetual sword of war" is liable soon to be "hanging not only over South America but over ourselves." Yet such is the dreadful fact—at least the Democrats affirm it to be a fact. It is all the fault of Mr. Roosevelt. As the date for the opening of the Presidential campaign

approaches, the Democratic press grows more and more convinced that Mr. Roosevelt is a bad, bad man. In their columns those fascinatingly fearful words, "imperator," "dictator," "unsafe," "Caesarism," "usurpation," "executive encroachment" appear with greater and greater frequency. It looks as if tariff, trusts, government extravagance, the Philippines, etc., were to play only minor parts on the political stage this fall; Roosevelt "safe" or "unsafe" bids fair to be the paramount issue.

Confirmation of this view is to be discovered in the platforms adopted by numerous Democratic State conventions. The New York platform says: "This is a government of laws, not of men; one law for Presidents, cabinets, and people; no usurpation; no executive encroachment upon the executive or judicial department." The South Carolinians "view with alarm the assumption of power by the President." The Marylanders charge him with "repeated and unpardonable dictation," and denounce him for "his autocratic invasion" of the freedom of the two Houses of Congress. And likewise the California Democrats strenuously object to the "increased aggression of the executive authority."

It is, however, a particular, not a general, offense which just now leads Democratic journals like the *World* to see in their mind's eye "a perpetual sword of war" hanging over us. The offense is contained in the letter Mr. Roosevelt wrote Mr. Root, which was read at a dinner to celebrate the second birthday of Cuba as an independent State. Since it is the subject of controversy, let the passage be quoted in full:

It is not true that the United States has any land hunger or entertains any projects as regards other nations save such as are for their welfare. All that we desire is to see all neighboring countries stable, orderly, and prosperous. Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the United States can not ignore its duty; but it remains true that our interests and those of our southern neighbors are in reality identical. All that we ask is that they shall govern themselves well and be prosperous and orderly. Where this is the case they will find only helpfulness from us.

Now what is the offense that the Democrats find in this passage? Nothing more nor less than that it contains "language of menace" to countries between which and ourselves there exist peace and good will. The *Sun*, for example, asks: "Is the United States Government their policeman and the supervisor of their debt-paying?" and says further: "The United States has no more right or authority to read lectures of admonition and menace to the rulers or the people of those countries than they have to preach at ourselves." Similarly the *World*. "The President has affronted every republic between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn," it exclaims. It calls the utterance "jingoism run mad." It assures its readers that the necessary implication of the passage is that, unless the neighboring nations "act with decency," we'll see to it that they are made to. It has an awful vision of a time when all South America's sixty millions shall be arrayed against us, with Europe on their side.

Other opposition journals fail to work themselves up to the degree of excitement indicated by the utterances of the *World* and *Sun*, but nevertheless believe the letter to have been ill-advised. The fact that abroad it has made commentators on international politics sit up and take notice is adverted to with apprehension. In the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*, Europe is now convinced that the United States is about to apply

the logical correlative of the Monroe Doctrine; assume responsibility for the revolution-ridden countries over which it asserts an academic protectorate; cuff its quarrelsome wards into decent behavior; make them pay their debts to Europe, and observe their treaties. "Hurrah for Policeman Roosevelt," cries the *Spectator*. A number of prominent Democrats have also seized the occasion to criticise Mr. Roosevelt with some severity. In an interview, Bird L. Coler, late a candidate for governor of New York, intimates that Mr. Roosevelt, like Emperor William, fancies that he has "a call" to boss the world. Professor Norton thinks the implications of the letter should be repudiated by every lover of justice. Charles A. Towne, formerly senator from Minnesota, and "mentioned" as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is far more emphatic in stating his disapproval. "If it does not defeat its author in the approaching election," he exclaims, "it will be because the American people have ceased to be Americans." That would indeed be sad—to wake up on the morning after election to find ourselves no longer Americans.

The President's letter evidently needs no elaborate defense. There are the facts, and he who runs may interpret them according to his political complexion and temperament. But if the opposition is going to scrutinize with such diligence and criticise with such vehemence casual Presidential utterances of this sort, the coming campaign may still have interesting features. The prospect has been thus far for a one-sided, dull, and unexciting affair. But if the Democrats "go at it" in this fashion, it may be a real fight yet!

The present disturbance between Japan and Russia has, so far, resulted in victory for neither, but has certainly compassed the total defeat of the army of war-correspondents. They have been routed foot and horse, camera and typewriter. For all the real work they have done, they might as well have been in San Francisco—better, so far as expense is concerned. From Shanghai they have reported battles that may have occurred in Manchuria—six hundred miles away. Sitting inactive in Chefoo, they have heard rumors of fights at Fung Wang Cheng or at Chin-lien-cheng. Their papers, which have already had accurate official reports, receive, at any indefinite time after the trouble (sometimes before) an expensive cable telling what the correspondents have fortuitously heard, and a whole lot more that they have imagined; that part of their report which is not stale is inaccurate, and that part which is accurate is stale. When there is no chance to report a reported battle, they write essays on the art of war. Jack London did this, telling how war had resolved itself into strategy, proving, by his course of reasoning, that a soldier on the field was as safe from sudden death as a war-correspondent encircled by censors and diplomats. Almost before his typewriter keys had ceased quivering, three thousand five hundred Japanese met glorious death for their emperor on the bloody slope of Nanshan Hill. The Manila *Sun*, by the way, asserts that London and two companions, by trying to steal away from Seoul to Pingyang, cemented for good the ring of censorship that the Japanese had drawn around all war-correspondents.

The London *Daily Mail* takes a gloomy view of the situation in an editorial, the gist of which is in the caption: "Day of the War-Correspondent Gone." It may not be quite so bad as that, though there is no doubt that, in the present war, the newspapers have spent much money with small results. They receive reports, but their accuracy may be judged from the conclusion of an account of the crossing of the Yalu



on April 30th, sent to the *Mail* by its star man, F. A. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie, writing "on the field of battle," devoted a column and a half, at an expense of five hundred dollars, to abstract description, and thus ingeniously concluded his account: "The press censorship is now becoming stricter than ever. I am forbidden to transmit the names of the divisions and units, or even the real place where our headquarters are established!" The telegraph editor who passed that was very frank.

And the pictures! We expected a lot from the snapshot men. Believing that pictures could not lie, we viewed with interest a page in *Harper's Weekly*, showing Japanese field artillery in action on the Yalu. Still more interesting, though, was *Collier's Weekly's* reproduction of the same picture, with a footnote asserting that *Harper's* had taken it from a book on the Japanese-Chinese war, written ten years ago. That is really not important, for a good picture is interesting, whether truthful or not. But a war-correspondent who is neither interesting nor truthful—well, he is an expensive luxury to the journal that employs him, and a trial to the souls of those persons who want facts about the war, not fairy-tales.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, is a good phrase-maker. He calls Judge Parker "the lockjaw candidate." That is far more severe a sobriquet than "the Sphinx of Esopus," which Parker has heretofore been most often called by critics of his policy of silence. It shows the increasing irritation of the country at the passive, placid attitude of the New York candidate. It is really getting to be a question if he can be nominated, unless he speaks out.

Six Democratic conventions have been held this week: in Hawaii, which instructed its six delegates for Hearst; in Colorado, which turned down a resolution instructing for Hearst by a vote of 379 to 108, and which adopted resolutions strongly commending Bryan, rendering it likely that the delegation of ten, though uninstructed, may be controlled by the Nebraskan; in Delaware, which, even against his request, instructed its six delegates for Judge Gray; in Idaho, which instructed six delegates for Hearst; in Utah, which sends an uninstructed delegation, two of which are for Hearst and four for Parker; and in Virginia, where the convention has not yet adjourned, but whose delegation is credibly said to be "in favor of Parker." Tabulated according to instructions and expressed preferences, the case stands thus:

Parker	228
Hearst	133
Uncommitted	224
Gorman	40
Wall	26
Olney	25
Controlled by Bryan	34
Gray	6
Total	716

The remarkable thing about the week's conventions is that Judge Parker got no positively instructed delegation. The instructions for him of Georgia and Tennessee, and the favorable resolutions of Alabama, gave his boom a nice lift a week or two ago. Now they all fight shy. It is pretty evident that the Democracy of the country is not quite ready to tie to a man whose measure it has yet been totally unable to take. The failure of Parker to get instructed delegates in the conventions this week is all the more striking in the face of Cleveland's recent reinforcement of his candidacy. Meanwhile, Parker's enemies (if any credence is to be placed in late New York dispatches) are forming a coalition against him. It is reported that Gorman, Guffey, Murphy, and Smith of New Jersey, met in New York, and entered into a compact to down Parker if possible. This is highly interesting—if true. Gorman absolutely controls the delegates from Maryland and District of Columbia, and part of those from West Virginia. Guffey is the acknowledged "boss" of the Pennsylvania Democracy. Pennsylvania has sixty-eight votes. Smith has the twenty-four votes of New Jersey in his vest pocket. Murphy is the anti-Parker Tammany leader of New York. If, as a matter of fact, these strong men have entered into an agreement, they can come very near naming the next Democratic candidate for President. But can they agree? Gorman nurses a huge ambition; Murphy is for Mayor McClellan, and has many times expressed his belief that Cleveland is the "only man who can beat Roosevelt." In the interests of whom does the Gorman-Guffey-Smith-Murphy combine intend to operate—Gorman—or McClellan—or Cleveland—or Gray? It is rumored that Hearst, also, is a member of the cabal, and will trade off his strength in return for favors to be rendered in 1908.

No doubt, as a dark-horse candidate, McClellan has

elements of strength. As the son of his father, he has a sentimental interest in the eyes of war veterans, and with the elder generation in general. His nine years in Congress form a creditable, if not very brilliant, record. He has been a conspicuous success during his five months' tenure of office as mayor of New York. He has not yet been denounced by William J. Bryan. On the other hand, he materially hurt his chances by signing, not long ago, the notorious "Gas Grab Bill," as a return to the Standard Oil Company for financial favors received in Tammany's late campaign. Furthermore, it may be doubted if McClellan's nomination would conduce to harmony in the State of New York. Would not the Parker men "up State"—those who secured the indorsement of the delegates to St. Louis for him—be seriously affronted should the convention reject Parker and take up Tammany's candidate, McClellan? And how the Republicans would seize upon "No Tammany Man in the White House" for a campaign slogan.

Gorman's candidacy, to the man on the fence, is even less attractive than McClellan's. Gorman is known as an astute politician rather than as a statesman. He blundered badly in his leadership of the minority in the Senate last winter, counseling his party to oppose ratification of the Panama Treaty, and was overruled by his colleagues, all but a few of whom supported the President by their votes. Besides, he has a bad political record on the tariff question, from a Democratic viewpoint, and in the Maryland platform, which he wrote, he is held to have erred in the same way as in years past. The tariff plank of the Maryland Democrats differs little from that of the Republicans; it also refers to the Panama matter in a way to reflect on the Democratic senators who voted to ratify the treaty; and, finally, it has an "anti-expansion" plank.

The Gray boom begins auspiciously with Delaware's instruction of her delegates for him. Delaware is little, but the generally chaotic situation makes her action important. Judge Gray has been "mentioned favorably" from the first. Cleveland, in the recent utterance, makes it clear that he really prefers Gray or Olney to Parker, and only gave the Parker boom his support in order to kill off "that man Hearst." The chief objection to Judge Gray is because of his vacillating course in relation to the Philippines. But his boom certainly has potentialities.

Olney and Folk are the only two other candidates discussed at all seriously. Olney is "receptive," Folk emphatically not so. Olney has the Massachusetts delegation pledged to him; Folk has no delegates, but many admirers.

To sum up, the Democratic situation is to-day more uncertain and chaotic than at any time since New York instructed its seventy-four delegates for Judge Parker. He still keeps a slight lead on "the field," but the shadow of "Dave" Hill, the enmity of Tammany, and his own silence, are heavy handicaps. All that is certain is that the nominee of the convention will be a conservative. Bryan will lack many votes of control, and Hearst is no longer seriously considered. Among the conservatives it is to-day anybody's race—may the best man win!

The very bad precedent that the United States set two years ago in paying over seventy thousand dollars for the release of Ellen Stone, the missionary captured by the Macedonian bandits, has had its logical effect. A Moroccan outlaw, one Raisuli, the influential chief of a desert tribe, has captured an American citizen, Ion Perdicaris, and his son-in-law, Cromwell Varley, an Englishman. He is holding them for a ransom, to be paid by the Sultan of Morocco, and is depending upon the United States and England to force or guarantee the Sultan's acquiescence to his demands. Preliminary steps to that end have been taken, several of our warships having assembled at Tangier, and negotiations between the Sultan and Admiral Chadwick are in progress. Chadwick has two courses open to him: to make the Sultan give Raisuli what he wants, or to pursue the bandit and make him give up the prisoners. It is probable that the services of France, which, of the leading governments, is the most friendly with Morocco, will be enlisted in the former course.

The capture of Perdicaris and Varley was unusually daring. The former is a prominent man, an artist, who has a handsome house outside Tangier. Here he has entertained some notable people. On the night of May 18th, Perdicaris, Varley, and their wives were dining, when suddenly a large force of Raisuli's men rushed into the house, seized the two men after a very short struggle, and dashed away to the mountains with them before help could be summoned. Then word was sent to the Sultan that the captives would be released upon the payment of seventy thousand dollars cash. Raisuli also wants a subordinate kingdom, with permission to

levy taxes upon an extensive territory, and immunity from punishment for his offense. Perdicaris and Varley have been in communication with their families since their capture, and report that they are well treated. But there is a fear that any hostile demonstration made against Raisuli would result in their instant death. He is a fierce and unscrupulous outlaw, to whom the captives' lives are worth while only so long as there is a prospect of receiving cash for not sacrificing them.

Civilization has made small advances in Morocco during the past century. It is a lawless country, with a weak ruler, and is full of bandits who were quick to take advantage of the foolish action of the United States in paying for Miss Stone's release. The *Argonaut* severely condemned the government's course at that time, and predicted such a happening as the present one. "For brigands to kidnap the missionary was a crime," it said. "For the United States to pay them money for her ransom was another one." In a prophetic vein, it said: "Much as the death of the missionary would have been deplored, it is extremely probable that her successful and profitable kidnapping will result in the kidnapping of yet other missionaries." The prophecy was substantially correct. The latest victim is not a missionary, but is even more valuable from a bandit's point of view. But the United States can not consider Perdicaris from a money standpoint. He represents a principle that has been neglected and that should be—and is being—enforced; that subjects of this country are always under their country's protection, backed by its arms if necessary.

Hitherto, San Francisco, as seen from any point on the bay, has appeared as a gray monotony of buildings running up and over her many hills; here and there are slight eminences—a tall building, a spire, a dome; but the whole has been subservient in the main to the beautiful contour of hill and valley. The slender clock-tower of the Ferry Building, rising from the water level, accentuates the undulating sky-line. The Claus Spreckels Building and the City Hall dome, lying as they do in the city's central valley, while they attract the attention by their height, do not from their situation dominate and dwarf surrounding structures. This is likewise true of the later fine structures in the down-town district. In a city of the plain, they would tower and overawe; but here the higher hills render them comparatively inconspicuous in any view of the city as a whole. But the new Fairmont Hotel, now superficially complete, is an entirely new factor in the panoramic problem. This structure, builded all of white stone, seven stories in height, a whole block wide, and a block deep, situated on one of the loftiest and most conspicuous eminences in the whole city, has dwarfed everything about it, not only buildings but hills.

In some quarters we have heard expressed a regret that the beautiful curve of the hills should be rudely interrupted by this great white rectangular solid; also a regret at the overshadowing and overawing of structures which hitherto had a certain dignity and loftiness, but which now seem altogether unimposing before this architectural giant. Doubtless there is something in this; but to nothing does the mind accommodate itself more readily than to such alterations; it will soon seem that the Fairmont has always been there, and its own shining beauty suffer not at all by being mentally contrasted with the vanished grace of the curve of the hills. Certainly the Fairmont is in appearance a noble structure, especially when seen from the east side of the bay, with the morning sun upon it, making brilliant its whiteness.

At the hour when we write, some sort of a contest seems to be going on about Port Arthur. General Oku has 150,000 troops on the Liao Tung Peninsula; Japanese ships have cleared Talienswan and Dalny Bay of mines; Dalny, twenty miles from Port Arthur, has been made the Japanese base, and troops and guns are constantly there disembarking. On June 3d, it was reported that Oku's troops had reached the edge of the circle of fortifications which extends for five miles about Port Arthur. Since then heavy cannonading has been heard almost every day at Chefoo, and the correspondents there believe that a great battle is raging; but not a word of official information has been given out. The fortress has a garrison of 40,000 men; it has, it seems probable, supplies sufficient to last for a long time; guns from the ships disabled early in the war are reported to have been taken out and mounted on the hill. Port Arthur is undoubtedly a fortress of great strength, and if it is captured, it can only be with great loss of life to the attackers.

It is a moot question whether Kuropatkin will dare to send an army to the aid of General Stoessel in

THE EVENTS  
OF A WEEK  
OF WAR.



the beleaguered fortress. His headquarters are now at Liao Yang, two hundred miles north of Port Arthur. Kuroki's army, in innumerable small divisions, lies in a semicircle to the south and east, with its south-western wing in touch with General Oku's army on the peninsula. Should Kuropatkin send a force south into the peninsula, it would stand in danger of being cut off from the main Russian force by the south wing of Kuroki's army, and would then be in a perilous position, with Kuroki on the north and Oku at the south. Besides, it seems now too late for Kuropatkin to take any such action, however much he may desire to do so, or whatever he is prepared to risk.

Serious skirmishes, which, in some cases, have taken on almost the dignity of battles, have occurred during the week between the armies of Generals Kuropatkin and Kuroki. In one engagement, on May 31st, near Wafangten, 4,000 Russians and 1,500 Japanese are said to have been engaged, the Russians being repulsed with a loss, in killed, of 200, while the Japanese lost 100 men. On June 3d, near Chu Chia Tun, a force of 2,000 Russians had a brush with Japanese cavalry, in which a number of men were killed. Saimatza, a point on a road thirty-five miles north of Feng Wung Cheng, has been evacuated by the Japanese, and occupied by the Russians. The Japanese in Corea are being harassed by flying bands of Cossacks which have swooped down from the north, and are living off the country, menacing Gensan and other important towns. All the events of the week lead to the belief that not only does Kuropatkin desire to delay a decisive battle, but Kuroki also, for some reason, is not desirous of engaging Kuropatkin's troops in large force. It seems as if Kuroki expected Port Arthur soon to fall when, leaving there a small garrison, General Oku could march northward with his 150,000 men, joining General Kuroki's 100,000 in central Manchuria, and give Kuropatkin battle in the vicinity of Liao Yang. But General Kuropatkin's inactivity at the present time is explainable only upon the theory that his force is far smaller than has been represented. If he had 200,000 men at Liao Yang, why should he not march down to Fung Wang Cheng, where the Japanese have established their base of supplies, and seize it? It is a distance of only seventy-five miles. But no; he does nothing of the sort; he scatters small divisions along the Japanese line, and seems content when skirmishes result in a few killed and withdrawal of the Japanese from their position.

Meanwhile, internal conditions in the Russian Empire are becoming unsatisfactory. Allowing for the anti-Russian feeling which colors London dispatches, it yet appears that the revolutionary movement in Russia is crescent. From Poland come stories of wholesale execution of malcontents. Throughout the Continent, Russia's prestige has greatly suffered. French military critics are said without exception to disapprove of Kuropatkin's policy of non-resistance. So far, the peasantry of Russia have been kept largely in ignorance of the extent of Russian disasters. But such a tangible disaster as the fall of Port Arthur would, it is said, have an enormous moral effect. A London *Daily Mail* correspondent even says that "Russia will stand or fall by Port Arthur so far as the government's prestige with the lower classes is concerned."

It is very nearly a settled thing that the Republican State Convention, to nominate Presidential electors, will be held at Santa Cruz, August 25th. The primary election will occur on August 9th. It is probable that at the same time that the Santa Cruz convention is held, several of the congressional conventions will there assemble. It is also likely that the nomination of associate-justice of the supreme court will then be made.

With the approach of the local campaign, gossip about candidates increases. As to the senatorship, the only development of note is that the *Los Angeles Times* has come out strongly for Senator Bard. A study of the list of hold-over senators convinces the political expert of the *Oakland Tribune* that Oxnard is well in the lead. It is rumored that Congressman Metcalf, of Alameda, is in hopes that Bard and Oxnard may "kill each other off," so that there may be an opportunity for him to capture the senatorship next January. As to Metcalf, it is also said that, if Secretary of Commerce Cortelyou resigns his place to take the national chairmanship, the President has expressed a wish that Congressman Metcalf might accept the portfolio. It is now certain that George A. Knight will second the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt on behalf of the West. He will speak first, as the other "seconders" hail from Georgia and Indiana, and the seconding motions are made as the States are called alphabetically. Candidates for Congress are appearing here and there. Should Metcalf be called "higher up," Frank Devlin, Senator Belshaw, and Superintendent Leach are "mentioned" for the

vacant seat in the lower House. M. L. Ward, of San Diego, and Senator S. C. Smith, of Kern, are Republican candidates from their district. Charles M. Shortridge has announced himself as a candidate from the fifth district. Congressman Gillette, of the first district, desires renomination and reelection for his creditable record, and will probably get it. His Democratic opponent is A. Caminetti, of Amador. In the second district, there will probably be a brilliant contest between the present Democratic congressman, Theodore Bell, and Duncan McKinlay. In the San Francisco district (the fourth district), Thomas D. Riordan, who was to have been offered the nomination to Congress, has refused to be considered as a candidate. Ex-Congressman Julius Kahn would like it, so would Hamilton A. Bauer; and G. B. Benham, a prominent labor leader, has been suggested. In political circles, much interest centres on the "hot old time" that the Republican delegates to the national convention at Chicago are going to have. Vast supplies of fruit and drinkables have been bought and begged, an entertainment fund of four thousand dollars having been raised for the purpose. The party will go in a "special," and the headquarters at Chicago are to be a centre of California hospitality. Despite previous denials, the Democrats also are to have a special train, which will pick up Western delegations at various points en route. The Democrat "special" leaves here on June 28th, and reaches St. Louis July 1st. The convention at St. Louis meets July 6th.

The fame of Judge Alton B. Parker's red poll bull Peter has arrived in France. Chamberlain's orchid, Boulanger's black horse, Félix Faure's monocle, Judge Parker's *taureau rouge Pierre*—they are all grouped together. A facetious editorial in the *Argonaut* seems to have been the means whereby the bovine pride of Parker's heart was introduced to Frenchmen. A translation of the paragraph has been going the rounds, with random bits of comment. For example, in a spicy weekly called *Le Cri de Paris*, we discover this:

Les hautes considérations politiques auront peut-être une part, dans le choix du prochain président de la République aux Etats-Unis. Mais les concurrents invoquent, les uns contre les autres, des raisons plus décisives.

On passerait, à la rigueur, sur les fantaisies impérialistes de M. Roosevelt, sur les allures césariennes qu'il affecta dans la grève de l'antraxite et dans l'affaire des pensions. Par malheur, il joue trop au tennis, qui est un *girl's game*, et il se promène avec une canne qui lui donne l'air *Frenchy*.

Tandis que le candidat démocrate, Judge Parker, s'adonne aux plaisirs champêtres et aux travaux de la ferme. Sur sa terre de Rosemont, il possède un taureau rouge, primé dans les concours, qui s'appelle Pierre, et qui est toujours père de deux veaux jumeaux. La quatrième paire de veaux engendrée par une saillie du taureau Pierre vient justement de naître: tous les fermiers américains sont enflammés d'admiration pour *le old red poll bull Peter* et pour son maître, Judge Parker. Ça vaut bien le cheval noir de Boulanger ou le monocle de Félix Faure.

This is all very amusing. But the *Cri de Paris's* translator really ought not to transmute our avowal that "similarly single-stick is considered Frenchy" into "*il se promène avec une canne qui lui donne l'air Frenchy*"!

For many years, Oregon was a most uncertain State, politically, being, in turn, Republican, then Democratic, and even, in 1892, bestowing an electoral vote upon a Populist. In 1896, it repented, became loyally Republican, and remained so until two years ago, when, on account of a split in the Republican party, it elected a Democratic governor.

This was only a temporary defection, however. At the election held on Monday, the Republican victory was complete. The two Republican candidates for Congress, Binger Hermann and John H. Williamson, were elected, as was Judge Frank A. Moore, Republican candidate for State supreme judge. Hermann's majority was some 7,000, Williamson's 10,000, and Moore's very large.

This election, the only early one held, has been watched with interest all over the country. Formerly, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana had October elections, and the politicians based their Presidential calculations upon them. More things can happen between June and November than between October and November, which lessens in some degree the national importance of Oregon's vote. Of course, even were such a Republican victory gained months later, it could hardly be said, "As goes Oregon so goes the country." At the same time, the healthy and enthusiastic Republican vote polled there demonstrated that Oregon is satisfied with the present course of the ship of state, and is more than willing to let the present master stay at the helm; and it is indicative, to a large extent, of the general trend of public feeling and political opinion.

## HUMAN FRAILTY AS SEEN AT SEA.

By Jerome Hart.

It is customary on the various Atlantic liners to have a celebration the last night out. On the English lines this takes the shape of a "concert," so-called. On the German lines the last night out is called "captain's night," and a special dinner is served, often followed by a dance on deck if the weather permits. These "captain's nights" are always alike. Illuminated ice-cream forms are served, and the table stewards are attired in fantastic uniforms of the time of Frederick the Great. When the dessert course is reached the electric lights suddenly go out, and the stewards march in, carrying lighted Japanese lanterns on the ends of poles. They march around the tables a number of times, and finally draw up in line and salute the captain, while the chief steward stands behind his commander's chair, thrilling with pride at this gorgeous scene. At times it is difficult for you to recognize the mild and foolish faced North-Dutch peasant who has been in the habit of bringing you your matutinal eggs, disguised as he is in a gold-laced coat, a powdered periwig, and a three-cornered hat. Once I saw a passenger snatch the wig from a boy steward's head; as the luckless boy passed the chief steward on his march around the tables, his superior yanked him out of the line and gave him a sound cuffing for having been unwigged.

I think these captain's dinners, taking them by and large, are about the most solemnly ludicrous spectacles I have ever witnessed, even at sea. I say "even" at sea, for people seem to do more foolish things at sea than they do ashore.

But the whole thing, which is designed to be light and jolly, seems to be modeled on the military ideas of William the War Lord. The chief engineer of a German hash foundry, the chief steward of a German steamer, the yard-master of a narrow gauge German railway—each attires himself like a field-marshal, and assumes that he must be saluted and obeyed accordingly.

The "concerts" on the English lines do not resemble the German's "captain's nights," but they have horrors of their own. Passengers who are talented, or who think they are, are requested to "volunteer," which they readily do. The programme is thus made up of songs, comic songs, and unconsciously comic songs; recitations, piano solos, and speeches. The worst professional entertainment that ever was given is better than the best amateur. These amateur shows aboard ship are the worst ever. Occasionally some great opera stars are found on the ship, and they are billed to perform, but they rarely do so. Why should they? It is not difficult to get orators for these concerts, but they rarely make a hit. It is a very difficult thing to speak successfully to a steamship company. Most gatherings have some homogeneity. Most audiences have tastes in common—either in literature, music, art, or politics. Not so with a steamship company. They are a job-lot. They are pitchforked together fortuitously. They are a human hash. There are people of all nationalities among them, with all manner of tender toes to tread on. You mustn't talk about religion; you mustn't talk about the Irish land question; you mustn't talk about the United States and the Philippines; you mustn't talk about the Boer war. The universe is staked out with signs reading "Keep Off the Grass." Therefore the wise man does not attempt to speak. But the foolish man rushes in where the wise one fears to tread.

I once heard a New York lawyer make a speech on a Cunard boat. He thought the reason the ship was dressed with flags and streamers was because it was the Fourth of July. He found it was some Cunard anniversary—I believe it was the decennial of the Cunard directors' resolution to give each passenger two towels instead of one. In trying to back out of his dilemma gracefully, he met the ironical laughter of both American and British contingents. Then, in endeavoring to placate the irate British, he so offended the irascible Americans that he was hooted. Then a Western American got up, and made a fiery, eagle-screaming, lion-tail-twisting speech which nearly brought on a riot. It was a daisy speech, but after it the concert was more like a longshoreman's picnic than a pink-tea.

For many years the British steamers gave all the proceeds of these concerts to a home for British seamen at Liverpool. But one night an American arose, and demanded that half of the proceeds of that particular concert should go to the home for American seamen at New York. As there were more Americans than Britons present, this caused some disagreeable feeling, but the Americans insisted, and ever since that time the concert proceeds have been divided between N.



York and Liverpool. A touch of humor is added to this incident by the fact that the Sailors' Snug Harbor—to which the American half is supposed to go—was already one of the most richly endowed institutions of the kind in the country, and needs it least of all.

\* \*

Some disagreeable things take place at sea because captains fail to maintain discipline among passengers as well as crew. I sailed on a ship once where the millionaires who occupied the five-hundred-dollar state-rooms on the boat deck were kept awake till all hours by larkey young people, who romped about the deck all night under their cabin windows. The captain was too weak and good-humored to check them.

Probably some of the most unconventional things take place on the Pacific liners. The captains do not discipline their passengers so rigidly as they do on the Atlantic. For example, I remember once a steamship touched at Honolulu on her way to Australia—or to "The Colonies," as they say there. The first-class state-rooms opened on the main cabin in the good old-fashioned way. A number of respectable British and Colonial burghers en route from England to 'ome had retired for the night. When the steamer made fast to her pier, a merry band of Honoluluos, armed with guitars, mandolins, and taropatches, invaded the ship. One of their number was sailing for the South Seas, and they had come to "see him off." They saw him off. They saw him off until the ship sailed, which was about two o'clock in the morning. Occasionally a state-room door would open and a severe British nose would protrude. Then the nose would disappear. That was all. Probably these worthy people believed that the natives of Hawaii were lunatics, and that this particular lot of them were dangerous and had better not be disturbed.

At another time, on a Pacific liner, there was a vulgar little cockney from London, accompanied by his vulgar little cockney wife. He was said to be a millionaire, and, oddly enough, a dealer in knick-knacks. Fancy making a million selling knick-knacks. He was a red-faced little vulgarian, and dropped his *h's* all over the deck. But one night some of the men at the millionaire's table thought it would be funny to give his wife too much champagne, of which she was inordinately fond. As a result she got tipsy, and shouted and sung till all the ladies, scandalized, left the dining-saloon. So did the husband. Then, encouraged by her table companions, she mounted the table, began cutting pigeon-wings, and wound up with a frantic can-can, to the great delectation of the "gentlemen" at table and the grinning stewards.

I had hitherto felt a contemptuous dislike for the husband, but that night, when I saw his sober, wretched face as he slunk around the dark deck, occasionally peering through the cabin skylight at the upturned face of his drunken wife, my contemptuous dislike was turned into contemptuous pity.

\* \*

I am not among those who believe that "one meets many interesting people while traveling." My observation has been that the uninteresting people are the ones who are most in evidence—say ninety per cent. If the other ten per cent. are interesting, they keep it to themselves.

Sea travel diminishes the percentage of interesting people, for it brings out many unlovely sides of character. On some ships, and with certain kinds of people, it is necessary to label your steamer-chair and rugs in letters six inches high to prevent their being constantly appropriated; a visiting-card the interloper "didn't notice." I sailed on one ship where I used to rig a rope's end across the arms of my chair whenever I left it; even that was sometimes removed by a squatter.

I have jotted down a few of the types I recall of "fellow-travelers one remembers":

*Item*—The silent, red-haired man who ate nearly everything with his knife; what he could not eat with his knife he ate with his fingers.

*Item*—The missionary who began eating raisins and nuts before his soup was served, and who picked all the grapes off the tops of the clusters, leaving a surface of stems. I seem now to see his skinny fingers reaching past me to appropriate a neighbor's breakfast-roll before he came.

*Item*—The two withered maiden ladies who commented acidly and audibly on the failure of the two gentlemen opposite to roll their napkins in their rings. These two were quiet men, with a taste for each other's company and a small cold bottle. Their obliviousness of the faded charms of their vis-à-vis may have caused the acidity of the maiden ladies. The two quiet gentlemen promptly emigrated to another table where there were no maiden ladies. Possibly they were unrefined in this napkin matter, but then they may have lived outside of the Napkin-Ring Zone, whence the maiden ladies certainly came. There are many worthy people who roll their napkins into napkin-rings. Likewise there are many worthy people who leave them unrolled. I do not consider either course a matter of breeding. It seems to me largely a matter of washing.

*Item*—The giddy young married woman who has left her husband at home. She is traveling with a seaisick friend who has not left her husband at home. The seaisick friend's husband disapproves of the giddy

young married woman. Probably her husband is a friend of his. The giddy young married woman flirts outrageously with a lanky young colonial with a strong Ottawa accent. The seaisick friend is too seaisick for the dining-saloon, too seaisick to walk the deck, and nearly too seaisick to lie in a deck-chair without falling off. She tries to disapprove of her giddy young friend, but she is too seaisick to disapprove. So the lanky colonial uses the chair and rug of the seaisick lady, while he makes love to the seaisick lady's young married friend.

*Item*—An English girl with a dirty white flannel skirt, and a bodice of similar shade, cut low at the throat. She wears this garment all the way across, till finally from a lemon yellow it becomes around the bottom a chocolate brown. She reminds me of that Isabella of Spain who swore not to change her chemise until her husband had stormed a certain city which was parleying. *Ville qui parle, femme qui écoute*. But the city held on for an unsuspected number of months, and Isabella held on to her chemise. Out of deference to their mistress, the court ladies adopted for their intimate garments a color called "Isabella Yellow."

Toward the end of the voyage I was much relieved to find that the young English lady had made no such row over her skirt as Isabella had over her shirt. She had merely allowed "all her luggage to go into the hold, and had none in her state-room." This was the explanation she made to her acquaintances on board. But the question arose, Why did you come aboard at all in that dirty white skirt? It was not a traveling costume.

*Item*—The dreadful German Girl. When I think of her, I am convinced that people at sea are not only frequently uninteresting, but they often become to you chimeras, obsessions, nightmares. There is one such that I recall on a steamship—a dreadful German girl, young but unbeautiful, and shapeless as a statue by Rodin. Like the raven, she was ever sitting, sitting, sometimes sewing, sometimes knitting, near a door. She affected doors. I could not emerge from the smoking-room door, the dining-saloon door, the writing-room door, without seeing this dreadful creature. Sometimes she wore a blue gown with white dots; sometimes a red gown with green dots; at other times a yellow gown with blue dots. She had pale red hair, and was always a color-study.

Horror! She is coming now. To-day she wears a green gown with pink dots. She seats herself directly opposite me. She is chewing gum. She has narrow, slit-like eyes, with white eyelashes. She has large, fat cheeks, with a coarse, healthy red glow. Likewise she has large, fat feet. She closes her eyes, she crosses her feet, after first gazing at them dreamily, with a pleased smile. Evidently she is fond of her feet. Perhaps she admires them. She inclines her head slightly to one side, makes a movement which would be nodding if she had a neck. But she has no neck.

With a dreamy look, she closes her eyes. Occasionally she rubs her feet together with a caressing, animal-like motion, like a dog twitching his toes while sleeping in the sun. The various vital processes are evidently proceeding perfectly: pulse-like, rhythmic, peristaltic, wave-like, she undulates—she is digesting. What a beautiful picture! Food is being slowly assimilated into girl. Her mouth has ceased working, she has stopped her gum-chewing.

She sleeps. All the processes of life did I say? All but the mental. Her motor movements are not psychic, but peristaltic.

Hail, future mother of immortal souls!

\* \*

A sea voyage brings out selfishness. I have spoken of the fact that notable people are not always interesting. It might be added that they are frequently extremely selfish.

Once on an Atlantic passage, one of the passengers was a certain artistic American gentleman whose name was in everybody's mouth. He was particularly raved over by young girls. They were his fad; he was their fad. Crossing on the same steamer was a lady, the wife of another notable man. She was returning to her home suddenly, deprived of the companionship of her husband by reason of a political convulsion, and hastening to the bedside of a relative who was dangerously ill. Her uncle, who was a Southerner, happened to be in Europe on important business; he at once laid it aside to accompany his kinswoman on her journey. He secured two steamer-chairs, and had them put in desirable places on deck. But the first day out the Celebrity appeared on the scene. The lady of course was glad to see him. Any lady would be pleased to shine in the reflected light of a Celebrity aboard an Atlantic liner. There was some polite struggling between the Southern uncle and the Celebrity as to the occupancy of the uncle's steamer-chair, but the Celebrity yielded after a faint, a very faint, resistance. He took the uncle's chair, likewise the uncle's rug.

Days passed. The Celebrity continued to occupy the uncle's chair. The uncle confined himself to the smoking-room, with an occasional walk on deck. This rather surprised me, and I asked the deck steward about the Celebrity's deck-chair, and he informed me that "the gentleman 'adn't got no chair, sir." Often I wondered at the uncle's good-natured endurance, and I saw

that it was due entirely to his desire that his niece should continue to enjoy the Celebrity's society.

But when we were approaching the pier and the usual over-cordial and perfunctory good-bys were being exchanged by people who were thinking more of their luggage and of the custom-house than of their new-found friends, the Celebrity bethought him of the uncle whom he seemed dimly to remember.

He said nothing about the use of the chair, but remarked in a haw-haw English manner: "Awfully glad to have met you, Mr. Er—Er—Er. Hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"I hope not, sah," replied the Southern uncle, crisply. "I sincerely hope not, sah. You have occupied my deck-chair, sah, all the way ovah. You have also used my rug, yet you have nevah had the decency to say 'thank you.' I think you are the most selfish brute I ever saw, sah, in my life, sah, and I sincerely hope I may nevah meet you or any of yo' kind again."

AT SEA, April 30, 1904.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

### Love Sang to Me.

Love sang to me. And I went down the stair,  
And out into the darkness and the dew;  
And howed myself unto the little grass,  
And the blind herbs, and the unshapen dust  
Of earth without a face. So let me be.

For as I hear, the singing makes of me  
My own desire, and momentarily I grow.  
Yea, all the while with bands of melody,  
The singing makes me out of what I was,  
Even as a potter shaping Eden clay.

Ever he sings, and saith in words that sing,  
"Beloved, thus art thou; and even so,  
Lovely art thou, Beloved!"—Even so,  
As the Sea weaves her path before the light,  
I hear, I hear, and I am glorified.

Love sang to me, and I am glorified  
Because of some commandment in the stars.  
And I shall grow in favor and in shining,  
Till at the last I am all-beautiful;  
Beautiful, for the day Love sings no more.  
—Josephine Preston Peabody in Harper's Magazine.

### O Comrade Mountains!

O comrade mountains! Now June's languorous haze  
Enwraps my idle days,  
A far-flung sentinel line your blue height seems  
Round long, unbroken dreams,  
Where soft winds sway and murmuring pine-runes  
thrall,  
And lulling waters fall and fall!

These are not climbing hours. The strenuous will  
And eager soul lie still,  
Wrapped in thy restful haze. What though its sheath  
Shall rend and show beneath,  
Seared scars of storm and flame, steep, lonely trails  
That toil far up from sheltered vales?

When down thy cañons clarion winds shall call,  
To challenge summer's thrall,  
Clothed with thy strength I shall be ready then  
To face world-stress again;  
But now, O comrades, let me listless lie,  
Rocked to thy pines' low lullaby!

—Mary S. Paden in Lippincott's Magazine.

### Thanatos Athanatos.

#### [DEATHLESS DEATH]

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,  
I muse beside my fire's faint-fllickering glare—  
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—  
Of those who, dying young, inherited  
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.  
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;  
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair  
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;  
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,  
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,  
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,  
Bartering dull age for immortality;  
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee  
The youth that thrilled them to the finger-tips.

—John Hay in Century Magazine.

### The Rockies.

About the tapster Sun they lounge and doze  
Blowsy and huge, in jovial indolence!  
Grudging their gold unearned, they drink and jest,  
While at their feet the sad young plainland goes—  
They ask not how she fares, and care not whence—  
Holding her suckling harvests to her breast.  
—Arthur Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

The first experimental date-palm plantation in California is now being started at Mecca, in Riverside County, on the edge of the desert. Two hundred shoots of date palm from the Sahara Desert are being planted, and from these trees it is expected to secure seed for wide planting of genuine African date palms in the tropical valleys of Southern California.

A locomotive has recently been turned out for the Baltimore and Ohio Railway which weighs three hundred and twenty thousand pounds, has six pairs of driving wheels, and a boiler thirty-eight feet in length and seven feet in diameter. It is estimated that this locomotive will be fifty per cent. more powerful than any other ever put together.

Russian surgeons say that the Japanese rifle bullets, while possessing a great deal of stopping power, make small, clean holes, which can be treated easily, and give excellent opportunities for the early recovery of the wounded unless some vital organ is pierced.



## THE PASSING OF ZILK.

The Result of a One-Sided Duel.

"We all have our weaknesses, I reckon," Simpson was saying, with an easy drawl. "Zilk boasted of his, and most of us keep mum. Zilk confessed his sins even before he committed them. Sometimes I think he was bluffing Dowly all the time, and didn't mean to have things come to a finish. Anyway, he wasn't a bad sort of chap, was he?"

That was Simpson to a T. If he couldn't say much good of a man, he wouldn't say evil. I remember reading somewhere once that a man who is a friend of all men is the friend of none. My moralizer goes on to say that a man with strong likes must perforce have strong dislikes or be a weakling. His aim is to prove that a man incapable of intense hatred is incapable of intense love as well.

Simpson was a weakling according to this. Hatred was as foreign to his nature as craftiness is to the soul of a nun. He was an easy-going, indolent chap, but there wasn't a man in Creeker's Camp who wouldn't have vouched for him to the last drop of gin in Skelter's bar, which was a pretty good pledge in the old days.

And Zilk? Zilk was a man after my moralist's own heart. He could hate with a hatred that would have inspired a Poe and driven a Kempis to despair. He was as true an example of impulse run riot as I ever expect to see. He was a great fine animal to look at—muscular, brawny, and natural in every gesture. Whatever his faults, deceit was not one of them; he was as frank with his vices as we were with our good points. Zilk didn't pose as a professional bad man; he didn't pose as anything, in fact, for he seemed to think he was entitled to live without giving an account of himself, or of his pedigree.

The first tenter who asked him where he hailed from got a stare that sent him back several paces.

"What's it to you?" asked Zilk. "I'm from Nowhere and I'm bound for the same place." But the next instant he reached out and put a detaining hand on the fellow's shoulder. "Look here, pard," he said. "I'm from Hobbe's Bottom, if you must know, and as for my movings, I seem to have struck oil just about here. Back in the country I come from its dangerous to ask questions, for the fellows aint trained up to lying. They'd rather use a gun than an excuse."

"No offense meant," said Simpson, for it was he; and then to square things he invited the new-comer to share a bunk in his tent.

"It's a go," Zilk said, and I may as well state now that he rewarded Simpson's generosity as well as he could. He left him two blankets, a goodly supply of tobacco, and the best pipe that had been in the camp for a score of years.

A little later Zilk confessed, or rather boasted, that he had been driven out of his last stopping place at the muzzle of a six-shooter for conduct unbecoming a humanitarian.

"Just fights," he said, "fights all the time. I'd rather fight than eat, but I like a real one with something in the stake. I'd rather kill Jim Dowly than do 'most anything—and I will some day, when I go back."

Jim Dowly was only a name to us. We hadn't an idea who he was, and didn't try to find out until one night at Skelter's. The mugs had been around three times, and the pipes were getting empty.

"Who's Jim Dowly?" asked Bob Rounds, suddenly. Zilk didn't show fight, but answered civilly enough.

"He's an Irish dog. He's the lowest cuss God ever made, I reckon, except me, and I'm not a shade worse."

"What's your quarrel?" Rounds went on, and to our surprise Zilk leaned back in his seat and grew reminiscent.

He had pale brown eyes that looked yellow under his tawny lashes. He opened them wide now, and I noticed something akin to tenderness in their expression. "I was in love once, fellows," he said.

There was no rough outbreak in the circle. For one reason we wanted the story, and for another, the miner, rough as he is, has a good deal of respect for things feminine and likes to treasure it up.

"She was a little sliver of a thing," Zilk went on, "and about as pretty as they make 'em, I reckon. Of course, she couldn't care for a great hulk of a fellow like me, could she? Well, nobody asked her to. I wasn't hanging around there just to make her tired of living. I suppose she might have thought some of trying to reform me if she had known, but I didn't ask her to take the job. I knew there wasn't any reform in me, and even if I had been reformed down to the ground, I wouldn't have been good enough for her. I didn't pester her once with any news of me and my feelings, only I used to watch for her sometimes, and would talk a little. I would stand away out along the trail till her pony came by—then I'd go back to the camp and think. Thinking is good for a fellow when he gets sentimental. It's a darned sight better than talking. That slip of a girl kept me pretty straight for a time, only she didn't know it. The rum tent could have gone dry for all of me, and my muscles got so soft from stand-idle they were almost flabby. It was a queer thing the way that little kid—"

Zilk stopped abruptly.

"Where does Jim Dowly come in?" asked Bob.

Zilk looked up.

"Dowly?" he said, musingly, as if it were an effort to get the girl out of his mind. "Dowly? Lord! I must have been born hating him! At any rate, we had a feud so long back that I've forgotten how the thing started. It wasn't the feud, anyway, that made me hate Jim, but just his pure cussedness. Sometimes, though, I feel as if I'd be lonesome if I really did take a drop on him, I've got so used to hating him."

"What's he got to do with the girl?" Bob asked, gingerly. We expected some objections, but none came. Zilk was evidently perfectly willing to go through his cross-examination.

"He's married to her," he said, gruffly.

"The devil!" Bob exclaimed. Every man in the group started. Zilk had spoiled our story; we didn't want it to end that way.

"He's married to her," Zilk repeated, "and it all happened because I didn't kill him, when it was plainly up to me to do it. There's a time for all things in this world, and the man who slips his chance has to pay for it."

Simpson moved uneasily in his seat.

"You're still laying for him, eh?" he asked, with a tinge of disapproval in his tone.

Zilk smiled. "I'm still laying for him," he said, "and the day he breaks the little kid's heart is the day I put a hole in his. That's all. I just wanted you fellows to know."

"What for?" asked Bob.

Zilk smiled again. "You'll understand later," he said; and we did, for Jim Dowly came to the camp next week.

Ike Simpson, general philanthropist and friend of tramps, took me into his tent the next day, and I hunked alongside of Zilk. I liked the man, and became his partisan. I even found myself plotting the taking off of Dowly, as deliberately as if he had been my own particular enemy instead of Zilk's; but when he came I avoided him as I would the pest, and prayed inwardly that Zilk wouldn't learn he was in the camp. The news was out the next day. Zilk took it calmly; he didn't even load his gun, which disappointed me somewhat. Afterward I learned that he never unloaded the critter, except on provocation.

It's a strange thing, but the habitués of a rough mining camp hanker for a killing with as much vim as the average rancher hankers for a legitimate funeral. Then, after the killing is over, they will get in and legislate for justice with a new supply of vim, or string the culprit up if he happens to be unpopular. Zilk had taken us into his confidence, and we were pledged to play fair with him. We knew that he wasn't a man to use his dirk in the dark, and we didn't put any guards on duty. Officers of a mining camp are not very strong on preventing crime.

The girl Zilk loved? I suppose she ought to be described somewhere, but I've always been so disappointed that I couldn't describe her just as Zilk saw her, that I draw back from the task. Zilk wasn't a keen judge of feminine beauty; he hadn't known many to compare her with. To him she was beautiful. To us? Well, she was Jim Dowly's wife, a dull-looking mountain girl, rugged, healthy, and ordinary. And Zilk had put her up on a pedestal, and had thought her worlds too good for him. Maybe she was. That wasn't the question we were called upon to decide.

They had been married only a short time, Zilk said, and he didn't know why they had come to the camp. He seemed to avoid them, on the whole. I thought he had discarded all thoughts of vengeance, until one night when I saw him sitting at the door of the tent ramming fresh cartridges into his revolver; he seemed to be changing them for mere sport.

"I'm going to cut across the Pass," he said. I followed him at a discreet distance. I was not exactly a tenderfoot, even in those days, but I had something of the preacher in my nature, and it was liable to crop out at inopportune moments.

What in the devil did Zilk want to kill Jim Dowly for, I asked myself. Zilk was a first-rate fellow and an ornament to the camp, and the girl wasn't worth it. Here he was getting ready to throw up his best chance in life, and his soul along with it, for a scamp who wasn't worth the powder he would waste on him. I quickened my pace as my argument got the better of me, and overtook my man before he had made the first turn toward the Pass.

"Well?" he asked, laconically.

"What's up, Zilk?" I said, just as if I didn't know.

I was a slender chap at the time, and was supposed to have a tendency toward consumption. Zilk put his hand on my shoulder, and his grip made me vince.

"I'm going to do the only decent thing I ever did in my life," he said, "and I shan't need any company to help me out."

I stepped back, sheepishly. "Oh, I thought—" I began, and stopped abruptly—something in his eyes made me wonder what he meant and just what was his definition of decency. "What did you change the loads for?" I asked, recklessly. "There is the girl to think of; you'll break her heart if you kill him."

My shot sped home. Zilk's face went white, and the same tender look came into his eyes that I had noticed before.

"I aint after breaking her heart," he said, softly.

"But do you think a man like that could make her happy? He'll be good to her for a while, and then—"

Why, it aint in a man of that kind to do the square thing by a dog, much less a woman."

"But she doesn't know that," I broke in, warily. "She trusts him now, and it isn't what a man is that makes a woman happy; it's what he is to her."

"I was thinking of that," Zilk said, slowly, and for the first time I realized just how much the man cared.

I turned my back for a moment and tried to collect my thoughts, then—

"Let's go back to camp, Zilk," I said.

Zilk looked me over and laughed, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"Do you think I came out on this trip with my mind only half made up, and that I was waiting for you to come and tell me what to do?" he asked. I kicked a stone reflectively, and Zilk went on. "You haven't lived overmuch and you don't understand some things, that's all. I've never had much hankering for pondering out fine points myself, and I don't look for reasons for things. There are some engagements that a fellow has to keep, and this is one of them."

His tone was bantering. I began to feel reassured.

"You might take me along," I suggested.

He acquiesced, and was silent until we reached the Pass. I noticed then that he was growing nervous. He turned to me suddenly.

"Did you ever do a thing without knowing exactly why, and because something—you didn't know what—just made you do it?" he asked.

I nodded my head, although I did not remember having had such an experience. I wanted the man to trust me, and I knew that I had to appear sympathetic.

"Well, that's the reason I'm going to—to shoot Jim Dowly," he said.

"You are going to do what?" I asked, blankly.

"Oh, you needn't be harrowing your soul about aiding in a murder," he went on; "it's going to be a fair and square fight. I've warned him, and he can choose his own gun. The world's too small for us two, Chet, that's all there is to it. Maybe he won't come, but I rather think he will. He knows I won't warn him but once."

Dowly came. He was there with five escorts when we arrived, and Zilk had a second only by accident. Dowly stood in the centre of the group as if he expected Zilk to get the drop on him, and did not face about until the latter was close at his elbow.

"Gentlemen—" began one of the five, but Zilk waved him aside.

"We don't want any of that palaver," he said, and turned to Dowly.

"Why did you bring all this rabble?" he asked. "Weren't you man enough to come alone?"

Dowly did not answer; one of his companions spoke up instead: "He wanted witnesses for one thing, and for another we came to reason with you. You have no cause to fight this man; he says you are the better shot of the two—that you have never been known to miss your mark. Do you think a man wants to walk out to be murdered?"

"It all depends on his taste," Zilk answered.

His reply seemed to puzzle the men. They gathered together anew for a consultation, and in the interval that followed Zilk took his place.

"Are you ready, Jim?" he said in as even a tone as he might have used to a friend. "Will some one count?" he went on, turning to the group.

The counting was uneven, for the men were still conferring. Dowly was game, however, and stepped into place.

The two did not fire at the same time. I could have sworn that Zilk fired first; they seemed too close together for either to miss, and yet Zilk was the one to fall. The witnesses were still arguing to call off the affair when I caught him, and took his revolver. One look at the loads told the story.

I handed it to Dowly.

"Blank cartridges," I said, simply. "You have shot an unarmed man."

Dowly accepted the weapon with reluctance, and dropped out one of the shells.

"Now, what in thunder—" he began, and then. "Good Lord, I wonder if he knew it!"

I put my hand on Zilk's heart before I answered.

"I think he knew it all right," I said.

MABEL HAUGHTON BROWN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1904.

The sacred scarabei, little Egyptian charms, are manufactured by a Connecticut firm. They are carved and clipped by machinery, colored in bulk made to simulate age, and shipped in casks to the Moslem dealers at Cairo. The Arabian guides are the chief buyers, many of them being adepts at "salting" the sands at the base of the pyramids, or about the sacred temples, where they artfully discover these scarabei before the very eyes of the Yankee tourist, and sell him for an American dollar an article manufactured at a cost of less than a cent perhaps within a stone's throw of his own home.

The Chamber of Commerce at Denver is considering a proposition to bore one and an eighth miles into the earth at a point fourteen miles east of the city, in search of natural gas, oil, and coal. The cost is estimated at thirty thousand dollars.



## NEW YORK'S EARLY SUMMER.

Came With a Rush—Indications of a Scorching—All Who Can Afford It Are Leaving Town—How Gotham Cools Itself—The Shop-Girls.

Summer has come at last, suddenly, all in a rush. This is one of those years when there is no spring—an intemperate, violent year, with no delicate gradations of temperature, but everything in the superlative degree. The weather prophets are talking of a record-breaking summer as far as heat goes, and everybody who can get away is trying to rent his city abode and make for the country.

The transformation that has taken place in the last ten days is amazing. There was no intermediary period of slowly opening buds. A day or two of ardent sun, and then a series of warm, soft rains, and the city was clothed in its summer greens. They have come so suddenly there has been no time for dust to settle or heat to wither. I look out of my window into a mass of flickering foliage, dense as in a country wood, fresh and vernal as in the first days of spring. Passing through the Square under these trees the air is sweet with the indescribably exquisite perfume of young leaves. No wonder lovers like to sit on the benches candidly holding hands. No wonder mothers bring young babies here to lie blinking up at the wonderful canopy of variegated greens that is so much more beautiful a shelter than the most modish parasol. No wonder tired workmen sit here in the cool of the evening smoking their pipes as they con over the day's paper.

All over town there has been a sudden blooming of window boxes and garden edges. Down on lower Fifth Avenue where the large, dignified corner houses still stand amid borders of their own grass and flower beds, there has been a great bursting forth of crocuses and hyacinths. The latter are planted scattered through the grass, and come up here and there, breaking out into cups of clear yellow, like golden bubbles. Farther up town there are no borders. Land is too valuable even for a Vanderbilt or an Astor to have a rim of it round their walls. They try there to cultivate flower-boxes as the English do. But the flower-box does not succeed well in New York. They say the fierceness of the sun is too much for the exposed plants. Just at this season one sees a good many houses with all their front windows decorated with boxes of the same blossoms, a whole façade to match. Geraniums are the most popular. A brown-stone front with a jardinière of scarlet geraniums in every window is very effective. From each box a fringe of ivy hangs down, straight and green, against the brown walls, with the line of brilliant coral-colored flowers above it.

With the first advent of hot weather comes the rush for cool drinks. I believe Americans are the only people in the world who understand making good cold drinks. One of the things you suffer from in other countries, when the thermometer begins to soar, is that they do not have such things, or if they do, they don't know how to make them. I shall never forget London in a hot spell, and being taken about by friends, and in the frying middle of the afternoon being conducted into clamorous tea-rooms and regaled on boiling hot tea. If you were warm when you went in, you were par-boiled when you came out, your face purple, your best new summer clothes sticking as if they were glued on your arms and shoulders.

After I had endured this once or twice, I asked if it were not possible to get something cold to drink—it was a little warm for libations of well-steeped English tea. So I was taken to what I was told was an American place, where, as a touch of local color, a dandy in a very dirty white jacket made exceedingly bad ice-cream soda water. It was about the worst I ever drank, but at least it was cold—the first cold drink I had been able to find in London. I believe if any one with enterprise and energy would start a really good shop like Huyler's in London or Paris, they would make a fortune. But that is another story, also a tip that I was keeping for my especial friends.

In New York one of the first signs of summer is the crowding of the places where cold drinks are to be had. At Huyler's on a hot afternoon the women are standing in a dense, motionless phalanx round the counter. At Maillard's every table is occupied with groups drinking various iced concoctions, such as *bararaise de café* and *café glacé* with whipped cream floating on the top. From these high-priced and well-patronized establishments one may pass down the Avenue, noting the various stages through which the iced refectory passes till it reaches the Ice-Cream Sandwich Man on Washington Square. There are any number of soda-water places along the route. Near the corner of one of the large cross streets is the Birch Beer Man's wagon. A dejected-looking horse stands drooping between the shafts. At the opened back of the wagon a young man doles out glass mugs of a dubious brown liquid which the passing boys eagerly consume.

But among the ordinary passersby, vagrant or hurrying on some errand, the Ice-Cream Sandwich Man is the most popular. There are several of his species about lower Fifth Avenue and the Square. When I first saw his neat little push-cart, I was intrigued to see what an ice-cream sandwich could be. The cart is perfectly clean and white, with a round hole, care-

fully covered, in its centre, and two tin boxes standing side by side at one end. By observation I soon saw that the round hole contained a can of ice cream, the two boxes wafers. The sandwich was made by placing a wafer on a little tin holder into which it fitted, covering it with a spoonful of ice cream, which was smoothed neatly off, covering that in turn with another wafer, and sliding the whole, crisp, cold, and appetizing, out of the holder.

The Ice-Cream Sandwich Man chooses a populous corner, and there halts his little push-cart in the shade. If it be a good corner, and the day hot enough, his business will soon be a rushing one. It seems as if every passerby who has an air of that insouciant poverty which cares not for appearances, must stop and have a sandwich. The milliner's apprentice, tripping by on her high heels, and carrying over her arm her big, flowered handbox, pauses and lays down her copper. When she has eaten her sandwich, she wipes her fingers on a rag of pocket-handkerchief, and goes swinging off, a gay young figure, through the speckled light and shade.

A big negro, dressed for holiday, halts with his best girl, and treats her to a sandwich. He takes one, too, and they stand munching, side by side, laughing and exchanging badinage with the good-looking young Italian who is the proprietor of the cart. A messenger-boy jumps off his bicycle, slaps down his copper, and, pushing back his cap, leans against the lamp-post as he slowly nibbles at the cooling morsel.

At the noon hour business is even better, and the sandwiches slide in lightning succession off the tin holder. Several of the laborers who are building the sewer down the street lounge over and purchase one apiece. They dispose of them, I notice, in one or two large and appreciative mouthfuls, one might say gulps. Of the stream of school-children who speed through the park, en route for middle-day dinner, many do not have it in them to pass the Ice-Cream Sandwich Man. They lingeringly halt, a much-fingered coin falls on the white oilcloth cover of the push-cart, and the sandwiches are slapped on the tin holder in dizzying succession. The shop-girls who are near enough their domiciles to go home to dinner are more business-like. They show no reluctance. They toss down their copper, and the Ice-Cream Sandwich Man being young and handsome, they laugh at him over the wafer, and flirt with him as long as it lasts. Some of them are extremely pretty; all of them are young. For their penny they purchase not only the sandwich but the right to that moment of gay colloquy with the dark-eyed Italian, who, though he runs a push-cart, is yet a man, and good-looking.

The shop-girls just at this season are bright and lively as butterflies. I should like to write a series of articles on New York shop-girls. They seem a *genus* all by themselves, unique and unmatched, with their own ideas, fashions, and manners of speech. I have often wondered what happens to the old ones. Do they all get married; do many of them drop out of sight in the dark whirlpools of the city? You never see an old one in a shop. I should think the age limit was thirty years, and the majority of them seem between eighteen and twenty-five. An amazing number of them are pretty. If they were as well-dressed, brushed, bathed, and cold-creamed as their sisters on Fifth Avenue, they would be every bit as handsome.

They have fashions of their own, and they always take care to be quite in the van of spring and summer changes. This year they have burst forth in enormous hats. I'm sure I don't know where they can get them. I've never seen anything half so big at any milliner's. They all seem to be the same shape, flat at the back of the head, and then extending outward in the front and sides in a sort of flat projection like a jutting roof. Sometimes they are garnished round the edge with a descending frill of lace. Underneath the hat there is a pompadour. Such a pompadour! No one rat ever was the foundation of so imposing an edifice. There must be a whole family of rats in it, several generations. What with the height of the pompadour and the circumference of the hat, the general effect is startling. When two or three girls thus adorned get into a crowded car on the Sixth Avenue line, there is a scene of carnage. Everybody is sooner or later hit by the hat brims, the owners, swinging from straps, being sent this way and that with each unexpected jerk of the car.

Another thing I have noticed about them is that they seem indifferent to changes of temperature. In winter they wear thin little jackets and little scraps of cheap fur round their necks. They do not look cold, or appear to be in the least uncomfortable, while the rest of the feminine world is red-nosed and shivering, wrapped in furs to the eyes. Now, when the weather is hot, and linen and thin silk dresses are out on every side, they still wear their stiff jackets and still show a cool, unaltered face among the red and perspiring visages of their fellow-women. It is evidently not *de rigueur* for them to go jacketless, for you rarely see one without some kind of a wrap on. They have also taken kindly to the low-collared fashion—perhaps because they are all young and have pretty throats. They are the only class in the city that, en masse, have gone back to the narrow 1830 band round the neck in place of that strange and hideous instrument of torture—the high, stiff collar.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Oxford University has decided to confer the degree of doctor of letters on William Dean Howells.

The estate of the late Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent British surgeon, has been proved at £223,748.

Professor Celli, a celebrated Florentine portraitist, has just forwarded a remarkable portrait of Mark Twain to the exposition at St. Louis.

Probably the wealthiest negro in Kansas is Junius G. Groves, of Edwardsville. Groves made his money raising potatoes, and is known as the "Potato King." He owns many acres of fine land, stock in numerous banks, and his check is good for one hundred thousand dollars any day.

The son of the late Verestschagin is an artist of some distinction; two years ago he modeled a bust of Napoleon which attracted considerable attention. Verestschagin left to his heirs a picture valued at six thousand dollars, and two villas, one near St. Petersburg, the other in the Caucasus.

It is said that George J. Gould is about to enter politics, and that he will try at the forthcoming election for a seat in the House of Representatives from the district in New Jersey which embraces Lakewood, where he has his country seat. Mr. Gould is a staunch Republican. His private fortune is now estimated to be not less than seventy millions of dollars.

Miss Helen Gould seems to be world famous. While at the "City of Jerusalem," in the World's Fair grounds at St. Louis, the other day, one of the party with which she was asked the Nazarene guide, Saffouri, if he had ever heard of Helen Gould. "Oh, yes," he replied; "she is a great American woman, a philanthropist and a Christian." "Where did you hear of her, in Palestine or in America?" Saffouri was asked. "In Palestine, many, many times, and in America since I came over," he said.

Chaochu Wu, son of Wu Ting-fang, vice-president of the foreign board of the Chinese Empire and formerly minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary from his majesty the Emperor of China to the United States, has graduated at the head of a class of twenty-five American boys and girls, the brightest and most ambitious in the Atlantic City high-school. He selected as the topic of his valedictory, "Eastern Conservatism," and defended, in a masterly manner, the resistance of his native land to the encroachment of Western civilization.

A noted New York autograph dealer says that Mr. Roosevelt's autographs are in constant demand in Europe. The newspapers are full of him all the time, and the popular interest in his personality does not seem to abate. Of all the Presidential autographs, except George Washington's alone, his brings the highest price in the foreign market. At a recent sale in London, the autographs of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and a number of other eminent Englishmen were put up; but the only one in the collection which brought a higher price than the President's was that of the poet Chaucer—a very rare specimen indeed.

In the New York *Herald* on a recent Sunday appeared this advertisement: "Personal information wanted of Patrick J. Hennessey, who was in the British War Department until 1871, and then went to New York, and was heard of in the New York custom-house as a weigher in or about 1885. There is an estate of about eighty thousand pounds sterling left by an uncle in Melbourne, Australia. Apply to Pollock & Pollock, 27 Leadenhall Street, London, E. C." This "ad" made many Hennesseys sit up straight for a second or two, but the real Patrick J. Hennessey did not see it at all. Monday morning, however, a friend showed him the paper, and he turned pale. "That's me," he said; "I was in the British War Department. I was in the custom-house at the time stated." Then his eyes filled with tears as he said: "Oh, I wish my little wife had lived to hear this." Hennessey is fifty-six years old, a widower of two months, and has two children. He was working in a sugar refinery at two dollars a day when his windfall came.

It is true that General Cronje will attend the St. Louis fair and take part in the sham battle of Paardeburg, for which extensive arrangements have been made. The decision was reached only after deliberation. In a letter to an American friend, General Cronje tells his reasons for deciding as he has. "Without a country, of shattered fortune, with no home, my dear wife gone from me," writes General Cronje. "I took counsel with myself. I had fought for my country, and with her lost everything. No longer a young man, able to grasp opportunities and work myself up the ladder again, I began to ask myself what such fame as I had won as a soldier would provide for me as sustenance in my declining years. I could see nothing of tangible support. And so I am taking the opportunity presented me to prepare for that part of my life which is to come and which I could scarcely provide for as a young man could. I shall again go over the scenes of Paardeburg, believing that in showing the people of all the world how the Boer fought for freedom I shall foster the spirit of freedom which alone makes all men equal before each other and before God."



## QUAY: THE BOSS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Remarkable Career of the Late Senator—Varying Estimates of the Man—Power of Mediæval Despot—Amusing Anecdotes—His Advice to Young Men.

The contradictions in the character of Quay were scarcely greater than are the differences of opinion among the great newspapers of the East in commenting upon his death. The comments run the gamut from fierce denunciation to friendly toleration of the dead statesman's shortcoming and praise of his virtues. This seems to be not so much a matter of partisanship as of temperament, for the *Philadelphia Ledger*, an independent Democratic newspaper, which fought Quay for many years, is singularly dispassionate and tolerant in its comments. It is the *New York Evening Post* which neither forgets nor forgives, and which speaks out after this fashion:

The national shame of a public career like the late Matthew S. Quay's could be made more blistering in only one way—by glozing over in his death the frightful evil of his life. There is an appalling amount of crouching over his grave "with craven soul and fettered lip." Lamentably, the attempt to make out this gigantic political corruptionist other than he was, begins with that white-souled champion of reform, that flaming hater of all that Quay stood for, Theodore Roosevelt. His shocked friends could have read only with a groan that telegram of condolence in which the President, taking pains to say that his message was not a cold official utterance, but a personal one, spoke of Quay as "my staunch and loyal friend."

Quay bought the organization; bribed or intimidated the press; got his grip on the public service, including even the courts; imposed his will on Congress and Cabinets, and upon at least three Presidents—making the latter provide for the offal of his machine, which even Pennsylvania could no longer stomach—and all without identifying his name with a single measure of public good, without making a speech or uttering a party watchword, without even pretending to be honest, but solely because, like Judas, he carried the bag and could buy whom he would. To hold up such a man as a "friend" is to make the devil chuckle. We may have to put up with men of the Quay type for a time yet; we can not eliminate them from our politics; but there is only one thing for honest men to do—to fight them while they live, and to speak the truth about them after they are dead. Endangered States may be compelled to "stoop their proud necks" to many disagreeable necessities; but it can never be necessary to call evil good. To compromise with a living public corrupter is recreancy; to praise a dead one is treason.

There you have the "reformer's" view of Quay, but see how he loses his horns, cloven hoof, and tail under the deft, cynical touch of the *Sun*—and that, too, without capitulation on matters of fact:

We don't know where certain of the unco guid will find a personal devil now Mr. Quay is gone. He stirred their bile more than most other bosses. He never whitewashed himself or put on any frills of virtue. He laughed at the whole show.

Afterward, at least, he frankly acknowledged his interest in speculations. If he was not fantastically delicate in this respect, he was not a hypocrite, and why was he called upon to be more pragmatically altruistic than his neighbors? You "can not indict" a State. Pennsylvania was pretty well satisfied with Mr. Quay. It is curious, and must have amused Mr. Quay, that he, with whose name Mugwump babies used to be frightened to sleep, came to be the valued confidant and political partner of Theodore Roosevelt.

Quay was primarily and necessarily a boss. There will be plenty of bosses after him, as there were before him; but one with more knowledge of the game or a better player will be hard to find. A man of cultivation and a persistent fisherman, Mr. Quay had considerable means of enjoyment, and in his forty years of politics he had collected enemies, whom he seems to have enjoyed also. He was cleverer than most bosses; we dare say that he was not more or less scrupulous than most of them. Seraphs illuminate are not to be found in politics, and Pennsylvania has a brand of politics of her own. Mr. Quay stood high in a fine art, the manipulation of men. He was a kindly cynic; and if he had small faith in human disinterestedness, he seldom dropped into humbug.

A few papers there are which waive comment on Quay in favor of an arraignment of Pennsylvania, holding that a "boss" is the necessary product of the conditions that exist. Such is the view of the *Milwaukee News*, which says:

Shallow thinking "reformers" have risen to high eminence by denunciation of "bosses" and "machines," flattering the people that their rights have been usurped, and that they are the victims rather than the creators of the "bosses" in whose hands the control of government is vested. The "boss" and the "machine" are not the cause—they are the effect. Quay was not master of Pennsylvania because he had usurped power. He ruled Pennsylvania "by the consent of the governed." Time and time again when Quay and his "machine" were the issue, the voters of Pennsylvania by overwhelming majorities delegated to him and to his organization the privilege to govern them. It was understood that the Quay organization enjoyed certain perquisites—"graft" if you please—for the services it rendered the public. The majority was satisfied. Pennsylvania was governed as the people—the majority of the electors—wanted it governed.

But whatever view the representative newspapers of the country take of Quay—whether they regard him and his sort as foul blots on our civilization, as necessary evils, or as modified goods—they agree upon one thing: that Quay was absolute master in Pennsylvania. On this point the *Baltimore Sun* says:

Matthew Stanley Quay was the "uncrowned king" of a great commonwealth containing nearly seven million enlightened people, enormous wealth, and all the appliances of civilization. His influence over the legislature of Pennsylvania was far more decisive than that of the German Kaiser in the Reichstag, or that of King Edward in the British Parliament. It was for a long term of years and up to the very day of his death supreme and undisputed. It was for him to decide, if he chose to do so, what laws should be passed and what repealed. Although he was not governor of the State, no one denied his power to name every State official. Through his absolute control of political conventions he could decide whom the people should elect to the various offices. He could determine what men should go upon the bench in the various courts; he could shape the laws under which the elections in State, cities, and counties were held, and he could select his own men to conduct the elections. A few years ago the

mayors of two great cities revolted, and the legislature quickly deposed them from their places.

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, whose words have the weight of authority, similarly says:

The death of Senator Quay ends a personal reign that in absoluteness as in endurance has scarcely its parallel in our political history. There have been many examples of heroic political leadership, held through long periods and amid many vicissitudes by men of inspiring personality; but Quay's masterful control of Pennsylvania has owed little to those qualities or arts which appeal to popular enthusiasm. That it was a personal and intellectual mastery is evident. Yet it was never exercised directly upon public sentiment. He was the author of no inspiring measures, the recognized advocate of no consistent ideals. There was about his leadership always the suggestion of secret intrigue, relieved occasionally by a bewildering audacity. But he brought strong men into subjection or drove them baffled from public life and exalted those whom he chose, till opposition had long worn away and, in spite of increasing years and feebleness, he had become, in the evening of his life, the undisputed master of the commonwealth. With his return to the Senate, . . . he continued to command or deny legislation and to dictate nominations and appointments, setting up those who would serve his purpose and throwing aside those no longer useful, with an avowed contempt for public opinion that has simply made criticism futile. People have wondered at his power, but they have bowed to it with a sort of fatalism corresponding with his own stoical indifference. Even in the history of mediæval monarchies or of revolutionary despotisms it would be hard to find a more extraordinary example of irresponsible personal absolutism.

Certainly a man like this is worth study. Francis E. Leupp, the noted Washington correspondent, calls him "the strangest man who has represented Pennsylvania since the Civil War, and the strongest." Mr. Leupp adds:

More contradictions perhaps were never grouped in one personality. A scholar of distinct attainments in history and general literature, covering himself daily with the dirt of meretricious politics. An executant who did everything in a large way, stooping to quarrel over a country post-office. A leader whose success depended upon keeping always before his host in a favorable way, yet scorning newspaper advertising and contemptuous of criticism. A schemer noted for the success with which he kept his own counsels as to plans and methods, yet ever ready to discuss men and measures with a frankness that was sometimes embarrassing. A public speaker so shy by nature that he gave up the practice of law because he could not bear to face a jury with an appeal, yet with a faculty of clear, concise, meaty expression for which hundreds of professional orators would have given half they possessed. A man much given to surprises, yet whose achievements in that line seemed quite unconscious, so that the "sensation" awaited never came, while the unexpected always happened as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. A politician who counted variableness among the cardinal sins, yet never remained of one fellowship an hour longer than he found it congenial.

Many anecdotes are told of Quay. Once as a boy, his father, a Presbyterian clergyman, brought home a Bible and a toy sword, to see which the boy would choose. Matthew took the sword, to the good man's grievous disappointment. But he explained: "I took the sword because I knew father would give me the Bible anyway."

Curiously enough, Quay cast his first vote for prohibition. Quay started in life as an amateur lecturer on astronomy. It was in Louisiana. He thought there wasn't much of an opening for him in his native State. With a friend Quay got a magic lantern and traveled through Louisiana spouting on astronomy. The venture was a failure. Then he studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. Afterward he fought in the Civil War as a volunteer, and, in 1867, he tried his hand at journalism, editing the *Beaver Radical*, and making it a remarkable power in Republican politics.

In 1888, Quay was in charge of the Harrison campaign for President, but later quarreled with the President. It was at the time of their fatal break that that noteworthy conversation is reported to have taken place between the President and the senator, where the latter, in a sneering tone, exclaimed: "Perhaps you forget, Mr. President, who made you what you are."

"No, I do not," answered Mr. Harrison, sharply. "It was not you who made me President of this nation; it was God."

"All right," retorted Quay. "Wait till God makes you President again!"

Here is another amusing anecdote of Quay told by Mr. Leupp:

About the time that the newspapers which had resolved to drive Quay out of politics were formulating their worst charges of theft, debauchery, etc., against him, the question of opening the Chicago World's Fair on Sunday became acute, and Quay put his foot down flatly against "the desecration of the Christian Sabbath." Even his colleague, "Don" Cameron, whose sense of humor was not unduly keen, could not resist this incongruity. A Chicago correspondent in Washington approached Cameron one day with the question whether he found many of his constituents interested in the issue.

"Yes," answered Cameron, "I get a good deal of mail about it. Some few Pennsylvanians want the gates opened; but the vast majority of my correspondents urge me to stand fast for true morality, and back up Quay in his fight for God."

Quay's family life is said to have been ideal, but he was not a temperate man, despite his maiden vote for prohibition. On this point, the *Post* says:

Quay had, in 1879, enjoyed a career of uninterrupted political success for about fifteen years, and he became more reckless and unscrupulous, politically and socially. His excesses became greater than usual, and his private habits at Philadelphia and Harrisburg were such as to cause almost continuous scandal. His losses at cards were constant, and hard playing and hard drinking made him nervous and irritable. It is said to have been a common question among those who were aware of what was going on: "How much did Quay lose last night?"

After this, it is not surprising that Quay's "advice to a young man" about to start on a public career did not follow the prescribed formula. He said: "I would

not repeat to him any of the time-worn and honored sayings, but I would tell him to stick to his friends and never to forget or go back upon a man who ever did him a favor."

"Who is the greatest politician of your party?" Thomas C. Platt was once asked, and he replied: "Quay, by all means. D'y'e know, I often wish I'd been Quay's office-boy for about six months?"

One of Quay's sayings was: "Life's half joke and half tragedy." It is a rather curious irony that to the last he was unconsciously "deceiving the people." After his death, the physician in charge apologized for the false reports that had been made of Senator Quay's condition, by saying: "The senator insisted on reading the daily newspapers. We tried to keep them from him, and this made him peevish. We did not want him to learn his true condition through the newspapers, and so we had to say that he was getting better in the hope of cheering him up."

Only a few days before his death, Quay asked to be taken into his library. "I want," he said, "to see my books once more before I die."

## THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER.

London "Times" Reduces Its Price—The Fact Regarded in England as a "Great National Event"—Interesting History of the Venerable Journal—Men at the Helm.

A vast gulf separates even the best American newspaper from that greatest of British newspapers, the *London Times*. Were the most important American newspaper to reduce its price one-fourth, the country at large would hardly consider it an event of the first importance, if it even became aware of it. But in England, the reduction in price of the *Times* is characterized—in rival newspapers, too—as "a great national event."

The *London Times* is a venerable institution, though not so old as some other of the London newspapers. It was founded in 1788. Bulwer Lytton once said: "If I desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of existing British civilization, I would prefer, not our docks, not our railways, not our public buildings, not even the palace in which we hold our sittings. I would prefer a file of the *Times*." It is not too much to say that the history of the *Times* is the history of British civilization during a century.

Of course the *Times* has had reverses and has experienced what the *London Mail* calls "periods of dignified somnolence." The paper was founded by John Walter, son of a London coal-merchant. He was for two years (1789-1791) imprisoned for reflecting on the sons of George the Third, and in 1795 gave up the direct management of the paper, though he was prosecuted for libel afterward, in 1799.

John Walter, the second son of the founder of the *Times*, took up the management of the paper about the beginning of the century, carrying it on jointly with the assistance of several men of note until his death in 1847. He it was who, by his independent criticisms of the government, lost the government advertisements, and was for a long time otherwise persecuted. He was the first to give prominence to the "leading article," and was thanked by the merchants of London for his strenuous opposition to Napoleon in 1814.

The third John Walter, eldest son of the second John Walter, was chief proprietor of the *Times* until recent years, but its editor for thirty-six years (1841-1875) was John Delane, whom Joseph Pulitzer recently characterized as "the greatest editor in the whole history of European journalism." Delane became editor of the *Times* when he was only twenty-three years old. He wrote few or no articles himself, but he was nevertheless for nearly forty years "the head, the heart, the brain of the paper." "He directed every writer; he furnished the thought, the policy, the initiative; he bore the responsibility, and he corrected both manuscript and proofs." A member of the Walter family, Arthur Fraser Walter, is still the chief proprietor of the great and venerable journal.

It is doubtless true that the *Times* has been brought to reduce its price by the severe competition of the newspapers modeled on American lines. The *Times*, since 1861, has sold for threepence (six cents). It will still be sold by news-venders at that price, but, in accordance with the new arrangement, an annual subscription may be purchased for £3, or \$15. Furthermore, it is announced that there are to be new features. Evidently the days of cloistered ease and academic calm in London journalism are gone forever. It remains, however, to be seen if the *Times* will depart from ancient precedents in other particulars. For example, up to the present time, the premier newspaper of Britain has never canvassed for an advertisement. It is facetiously said to be about as hard to get an advertisement inserted in its columns as to get one's baggage through the New York custom-house.

It is to be hoped that the present change marks a new era in the history of the paper. The selling of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" by the *Times* was an immensely profitable enterprise; the American rights alone were sold for a quarter of a million dollars; and the fact that the *Times* has the only wireless war service in the Far East, as well as having the best corps of correspondents in other respects, shows that it has by no means lost its once little disputed supremacy among newspapers of the world.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Novelists, Newspapers, and Romance.

Few contemporary novelists seem to draw the plots for their books from that inexhaustible treasury of romance, the daily newspaper. The "publicity department" of the big publishing-houses—which unblushingly reveals to an eager public the color of the female author's hair, whether she prefers caramels to ice-cream, what colors she favors and how she looks, talks, and acts, and who her great grandmother was—the publicity department, we say, has not conveyed to this quarter the intelligence that any of these budding George Sands, or, on the other hand, the huddling Balzacs, are emulating Charles Reade's method for the manufacture of novels. Yet it was a good, successful method. The incidents in "Hard Cash" and "Never Too Late to Mend" were based on an elaborate collection of newspaper clippings. "Hard Cash" and "Never Too Late to Mend" are among Reade's novels that will live. Why is it that to-day the tragedy and romance recorded in the daily newspaper seem so seldom to be turned by novelists into "copy?"

Can the reason be, in part, that the modern novelist, if he deal with modern times, is less likely to begin with a plot as a basis than with a group of well-defined characters? This seems to us likely. But it was not true in other, earlier days. The larger number of Shakespeare's plays are based on some story long before current. He took the bare framework and over it he trailed the vines of fancy, the poetic verdure of his vast imagination. The student of the mediæval novel knows how enuring were the "plots" of these popular tales. The characters, the scenes, the language (as the story passed from country to country) might all be altered. In Pisa, the story was of a countess and her ladies; in Rouen, it was of a mother superior and her novices; in Cologne, of a woman and her servants—but the vital idea, the "plot," remained unaltered. In mediæval days, the plot was the thing; the limning of character a secondary matter; now, convincing characterization is all-important, the plot an affair of less moment.

We prefer to think it is for this reason that contemporary romancers avoid going to the daily record of the world's life for plots, rather than that they fail to recognize the great "possibilities" that lie in some brief tragic stories that the morning paper tells. Still, it requires imagination to see in a newspaper paragraph all the material for a novel or a play. This fact is illustrated—rather amusingly—by the clever idea a Chicago newspaper recently put into effect. It performed the feat the reverse of that which the novelist or dramatist must perform who would take his plot from the news of the day—it turned some of Shakespeare's plays back into news items. The effect was startling—here is one of the headings:

SIX LIVES COST OF ITALIAN FEUD.

HATRED BETWEEN HOUSES OF CAPULET AND MONTAGUE LEADS TO AWFUL TRAGEDY.

BRIDE OF DAY A SUICIDE.

THREE YOUTHS SLAIN IN FIGHTS AND YOUNG ROMEO MONTAGUE KILLS HIMSELF.

VERONA, ITALY, July 16, 1550.—Five bright young lives have been snuffed out, one fond mother has died of a broken heart, and two of the proudest families of Verona are practically extinct as the result of the feud of the Capulets and the Montagues. (Names of the dead follow.)

In true Chicago style, the story tells, at the length of a column, of the meeting of Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet, and the developments of the tragedy.

Here is another of the pieces of "sensational news".

GEN. OTHELLO MURDERS WIFE AND COMMITS SUICIDE.

SELF-MURDER RESULTS FROM LEARNING HE HAD SLAIN A WOMAN WHO WAS GUILTY OF WRONGDOING.

CYPRUS, July 16, 1603.—General Othello, a Moor, whose military prowess is known in many lands, to might murdered his wife, Desdemona, a woman noted for her beauty and charitable works. Jealousy prompted the murder. Almost as soon as the crime had been committed the Moor learned he had been tricked by one of his officers, Iago by name, and that his wife was innocent. Enraged at the manner in which he had been ensnared, and overwhelmed by the horror of his deed, Othello later committed suicide.

Great romancers like Dumas père and Eugene Sue may not have drawn the plots for their tales directly from newspapers, but it is certain that they found them in a record not very different—the archives of the Police of Paris. Indeed, there has recently been brought to light the record of the very case upon which Dumas based his famous romance, "The Count of Monte Cristo." In the record the hero's name is François, not Edmund Dantes; he is a cob-

bler, not a sailor. Two days before his wedding day he halts, in high spirits, at a café kept by a fellow-townsmen, one Loupaign. Loupaign, always intensely jealous of the fortunate, conspires with three men, all strangers to Picard, to denounce him as a spy. One of them, Allut, declines to join the conspiracy (as in the story), but the others carry out their project, and Picard is confined in the Château of Fenestrelle (not the Château d'If) for seven years, being incarcerated under the name of Joseph Lucher. There he becomes the servant of a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who, dying, bequeaths to him 7,000,000 francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam, and 1,200,000 francs' worth of diamonds and 3,000,000 in specie hidden in Italy (not on the Isle of Monte Cristo). On his release, Lucher, or Picard, disguised as a priest (as in the story) finds Allut, and offers him in the name of the "dead François Picard" a huge diamond, in return for the disclosure of the names of the conspirators on that fatal day. Allut tells the names, and (as in the story) murders the jeweler to whom he sells the diamond. Then Picard, or Lucher, goes to Paris, finds Loupaign prosperous and married to his sweetheart, and becomes a waiter in Loupaign's café. Soon, one of the conspirators is found mysteriously killed with a poignard; Loupaign's fine dog is poisoned; then a rare and beautiful parrot mysteriously dies; the daughter of Loupaign is seduced; Loupaign's café is ruined by fire; his son goes to prison for twenty years for thieving; the other conspirator dies of poison; Loupaign himself is killed by a poignard in the hands of a masked man. Up to this point Reality runs hand in hand with Romance. But here their ways part. Allut comes to Paris, suspecting the truth, and, failing in an endeavor to blackmail Picard, kills him. The record in the archives of the Police of Paris is the death-bed confession of Allut, many years later.

Not even the imagination of a Dumas could, perhaps, have originated *de novo* such a tale as that. But with the plot fortuitously furnished him, he so embroidered it with fancy that the story of "The Count of Monte Cristo," as the world knows it, is one of the immortal books.

Romance is not dead, and to-day in that unofficial record of adventure, shame, and tragedy which the newspapers in large part are, there are to be discovered stories as rich and strange as that which Dumas found in the dossiers of the Police of Paris, and upon which he based his greatest book. Even at the present moment, a story is being unrolled in the public prints of New York City more weird and wild than any contemporary work of fiction. It concerns the murder of one of New York's most eminent citizens. It involves, besides, a negress, a millionaire, and the black lover of the woman, who is the murderer. It deals with a million dollars in blackmail wrung out through senile fear. Here surely is a plot to match even that of "Monte Cristo." Imagine a woman of the gutter, in whose veins run negro, white, and Indian blood; who has been the inmate of dens of shame in two cities; who has been the occupant of almshouse, jail, and penitentiary—imagine her falling in with an old and amorous millionaire; conceive of her concealing from him her blood and character, working on his fears of exposure to his respectable sons and daughters to extort from him the enormous sum of seven hundred thousand dollars, convincing him that he had become a father at eighty-two. Imagine this woman a depositor in one hundred and nine banks and trust companies; imagine her mis-

tress of a beautiful house on a fashionable avenue; imagine her with budding social ambitions—with tastes which lead her to the study of art, music, literature, and languages. Then bring upon the stage one of the most eminent citizens of the country's metropolis; a man who bears a strong resemblance in appearance to the victimized millionaire; imagine him with a relative living next door to the adventuress in a house of similar aspect; and then imagine him murdered by the negress's black lover, who mistakes him for the amorous millionaire.

What a story!—yet all substantially true, told here just as summarized by a metropolitan journal.

Romance is not dead; the days of romance are not vanished. As strange are the mysteries of the greatest city of the Western continent in this, the beginning of the twentieth century, as were the mysteries of Paris in the days of Sue; as absorbing are the romances of the morning journals as those hidden away in the archives of France where Dumas sought them.

Ah, but to-day we have no Dumas!

H. A. L.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Faith of Men," by Jack London.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
4. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.
5. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
3. "The Forest," by Stewart White.
4. "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller.
5. "Violet," by Baroness von Hutten.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Ed-ward White.
3. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
4. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
5. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.

Hugo and Garibaldi.

M. Maltus Q. Holyoake writes to the London *Daily Telegraph*: "The French poet, Victor Hugo, whom Tennyson addressed as 'Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,' sent an impassioned, but little known poem on the disaster of Mentana in 1867 to Garibaldi. The Italian hero, also invoking the aid of the muse, replied in verse, of which the then exile in Guernsey expressed appreciation in the following felicitous words":

DEAR GARIBALDI: There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles; a harp in that of Judas Maccabaeus; Orlando sent a copy of verses to Charlemagne; Frederick the Second addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You, too, prove it. I read with deep emotion the noble lyrical epistle which you addressed to me, and in which you speak to the soul of Italy in the language of France. The same breath of justice and liberty which inspires you with great deeds, inspires you with great thoughts. Farewell, illustrious friend.

## CAUTION!

The following Manufacturers and Importers are licensed under the pioneer patent Number 549,160, granted to George B. Selden, dated November 5th, 1895, on

## GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES

In view of their license agreement they and their agents will not sell, keep on hand, or in any manner dispose of or deal in directly or indirectly any unlicensed new or second-hand gasoline vehicles, infringing said Selden patent.

Electric Vehicle Co.  
Winton Motor Carriage Co.  
Packard Motor Car Co.  
Olds Motor Works  
Knox Automobile Co.  
The Haynes-Apperson Co.  
The Autocar Co.  
The George N. Pierce Co.  
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.  
Locomobile Co. of America

## MANUFACTURERS

The Peerless Motor Car Co.  
Standard Motor Construction Co.  
Walliam Manufacturing Co.  
Pope Motor Car Co.  
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.  
H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.  
Smith & Mabley, Inc.  
The Commercial Motor Co.  
Berg Automobile Co.  
Cadillac Automobile Co.

Northern Manufacturing Co.  
Pope-Robinson Co.  
The Kirk Manufacturing Co.  
Elnore Manufacturing Co.  
E. R. Thomas Motor Co.  
Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co.  
The F. B. Stearns Co.  
Pope Manufacturing Co.  
Sandusky Automobile Co.  
Crescent Manufacturing Co.

## IMPORTERS

Smith & Mabley, Inc.  
Central Automobile Co.  
Alexander Fischer

Hollaender & Tangeman  
Standard Automobile Co.  
E. B. Gallaher

Auto Import Co.  
F. A. LaRoche Co.  
Sidney B. Bowman Automobile Co.

Both the basic Selden patent and more than 400 other patents owned by members of this Association will be enforced against infringers. Manufacturers, Importers, Dealers and Agents, also Users of unlicensed machines are liable.

ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS  
NO. 7 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

We will not sell you glasses unless we are convinced they will suit you.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St. Opticians.

## Wedding Invitations

PROPERLY ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON'S, 126 Post St.

## PRESS OPINIONS

—OF—

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

THE OUTLOOK: "Spain seen from hotels"—"The book will come after Colonel Hay's, Bates's, Zimmerman's, and Daviller's."

OUT WEST: "Vivid and interesting"—"The easy-going talk of an experienced traveler"—"No gush"—"Satirical humor"—"Unusual and agreeable flavor"—"Very richly garbed"—"Mechanical details approach perfection."

MOBILE (ALA.) REGISTER: "The most interesting book of travels this season"—"As valuable as it is interesting"—"A picture of Spain as the traveler sees it."

SAN FRANCISCO CALL: "A very readable book"—"It has an engaging sketchiness"—"Brevity of thought and diction"—"No time-honored earmarks of travel"—"Its whimsical turn"—"Odd side of things"—"Dry humor."

TOWN TALK, SAN FRANCISCO: "Singularity interesting book"—"New and untouched topics"—"Crisp impressions"—"Fair and uncolored conclusions"—"Interesting chapter on newspapers"—"Fresh and original in style and manner"—"Not of the guide-book order"—"Beautifully gotten up."

CHICAGO CHRONICLE: "Vivid scenes in Spain"—"Daily life beyond the Pyrenees"—"Good argument on degeneration from tobacco."

Price, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter Street, S. F.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches: LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. 202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom. ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge. Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

## IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS

ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME  
Call on or Write

## E.C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY

124 Sansome Street  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the Ruskin letters to Charles Eliot Norton now being published, occurs a passage which rather confirms Gertrude Atherton's opinions about the necessity for authors to investigate the "underworld." Ruskin says: "To be a first-rate painter you *mustn't* be pious; but a little wicked, and entirely a man of the world."

Hundreds of applications for a Chinese translation of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" have been received by the representative of the Christian Literature Society for China at Shanghai. This is a striking indication of intellectual progress.

The Paris correspondent of *Truth* says: "I never saw a nobler forehead than that of Jokai. It afforded room, and to spare, for the one hundred and forty-three volumes that he wrote, not to speak of the piles of newspaper articles and speeches."

"Since the days of Dickens," says H. B. Marriott Watson in the *London Mail*, "curious people have been inquiring into the origin of what it is the habit nowadays to call the 'boom,' and it does not seem as if a definite and satisfactory answer had been obtained. A does as good work, and seemingly as popular work, as B, yet B sells and A doesn't. Why? Is it reviews? No; we are all agreed on that point. But it may be advertisement; it may be the gossip of the tea-table that fires the heatben; or it may be simple and unadulterated and intolerable luck. Perhaps it is the color of the binding. I have long since given up the inquiry in despair."

It is not generally known that Joseph Conrad, whose book, "Romance," has just been brought out, was once an admiral in the Congo Free State navy. Over ten years ago he commanded the little tin-plate war vessel that patrolled the Congo River and kept the native tribes on its banks in order. It was from his experience during this time that he wrote his story, "Heart of Darkness," the second in his volume entitled "Youth."

"The boom in American books continues," writes a London critic: "a large proportion of the novels published this spring seem to be American in their origin. Whether the public reads them, or whether they are published because they can be had by the publishers at a lower rate than English novels, is not certain. Still, it is only fair to presume that the publishers are supplying a demand which they have found to exist. It is difficult to find a morning newspaper which does not contain a review or a brief notice of some new American novel—and, as a rule, the notices are friendly."

Tolstoy, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, says: "Thank you very much for the beautiful book sent to me. 'Les grandes pensees viennent du coeur.' I think Spencer had little heart, and so the *grandes pensees* are wanting. Therefore, too, I am not an admirer of Spencer."

George Moore has finished a novel which he calls "General Life." It will be published soon. His "Avowals," now appearing serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will make a second book, and the series of articles on "Moods and Memories of French Life," which he is contributing to the *Irish Magazine*, will make another volume. Meanwhile, a German publisher is issuing translations of all Moore's previous writings.

Gertrude Atherton is continually in a controversy. Her latest scrap is with Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, who published a signed review of "Rulers of Kings" in the magazine which he edits, the *Bookman*. He spoke of her "perpetrating absurdities" in statements of fact, and she now replies heatedly in a letter to a New York newspaper, "analyzing a few of his rash assertions." She seems to have a trifle the better of him, so far.

Miss Braddon, who is no longer young, and who for a long time has scarcely touched her pen, is about to bring out a new novel. It is a story of suburban life in the early Victorian period, and it is called "A Lost Eden."

"A Channel Passage and Other Poems" is to be the title of Mr. Swinburne's new book.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, writing from Munich, gives some interesting information in regard to the reading of boys and girls in Russia. A Russian periodical recently sent a general letter to pupils in secondary schools, presumably from fourteen to nineteen years of age, asking simply, "What authors do you like best?" A large number of replies were received. Tolstoy came first in the list, with 691 votes, 296 of which were for his "Resurrection." Next stood "the dreary and dirty Gorky," whom Professor Phelps designates as "a public nuisance, whose meaningless gabble in dung-hill dialect we must endure until the next literary sensation arrives." After Gorky comes Do-

stoevski, with 494 admirers, and then Turgeneff, with 470. Far down in the list stand Pushkin, Russia's first great poet, and Gogol, her first great novelist. Among authors outside of Russia, Guy de Maupassant takes the lead with 86 votes.

The late Sir Henry Thompson (who published two clever novels under the name of "Pen Oliver") has left his "Personal Recollections" in manuscript. These will not be published until ten years have expired, such being the injunction of the author.

Dr. Burney Yeo, the English physician, has revised and, to a great extent, rewritten his book on "Climate and Health Resorts," long out of print. A self-imposed winter holiday has afforded him the leisure to do so, and perhaps added some practical experience. He has given the remodeled book the title, "The Therapeutics of Mineral Springs and Climates."

There is in press a volume called "The Web of Indian Life," by Margaret E. Noble, a Celt who has for a long time lived in the Hindoo quarter of Calcutta. She describes her observations in her book.

The second installment of Herbert Spencer's "Unpublished Letters," printed in the *Independent* recently, is concerned exclusively with a rebuttal of the charges made against Spencer by Henry George in his "A Perplexed Philosopher." Of the economical question at issue, Spencer makes no defense. "The 'Synthetic Philosophy,'" he says, "can take care of itself, and I don't care a straw if it is attacked by Henry George or half a dozen Henry Georges with as many Popes to back them. . . . The only thing about which I am concerned is the personal question—the vile calumny which the man propagates." Further on he says: "There is only one short word—not used in polite society—which fitly describes Mr. George."

## Nelson's Last Letter to Lady Hamilton.

At a recent auction sale in London, the last completed letter of Nelson to Lady Hamilton brought the enormous sum of one thousand and thirty pounds sterling. American competition ran the figures up to this point, but the article finally went to a private English collector, who gave his name as Mr. Hamilton. A letter of later date than the one just sold was found in Nelson's cabin unfinished, and is now in the British Museum. The present letter, dated *Victory*, off Lishon, September 25, 1805, reads as follows:

I am anxious to join the fleet, for it would add to my grief if any other man was to give them the Nelson touch, which we say is warranted never to fail. I have read, my Emma, with much interest your letters which I got at Merton, but I must have many others afloat. I do feel by myself what you must have felt at not hearing from me from January 20th to after May 18th. I fancy that they had been stopped by the admiralty on the account of Sir John's orders. . . . I mention all these circumstances that my dearest Emma should never think that her Nelson neglects or forgets her for one moment. No, I can truly say, you are always present wherever I go. I have this letter ready in case I should fall in with anything from Lisbon homeward steering. May God bless you, my best, my only beloved, and with my warmest affections to Horatia, be assured I am forever your most faithful and affectionate.

Wellington's famous letter, written a few hours after Waterloo, in which he emphasizes the total defeat of Bonaparte "by the British army," fell to the same bidder for less than one-tenth the sum paid for Nelson's, or one hundred and one pounds sterling.

## New Publications.

"Trusts versus the Public Welfare," by H. C. Richie. R. F. Fenno & Co.; 50 cents.

"An Italian Grammar with Exercises," by Mary Vance Young. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Hawaiian Annual—1904." The recognized book of information about Hawaii. Thomas G. Thrum.

"Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory," by Oscar P. Austin. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

"Book of Knowledge: Psychic Facts," by Dr. Nellie Beigle. Illustrated. The Alliance Publishing Company.

"The Middle Wall," by Edward Marshall. Illustrated by Louis F. Grant. The G. Dillingham Company; \$1.50.

"The Hayfield Mower and Scythe of Progress," by the Mower-Man. Volume I. Nos. 1 to 26. The Hayfield Mower.

"A Dictionary of Etiquette: A Guide to Polite Usage for all Social Functions," by W. C. Green. Brentano's. \$1.25 net.

"Tangledom: A Volume of Charades, Enigmas, Problems, Riddles, and Transformations," by Charles Rollin Ballard. DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.; 75 cents.

"The Diary of a Superfluous Man and Other Stories," by Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Frontispiece. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Jew and Other Stories," by Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00—a recent volume of the admirable edition of Turgénieff in course of publication.

"Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers." Volume III. New edition revised and enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. Numerous illustrations. The Macmillan Company—a standard and indispensable work.

"Field Book of Wild Birds and their Music: A Description of the Character and Music of Birds, Intended to Assist in the Identification of Species Common in the Eastern United States," by F. Schuyler Mathews. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

"The American Immortals: The Record of Men who by their Achievements in Statescraft, War, Science, Literature, Art, Law, and Commerce Have Created the American Republic, and whose Names are Inscribed in the Hall of Fame," by George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated with portraits. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

The works of Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Othello," "The Tempest," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Each in a separate volume. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Illustrated. American Book Company—intended for school use; perhaps the best students' edition of Shakespeare extant.

"The Musical Guide: Containing a Pronouncing and Defining Dictionary of Terms, Instruments, etc., Including a Key to the Pronunciation of Sixteen Languages, Many Charts, an Explanation of the Construction of Music for the Uninitiated, a Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, the Stories of the Operas, and Numerous Biographical and Critical Essays by Distinguished Authorities." Edited by Rupert Hughes, M. A. Two volumes. McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$6.00 net.

## It Fills the Bill

This is the business man's verdict concerning the

## New Remington Billing Typewriter

It writes neat, compact, legible bills, with twice the speed of the pen. Adaptable to all billing systems.



REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY,  
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
228 Bush St., San Francisco.

## HOT AND HANDY

## TESLA BRIQUETTES

Now Greatly Improved.

## TESLA COAL CO.

Phone South 95.

The Greatest Doctors  
in the world recommend

## Quina LAROCHE

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for

Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia  
and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO.,  
26-30 N. William St., N. Y.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, or any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electric works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,  
21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, President. T. T. DARGIE, Secretary.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## Educational.

## The Rose POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Devoted to all branches of Engineering Science, Mechanical, Electrical, and Civil. Architecture and Chemistry. Thorough instruction, practical work. Courses under direction of specialists. 22d year. Send for catalogue. C. L. MEES, Pres., Box C, Terre Haute, Ind.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School Philadelphia.

## The Busy Man's Friend

Up-to-date and condensed BUSINESS DIRECTORY. Contains 40,000 names of Business Men and Firms in San Francisco. One thousand pages. Arranged alphabetically and classified. Illustrated.

PRICE \$2.50

Your Business Address and other convenient data will be found in

## THE SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE-BUILDING AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Now Ready for Delivery

A postal-card will bring our representative. Published by

## THE IDEAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Phone James 5696

320 Sansome Street





The fast multiplying high-class attractions to which we are being steadily treated, are drawing pretty thoroughly upon our more discriminating class of theatre-goers. But how are we to explain the lessened numbers attending the second-class attractions? One scarcely looks to see Columbia Theatre audiences recruited from the ranks of the steady patrons of cheaper local shows. As far as my personal observation goes, the audiences attending the Mansfield and Maude Adams performances have been augmented by the presence of the many who feel an indifference toward the Tivoli, Orpheum, Fischer's, and Grand Opera House performances equal to that inspired by the musical comedies and dramatic soufflés which ordinarily form the Columbia Theatre's routine bills.

Yet the audiences at the cheaper theatres are perceptibly lessened in size. Not, we may be sure, from any financial stringency. The goodly pile of shakels that have been carried away from this town by Patti, Schumann-Heink, and Senbrich, not to mention the "Ben Hur" production, Langtry, Anna Held, Weber and Fields, and Mansfield, forms sufficiently convincing testimony to the financial well-being of San Francisco. But for the past five years or more now our city has been the too hospitable dispenser of bounty to the purveyor of second and third rate attractions. And now, perhaps only temporarily, there is a change. The large audiences are for the two-dollar attractions, while an unusual number of empty benches bear testimony to a lessened interest felt in the cheaper shows.

A theatre-going community, without apparent reason, passes through many phases. At present, we seem to have a preference for regular plays—added to which, a city like San Francisco, remote from theatrical centres, may generally be relied upon to turn out large numbers to gaze, even at a tax of several dollars a head, upon the celebrities in the theatrical profession. For this reason, Langtry, Mansfield, and Maude Adams were secure in advance of large audiences and correspondingly large returns. It has been a little puzzling about Mrs. Fiske, who is both artistically excellent and widely known. The explanation may probably be found in the fact that her engagement was sufficiently lengthy for theatre-goers to spread abroad general knowledge of their disappointment at their inability to hear and understand her in the spacious precincts of the Grand Opera House.

The Tivoli auditorium is now so large that it may possibly convey a mistaken impression of holding lessened numbers, but "Sergeant Kitty," a jolly little opera that is full of pretty numbers, did not seem to draw an audience sufficiently large for its merits. It is, however, to those members of the company with whom we are already acquainted that praise is specially due. Lillian Sefton, the new prima donna, and the earliest installment of the new company that is promised, is, so far as may be judged on a first hearing, much less of a vocalist than we are accustomed to seeing as the leading soprano of the Tivoli.

Miss Sefton has a light and irregularly sustained soprano, sweet in some of its higher notes, but so uneven in timbre as to occasionally become maraudable. The quality of her speaking voice is such as to give evidence of a lack of natural volume sufficient to meet the taxing demands of the kind of dialogue employed in musical comedy.

Miss Sefton, however, is young, attractive in boy's dress, and dainty in woman's, and plump and pretty, although she will not retain the latter quality long if she continues to make so many grimaces. It is evident that the young lady recognizes that vivacity is the sesame to success on the opera bouffe stage. But her frowns, winks, pouts, and smiles are scattered with a reckless profusion that cause them to fail frequently of application at the moment. This indiscriminating prodigality, however, is a fault of inexperience that the steady demands made upon her at the Tivoli will help to rectify. Perhaps, also, as is reported, Miss Sefton was suffering from stage fright, induced by the terrors of a first appearance before the Tivoli clientele. The chorus was in fairly good shape and very good voice, giving the lively choruses with a full and ringing volume that was something of an extinguisher to Miss Sefton's light, sweet tone. Nettie Deglow's voice is developing and she shines as a vocalist, and Dora de Philippe, although showing a tendency to strain her voice somewhat remains a valuable member of the company. Cunningham, with a very good facial make-up as a military martinet, put in some excellent acting and singing, and Hartman and Webb did routine comedy work with their usual zest. The chorus-girls, beaming with envious smiles, looked very pretty, especially the waiter-girls, who won three encores for the dance and song in the first act. Happy, happy waiter-girls! How trippingly their white slipped little feet flew with each added testimony of the favor of the house.

At Fischer's they have had something of a blow in the defection of their leading lady. An understudy is carrying the rôle of the absent one with what confidence she can gather together, but they are lucky enough to have a very strong card in the person of Edna Aug.

Miss Aug does specialties, and does them extremely well. She gives a very good imitation of Anna Held, of whom she makes up a very successful resemblance. With her hair arranged à la Held, her arms and neck powdered to the floury whiteness which the French actress affects, and her eye lids darkened with the special Held touch, the little vaudevillian minced and pirouetted across the stage, not forgetting the dilating of the eyes and the familiar mincing swagger, as she dragged her train to and fro, while favoring her audience with a vocal selection in the Frenchiest of accents and the squeakiest of voices. An imitation of a Scandinavian scrub-lady was also given, which, though not remarkable for its fidelity of accent, was unctuously humorous, and, as Miss Aug remarked as she whirled a soapy spray about the stage, and scrubbed the floor with an energy deplorably scarce in the real article, "anyway, she was giving a clean act."

Her best work was the sketch in which she takes off one kind of a compatriot. It might be a shop-girl jealous of her privileges, or a south of Market belle priding herself on the vanquishing of some enemy of like calibre. In either case, her monologue of a self-satisfied, garrulous woman complacently extolling herself at the expense of some absent rival, is a very neatly executed portrait of a type so common as to be at once recognizable; and Miss Aug endues it with so much vitality and humor as to almost raise the little sketch to the dignity of a work of art.

Mr. Brusie's "U. S." shows an improvement over his earlier work in the greater snap and terseness of the dialogue. Whether there is quite so much humor and originality of treatment is another question. But the piece and the company seem to suit the Fischer audiences, which, after all, is the main thing.

The appearance of the radium dance is, of course, always awaited with extreme interest by the audience, in spite of some good-natured skepticism concerning the presence of radium in the luminous coating of the costumes. The whole idea is evidently an old one revived; a shrewd catch at public credulity, being made

by utilizing the popular interest in radium. If radium there were, to create the faint misty glow that comes from the costumes, it would take several billion dollars' worth to accomplish the effect, but good old phosphorus masquerades very well under a name that suggests any number of mysteriously powerful properties.

The dance in itself is merely the stereotyped thing, showing a number of young women, clad in pajama-like costumes, going through more or less graceful postures. But the dim, ghostly light that reveals them comes unmistakably from their garmens, which, as seen through an opera-glass, are criss-crossed all over with lines of luminous paint.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Ethel Barrymore is appearing in London in Hubert Henry Davies's "Cynthia" with marked success. The *Tribune's* London correspondent says: "While she was as nervous as Ellen Terry invariably is on a first night, the charm and simplicity of her acting completed the conquest made by her refined beauty and willowy grace." Miss Barrymore will come here for a special engagement in July.

Sunset and sunrise from the top of Mt. Tamalpais are two of the most glorious sights to be seen in California, and draw many visitors to that famous mountain. The accommodations afforded by the Tavern of Tamalpais are a great attraction, as also is the trip up the mountain over the crooked, picturesque railroad.

Ethel Hornick, the well-known California actress, is engaged to marry Dr. William Wallace Walker, a prominent New York physician. The wedding will take place at Sioux Falls, Ia., on June 28th.

J. W. Erwin, of the California Camera Club, will take to the St. Louis Exposition and exhibit daily a number of moving pictures taken at different parts of San Francisco and California.

McIntyre and Heath, the black-face comedians, will appear next season in a big spectacular production, "The Ham Tree."

Edna Wallace Hopper has gone into vaudeville, appearing at Proctor's New York theatres.

#### "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; its reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.



Our New Show-Room Interests Everybody.

RANGES  
INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATERS  
INDEPENDENT WATER HEATERS  
BACKUS STEAM HEATERS  
GASTEAM RADIATORS

ALL IN ACTUAL OPERATION  
USING GAS AS FUEL.

Hot Water Instantly  
By Using an Instantaneous  
Water Heater.

All Sold for Cash  
or on Easy Time  
Payments



San Francisco Gas and Electric Co.  
415 POST STREET.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
Eye-Glasses  
—AT—  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Only matinee Saturday. This and next week, the military comic-opera triumph.

== SERGEANT KITTY ==

Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Next Opera--ROBIN HOOD.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning next Monday night, June 13th, matinee Saturday only.

E. H. SOTHERN

(Management Daniel Frohman), in the miracle play.

== THE PROUD PRINCE ==

By Justin Huntley McCarthy, author of "If I Were King."

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. Monday, June 13th, one week, the Alcazar's success.

== CHARLEY'S AUNT ==

The funniest farce ever written.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, June 20th--**LOVER'S LANE.** To follow, annual summer engagement of White Whittesey.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

For a limited engagement, commencing next Monday night, David Belasco presents

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

In his new play,

== DU BARRY ==

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Regular matinee Saturday. Special matinee Wednesday. Seats now on sale.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Starting Monday, June 13th, mammoth production of the greatest of all American dramas

**THE OCTOBER**

One hundred people in the cast. Forty Southern negro singers.

Prices--Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

Next--**The Lights O' London.**

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 13th. Ideal vaudeville! Agout, Weston and Company; Eddie Heron and Company; Romani Trio; "Mike," Foster's Dog; Truly Shattuck; Avon Comedy Four; Leah Russell; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Marcel's Living Art Studies.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.



Continued and uninterrupted success of

== U. S. ==  
The funniest and best burlesque, and tremendous success of our "all-star" burlesque artists: Edna Aug, Garrity Sisters, Yorke and Adams, Al Fields, Edwin Clark, Ben Dillon and Roy Alton. See the "Eight Radium Girls," Lionel Lawrence's novelty.

Reserved seats--Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

#### SUBSCRIBERS LEAVING TOWN

For the summer can have their paper forwarded by mail to their new addresses by notifying the Argonaut business office, either by mail or telephone.

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F., Cal.

Telephone James 2531.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry."

Mrs. Leslie Carter will come to the Grand Opera House for a limited engagement, commencing Monday night, when she will present "Du Barry," in which she has been appearing in the East for the last three years. During Mrs. Carter's local engagement she will play two matinees each week—on Saturday and Wednesday. Owing to the unusual length of the performance, the management calls the especial attention of theatre-goers to the fact that the curtain will be raised promptly at eight o'clock in the evenings and at two o'clock at the two afternoon performances. "Du Barry" is by David Belasco. He has taken pretty Jeanette Vaubertier, a girl of lowly parentage, through the varying periods of her career, until she was lifted from a Parisian shop to the very throne of France, when she was known as "the queen of the left hand," the favorite of Louis the Fifteenth. The period of the play has enabled Mr. Belasco to garnish his stage with an equipment of scenery, furniture, bric-a-brac, and the like, that well represents the splendor and riotous magnificence of the real court of Louis. Mrs. Carter will have the assistance of all of the original company that has played with her in "Du Barry" since the initial presentation of the drama, and in addition the entire complement of scenery and effects will be brought to the stage of the Grand Opera House.

## E. H. Sothern for Two Weeks.

"The Little Minister" is in its last nights at the Columbia Theatre. It will give way on Monday night to "The Proud Prince," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, author of "If I Were King," with E. H. Sothern in the title-role. This piece is, in one sense, a miracle play, in which Robert, King of Sicily, is, for his pride and arrogance, transformed by heavenly intervention into his own court fool. In this guise he mingles with the people, and learns of the evil he has done. While king he had attempted the downfall of a girl, whom, in the guise of fool, he learns to love and respect. She, too, sees the change that is taking place in his character, and returns his love. He is about to sacrifice his life for her, when the miracle is reversed and he again becomes King of Sicily, and makes the girl his queen. There are nearly two hundred people in the production. Much scope is given to the scenic painter, stage mechanic, and electrician, the appearance of the archangel and the transformation of the king offering them special opportunities. The play abounds in music, fifty-two numbers having been composed for it by Manuel Klein, some of them requiring a large number of singers. This will be the last opportunity to see Mr. Sothern as an individual stage star. After this season he will appear for a number of years as a co-star with Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire.

## Revival of "Charley's Aunt."

The patrons of the Alcazar Theatre will be offered a revival next week of "Charley's Aunt," the lady "from Brazil where the nuts come from." This comedy has been presented at the Alcazar on two former occasions, and is considered its greatest laughing success. The comical situations are derived through the impersonation by a young collegian of an aunt of one of his associates who is expected from Brazil on a visit. The real aunt arrives, and seeing the complications that the deception has made, allows it to continue for awhile, joining in the fun with the others. Lord Fancourt Baherley, who impersonates the aunt, will be played by John B. Maher. James Durkin and Harry S. Hilliard will be seen as Jack Chesney and Charley Wykham, respectively, the college chums of Lord Baherley. George Osbourne is cast for the part of Stephen Spettigue. Kitty Verdun will be played by Adele Block; Miss Crosby will be seen in the part of Amy Spettigue; Miss Starr that of Ela Delahay; Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez will be played by Marie Howe. The following week a revival of Clyde Fitch's comedy of New England life, "Lovers' Lane," will be made. Annie Miffin, who was the love-lorn school-ma'am in the original production, has been specially engaged to play this part.

## Presented by a Large Company.

"The Octoroon" will be revived at the Central Theatre Monday night. There will be over one hundred people in the cast, including a chorus of forty colored singers in plantation melodies. L. R. Stockwell has been specially engaged as Old Pete, the coon; Herschel Mayall will portray the Indian; George P. Webster will be Salem Scudder; Henry Shumer, Jake McCloskey; and Eugenie Thais Lawton, Zoe, Julia Blanc, Edna Ellsmere, Elmer Booth, Ernest Howell, and James Montgomery are also well provided for in the cast. There will be specialties in dancing as well as in singing, and the most elaborate scenery of the year is promised, including the cotton plantations, the view of the cane-brakes (through which the Indian

tracks his prey), the race for life on the Mississippi, and the burning of the big river steamer.

## "Robin Hood" to be Given.

"Sergeant Kitty" will be continued all next week at the Tivoli Opera House. It will be succeeded by "Robin Hood," which heretofore has been played only by the Bostonians, and has never been seen here at popular prices. The new company will appear in this opera. Kate Condon, contralto, Barron Berthald, tenor, John Dunsmore, basso, Willard Simms, comedian, and others, will be seen as the Sheriff of Nottingham, Will Scarlett, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, and other rôles made famous by Barnabe, Cowles, Macdonald, Frothingham, and Jessie Bartlett Davis.

## Old-World Attractions.

Agoust, Weston, and company, European comedy jugglers, will appear at the Orpheum this coming week. Their work is said to be droll in the extreme, and to abound in sensations. Eddie Heron, supported by Madge Douglass and Will L. White, will make their first vaudeville appearance in this city in Wilmer and Vincent's amusing one-act farce, "A Friend of the Family." The Romani Trio, direct from Berlin, will present a novel musical act. The two ladies and the gentleman of the trio play upon all kinds of odd instruments, including coaching horns. Foster and his musical dog, "Mike," promise a unique act. The canine, which is a black and tan, smokes a cigarette without a shadow of shame, and plays a duet with his master with bored indifference and professional nonchalance. Truly Shattuck, the comic-opera soprano, will change her songs: the Avon Comedy Four will indulge in new eccentricities; and Leah Russell, the Yiddish sourette, promises a new routine of stories and hallads. Marcel's Living Art Studios will appear for their fifth and last week. The Orpheum Motion Pictures will include many novelties.

## Illuminated Pajama Girls.

The "Radium Dance" was put on at Fischer's Theatre last Sunday night, and is now in complete working order. Girls in pajama costumes appear on a darkened stage, and appear to radiate light, at the same time performing graceful dances. "U. S." continues to draw large audiences. It has a number of new songs, among them "Look Out for the Coon in the Moon," "The Stein," "Steam, Steam, Steam," and "My Coo-Coo Baby." Preparations are already being made for Mr. Brusie's next burlesque, "Mormons."

Beebom Tree's school of acting, just started in London, is causing much comment, but promises to be a success. Mr. Tree thinks that the institution will soon be self-supporting, with a home of its own. The courses have been arranged, instructors engaged, and, though twenty per cent. of the applicants were rejected, as many pupils have been secured as the school can accommodate. At the dedication ceremonies, telegrams of congratulation were received from Irving, the Kendalls, John Hare, Coquelin, Ellen Terry, Bernhardt, Jules Clartie, and others.

The musicians' union is making trouble with New York theatrical managers, demanding that all music shall have the union brand, and asking for an advance in wages. At the last meeting of the association which the managers formed some months ago, it was decided to take a firm stand against further demands; and to make that stand effective, if need be, by abolishing the orchestras, except in theatres devoted to musical productions. Many of the managers think that an orchestra is a useless expense.

London theatres, afraid to try new plays of uncertain merit, are falling back upon "David Garrick," "The Liars," "Rebellious Susan," and other old successes.

## Weber and Fields Part at Last.

The last performance by the Weber and Fields company was given at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, on Saturday night, May 28th, and marked the closing of a partnership of twenty-six years' standing. The theatre was crowded, and programmes were grabbed, and even bought, as souvenirs. "Whoop-De-Do" and "Catherine" made up the bill. At the conclusion of the performance, the audience refused to disperse until it had speeches from the members of the company, most of whom responded with more or less eloquence. Lillian Russell, Field, and some of the others were near the weeping point when they spoke. Louis Mann, who is said to be the cause of the friction between Weber and Fields, and who had a game of fisticuffs behind the scenes with Fields a few nights ago, concluded his speech with, "the mutability of all things mundane was never better exemplified than to-day." When the two partners were called out, they came forward with clasped hands, tried to speak, and were capable only of saying that they were both sorry. The curtain dropped, and it is related that then the chorus-girls cried long and earnestly.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is to appear in comic opera, having recently signed a three years' contract with Fred C. Whitney. The opera was written for her by Stanislaus Stange, and Schumann-Heink's rôle is that of a French laundress. Her friends and intimates in New York are angry and dismayed at her new departure, saying that she is throwing away her talent, and, in addition, is receiving very poor pay.

Once again it is asserted that the elder Salvini will play in this country next season.

## Enormous Yosemite Travel.

Santa Fé travel to Yosemite Valley is assuming enormous proportions. By the Santa Fé alone may the famous California Big Trees be seen without side trip or extra expense. It is also the short, quick way. Seats on the stage may be reserved at 641 Market Street, Santa Fé office.

**GOODYEAR'S "GOLD SEAL"**  
Rubber Goods the best made

**RUBBER HOSE, BELTING, AND PACKINGS**  
We are headquarters for everything made of Rubber.

**GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY**  
R. H. PEASE, President.  
F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer.  
C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

**573-575-577-579 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.**

**MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM**  
**TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For  
**PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,** and all afflictions of the skin.  
Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.  
GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

**THE LATEST STYLES IN  
CHOICE WOOLENS**  
**H. S. BRIDGE & CO.**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus. . . \$2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash. . . 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903. . . 36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFREY.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904. . . \$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital. . . 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds. . . 899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital. . . \$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital. . . 300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits. . . 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903. . . 4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK, President.  
S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Vice-President.  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP. . . \$600,000

Charles Carpy, President.  
Arthur Legallat, Vice-President.  
Leon Boqueraz, Secretary.  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP. . . \$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn, President.  
Geo. D. Gray, Vice-President.  
George F. Lyon, Secretary.  
Frederick H. Clark, Cashier.  
W. F. Williamson, Attorney.  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital. . . \$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve. . . 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits. . . \$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. J. NO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital. . . \$1,000,000  
Cash Assets. . . 5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders. . . 2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital. . . \$16,000,000.00  
Paid in Capital. . . 3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve. . . 400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over. . . 200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

## Union Central Life Insurance Co.

Largest annual dividends. Largest interest earned. Lowest death ratio. Lowest annual payments of any old line company.

ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Mgr.

419 California St., San Francisco.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus. . . \$1,401,160.93

Total Assets. . . 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building.

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

The large full-length portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland is the most talked about of the six pictures which Mr. Sargent exhibits this year at the Royal Academy, London, though this (writes one of the critics) is due not to Mr. Sargent's work, but to the social rank and notorious beauty of his sitter. It may seem extraordinary to find fault with Mr. Sargent for over-pretentiousness, and yet he now comes dangerously near it: beauty apparently bewildering rather than interesting him. The duchess stands in a shady garden, and against the background of dark-green foliage the paler green of her long flowing gown makes a cool, pleasant harmony. Her neck and arms are bare. One hand rests on the rim of the low basin of an unused fountain, the other falls lightly at her side, holding a branch broken from the near thicket. The pose is graceful and charming. But it is not easy to understand why the sunlight that falls here and there on the gown and, beyond, on the marble pedestal and bust under the trees, should have no effect whatever on the flesh of neck and arms. It may be said that the whole arrangement is conventional—the arrangement of the eighteenth-century portrait painter.

Perhaps we only imperfectly realize man's debt to his tailor. "Properly to estimate the debt of gratitude the world owes to tailoring," says the *American Tailor and Cutter*, "due consideration must be given not only to the increased gracefulness and attractiveness good clothes give to men in general, but to the wonderful work the tailor does in so clothing misshapen men as to make them less conspicuously disagreeable in appearance than they otherwise would be. Think of what tailors do for the lopsided, whom they pad and build up to apparent evenness, and for the giraffe-like necked, the swaybacked, the bow-legged, the knock-kneed, the scraggy, and the big helled, to whom their art supplies either some degree of attractiveness or whose lack of pulebriude it minimizes. Tailors, in short, are responsible to a great degree for the social and moral conditions of civilized mankind, and by the excellence of their work, or the lack of it, contribute much to the world's happiness or greatly add to its spiritual depression and mental derangement."

"It is not a pleasant thought," says a writer in the *National Geographic Magazine*, "that the brilliant white note-paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fibres from the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellow after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by a rag-picker from the gutter of an Egyptian town; and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills. At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have their rag-picking houses, where the rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease-infected Levant not excepted, and where women and children, too poor to earn a better living, work day after day, with wet sponges tied over their mouths, sorting these filthy scraps for shipment to New York. Our best papers are made of these rags, and our common ones of wood pulp, which is obtained by grinding and macerating huge blocks from some of our soft-wooded forest trees."

A person who signs herself "An American lady," writes in the *London Telegraph* on the ever-interesting subject of American divorces: "The game of progressive husbands," she avers, "is entangling the American woman in a labyrinthine coil of social relations." Continuing, she remarks: "So recklessly have a large number of American women made use of the various and obliging divorce courts of their country, and the liberal privileges of remarriages, that they find themselves no longer asked to solve the simpler problems of the etiquette of divorce. They have passed from the class where 'how to treat the divorced wife of one's own husband on the occasion of a first meeting' is considered a difficulty. Neither does 'the correct method of entertaining one's former spouse at dinner' cause them great anxiety. They have now to consider more complicated situations, such as 'the possible basis on which a friendship with a lady, who has been one's husband's wife between his first and second marriage to one's self, may be maintained.' Divorce is, in reality, no longer an adventure in the United States. It has become merely a convention, in which thirty thousand devotees take part annually. Each divorcee continues to think hers an unusual case, a romantic episode, fit theme for some great novelist. In truth, even when a divorce is followed by a marriage to another person, and in turn by a second divorce and the remarriage of the first couple, it has come to be regarded as too common a matrimonial lightning change to be talked about. It is estimated that more than five hundred thousand divorces have been granted in the United States in the last few years, during which time in all Eu-

rope less than half that number have been granted. All sorts of movements are on foot to stem this tide of divorce, which has been characterized by one of America's foremost clergymen as 'progressive polygamy.' 'The Daughters of the Faith,' an organization of Roman catholic women of the highest social standing in New York City, has been recently incorporated, having as one of its chief tenets the pledge not to accept or extend invitations to a divorced woman who has remarried during the lifetime of her husband. But, alas! many of the most prominent members were obliged to withdraw when they found that this pledge must be taken seriously, for, as they explained, they 'couldn't be rude to their relatives and their life-long friends even if they were divorced.' An organization of clergymen was formed a year ago with the object of obtaining a uniform divorce law and uniform action on the part of the clergymen in remarrying. So far the movement has not come to anything. The American woman is deep in her game of progressive husbands, and she is loath to give it up."

There is a passage in Guy Wetmore Carryl's just published posthumous novel, "The Transgressions of Andrew Vane," which well describes the charm Paris has for a certain type of mind. The words are spoken as the exquisite Radwalader and his friend are driving along the boulevards in the waning light of a perfect day. "This is the hour when Paris seems to me to deserve her title of siren. In spring and summer at least I always try to pass it out of doors. There is a fascination for me that never grows stale in the coming of twilight, when the street lamps begin to wink and the cafés are lighting up. Did you ever feel softer air or see a more tenderly saffron sky? And this constant murmur of passing carriages, this hum of voices, broken, more often than anywhere else on earth, by laughter—isn't it life, as one never understands the word elsewhere? Isn't it full of suggestion and appeal? I've never been able to analyze the charm of the Champs-Élysées at sunset more nearly than to say that it seems to blot out one's remembrance of everything else in the world that is sordid and commonplace, and to bring boldly to the fore the significance of all that is sweet and gay. Can you imagine considering the price of stocks or the drift of politics just now? I can't. I think of flowers, and Burgundy in slender stemmed glasses, and *zigzags* playing waltz music, and women, with good teeth, laughing. I smell roses and *treffe*. I see mirrors and candlesticks with openwork shades, silver over red, and sleek waiters bending down with bottles swathed in napkins. I hear violins and the swish of silk skirts. I taste caviar—and I feel—that I have underestimated Providence, after all!"

Miss Alice Roosevelt will be a bridesmaid twice in the same week: for Miss Elsie Whelen, at her wedding with Robert Golet, on Tuesday, June 14th, and, four days later, for Miss Helen Roosevelt, at her marriage with T. Douglas Robinson.

"It is long since anything new in precious stones made a bid for popularity," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "but since it became known that King Edward looked with favor on the peridot the beautiful sage-green gem is beginning to have a vogue. The peridot, the Arabic name for 'precious stone,' has for many years been found in Ural Mountain quartz and in the rocks of South America, but it has been reserved for the Khedive of Egypt to find the stone in marketable quantity. The stone is not prohibitive in price, and goes beautifully with almost anything except sapphires. In settings of diamonds or pearls it is effective, and it is likely to be prized for its decorative value in the larger kinds of ornaments."

Some of the well-paid employees of our government are women. So far as wages are concerned, Uncle Sam recognizes no distinction of sex, and in some branches of the public service persons in petticoats, owing to their superior aptitude for certain kinds of work—such, for example, as the counting of money—have entirely driven out the men, who are unable to compete with them. The highest salary paid by the government to a woman is drawn by Miss Estelle Reel, who is superintendent of all the Indian schools. She gets three thousand dollars a year, plus her expenses. The most remarkable position held by any woman under the government is occupied by Miss Clara Graecen, who is the law clerk of the Treasury at Washington, though a mere girl, slight of figure, with fluffy blonde hair. She receives two thousand dollars a year, and hers is the only position of the kind under the government that was ever held by a woman. Miss Graecen began as a stenographer, and became the most rapid typewriter in the Treasury. Her evenings she spent in studying law, and after a while some of the cases that came into the comptroller's office were referred to her for decision. She showed such lucidity and legal accuracy in the preparation of such papers that when, two years ago, the place of law

clerk fell vacant, it was given to Miss Graecen (though many men lawyers wanted it) by Secretary Gage. Miss Margaret M. Hanna is the only woman in Uncle Sam's employ who does diplomatic work. She is, in fact, the assistant of Mr. Ade, the second assistant secretary of state. Her salary is eighteen hundred dollars a year. Miss Hanna is very pretty, with blonde hair and graceful manners. Many other women draw good salaries from Uncle Sam.

This is the latest development of the Cinderella kind of story, as told by the *New York Press*: "One of the richest and most prominent society women, who is very quiet and unostentatious in her dress, and by only the appointment of her equipage betrays the fact that she is wealthy, stopped her carriage outside the establishment of a fashionable milliner, entered, and addressed the proprietress. 'I see you have in your window a sign, "Apprentice Wanted," she began. The milliner eyed her contemptuously from the crown of her modest bonnet to the tip of her common-sense shoe. 'You would not do at all,' she said; 'I want a ladylike person who can wait on customers.' 'I wished to place one of my maids with some one from whom she could learn millinery while I am abroad,' continued the visitor, quietly, 'but I'm afraid you would not do.' As the footman opened the carriage door for his mistress the horror-stricken milliner recognized too late the livery of one of the 'first families' of New York."

## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
June 2d .....	64	56	.00	Clear
" 3d .....	70	54	.00	Clear
" 4th .....	90	64	.00	Clear
" 5th .....	64	60	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 6th .....	72	54	.00	Clear
" 7th .....	68	56	.00	Clear
" 8th .....	68	50	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 8, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	12,400 @ 106		106 1/2	
Ray Co. Power 5%	5,000 @ 101		101	102
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%	25,000 @ 85		84 3/4	86
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	4,000 @ 97		97	97 1/2
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%	1,000 @ 107 1/2		101	
N. R. of Cal. 6%	12,000 @ 107		106 1/2	107 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	6,000 @ 104		104	106
N. R. of Cal. 5%	50,000 @ 110 1/2		110	112
North Shore Ry 5%	2,000 @ 95 1/2		95	
Oakland Transit				
6%	2,000 @ 119 1/2		119 1/2	119 3/4
Oakland Transit				
5%	5,000 @ 111		111	
Sac. E. G. Ry. 5%	12,000 @ 97 1/2		97 1/2	98 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%	6,000 @ 116 1/2-116 3/4		116	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909	2,000 @ 108 1/2		108	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd.	43,000 @ 108		107 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%	11,000 @ 104 1/2-105		104 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%	6,000 @ 98 1/2-98 1/2		99	
Insurance.				
Fireman's Fund...	13 @ 310		310	335
Banks.				
Bank of California	5 @ 427 1/2		425	430
Mercantile T. Co.	50 @ 210		210	215
STOCKS.				
Water.				
Spring Valley	130 @ 37 1/2-37 1/2		37 1/2	
Powders.				
Giant Con.	110 @ 60 1/2-61		60 3/4	61 1/2
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	155 @ 49 1/2-50		49 3/4	50 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	10 @ 12		11 1/2	12
Hutchinson	25 @ 8 1/2		8	8 1/2
Makawell S. Co.	25 @ 21 1/2		21 1/2	22
Pauha S. Co.	105 @ 13-13 1/2		13 1/2	13 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric...	30 @ 12 1/2		12	12 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	250 @ 60 1/2		60 1/2	60 3/4
Miscellaneous.				
Cal. Wine Assn.	135 @ 90		89 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.	70 @ 4 1/2		4	4 1/2

The business for the week was small. The sugars were traded in to the extent of 320 shares, with no change in price.

Spring Valley Water sold off three-eighths of a point to 37 1/2, closing at 37 1/2 bid.

Giant Powder was steady at 60 1/2-61 on sales of 110 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric, on sales of 250 shares, has about held its own in price, closing at 60 1/2 bid, 60 3/4 asked.

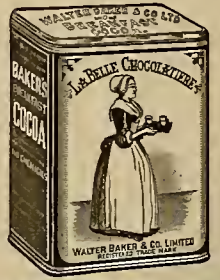
## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## Look at the Brand!

## Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America  
**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells,  
etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

## NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

455 Sutter St., San Francisco.  
Telephone Bush 639.



## Because

there is nothing wanting in

## Hunter Whiskey

it leads in universal popularity.  
It has

**Absolute Purity,  
Faultless Quality,  
Exquisite Flavor.**

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

## ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast,  
Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political.  
Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast  
Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe.  
Telephone M. 1042.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

James W. Alexander, the insurance man, tells of a Virginian who stayed out until two o'clock in the morning; his wife objected. He said he wasn't out as late as she thought he was. She declared she had heard the clock strike. "What!" said Mr. Alexander's Southern friend, "you'll take the word of a damn Yankee clock before mine?"

Kipling once described the Sunday morning service of a battle-ship on which he took a cruise. It was a very well attended service, every sailor not on duty being there, and, after it was over, Kipling said to one of the jacksies: "Are you obliged to attend these services every Sunday morning?" "N—no—o," said the sailor, "not exactly obliged, but our grog would be stopped if we didn't."

It is said of the Rev. I. K. Funk, whose book on spiritualism has made such a sensation, that even as a child he had a peculiarly subtle and discerning mind. One day, at Sunday-school, a clergyman put a number of questions to him, and finally said: "What commandment, my lad, did Adam break when he ate the apple?" "If you please, sir," was the reply; "there weren't any commandments at that time."

A man in North Carolina, who was saved from conviction for horse stealing by the powerful plea of his lawyer, after his acquittal by the jury was asked by the lawyer: "Honor bright, now, Bill, you did steal that horse, didn't you?" "Now, look a here, judge," was the reply, "I allers did think I stole that hoss, but since I heard your speech to that 'ere jury, I'll be doggoned if I aint got my doubts about it."

At a dinner given some time ago in honor of Hall Caine, Thomas Nelson Page was invited to introduce the English novelist. One of the guests next to Mr. Page, just before the toasts began, passed his menu-card around the table with the request that Mr. Caine put his signature on it. "That's a good idea," said Page; "I must do that, too. I've got to introduce Caine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."

Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard College, says that the masculine habit of rigid, logical reasoning is contracted very early, and in illustration he tells the following story: "A little boy and girl of my acquaintance were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. 'I wonder what we're here for?' asked the little boy. The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her, and replied, sweetly, 'We are here to help others.' The little boy sniffed. 'Then, what are the others here for?' he asked."

Major McClellan tells of an Irishman whose nephew came over from Ireland to work for him. The uncle, taking advantage of his ignorance of America, paid him very small wages. The nephew was wiser than he looked, though, and, at the end of the year, informed his uncle that he had obtained more lucrative employment, and intended to leave. "You are making a great mistake," protested the uncle, "in leaving a steady job for a little more money. You should remember that a rolling stone gathers no moss." "Moss?" queried the lad; "and where is there a market for moss?"

Dickens used to tell a story of his biographer, John Forster. Forster had a very devoted and skillful servant, Henry, who was always most correct in everything he did. It was therefore surprising one night, when Forster was entertaining several writers at dinner, to see the scrupulous Henry make error after error. He upset a plate of soup, and Forster uttered a cry of alarm. He forgot to serve the sauce for the fish, and his master said, "Why, Henry!" Altogether he made the excellent dinner seem a slovenly and poor repast. When, at the end, he had set the port and walnuts on the table, Henry leaned over Forster's chair, and said, in a tremulous voice: "Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last two hours."

Mrs. Letitia Taylor Semple, who was mistress of the White House during President Tyler's administration, has a vivid remembrance of Daniel Webster, and has recalled a pathetic story he told at a banquet. An old woman was very ill, and went into a trance. They all thought she was dead, and when she opened her eyes, her husband said, in a surprised tone: "Why, Mandy, we thought ye wuz dead." The poor old woman looked at her husband a moment, and then she burst into tears. "And ye never hawled a hit," she sobbed; "ye thought I wuz dead, and yer eyes wuz dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jahaz?" The old man was deeply

moved, and he did actually hawl then. But his wife said, sadly: "It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled, 'twould have done me some good. But it's too late now."

J. Pierpont Morgan is gifted with a great deal more of humor than is generally known. Not long ago, while in London, he was introduced to a lady who made some pretensions to peerage. "Pardon me," said this lady, haughtily, "to which Morgans do you belong?" "Oh, we are an independent branch," replied Mr. Morgan, slyly; "but we date back to the Norman kings." "Ah, then you have a coat of arms?" Mr. Morgan dug down into his pocket and brought forth a shining American twenty-dollar gold piece. "This," he said, "is our coat of arms; a few other families have adopted the same emblem. But," he continued, confidentially, "we are gathering them in as fast as possible."

Noah Webster was, as might be supposed, a stickler for good English, and often reproved his wife's misuse of the language. On one occasion Webster happened to be alone in the dining-room with their very pretty housemaid, and, being susceptible to such charms, put his arms around her and kissed her squarely on the mouth. Just at this moment Mrs. Webster entered the room, gasped, stood aghast, and in a tone of horror exclaimed: "Why, Noah, I am surprised!" Whereupon Mr. Webster, coolly and calmly, but with every evidence of disgust, turned upon her. "How many times must I correct you on the use of simple words?" he remarked; "you mean, madam, that you are astonished. I, madam, I am the one that is surprised."

## Field Notes.

We are considering the publication of a fascinating set of confessions entitled "Me," in which a female child of six years tells the truth about herself. In all the fem-revelation merchandise in the lit'ry market we have seen nothing to match this manuscript for ferret psychology, scathing self-analysis, unsparing, almost brutal, frankness. Absolutely nothing has been withheld.

After the reunion of the Howells Encouragement League, June 2d, Mr. Howells will go abroad, and will be unable personally to encourage any more American authors until October 1st. If, however, the matter be imperative, such as the reading of a book manuscript, the good dean may be reached via the Harpers' London office. Authors are requested to prepay fully all manuscripts.

Some new out-of-door books: "How to Know the Skunk Cabbage," by Viola Blanda; "More Thought Bulbs," by Gardinia Smart Weed; "Thou Shalt Have No Other Natural History Before Mine," by John Burroughs; "Ten Thousand Miles With an Opera Glass," by Bradford Torrey.

Apropos of mutual "appreciations" in the lit'ry magazines, the author of one of the "Six Worst Selling Books," remarked to us, the other day: "Mediocrities boost one another; genius knocks."—Bert Leston Taylor in Puck.

"That makes a difference," said Willie, snipping off the left ear of one of the twins.—Harvard Lampoon.

## Infants Thrive

on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates and at all seasons. As a general household milk it is superior and is always available.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Roosevelt Campaign Slogans.

(Wrote sarcastic.)

"With the trusts  
We'll wipe the floor;  
We are out  
For good red gore.  
Each of us  
Has fifteen boys;  
We are full  
Of fight and noise.

Knock 'em, sock 'em, eat 'em up, roar.  
Four years more of Theodore!"

"Wall Street, we've got you beat!  
Pull down your vest;  
Take your 'med'  
We're the West  
And we're for Ted!"

"Hot stuff! Strip to the buff!  
Bang, belt, punch, welt,  
Buck the line for Roosevelt!"

"He can ride  
And he can fight,  
Do jiu-jitsu  
'Out of sight'  
He can sprint  
And he can spar—  
Our nation's Noblest,  
Teddy R!"

"He sounds to the Trusts the People's Alarm,  
For he is the boy that is able to scare 'um.  
'Tis he tells the South American nations  
That they must be good or we shall lose patience."

"Who charged madly up San Juan  
When there was something bloody doin'?  
Who rode madly up Kettle Hill  
When there was Spanish blood to spill?  
Who, wherever there was a bill,  
Galloped fiercely for to kill?  
You can bet your boots and pelt  
That his name was Roosevelt!"

—New York Sun.

## Increasing Circulation.

"Let us," said the ardent youth  
To the journalistic miss;  
"Let us," shyly, "go to press,  
So that we may print a kiss."

One edition soon was done—  
He knew what he was about.  
"Our success is fine," he said,  
"We must get some extras out!"

—Judge.

## Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE AFFAIR OF HONOR AND THE MIS-  
LEADING TALE.

Mee ann bil Peerson are a-going too fite  
behind the stabul aftur skool toonite.  
heez biggern mee butt ive gott a noo trick  
That henry Beemus sez ull maik him sick.  
Ann henry sez just look how david sloo  
goliuth ann he wuz a giunt too.  
Wenn ennybuddy walks hoam every nite  
With ure best gurl u wive just gott too fite  
So henry Beemus sez ur els uno  
Ule bee a kowurd iff u lett him go.

## AFTERWORDS

henry sez i musta straned  
my mussels ur els i wuz overtraned.  
Ennyhow he putt beafstake on mi eyes  
ann sez i am a terrur fur mi sighs  
Butt bil wuz too big fur me. so my fase  
doant hurt so badd becuz its no disgrais  
too be licked henry sez if ure owtclassd  
in sighs. I think that fite ull bee my lasst  
Fur sum time ann i gess its good enuf  
fur me fur believen thatt goliuth stuff!

—J. W. Foley in Life.

## Nelson's Anycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

SOZODONT  
Tooth Powder

"Good for Bad Teeth  
Not Bad for Good Teeth"

Gives the Teeth a Pearly Lustre  
**BIG BOX** **NEW TOP** **25c**

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

St. Louis ..... June 25 | St. Paul ..... July 9  
Germanic ..... July 2 | Philadelphia ..... July 16

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Merion ..... June 25, 10 am | Haverford ..... July 9, 10 am  
Westerland ..... July 2, 10 am | Friesland ..... July 16, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba ..... June 25, 9 am  
Minnetonka ..... July 2, 9 am  
Minnehaha ..... July 9, 2 pm  
Minneapolis ..... July 16, 8 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Canada ..... June 25 | Kensington ..... July 9  
Vancouver ..... July 2 | Dominion ..... July 16

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Rotterdam ..... June 25 | Noordam ..... July 5  
Ryndam ..... June 28 | Statendam ..... July 12

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.

Finland ..... June 25 | Kroonland ..... July 9  
Vaderland ..... July 2 | Zealand ..... July 16

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic ..... June 22, 10 am | Teutonic ..... July 6, 10 am  
Arabic ..... June 24, 3 pm | Celtic ..... July 8, 1 pm  
Oceanic ..... June 29, 7 am | Baltic ..... July 13, 5 pm

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cretic ..... June 30, July 28, Aug. 25  
Republic (new) ..... July 7, Aug. 11, Sept. 8  
Cymric ..... July 14, Aug. 18, Sept. 15

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Canopic ..... June 22, Aug. 27, Oct. 8  
Rumanic ..... July 30, Sept. 17, Oct. 29

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Coptic ..... Wednesday, June 22  
S. S. Gaelic ..... Thursday, July 14  
S. S. Doric ..... Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Coptic ..... Saturday, September 10

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, June 16, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 25, at 11  
A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 2, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 349 Market St., San Francisco.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE

a new and original process through which we  
are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the  
pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film  
is developed separately, thus making it possible  
to assure the correct treatment for every ex-  
posure. There is no increase in cost; simply  
more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-  
velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-  
thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San  
Francisco.

## ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS,

etc. Reliable instruction in horoscope writing given  
at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best  
references. All inquiries and appointments by phone,  
Black 3723. ROBT. REMBRANT HILL, 1606 Steiner St.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-  
lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED  
1865—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-  
lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223  
Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED  
June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will  
want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit  
cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay  
you to see our large assortment of these goods,  
and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn,  
Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susanna Bixby, daughter of Mrs. John W. Bixby, to Dr. Ernest Bryant, of Los Angeles. The date of the wedding has not yet been set.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Huntsman, daughter of Mrs. George Huntsman, to Mr. Harry R. Williar, took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's mother, 824 Sutter Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Mrs. Charles Kindleberger was matron of honor, and Dr. Charles Kindleberger, U. S. N., acted as best man. A wedding breakfast was served after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Williar went to Del Monte on their wedding journey. On their return they will reside in Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Alice Hawthurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hawthurst, to Mr. Ronald Clark Kennedy, took place on May 28th at the residence of the bride's parents, 1211 Union Street, Alameda. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Norman Guthrie, of Christ Church.

The wedding of Miss Bess Iler, daughter of Mr. Peter E. Iler, of Omaha, to Captain Robert Lee Hamilton, U. S. A., took place at Omaha on June 1st. Captain Hamilton and his bride will go to the Philippines, where he is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Neville Simons Taylor, daughter of Rear-Admiral Taylor, U. S. N., and Mrs. Taylor, to Lieutenant Walter Rockwell Gherardi, U. S. N., took place at All Saints' Church, Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C., on June 4th.

Miss Katherine Dillon gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, 2606 Broadway, in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton and Mr. Josiah Howell. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., Mr. Robert Greer, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. William McLaine, and Mr. John O'Brien.

Mr. Richard Hotaling entertained a weekend house-party at his country place, "Sleepy Hollow," in Marin County. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Dr. and Mrs. Russell H. Cool, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Lucie May Hayes, Miss Blanche Bates, Mr. Charles Field, and Mr. Roestraif.

Mrs. Frederick Stratton gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence, 1300 Harrison Street, Oakland, in honor of Miss Clara McChesney. Others at table were Miss Alice McChesney, Miss Laura Prather, Mrs. Allen Harwood Babcock, Miss Cornelia Stratton, and Mrs. Frederick Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin gave a house-party at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hemphill, who returned last week from Australia, were given a reception on Wednesday evening in Calvary Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner on Saturday evening at her residence, 2040 Broadway, in honor of Miss Stella McCalla and Mr. William Wallace Chapin. Others at table were Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, Miss Lily McCalla, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy.

The officers of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., gave a hop at the Presidio on Thursday evening.

## Salmon Fishing at Monterey.

This is salmon fishing time in Monterey Bay, and many fishermen who enjoy this exciting sport are at Hotel del Monte. Here is a novel vacation, offering a peculiar combination of attractions. The salmon fishermen may leave his wife and family at the hotel in the enjoyment of every comfort, while he spends his days in angling luxury on the bay. Already many have taken advantage of this chance for an outing, and others are planning the trip. Del Monte is more popular than ever this season with golf, bowling, tennis, automobilizing, riding, driving, and fishing as the chief allurements.

"Lovers' Lane" will close the regular stock season of the Meazar Theatre. On June 27th, White Whitlesey will begin his regular special summer engagement opening with Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's story, "Soldiers of Fortune."

The furniture, paintings, and household effects of the late Mrs. Charles D. Fair were sold at auction at the Knickerbocker Art Galleries, New York, this week.

VISITING CARDS, WEDDING INVITATIONS and announcements engraved in the very latest style, Schuler Bros., 119-121 Geary Street.

"Knox" Spring Styles  
Selling Eugene Klein, the latter, 746 Market.

## The Bunker Hill Anniversary.

Arrangements are about complete for the celebration at Los Gatos, next Friday, of the one hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Edward H. Hart will deliver the oration. Arthur Cunningham, of the Tivoli Opera House, will sing "My Own United States" and "The Meaning of U. S. A." Alfred Wilkie will sing "The Sword of Bunker Hill." After the literary programme there will be games and races. The committee on decorations is urging the general use of flags and patriotic decorations. The national salute will be fired from all the forts and men-of-war in the harbor. There is every indication that the celebration will be a great success. The Los Gatos board of trade will meet the various trains, and conduct the arrivals to the park, where the exercises are to be held. Besides the Bunker Hill Association, the Society of California Pioneers, the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Sons of Vermont will assist in the celebration. Special trains will leave Third and Townsend at 8:30, Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland, at 8:15, and Park Street, Alameda, at 8:45. Round-trip tickets will be one dollar, to be bought at the stations Friday morning, or at any time from the secretaries of the various societies.

## A Delightful Automobile Trip.

It is becoming a very popular thing to run down to Byron Hot Springs in one's auto on Saturday, staying over Sunday, and returning Monday. Those who have taken the trip pronounce the road exceptionally good. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. Harold Havens, Mr. Walter Lenet, and Mr. Robert C. Newell were the guests of Mr. E. C. Havens in an auto trip last Saturday. They spent Sunday and Monday at Byron Hot Springs. On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, and Miss L. Hamilton reached the springs in their auto-car for a week's visit. On Saturday, Mr. C. J. Stovel and his friends, Mr. H. L. A. Bates and Mr. L. S. Martel, made the trip to Byron in three hours and a half. Mr. W. L. Pattiani also brought his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gilman and Miss Evelyn Craig, over in his touring-car. Mr. F. L. Stowe, Mr. E. Peabody, Mrs. Peabody, Mr. P. F. Merchant, Mrs. Merchant, Miss C. F. Stark, Mr. Eugene F. Watson, Mrs. Watson, and Mr. Tony Nichols arrived on Sunday in their touring-car and lunched at the hotel.

The several hundred guests who attended the formal opening of the Empire, at Bush and Leavenworth Streets, on the evening of June 2d, were more than surprised at the magnificence of the place, and the exquisite taste of its appointments. All evening beautifully gowned women and well-known men strolled through the corridors, thronged the rotunda and palm-room, and crowded into the splendid café. An orchestra played from eight to twelve. The Empire is an apartment hotel, catering to the most exclusive and fastidious patronage. It has already met with success, all but three of the apartments having been taken. The café is above criticism, and already has become the fashionable dining and supper place.

Miss Ethel Das and Miss Dora Maya Das, natives of India, and daughters of a high-caste East Indian, who holds a commission in the British army, arrived on the *Coptic* Wednesday. They will go to Boston, where they expect to enter college.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

Maude Fealey has signed a contract to appear with Sir Henry Irving.

## Army and Navy News.

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, Medical Corps, U. S. A., retired, has recently been made brigadier-general.

Captain J. H. Merrill, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in connection with the general board at Washington, D. C., June 20th, to command the *Oregon*.

Captain Le Vert Coleman, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., will arrive from the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* about the middle of July.

Captain C. E. Deutler, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at department headquarters, has been ordered to join his regiment at Fort Niobrara, Neb.

Captain H. T. Patten, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is expected to arrive with his company from Manila about the middle of July. Captain J. W. McAndrew, U. S. A., and Mrs. McAndrew have returned from their trip East, and are occupying their cottage in Mill Valley.

Captain Thomas A. Pearce, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has resumed his duties as adjutant of his regiment after a leave of four months, and is again at the Presidio.

Lieutenant J. M. Gilbert, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., left last week for his new station in the East.

Lieutenant J. S. Stuart, late Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the ordnance department, and left for the East Saturday.

Captain Albert Ross, U. S. N., and Miss Alice Ross, who have been the guests of Captain Benjamin Tilley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tilley at Mare Island, expect to sail to-day (Saturday) for the Orient.

Major Kendall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kendall registered at the Hotel del Monte recently. Dr. Charles T. Hibbett, U. S. N., was registered at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mrs. Young, wife of Major George Young, U. S. A., has departed for Mendocino County, where she will remain until August.

Major Francis L. Payson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Payson were among recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Captain Manly B. Curry, paymaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Atlanta, Ga., and will take station at San Francisco.

Captain Frederick P. Reynolds, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the army general hospital, Washington Barracks, District of Columbia, to take effect July 1st, and will then proceed to the Presidio, and report to the commanding officer.

Mrs. Bull, wife of Captain James H. Bull, commander of the naval transport *Solace*, has returned to her home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George, wife of Lieutenant Harry George, U. S. N., commander of the United States steamer *Tacoma*, has taken apartments at Vallejo.

## Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonelcy.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Darling entered the service in 1861, in the Second United States Artillery. He was afterward given a major's commission in a battalion of Pennsylvania artillery volunteers, and continued in that service until the close of the war, serving for a time on the staff of Major-General John A. Dix, and also on staff duty with Major-General George B. McClellan and Major-General Benjamin F. Butler. For a time he was in command of Fortress Monroe, having charge of the fortress during the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis. At the close of the Civil War, Lieutenant-Colonel Darling was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shi Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

# Pears'

Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

Sold all over the world.

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**PANAMA**  
And Outing Hats and Caps  
**HERRMANN & CO.**

328 Kearny Street, S. F.



## FOR SALE

Country residence, situated in the hills five miles south of Livermore. For further particulars apply to P. O. Box Y, Livermore, Cal.

## CAMPING

We pack Provisions and Outfits on short notice. Reasonable prices for Quality Goods. Smith's Cash Store Inc. 25 Market St., S. F.

## THE COLLVER TOURS

(De Luxe)

Small groups, Summer and Fall for

## JAPAN

(Never so brilliantly interesting. Never more safe)

## Round the World

IN THE EARLY FALL, with or without

## JAVA and BURMA

("ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY")

If you wish to see the fascinating lands of the Far East without a sense of responsibility; if you dislike the idea of being rushed through Japan and India in a crowd, and wish the privacy and the personal attention impossible in a large party; and if you demand the very best in travel ask for booklet 20.

Distinction, distinctiveness.

LEON L. COLLVER,  
36 1/2 Boylston Street, Boston

**RUBBER** LA ZACUALPA  
Rubber Plantation  
Company  
713 Market St., S. F.  
AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



**A GENUINE  
OLD BRANDY MADE FROM WINE**  
~Medical Press (London) Aug 1899.  
**MARTELL'S  
★THREE★STAR★  
BRANDY**  
At All Resorts and Restaurants.  
**WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,  
SAN FRANCISCO,  
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.**

## Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## At Hotel Del Monte

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

**Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.**

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

JAS. L. FRAZIER,  
Gen'l Manager.

R. K. RYAN,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

**A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.**

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

## REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDOERS & JOHNSON

**TAILORS**

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will be the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at her country place, "Stag's Leap," Napa, during a part of June.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels are in London.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle and Mrs. Frederick Moody and their children are at Santa Cruz, where they will remain until August.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Bessie Mills have been sojourning in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are now occupying the Poniatowski residence at Burlingame, having taken it for the summer.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough have returned from Europe, where they spent the last six months.

Miss Geraldine Bonner and Miss Mary Foote, the artist, sailed from New York for Europe June 3d. They intend to spend a short time in London and Paris, and the rest of the summer among the old cities and hill towns of Italy. They will return by the Mediterranean route in the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks will spend the summer months in San Rafael, having taken the Menzies house.

Mrs. Walter S. Hohart is at San Rafael for several weeks as the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Neil.

Miss Helen Chesbrough was the week-end guest of Mrs. George Pinckard at San Rafael.

Mr. Addison Mizner and Mr. John Rush Baird sailed for Central America on Saturday last. They expect to spend three months in Guatemala, after which they will proceed to New York by steamer, taking in the World's Fair at St. Louis en route home. They will be absent about five months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are in Los Angeles for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce have returned from the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., left last Saturday for the St. Louis Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor recently made an automobile trip to Byron Springs and Los Gatos.

Mrs. James Hampton Lynch, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Moffatt, in Oakland, since early in the spring, has departed for her home in Newport, where she will pass the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Menzies will remain at Bolinas during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson will spend June and July at the Hotel Vendome.

Mrs. W. J. Landers and Miss Pearl Landers have returned for the exposition at St. Louis. Later they will go to New York, where they will remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stoval were at Del Monte last week.

Miss Ida Callaghan is visiting Major Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis at Vancouver Barracks.

Mrs. John Johnston, of Los Angeles, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Landers, during the past week.

Mrs. H. Fortman and Miss Stella Fortman are spending the month of June at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Shainwald were in Santa Barbara last week.

Mrs. Lewis Gerstle will spend part of the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffatt will be at Lake Tahoe during July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle are at their country place at San Rafael.

Miss Carrie Gwin will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Alfred S. Gump arrived in New York City on Tuesday after an extended visit to the art centres of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hush at Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud have taken the Spence residence at Monterey for the summer.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Frances McKinstry, and Mrs. Hedges are at Monterey for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard P. Miller are at the Yosemite Valley for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael, and Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow have departed for St. Louis and the East. They will be gone for several weeks.

Miss Marie Butters and Miss Marguerite Butters, of Oakland, have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley, after a trip to Santa Barbara and Del Monte, are at San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock are among the summer guests at Del Monte.

Miss Katharine Powers is expected home in a few days from the City of Mexico, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Nuttall.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney Catlin Partridge Bishop and Mrs. Sidney Catlin Partridge

with Mrs. Partridge's parents, Consul and Mrs. John Simpson, Bishop and Mrs. Partridge will go East.

Mr. John D. Spreckels is spending a week at San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have returned from Del Monte.

Mrs. William Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe will depart next week for Pacific Grove, where they have taken a cottage for two months.

Miss Bertha Dolheer and Miss Warren were in London when last heard from. They intend to leave there shortly for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have arrived in New York from their trip abroad. They will come home via St. Louis, where they will visit the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee were in London when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay sailed from New York on June 9th for London, where they will be the guests of Mrs. John W. Mackay.

Mr. C. G. Follis was among the recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall visited the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Miss Susanna Bixby is in Los Angeles for a few days.

Mrs. Bowman McCalla and Miss Lily McCalla have gone to Santa Monica for a week.

Captain Forthright and Captain R. Kilhe-Stuart, of the British army, were passengers on the Oceanic and Occidental steamship Coptic, which arrived on Wednesday. They are returning to England on leave of absence.

Among those who arrived at the Hotel Rafael during the week were Mrs. Graham Babcock, of Coronado Beach, Mrs. G. E. Whitman and Miss Grace Whitman, of New York, Mr. W. M. Budinger, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, Mr. H. L. Hawkins, Miss Emily Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Gwin, Miss Gwin, Mrs. H. P. Sonntag, Miss Edith W. Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. G. Richardson, Miss E. J. Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. J. W. Purrington, and Miss Purrington.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Scott, Mr. Pennydeck and Miss Pennydeck, of Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kirby, Mrs. S. W. Barthell, Mr. David Paton, and Mr. G. W. Webber, of New York, Mrs. J. D. Lowman, of Seattle, Mr. A. L. Bell, of Ireland, Mr. Winterfeld and Mr. H. O. Viessen, of Germany, Baron Hofenfels and Mr. Probst, of Munich, Dr. Windeck, of Berlin, Mr. G. W. F. Swartzell, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Mrs. W. E. Dargie and Miss Dargie, of Oakland, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Bernice Wilson, and Mr. A. G. Harvey.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week were Mr. John Cooper, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Doty, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Seville, of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrow, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufmann, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. E. P. Fransworth, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Bennett, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Delway, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.  
Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

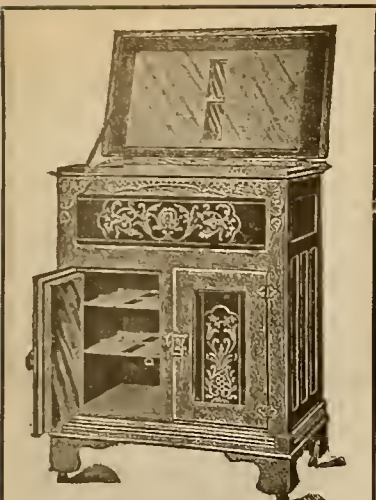
## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.  
For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.</





## ALASKA REFRIGERATORS

FOR HOTELS  
RESTAURANTS  
BUTCHERS  
GROCERS AND  
THE HOUSE

Use Less Ice and Keep Provisions  
Longer than any other  
Refrigerators.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.  
309-317 Market Street

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Can't you wait a year before marrying my daughter?" "I can, but my creditors can't."—*Life*.

Somebody has written a book about "Better New York." It is, of course, a work of fiction.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Is your son's collegiate education of any practical value?" "Oh, yes. It's cured his mother of bragging about him."—*Judge*.

"We've got a dandy college yell, now." "What is it?" "We give four Russian battle-ships, a hiss-boom-ah and then two Jap generals."—*Puck*.

"Dar ain't no sympathy at a race track," said Uncle Eben; "de man dat bets his money don't deserve it, an' de bookmaker don't need it."—*Washington Star*.

"Have you been reading any of these articles on 'Why Men Don't Go to Church?'" "No. One might as well go to church and be done with it."—*Ex.*

One enough: *Her father* (sternly)—"Young man, can you support a family?" *Young man* (startled)—"Why—er—I only wanted your daughter."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Are you in favor of clubs for women?" asked the female with the square chin. "Sure," answered the old bachelor; "clubs, sandhags, or any old thing."—*Chicago News*.

*Father*—"What are you crying about, Bobby?" *Bobby* (between sobs)—"I don't want to go to school to-day." *Father*—"Why not?" *Bobby*—"Sis jilted the teacher last night."—*Ex.*

*Magistrate*—"The evidence clearly shows that you threw a stone at this man." *Prisoner*—"Sure an' the looks av the man shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that Oi hit him!"—*Scraps*.

"No, I'll not give you a chance to throw me over," said young Snipkens; "you are too slow to make a monkey of me." "Too late, you mean," she answered, in a tone softer than butter in August.—*Ex.*

"So," sobbed Ilma Vaselinevitch, "Ivan Ninespolski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?" "Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."—*Fort Worth Record*.

"I wonder where they get enough money to pay for all the wars?" said Mrs. Dumleigh. "I'm not sure, my dear," replied Dumleigh, "but I imagine the map publishers furnish it."—*Chicago News*.

"I'll have you know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago," said the Yankee. "Deed, an' wha'd hae thocht it?" quoth the skeptic Scot; "frae the way ye've been speaking I thocht Chicago belonged tae to you."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

"I guess Mr. Olden doesn't feel as young as he did several months ago," remarked the observant man. "Why do you think so?" "He used to joke with that undertaker who lives near him, but he doesn't do any more."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*Crabshaw*—"He has the inventive faculty very highly developed." *Crawford*—"What has he invented?" *Crabshaw*—"Nothing, so far as I know. But when his wife goes out he can think of things to keep the baby amused by the hour."—*Judge*.

"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to study medicine." "Oh, well," rejoined the sympathetic druggist, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to content himself with a retail business."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Ask him what he thinks of the Americans," said the reporter to the interpreter who was helping him interview the distinguished Japanese. The interpreter asked the question, and the distinguished visitor made a reply. "He says," the interpreter translated, "that the Americans are the greatest people he has seen in his travels. Indeed, he declares, they may well be called 'the Japanese of the West.'"—*Baltimore World*.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steadman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

Cast your bread upon the waters, and you will realize how many people are out for the dough.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Tesla Bricquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved, Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## ASK PECK! HE KNOWS

Literature and particulars on all the Summer Resorts and Camping Places of California.

11 MONTGOMERY ST.

## FREE INFORMATION

NORTH  
SHORE

FOR SAN RAFAEL  
ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc.

Via Sausalito Ferry.  
DEPART WEEK DAYS at 6:30, 7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11 A. M.; (11:40 A. M., Sausalito only); 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 9, 10:20, 11:35 P. M.  
DEPART SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9, 10:20, 11:35 P. M.  
DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7:45 A. M., 3:15 P. M., 5:15 P. M. (except Saturday); on Sundays and legal holidays at 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 2:30, 7:15, and 8:15 P. M.  
THROUGH TRAINS.

7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc.  
9:15 A. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.  
3:15 P. M., daily except Sunday, for Cazadero, etc.  
5:15 P. M., daily except Saturday, Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc.  
7:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.  
8:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Cazadero, etc.  
Ticket Offices, 626 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St.

### MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Francisco	Via Sausalito Ferry	Foot of Market St.	Arrive San Francisco
Week Days	Sun- days	Week Days	Week Days
8:30 A.	10:00 A.	12:45 P.	8:45 A.
10:00 A.	11:00 A.	2:05 P.	11:05 A.
1:45 P.	12:20 P.	3:35 P.	3:35 P.
6:15 P.	1:45 P.	5:40 P.	5:15 P.
	4:35 P.	8:50 P.	10:05 P.

\* Via Gravity Car, Tamalpais to Mill Valley.

TICKET 626 MARKET ST. (North Shore Railroad) OFFICES (and SAUSALITO FERRY, FOOT MARKET ST.)



Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**

FROM JUNE 1, 1904.

FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00A	Yacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....	7:50P
7:00A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento.....	7:20P
7:30A	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Rafael.....	8:20P
7:30A	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	7:20P
8:00A	Shasta Express (Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.....	7:50P
8:00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	7:50P
8:30A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4:20P
8:30A	Port Costa, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	4:50P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4:20P
8:30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels.....	4:20P
8:00A	Adelante Express—Ogden and East.....	11:20A
8:30A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	8:50P
10:00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	8:20P
10:00A	Vallejo.....	12:20P
10:00A	Los Angeles, Newman, Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Niles and San Jose, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	7:20P
12:00M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3:20P
11:00P	Sacramento River Steamer.....	11:00P
3:30P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.....	10:50A
3:30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	7:50P
3:30P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa.....	12:20P
3:30P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Wawona.....	8:50A
3:30P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	10:20A
4:00P	Martinez, Santa Rosa, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....	8:20A
4:00P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	4:20P
4:30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.....	11:50A
5:00P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	8:50A
5:00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton.....	12:20P
16:30P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	12:20P
8:00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	8:50A
8:00P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East, via Port Costa, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno.....	5:20P
8:00P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.....	7:50P
7:00P	Vallejo, Sunday only.....	7:00P
7:00P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11:20A
7:00P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	8:50A
8:05P	Reno Passenger—Port Costa, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, and Way Stations beyond Sacramento.....	7:50A
8:10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11:50A

## Santa Fe

ALL THE WAY

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30** A M.—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10:40 a m, Fresno 2:40 p m, Bakersfield 7:05 p m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8:55 a m.

**9.30** A M.—THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12:01 p m, Fresno 3:10 p m, Bakersfield 5:50 p m, Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a m, Chicago (third day) 2:15 p m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p m.

**4.00** P M.—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7:10 p m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a m.

**8.00** P M.—OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11:15 p m, Fresno 3:15 a m, Bakersfield 7:35 a m, Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a m, Chicago (fourth day) 8:47 p m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:35 p m.

\* Daily.  
Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a m; 12:25, 2:30, 3:40, 5:00, 5:50, 6:30 and 11:30 p m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:30 p m.  
SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m; 12:50, 1:20, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p m.  
SUNDAYS—6:45, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a m; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco	In Effect May 1, 1904	Destination	Arrive San Francisco
Week Days	Sun- days		Week Days
7:30 a m	7:30 a m		7:45 a m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m		8:40 a m
8:00 a m	9:30 a m		10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m	Ignacio.	6:00 p m
5:10 p m	5:10 p m		6:20 p m
			7:25 p m
			8:45 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Novato	7:45 a m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m	Petaluma	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	9:30 a m		6:20 p m
5:10 p m	2:30 p m	Santa Rosa.	7:25 p m
			8:45 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Fulton.	10:20 a m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m		10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m		8:45 p m
			7:25 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Windsor.	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m	Healdsburg.	10:20 a m
			7:25 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Lytton.	7:25 p m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m	Geyersville.	7:25 p m
			7:25 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Hopland.	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m	and Ukiah.	7:25 p m
			7:25 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Willits.	7:25 p m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m	Sherwood.	7:25 p m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m	Guerneville and Camp Vacation.	10:20 a m
5:00 a m	8:00 a m		8:45 p m
5:10 p m	9:30 a m		6:20 p m
	3:10 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	8:45 p m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m		10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m	Sebastopol.	7:25 p m
			6:20 p m

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, at Fulton for Altura and Mark West Springs, at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Bonaville, and Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Keseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanderlin Heights, Hollville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Campbe, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Udal, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Calito, Orvelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at full rates.

Ticket office 600 Market Street, Chronicle Building.  
Gen. Manager R. X. KVAN,  
Gen. Pass. Agt Gen. Pass. Agt



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1423.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco office, 312 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Law and Anarchy—Is the American People a Lawless People?—Mob-Law Past and Present—The Situation in Colorado—A Military Dictatorship and Its Future—Battle of the Giants at St. Louis—Who Will Be the Nominee?—The Republican Convention at Chicago—Metacalf for the Cabinet—Stirring Events in the Japanese-Russian War—The Rhodes Scholarships—The Chinese Peril—East Wants to Break Down Exclusion Law—Poor Fruit Crop in California—Preparations for a "Quiet" Fourth—Women Stirred to Action by the Casualties of Last Year.	401-403
A LANCASHIRE MURDER TRIAL. By Jerome Hart.	403-404
OLD FAVORITES: "If I Should Die," by Ben King; "A Threnody," by George Lanigan; "Reasons"; "Same Old Story," by Harry B. Smith.	404
THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE: A Brave Man Who Ran Away. By John Fleming Wilson.	405
STONING MOTOR-CARS IN GOTHAM: The Latest Sport Among New York Hoodlums—Autoists Not Safe on the East Side—Some Incidents—Cause of the Trouble—The New Speed Law. By "Flaneur".	406
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.	406
AT THE BIG FAIR: Bad First Month at St. Louis—Government May Foreclose Its Mortgage—Hotel Rates—Naughty Shows on the Pike—Some Other Features.	407
NANCE O'NEIL'S GREAT SUCCESS: Remarkable Triumph for the San Francisco Actress—Staid Town of Boston Goes "Nance O'Neil Mad"—What Some of the Critics Say of Her.	407
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.	408-409
DRAMA: Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry" at the Grand Opera House. By Josephine Hart Phelps.	410
STAGE GOSSIP	411
VANITY FAIR: A Sensational Trial for Libel in London—An Adventurer Sues Sir James Duke—Sievier's Wonderful Career—Fleeing the Foolish Rich—Miss Duncan's Dancing—Interprets Beethoven for Parisians—Big Profit in Dressmaking—Made Necessary by Long-Standing Accounts—Sale of Mathilde's Jewels—Insanity Not a Ground for Divorce.	412
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Sam's Deduction—Dr. Evan's Lucid Patient—A Disappointing Accident—A Diplomat's Pun—Mr. Takahira's Pleasantry—Sauerkraut for Medical Purposes—Rothschild's Reply—News to His Rival—Correcting His Death Notice—Quay's Indorsement of Smith—Gladstone and Verlaine.	413
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Mary"; "The Republican Platform"; "Limerick"; "The Boatrace," by "Walt Whitman".	413
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.	414-415
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.	416

It almost seems, sometimes, as if the American people were a lawless people. We have shown in these columns\* that mob-law has set aside the Law from Colonial days until this time. We have shown that mob-law has held sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have shown that boycotting and lynching have been practiced from Colonial times till now. We have shown that they have prevailed in the oldest and the youngest communities; in the smallest and in the largest State. Lawless bands—calling themselves "Regulators," "Moonshiners," "Molly Maguires," "White Caps," "Klu Klux Klan," "K. G. C.," and "Vigilantes"—have defied the Law, at various periods, in various places, in

various ways, throughout the Union. Lynchings have occurred in every State of the United States, save four.

This spirit of lawlessness, whose material evidences are recorded in the pages of history, is not less rampant now. The news of the day, like the history of a hundred years, records the defiance of Law by mobs. In the city of St. Louis, last week, a mob of seven thousand men, disappointed at not witnessing a bloody bullfight, wrecked the building and burned it to the ground. Lawless invasion of public rights by speed-crazy rich men's sons on the highways of the metropolis is met by the equally lawless action of mobs, who stone them in the streets. The right of men to work is to-day denied in this city by mobs of union men—freight handlers—who have day after day caught and maimed their fellow-laborers whose only crime was the desire to work.

No words of ours or of any man's will much affect this deep-seated and long-enduring scourge of lawlessness, which reveals itself whenever the occasion arises, whether it be a struggle between employer and employee, or whether it concerns the crime of a negro, or is the product of class enmity. What is bred in the bone will out in the flesh. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

But whether this lawless spirit leads, and to what it tends—how dangerous it is even to the very existence of a republican form of government—we see to-day in Colorado.

There is no question but that both sides to the controversy—labor and capital—have broken the Law. The people of Colorado, by a large majority, adopted an amendment to the constitution providing for a working day of eight hours, and making it mandatory upon the legislature to put it into effect. A corrupted legislature adjourned without so doing. It was a brazen defeat of the will of the people. It was no less culpable than those grosser forms of law-breaking of which labor is guilty—bodily assault, arson, and murder. "Rich and poor alike," Theodore Roosevelt has said, "will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws, without regard to whether this spirit shows itself in the form of bodily violence by one set of men, or in the form of vulpine cunning by another set of men."

The defeat of the eight-hour bill was not the direct cause of the strike which finally brought about a condition of civil war. But it was a contributing cause; it was used by the miners as a justification and defense of their violent acts. Lawlessness begets lawlessness. Anarchy begets anarchy. Revenge begets revenge. The employers fought their battle, and won their success by a crime of cunning; the miners sought to win theirs with the only weapon that they had—violence. When two classes in a community, disregarding Law, enter into a test of strength, there can only be one result, and that is anarchy.

This brings us to the point where Governor Peabody took a hand in the controversy. He established a military dictatorship. It was the inevitable result. When Law breaks down, then must come the mailed hand and the iron heel. It was a question whether Colorado was to be ruled anarchically by the Western Federation of Miners, or the disturbed districts despotically by the governor. The choice had to be made. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Order must be had—by military rule if need be. The governor has been accused of invading the rights of innocent persons through the military which he commands. He has deported union men, suppressed newspapers, forced the resignation from office of civil officials suspected to be in sympathy with malcontents, and suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. But a state of insurrection exists. "War," said General Sherman, "is hell." Military rule

is not concerned with justice to each individual, but the good of the whole at whatever cost. *Inter arma leges silent*. The people of Colorado elected James G. Peabody governor, and until he is impeached and deposed, or until his term expires, it is his duty to preserve order within the boundaries of the State. Of the moral correctness of his acts, we say nothing. But the supreme court of Colorado, its highest tribunal, has, by a recent far-reaching and important decision, given the governor its legal sanction. It says that when the governor declares a state of war to exist, then it does exist, and by the powers granted him by the constitution, he may arrest and imprison, or kill if need be, regardless of the civil courts.

The dastardly crime of last week—the dynamiting of a crowd of non-union miners on a platform at a depot where they were waiting to take the cars for their homes—has brought matters to a focus. The governor, through the military, is now waging a relentless war. When he has finished, every miner belonging to the disturbed district will either be peaceably at work, or he will have been driven out. The question whether or no it was a union man or union men who committed the fiendish crime that has horrified the nation, may safely be left to the determination of the courts. One thing, however, is certain: though the miners' unions of Colorado and the unions throughout the country do not, we firmly believe, sympathize with the murderers, the murderers were beyond shadow of doubt union sympathizers. They were only doing by wholesale what the union miners in general were doing piecemeal. The union was trying to drive away non-union miners from the district; the purpose of these murderers by dynamite was identically the same. It is not to be supposed that high officials of the Western Federation of Miners conspired to blow a dozen men into eternity with dynamite; but that, openly or tacitly, they encouraged violence, all well-informed men believe. It was the wind they sowed, the whirlwind that they reaped. No resolutions, no explanations, can wipe away their responsibility.

In view of the decision of the Colorado supreme court, and in view of Governor Peabody's expressed purpose, it is evident that a new era is now about to begin in Colorado. "Until this interpretation is reversed," says a leading Colorado journal, in its commentary, "there can be no more strikes in this State, for the strikers will not be permitted even to stand around, and the strike will be hopeless. The consequence of disregarding that dictum will be deportation, and the result of resistance may be death. The union miner who does not submit takes his life in his hands." In other words, the governor, working hand in glove with the associations of employers, through the rights granted him by the constitution of the State and in which he is confirmed by the supreme court, can, and no doubt will, declare martial law to be in effect wherever and whenever a strike breaks out, and thus suppress it. From the acts of the governor there is no appeal. The President of the United States is empowered to interfere only when the State authorities ask for his interference in order to preserve order; when the Federal courts, the Federal process, or the Federal law is interfered with; and when the State itself is in revolt against the Federal government. None of these conditions exist; either the supreme court must reverse itself, or the governor be put out of office, before strikes with their usual concomitants of violence can occur in Colorado. We need not point out the vast significance of such a condition of affairs.

But what a vista this opens up for the future. Since it is unthinkable that armed resistance to the State can be, or will be, maintained, the recourse of the unionists



and their sympathizers must be to the ballot-box. Considering the bitterness of feeling that now exists, it would seem that the next State campaign must be waged solely on the course of Peabody. Should Peabody be defeated by a labor-union candidate for governor, it would be rash to prophesy where industrial disturbance and civil convulsion would finally cease. The mine-owners, whether for good or ill, have now the upper hand, and they make the most of their advantage; should the conditions be absolutely reversed, it is too much to suppose that the miners would fail to retaliate, with results now impossible to calculate.

The conclusion of the whole matter is simply this: the Law must be respected. The rule of the republic rests upon it. When Law is persistently violated, liberty becomes a mockery. Anarchy reigns instead. "The moment that law is destroyed," said Holland, "liberty is lost, and men, left free to enter upon the domains of each other, destroy each other's rights, and invade the field of each other's liberty."

The Japanese-Russian war is having one curious effect

of which Californians would do well to take note. It is imbuing the people of the country as a whole with an increased respect and toleration, not only for the Japanese, but for all Orientals, including, of course, the Chinese.

Both in Eastern Republican and Democratic papers we find, every now and then, casual utterances which show that the exclusion of the Chinese is becoming to the East and South a repugnant policy. In the *New York Tribune* of recent date appears an article headed, "Injustice to Chinamen," setting forth how sad it is that Chinese who have lived here long and "forgot" to secure certificates of residence are liable to deportation. Of course, the fact is that for one Chinese who is oppressed by the law there are ten who evade it.

The *New York Evening Post* makes Prince Pu Lun's visit the occasion for a few remarks of similar tenor, among which we find this:

Our policy toward China springs from ignorance of the real qualities of the Mongolian race.

This merely makes an old Californian smile. Queer, is it not, that "our policy toward China," which "springs from ignorance of the real qualities of the Mongolian race," should have been dictated by the State of the United States whose intimate knowledge of the Mongolian character extends over fifty years, and that journals of the Eastern States, which have no practical knowledge of the Chinese, should now accuse us of that ignorance?

The Chinese exclusion act did not spring from the Sand Lot agitation of 1877. From May 15, 1852, when the miners of Columbia held the first anti-Chinese meeting in America, through a long period of futile attempts by the State legislature to prevent Chinese immigration, up to the passing of the exclusion act in the eighties, the anti-Chinese feeling steadily grew. The sentiment that exists on the Pacific Coast to-day is based on a generation of experience.

The editor of the *Evening Post* often quotes from Edmund Burke. Burke once said: "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." But it is the whole people of a commonwealth whom the *Post* would indict for the crime of ignorance in the face of opportunity; for on September 3, 1879, California expressed her opinion unequivocally: on a test vote, 154,638 ballots were cast in favor of Chinese exclusion; in favor of their admission, there were cast in the whole State just 883.

Before another week rolls round, Theodore Roosevelt will have been nominated by acclamation for President, and we shall all know whether that delightful old gentleman, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, is still spry enough to dodge a mighty active demand that he take the office of Vice-President. His humorous-wistful endeavors to smash his boom with thunderous "No's" is highly amusing. It appeals to the American sense of humor, and, just as like as not, the convention will tender "Uncle Joe" the nomination merely to see him squirm. The Speaker's latest scheme is to permit the convention to nominate him if it must, and then, as chairman, simply say: "I decline the nomination. The clerk will proceed to a roll call for nominations for Vice-President." This, says "Uncle Joe," will settle the matter for good and all. Meanwhile, a ray of hope comes to him in the fact that Senator Fairbanks has announced his willingness to accept the nomination. He wants no active campaign made, however, and this is also the case with Representative Hitt, of Iowa. One of the three men mentioned will be nominated for the Vice-Presidency, but which one is beyond present prediction.

The delegates from California to Chicago left on a special train Wednesday. John D. Spreckels is ill

and unable to go, so Mr. Ruef, his alternate, goes as a full-fledged delegate. His banquet at the Mechanics' Pavilion the night before, was a glorious success, some seven hundred people, including the mayor and most of the city officials, sitting down to the banquet board at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents each. Ruef's escort to the boat the next morning was a band, and his friends bore a floral tribute for "Our Leader." Under the circumstances, we don't imagine that Abraham Ruef much minds the satirical comments of the *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Bulletin*—yes, and the *Examiner*. This is the first time Ruef has been out of the State of California.

The convention meets in the Coliseum on Tuesday, the twenty-first. The programme is for organization and a speech by Elihu Root the first day; on the second day, Wednesday, there will be a speech by the permanent chairman, Speaker Joseph Cannon, and nominating and seconding speeches for Theodore Roosevelt. If all goes according to programme, George A. Knight, of San Francisco, will make the first seconding speech. On the third day, Thursday, the Vice-President will be nominated, and the convention will adjourn.

Many changes are soon to occur in the Cabinet. It is certain that Secretary Cortelyou will resign to become chairman of the National Republican Committee. Opposition to the President's choice has all died away. Cortelyou's selection means that the President, in his usual strenuous manner, will run the campaign himself, according to his own ideas, Cortelyou, of course, docilely taking orders from the distinguished gentleman in the White House, whose private secretary he formerly was. This is neat, unique, and thoroughly Rooseveltian. The appointment of Attorney-General Knox as senator from Pennsylvania in place of the late Senator Quay leaves another vacancy. Postmaster-General Payne, whose health has for a long time not been good, is also likely to step down and out. When Knox resigns, during the next few days, Secretary of the Navy Moody will be promoted to the attorney-generalcy. When Cortelyou finishes his active work as national chairman next November, he will take the postmaster-generalcy. Congressman Victor H. Metcalf has been offered the Secretaryship of the Department of Commerce and Labor in place of Cortelyou, and it is reported that he will accept. This will be a great honor for California.

The Democratic National Convention at St. Louis will be a battle of the giants. There is just enough doubt about both candidate and platform to make it exciting. Judge Parker has a good lead. He will probably be nominated. Yet control really lies in the hands of delegates who have not yet expressed themselves, and with delegates instructed for "favorite sons." They can defeat Parker if they will.

The preferences of four conventions have been recorded since last week—Kentucky, Illinois, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

In Kentucky, the delegation of twenty-six was left uninstructed, but the majority are for Parker, and the vote of the entire delegation will, under the unit rule, be cast for him; the resolution to instruct for Parker was turned down by a vote of nearly three to one.

In Illinois, a three-cornered fight among the Harrison, Hopkins, and Hearst men resulted in the unequivocal instruction of the delegates to vote for Hearst as long as his name remains before the convention. The vote was 936 to 395.

The Arkansas Democrats instructed their eighteen delegates to vote for Judge Parker.

The Mississippi Democrats instructed their twenty delegates to vote as a unit for Judge Parker so long as there is any chance of his nomination.

Tabulated according to instructions and expressed preferences, the case now stands thus:

Parker	292
Hearst	187
Uncommitted	224
Gorman	40
Wall	26
Olney	25
Controlled by Bryan	34
Gray	6
Total	834

Since the convention contains only 996 delegates (of which 665 are required to nominate), and since the preferences of the few States to hold conventions are, for the most part, known, it is not difficult to make up a table which will substantially represent the superficial situation when the convention meets. Louisiana, with eighteen delegates, will be for Parker; Maine, with twelve delegates, will probably favor his candidacy; Minnesota is a highly doubtful State; it has twenty-two delegates; Missouri (thirty-six delegates) will instruct for "Garden Sass" Cockrell, a "favorite son";

North Carolina (twenty-four delegates) will probably follow the lead of most other Southern States, and indorse or instruct for Parker; Texas (thirty-six delegates) is reported to be for Parker; and Vermont, with eight delegates, is likely also to be for him. Indian Territory, with six delegates, will naturally follow the lead of Oklahoma, and come under the sway of Bryan. Putting Minnesota in the uncommitted class, and the other States under the various candidates, as noted, we get this result:

Parker	390
Hearst	187
Uncommitted	246
Gorman	40
Wall	26
Cockrell	36
Olney	25
Controlled by Bryan	40
Gray	6

Total ..... 996

Study of this table shows several interesting facts. First, it indicates that the radical wing of the Democracy can almost certainly not control one-third of the delegates which would theoretically enable it to prevent the nomination of any distasteful candidate. Hearst has now 187 votes; adding Minnesota's twenty-two brings him up to 205, and Bryan's forty to 245. Gorman will give him no votes, nor Wall, nor Olney, nor Cockrell, nor Gray; he might get a few—a very few—from the uncommitted list, but never, surely, enough to close the gap between 245 and 333, which number is necessary for any sort of control of the convention. Second, the table shows that Parker will have on first ballot about 400 votes plus a share of the uncommitted 246. Nobody pretends that instructions for Cockrell and Wall are other than complimentary. The "favorite-son" delegates will soon go to one or the other of the leading candidates. They will not go to Hearst. But there is the exciting possibility that a combination, with Gorman, perhaps, as its engineer, may be made against Parker and in favor of a "dark horse." The strong probability, however, is that Parker will be nominated.

The views of prominent Democrats and journals are just now interesting. Henry Watterson says he prefers McClellan, but thinks Parker will win. Carter Harrison is of the opinion that Bryan's personality and inevitable oratory will strongly influence the convention in favor of some candidate less objectionable to him than Parker. Harrison looks for something like a stampede. Some of Bryan's friends are reported as affirming that he will under no circumstances bolt the convention. The *New York Sun* is out for McClellan, who is, of course, Tammany's preference. The *Chicago Chronicle*, a strong Democratic paper, still has hopes that Cleveland may be nominated. The *Springfield Republican* thinks that there are many Democrats in the South and West who will hesitate to indorse a candidate who, like Parker, Bryan bitterly opposes. It thinks there will be a disposition to look elsewhere in the interests of harmony. The *World* continues in daily editorials to demand from Parker "a ringing note."

It will be a great convention. Bryan will be there with his magnetic voice and generous winning smile. Crafty "Dave" Hill, whom Bryan hates because of "I am still a Democrat—still, very still," will be there, and a battle of words between the two is joyously anticipated. The imposing figure and orotund voice of Bourke Cockran will be in evidence, and the smooth ecclesiastical face of Arthur P. Gorman will draw many eyes toward the Maryland delegation. James B. Weaver, who ran for President on the Populist ticket in 1892, will be at St. Louis as a delegate from Iowa; from Missouri there will be Champ Clark, a picturesque figure; and from Texas, Bailey, the hot-tempered. "Pitchfork" Tillman will be there, with his cropped bullet head, and so will John Sharp Williams, with his woozy hair. Yes, it will be a great time—as Senator Ingalls would say, a halcyon and vociferous time.

Stirring events are happening in the Far Eastern war,

but so close is the censorship that only tantalizing scraps of news come over the cable to the outer world. But still the Japanese press the Russians back—that is certain. General Kuroki's northern wing, after being forced to evacuate Saimatzsa, which lies far to the northward of his headquarters at Fung Wang Cheng, has retaken the city, and thrown troops well beyond. On June 7th, Kuroki's southern wing, after a brisk battle, drove the Russians from Siu Yen, which lies some forty miles to the southwest of Fung Wang Cheng. On June 11th, a large Japanese force, which was advancing toward Hai Cheng westerly from Fung Wang Cheng, suffered a loss of its advance guard, consisting of two battalions, through a clever Russian ambush, but the Japanese main force pressed forward undismayed, and the Russians retired. These constitute the main movements of General Kuroki's army during the week. General Oku,



who is besieging Port Arthur, seems to be prosecuting the siege cautiously, and it is now doubted if any serious fighting has yet occurred on the fortifications about Port Arthur. However, his rear guard, away back up the railway, one hundred and twenty-five miles to the northward of Port Arthur, has encountered a Russian force under General Stakelberg, which had evidently been sent by Kuropatkin to annoy General Oku in his siege of Port Arthur.

This battle, which may be known to history as the Battle of Vafangow Station, began on Tuesday noon, four miles south of that point. Some 40,000 men were engaged. During Tuesday afternoon, the Russians lost some 400 men and many officers, including a colonel of infantry and a major-general of an artillery battalion. The Japanese lost a whole cavalry squadron, which was annihilated by the Russians. When night fell fighting ceased, both armies retaining their positions. At two o'clock next morning the fight began again, and continued all day. The Japanese outmaneuvered as well as outnumbered the Russian force, and near nightfall the Russians retreated, leaving 500 men dead upon the field, 300 men prisoners, and fourteen guns. The third and fourth Russian batteries were cut to pieces by Japanese shells. The Japanese losses are estimated at 1,000 men killed. The reports of losses are incomplete; it looks as if 3,000 or 4,000 men had either been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner in the battle.

When full accounts are in it may well be that the Battle of Vafangow Station will be seen to have been the severest battle of the war. We pointed out last week the extreme peril of annihilation that any Russian force sent down into the Liao Tung Peninsula would face, and the military experts are now expressing the fear that the Russians retreating from Vafangow to the main army will be cut off by the wing of General Kuroki's army, which is pushing on from Siu Yen.

While these stirring events have been occurring on land, equally exciting news comes of movements at sea. At Port Arthur, the big Russian cruiser *Novik*, accompanied by ten torpedo destroyers, came out of the harbor at noon on Tuesday, while Japanese ships were in the offing. These ships withdrew, allegedly to entice the *Novik* from the safety of the harbor, but after the firing of a few shots she also withdrew. The exit of the *Novik* shows that the Russians have cleared the harbor entrance.

On the same day, the fourteenth, Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, commanding the Vladivostock squadron, sailed forth with that fleet, consisting of the armored cruisers *Gromoboi*, *Rossia*, and *Rurik*, with some torpedo craft, and near Iki Island encountered the Japanese transports, *Hitachi* and *Sado*, bearing horses, supplies, and 1,400 men. The Russians stopped the helpless ships, and sank them with torpedoes. Four hundred and fifty men escaped to land in boats, but some 900 seem to have gone down with the ships. The Russian warships are reported to have returned in safety to Vladivostock. This is the second brilliant sortie the Vladivostock fleet has made; and both times it caught the Japs napping.

From a long leading article in the *Express*, a prominent newspaper of the city of London, we extract a few phrases describing the University of Oxford:

The antiquated and useless system of education prevailing at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but more especially at Oxford, has been the subject of vigorous criticism in our columns. . . . It has been said that not a single really eminent man resides in Oxford to-day. . . . The university is out of touch with modern conditions of life. . . . The lamas of our antique colleges must put aside their praying wheels. No longer can they proclaim their habitations a Forbidden City against new ideas. Civilization marches onward, and those who aspire to guide and train the youth of a nation must not lag behind in the gloom of molding centuries. . . . The traditions of the past will attract a certain number of men to the colleges, but year by year the number will be smaller and the quality of intellect poorer. It is sheer barbarity to expect a clever boy to waste the precious years of his youth. . . . None can afford to fling away hours over useless matter.

This is the institution to which seven of the bright young men of California have—by undergoing and passing the examination required of applicants for the scholarships provided for in the will of the late South African millionaire, Cecil Rhodes—indicated their desire to attend, to be "educated"—God save the mark!

The *Chronicle*, in accordance with its useful custom, presents to its readers this week an extended survey of the condition of the California fruit crop as furnished by growers throughout the State. From this symposium it appears that the fruit crop, generally speaking, will this year be poor. There will be no apples for shipment. The Pajaro County crop is reported to be the poorest on record. The favorite variety of apricot—

the Moorpark—is a failure. The other varieties are less than a "fair" crop. The peach crop is almost, if not quite, a failure. Pears have been affected by blight, which has destroyed the industry for this year. Prunes, on the other hand, will be a medium-sized crop, and there will be a fair crop of walnuts, though almonds are a failure. Grapes, oranges, lemons, and grape-fruit are reported promising. The cause of the disaster to the fruit-growing industry was, according to the *Chronicle*, the continuous rains of March, which prevented pollination.

Under date of June 3, 1904, representatives of the No Boycott Central Labor Council of Alameda Now on County, the Broom Makers' Union, of Blind, San Francisco, the Home of the Adult Blind, and the Merchants' Exchange, of Oakland, after a full investigation, report that "we are fully satisfied and so report: that, at the present time, there does not exist any boycott by organized labor of the Home of the Adult Blind." We are glad to know that the blind men and women of this home may now pursue their humble, but grateful, tasks without fear of interference from any quarter.

## A LANCASHIRE MURDER TRIAL.

By Jerome Hart.

The blare of trumpets sounded on the air. Checked for a moment was the movement of the busy street. Electric cars, automobiles, horse vehicles—all paused as the quaintly attired outriders suddenly appeared. Following them came a four-horse coach—a glass coach, not a mail coach—which swept up to the massive portal of St. George's Hall. The coach bore a coat-of-arms on its panel; the coachman was attired in a tan-colored, many-caped coat, edged with crimson, and wore a cockaded hat; behind were two standing footmen in gorgeous liveries. From this mediæval vehicle descended the High Sheriff of Lancashire, resplendent in scarlet and silver. With him came his lordship, the Chief Justice of the Assize Court. Behind them walked the Under Sheriff, more modestly clad than his chief—in black-laced coat, black satin small-clothes, black silk stockings, black cocked hat, and black court-sword. At the head of the little procession was the chaplain. Preceding these dignified gentlemen walked slowly two Heralds blowing long trumpets, whose fanfare announced to the multitude that the High Sheriff of Lancashire, escorting his lordship the Chief Justice, had reached the court-room for the Criminal Assize. The sound of the Heralds' trumpets rang through the big building as the procession crossed the rotunda. Presently the doors at the back of the bench were thrown wide open, and, preceded by ushers bearing white wands, the Lord Chief Justice and the High Sheriff entered, accompanied by their suite. This included the chaplain, a clergyman in black gown and white bands, who sat to the right of the High Sheriff, who was on the Chief Justice's right. His lordship was attired in a silk-sleeved scarlet gown with black bands, and wore a full-bottomed wig. The crowded court-room rose like a wave as he entered. Bowing to the barristers and the officers of the court, the Chief Justice seated himself. The packed spectators did the same.

The scene was a curious one. To the left of the judge sat the jury in their box, grim-visaged North-country men, with the look in their faces that the Scotch call "dour." Over them was the newspaper reporters' box. To the right was a small balcony belonging to the High Sheriff, and filled with ladies. Underneath this was the witness-box, which was screened from the observation of the public by curtains.

What was the case which these officials of British justice were gathered to try? Who came to plead at this bar, lined with bewigged barristers, guarded with sturdy constables, before a bench blazing with that scarlet and gold which the English love so well? There he sat in the prisoner's dock just before the judge, a British-looking, black-haired, low-browed fellow, with narrow almond eyes. To my surprise I saw that he had Chinese features. He was, in fact, a Chinaman—one Pong Lun, charged with the willful murder of a fellow-Chinese, Go Hing. The murder had taken place in a sailor's boarding-house, and the witnesses were of the most motley description—Chinamen, Lascars, and Malays from the many islands of the Malayan Archipelago. But the first witness was destined to surprise us more than any of these.

There were two barristers prosecuting for the crown; two were appointed by the court to defend the accused; a third held a "watching brief" on behalf of the widow.

The jurymen were not sworn together—each one took the oath and kissed the book separately. They

were of all conditions of life, gentle and simple; one among them was a titled person. These facts we learned as each rose in response to the clerk's calling of his name and station. An odd thing about the jury-box was its stern simplicity, not to say discomfort, for the jury sat upon hard wooden benches. This was quite a contrast to the comfortable arm-chairs provided for jurymen in our court-rooms.

While on this subject, I may mention that the comfort of witnesses is heeded even less than that of jurymen. All of the witnesses stood all of the time while testifying. So with the counsel. One barrister must for half an hour have been on his feet in silence while the Chief Justice was personally questioning the prisoner.

The wigs worn by the bar in England give an odd Hogarthian look to their faces. So with the quaint costumes of the officials in this Lancashire Assize—the scene was much more spectacular than in the London courts. As I looked around the court-room it almost seemed as if we were gazing at some old seventeenth-century print. For that matter, I suppose that the scene was exactly the same as it was two centuries ago.

Once I saw Sir Henry Irving play Mathias in "The Bells," a powerful melodrama drawn from Erckmann-Chatrian's story, "Le Juif Polonais." Mathias is ever haunted by the sound of the sleigh-bells of his victim, murdered by night as his sleigh slid over the snow—the snow which muffled the murderer's footfalls, the snow which masked the murderer's footprints. One night the jingling of the bells drives him nearly mad with terror, although he strives to conceal it from his family and friends, who have assembled to celebrate his daughter's betrothal, and who gaze at him in wonder, hearing naught of the uncanny sound which haunts the guilty man.

Mathias at last is alone, and goes to his bed, shaking still with fear. He draws the curtains, but between them his hand protrudes. There it remains.

Irving is not the greatest actor in the world, but he is the greatest stage-manager. The scene which follows is the best I ever saw in the theatre. The front of the stage grows dark. Still the spectators see the tall canopied bed, while, hanging from between the curtains, they also see Mathias's pallid hand.

The back of the stage grows light. The wall of the room is semi-transparent. We are looking at a court-room. There sits upon the bench, in black cap and in colored gown, the judge; before him, the lawyers; while in the prisoner's dock there stands—who? Why, it is Mathias, pleading for his life. We start, and look involuntarily toward the dark curtains—yes, there is still the hand. It is a dream-scene we are looking upon—the dream of the haunted murderer, who lies there writhing in the dark.

It may seem far-fetched, but as I gazed around this dimly lighted court-room, with its spectacular sights and sounds, its strange colors and costumes, there rose up before me Mathias's dream-scene of the court-room in "The Bells."

The opening statement told of the crime, into which I will not enter further than to say that it was a quarrel over a gambling debt. As soon as the brief statement had been made, the witnesses were called. The first to appear indeed surprised us. She was Martha Alvina Go Hing, the widow of the murdered man. She was young, white, an Englishwoman, quite good-looking, and very well dressed. She answered a few routine questions as to her husband's age and occupation, and stepped down. After her came a string of Chinese and Lascar sailors. All of them testified through an interpreter. Each was permitted to take the oath according to his own ritual. The interpreter, a Mohammedan, put his hat on when he swore. This nearly caused a red-faced constable near us to have a stroke of apoplexy; probably he never before had seen a hat worn in the High Court of Assize. Other witnesses were given crockery plates, which they dashed to pieces on the floor with an invocation of similar disaster to themselves in case they lied. Other curious forms of oath followed, upon which the impassive prisoner gazed, confronted by the equally impassive judge. But the judge, if apparently impassive, did not show lack of consideration for the prisoner, for he directed the interpreter to take his stand across the room from the witness-box, in order that he and the witness might thus be forced to speak loudly enough to be heard by the prisoner, who sat between their line of speech.

It must not be supposed that the judge was unduly lenient toward the prisoner. He was fair. He was just. And why should a criminal judge be more?

But the proceedings ran counter to what I expected from my slight experience of American courts. The counsel were altogether too brief in their interrogatories. Furthermore, the judge did not hesitate to take a hand when he thought some matter of evidence was not being made clear to the jury. Everything was for

CALIFORNIA  
FRUIT CROP  
POOR.



the jury. We the spectators seemed to be ignored—the gallery had no rights. When a plan of the scene of the murder was introduced, it was not on a large blackboard on the court-room wall. It was on moderate-sized rolls of paper, which were passed up to judge and jury. We the spectators saw nothing of it at all.

When counsel for the defense had relinquished a witness and counsel for the prosecution had put a few questions, I could contain myself no longer. I arose. "If the court please," said I. "Your honor—I mean your lordship—"

Here the chief justice turned and stared at me, and so did all those seated, both at bench and bar. But I continued.

"Pardon me," said I, "for interrupting the court's proceedings, but I am an American citizen, and I can not refrain from pointing out some slight defects in your criminal procedure as compared with our own. This gentleman, your honor"—[here I pointed to a lean barrister with a long and flexible nose]—"has put questions to the witness to which this gentleman"—[and here I pointed to a short and bulbous barrister with a bottle nose]—"should have objected on the ground that the questions were not relevant. Then, if your lordship overruled his objection, he should have made an exception. If, however, your lordship did not so overrule, this other gentleman might then have taken issue on the point, and argued the matter until some time this afternoon, when court could have been adjourned. After it was settled to-morrow, this gentleman could have objected on the further ground that speaking of the witness's act as a 'murder' was calculated to degrade him. This, too, could have been argued for another day. Then prisoner's counsel could have had an engagement to try another case at John-o'-Groat's, or Land's End, and your honor would be forced to postpone this trial. Thus by skillful delays the prisoner's counsel could carry over the whole matter until the next term of the High Court, and thereby prolong his client's trial for some months. Even if the verdict went against him, he could then appeal it to the highest court in the country, your lordship, and if his client still stood in danger of hanging, he might plead 'twice in jeopardy,' or something of that kind. I am not a lawyer, your lordship, but as a plain American citizen I feel it my duty to protest against the headlong haste with which this case is being railroaded through."

Here I sat down.

But no—to be quite frank, I didn't sit down, for I did not get up. I merely wanted to get up and say these things. But when I gazed at the hole in the floor out of which prisoners were brought and back into which hole they were taken again, I refrained. But it would have been a great opportunity to enlighten that mediaeval court, and to show them how we conduct criminal trials in America.

The proceedings continued with absolutely no delay. Witness after witness took the stand, was interrogated briefly, cross-examined more briefly, or not cross-examined at all. Counsel for the defense and prosecution spoke briefly. The prisoner's counsel pleaded for a verdict of manslaughter, on the ground that accused was under the influence of drink. The judge in his charge said tersely that drunkenness was no defense. The jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of murder, and the man was sentenced to be hanged. While the judge was delivering sentence, the white widow of the murdered Mongolian broke forth into wild hysteric wailing, and was removed from the room. As the echo of her screams resounded through the rotunda, the judge said, briefly: "Call the next case."

The crowded court-room had been slowly becoming more crowded, until now it was jammed. The reason was soon apparent. The next case was also a murder case, but in this the parties concerned were all whites. The murderer was a seaman, and his victim was a seaman's wife. Around the vast docks of Liverpool there are gathered thirty thousand seamen of every race, age, and color. So to this court-room gathering there was a distinctly maritime tinge. Bronzed and weather-beaten faces met the eye at every hand.

The case was that of William Kirwan, able seaman, indicted for the willful murder of Mary Pike, his wife's sister, and wife of John Pike, also able seaman. From the opening statement it developed that Kirwan was jealous of his wife, and made her so unhappy that she spent much of her time at the house of her sister, Mrs. Pike. He accused her of going there to meet a lover, which she denied. One day he followed her there, taxed her with infidelity, began firing at her and her sister with a revolver, wounded his wife, and killed her sister.

There were many witnesses in this case, and the impression in favor of the prisoner was much stronger than in the Chinese case, as the witnesses' testimony could be understood by the spectators without the intermediary of an interpreter. Then, too, the prisoner himself was placed on the stand, and gave his own story with all the earnestness of a jealous husband. He was not vehement; he was merely earnest. As he stood in the witness box during his long examination, he was quite composed. Most of the time he had his arms folded across his chest, sometimes his hands held behind his back. He was closely interrogated by the Chief Justice, and replied with great freedom. Before he left the box, he said, impressively, with uplifted

hand: "In this dock I swear before God that my wife is guilty of being untrue to me."

The prisoner's counsel in addressing the jury said that he would not seriously contend that the prisoner was insane, but that his mind was "temporarily disordered," and that if there was one thing more than another which disordered a man's mind it was jealousy. Counsel for the crown replied in a very few words. That there was little need for argument was evident from the judge's charge. His lordship said, briefly, that from the evidence it was apparent that the prisoner had killed the deceased, and that he saw no option for the jury but to return a verdict of murder. The twelve grim men in the jury-box whispered together a few minutes, and then, without leaving their seats, announced through their foreman the verdict—"willful murder."

The Chief Justice arose and put on the black cap. At this the face of the prisoner slightly changed color, despite his wonderful composure. Tapped on the shoulder by the police constable behind him, he rose and faced the judge. With great solemnity his lordship said: "It is now my duty to pass sentence of death according to the law of the country—which is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, and that your body be afterword buried within the precincts of the prison, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

For a moment there was a deep hush in the court-room, which was broken by Kirwan, the prisoner; he had recovered his composure, and was standing with folded arms at the bar of the court. Turning as he was led away by the sturdy constables, who drew up in a ring around him, he shouted to some one in the court-room: "So-long, Sarah! Good-by!" And he disappeared through the trap-door in the court-room floor, to be executed in a fortnight.

It was on the fourth of March that Mary Pike died from William Kirwan's murderous pistol-ball. It was on the ninth of May that the Chief Justice at the Liverpool Assizes sentenced him in a few weeks to be hanged. Less than three months between the execution of the crime and the execution of the murderer. In our country this would be called "indecent haste."

When we Californians realized that two men had been tried and sentenced to be hanged for murder inside of the working hours of a court day; when we remembered that it takes from six months to six years to try a murderer in California; that a murder trial was going on when we left San Francisco which began six years ago; when I recalled the fact that there were last year—and perhaps are still—sixteen unchanged murderers in the county jail of San Francisco—as these things forced themselves upon me, I began to feel a twinge of shame at the contrast between the criminal courts of my own country and those of England. I am sorry to have to say, and it is my deliberate belief, that the criminal courts of the United States—perhaps the civil, too—are not conducted so much for the administration of justice as for the clogging of the laws. Civil actions, criminal actions, all court proceedings, seem to be looked upon as duels between two lawyers, or battles between squads of attorneys. I am speaking now of the State courts. I do not mean the Federal tribunals. Our Federal judges, like those of England, are not elected, but appointed for life. The timid truckling to political bosses and machine conventions which seems inevitable with our States judges does not characterize jurists holding office for life. The great authority exercised by a justice here in England, the respect shown him by the members of the bar, the speed with which court proceedings move, and the lack of the interminable, the long-winded, the frivolous, and the preposterous delays which characterize American court proceedings—all of these things impress most deeply the mind of an American.

So William Kirwan, British-born and white, for the murder of Mary Pike, and Pong Lun, Chinese-born, and yellow, for the murder of Go Hing, went back into the keeping of the bailiffs of the High Sheriff of Lancashire to be hanged by the neck—tried and condemned between the rising and the setting of the sun. And again the Heralds' trumpets blew, and again the quaint glass coach, with its outriders, its four horses, its escutcheoned panels, its powdered footmen, swept up to the dark and grimy portal of the Hall of Justice, whence emerged the high officers of justice to be drawn away in their gorgeous equipage through the sooty streets along which whizzed modern electric cars.

England has borrowed American ideas in transportation, but she clings to her old-fashioned methods of administering justice.

LIVERPOOL, May 9, 1904.

The sequel to the foregoing letter is set forth in the following press dispatch in the London *Evening Standard*:

"LIVERPOOL, May 31.—There being no appeal from the sentence of a Criminal Assize Court, the friends of William Kirwan, recently sentenced to be hanged for murder, used their influence with the Home Secretary to relieve the criminal and to secure a pardon for Kirwan from the king. The Home Secretary has refused to interfere. His majesty has refused to pardon. Kirwan was executed in Walton Jail, Liverpool, at nine o'clock this morning."

## OLD FAVORITES.

If I Should Die.

If I should die to-night,  
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
Weeping and heartsick, o'er my lifeless clay—  
If I should die to-night,  
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,  
And say, "Here is that ten dollars that I owe,"  
I might arise in my large, white cravat,  
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night,  
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
Clasping the bier to show the grief you feel,  
I say, if I should die to-night,  
And you should come to me, and there and then  
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,  
I might arise the while,  
But I'd drop dead again.—Ben King.

CLEVELAND, O., May 20, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will the editors of the *Argonaut* kindly reprint the "Ahkoond of Swat," which has appeared in the column of Favorite Poems more than once, but of which I have lost the copy, and oblige,

A CLEVELAND SUBSCRIBER.

A Threnody.

What, what, what,  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news,  
Bad news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
Seas and the Med-  
iterranean—he's dead;  
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Ahkoond'n't.  
Dead, dead, dead;  
(Sorrow Swats!)  
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,  
Swats whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory,  
As the case might be,  
Sorrow Swats!  
Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water,  
Your great Ahkoond is dead!  
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, City of Swat!  
Your great Ahkoond is not,  
But lain 'mid worms to rot,  
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught  
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)  
Up to the bosom of Mahound,  
Though earthly walls his frame surround  
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)  
And skeptics mock the lowly mound  
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"  
His soul is in the skies—  
The azure skies that bend above his loved  
Metropolis of Swat.  
He sees with larger, other eyes,  
Awhart all earthly mysteries—  
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!  
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!  
Fallen is at length  
Its tower of strength,  
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;  
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,  
The great Ahkoond of Swat  
Is not!—George T. Lanigan.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In looking over some time-stained letters, the other day, I came across a clever poem. It is in the handwriting of a relative whom I never saw. I have no means of knowing whether it was original with him or not. I rather think it was, and, at any rate, I am quite sure it has never appeared in any Pacific Coast publication.

A READER FROM THE FIRST NUMBER.

Reasons.

Tom, you should take a wife. "Now, love, forbid."  
I found you one last night. "The devil you did."  
Softly! perhaps she'll please you. "Oh, of course."  
Fifteen. "Alarming." Witty. "Nay, that's worse."  
Discreet. "All show." Handsome. "To lure the fellows."  
High born. "Ah, haughty." Tender-hearted. "Jealous."  
Talent's o'erflowing. "Ah, enough to sluice me."  
And then, Tom, such a fortune! "Introduce me."

Same Old Story.

History, and nature, too, repeat themselves they say;  
Men are only habit's slaves; we see it every day.  
Life has done its best for me—I found it tiresome still;  
For nothing's everything at all, and everything is nil.

Same old get up, dress, and tub;  
Same old breakfast; same old club;  
Same old feeling; same old blue;  
Same old story—nothing new!

Life consists of paying bills as long as you have health;  
Woman? She'll be true to you—as long as you have wealth;  
Think sometimes of marriage, if the right girl I could strike;  
But the more I see of girls, the more they are alike.

Same old giggles, smiles, and eyes;  
Same old kisses, same old sighs;  
Same old chaff you; same adieu;  
Same old story—nothing new!

Go to theatres sometimes to see the latest plays;  
Same old plots I played with in my happy childhood's days.  
Hero same; same villain; and same heroine in tears,  
Starving, homeless, in the snow—with diamonds in her ears.  
Same stern father making "bluffs";  
Leading man all teeth and cuffs;  
Same soubrettes, still twenty-two.  
Same old story—nothing new!

Friend of mine got married; in a year or so—a boy!  
Father really foolish in his fond paternal joy;  
Talked about the "kiddy," and became a dreadful bore—  
Just as if a baby never had been born before.  
Same old crying, only more;  
Same old business, walking floor;  
Same old "kitchy-coochy-coo!"  
Same old baby—nothing new!—Harry B. Smith.



## THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE.

A Brave Man Who Ran Away.

Marie emerged from the low doorway of the American Hotel, and gazed out into the hot Plaza San Luis as if the pungency of the sunlight hurt her eyes. Mary Bell rose with infinite manner and offered her his chair. She cast a quick glance at his wiry figure and the suave face that bent before her. "Tank," she said, briefly, "but I look for my 'usban'."

As Marie retired, Mary Bell thrust his fine long hand out and whispered to himself. Then he loosened his lips and the whisper became a stream of words. "Her 'usban!' he ran on, "and men stand round her like pigs under an acorn tree, and she does not see them. It is frightful. One thinks she is born with no heart in her eye. One can offer the candle, but she is not lighted."

"Mary Bell," said Jerry Brent, huskily, "you have stayed too long ashore, and the blood in your liver is all gone bad. Get to sea."

"You have never loved," said Mary Bell, quietly.

Jerry's face flushed so swiftly that the others of us clutched the hot arms of our chairs and were ready to jump. But Mary Bell looked Jerry straight in the eye, and smiled. "It is Marie," he said, amiably, "and she loves her 'usban'. But I love all women, for a woman of the most beautiful, of the most fine, did rescue my life, and—" he broke into an odd laugh—"I feel the sharp of her shoulder under my cheek this minute."

It was Mary Bell talking, the debonair and exquisite, the man whose thin and shapely hand had never drawn back from fight or game. His real name, I think, was Mirabel, or something like it. A slant-eyed mate, thick-tongued with liquor, had called him Mary Bell, and as such he went among us, saying the names of women. But he had never done more than tack a pretty adjective to any of them, and in all his tales of love he had never offended. Some took it for a womanish streak and laid emphasis on his nickname.

Jerry was evidently ill at ease under Mary Bell's taunt, and in the effort to overcome some emotion he was ashamed of, he turned fair round, and spoke lightly. "Mary Bell, you imp, did a woman ever think enough of you to save from the perdition you deserve? Tell us her name. I never saw a blind woman in love."

Mary Bell flung one leg over the other and rolled his head back on the chair that his eyes might catch the blue of the sky above the yellow roof of the cathedral beside the hotel. "Her name was Ah Woon," he said, softly. "She knew I was a brave man, and for the sake of a kiss on the lips she died. I ran away, as a brave man does."

"You ran away?" came Jerry's slow and rasping voice.

"I ran away," repeated Mary Bell, serenely. "I ran away."

"Lord!" whispered Jerry. "Are we to hear at last the truth of this boaster?"

"I am not ashamed," was the calm assurance. "It is the brave who flies sometimes. I am brave."

"Tell me how far you ran," insisted Jerry, insolently, "and I'll tell you how old you are."

The sneer passed unnoticed, to our wonder and amazement, and Mary Bell closed his eyes. "She was of the fairest, of the most noble that the dear God has made on this *bizarre* earth, where women watch, from the arms of the sottish, gallant men go by on their adventures. She knew me for what I was, though I appeared only a stowaway on a pig boat, and wore but the shadow of a shirt over my heart. She was a maiden with her five toes separate on each foot from wearing no shoes, and only a comb in her hair to show that she was desirous of being looked upon by men. Ah Woon! Ah Woon!"

The name fluttered in the air an instant, and in that instant Marie came again to the doorway with a bit of knitting in her hand. This time Mary Bell offered her no chair, but dreamed, his head on the back of his chair and his ten fingers point to point over his nose. "Her name was Ah Woon," he repeated, softly, and the peak of his chin quivered.

"Mary Bell is telling about the time he ran away and left a woman to die, Marie," said Jerry, heavily. "Sit down and hear a true tale."

"It was hard to run," explained Mary Bell, simply, "only it was the call of honor. She knew it and died happily, did she not?—that a brave man accepted her sacrifice."

"It was indeed the act of a brave man," said Marie, sitting down in the doorway, "but that of a coward to tell."

"Marie loves her 'usban', therefore she judges all men. But I, I speak the truth when I say that I—I loved—"

His voice vanished like steam in the air, and we listened idly, wondering at his trick of lying.

"I left the *Maréchal Ney* in Saigon," he went on, presently, "and I had three chop dollars and a cigarette holder that I bought as a forget-me-not in Brest. Then, the thinness of the belly overtaking me, and the captain of the *Maréchal Ney* being too anxious to get so good a seaman back, I dropped upon a pig boat, and we sailed from the river mouth, going coastwise to Hué with the cry of the porks in the steamy wind."

"On all that junk there was only me to tell the time of the day by a clock, and only me that disgusted the

smell of the beasts in the pit of the junk. They were all heathens, black of visage and dirty to perfume the blue sky. They sat on the afterrail, and swung the steering sweep and puffed tobacco in their pipes, and threw rotten rice and potatoes to the pigs while the sun rose and set in the oil of the brine and on the disconsolated shore.

"They burned no lights by night, and I sat on the prow looking for the thing we should hit. But one night went as another, and gradually the smell of the pigs and the savor of rotten rice came over my senses, and I went and sat among the Chinamen like one of them, and took the pipe from the captain and smoked in it his own tobacco like a heathen. Before many days I forgot that there were men with clothes on them, and that there was any other smell as that of the pigs squeaking in the pit of the junk while the sail pops against the sheets in the gasp of wind."

"How long is the voyage to Hué from Saigon I know nothing. But the moon fell on us by the night in its fullness, and the scent of the beasts became like a gale from the bottom of the dead ocean, and my shirt hung on the prow, and I looked at it to know that I was no heathen all the time but had once voyaged between the shop lights of Paris. Also I thought me of Brest and of Besançon, where the sea sounds do not come and the maids confess to the priest with a veil on the face to hide the sin they know little of."

"And one night, when the porks were squeaking in the heat and the rotten rice lay like sour dirt all over the junk, another junk came out of an embayment and ran alongside and cut the sheets to our sail and threw the captain, holding onto his pipe and bag of tobacco, over the side, where he swam in a circle with one arm till the shadow of the moon crossed him and he sank bubbling."

"So the pirates treated them all, and the pigs squealed horrible and the smell went up and about us like the odors from the meat pot on the fire."

"I am brave, and for my honor I set to work to beat one man with my fists till I found a knife under his arm pit, and there I left it sheathed."

"They killed them all of the pig boat. Me, because I spoke thundering to them and they saw I was a good man, they took off to their junk with the pigs and the unbroken sacks of rice that was rotten and sour."

"It was well till they found the knife where I had left it in the man, and then they tied me with sacking ropes and threw me into the afterpeak, and by their looks I thought it was the time when the blood must run from a brave man's heart and leave it beating on wind."

"The place where I lay was dark, all but a spot of light where a hole was bored in the stern for the hawser such as they use. The hawser itself lay through the hole, and I caught a strand of it in my teeth and pulled it out till the breeze came in around it, and then the wet end fell on the deck by my head, and I sucked the salt of it to stop the bleeding of my lips cracked from the dryness of battle."

"A little later came a naked man with a cloth about his head, and turned me over with his foot as I lay bound, and jabbered in my ear till I smelt the smell of the accursed pigs, and bit him in the ankle so that he screamed."

"But none came for his crying, and he left me. Presently I knew why, for through the hole in the stern I saw the shadows of another junk, and a little blood ran down its side, and I saw the fish leap at it from the water."

"I am brave, but I cursed the fish for their thirst, and caught the hawser of coir in my teeth and pulled it more in, rolling over and over on the deck in my chains, till the end of it flopped beside me and the brine from it ran along the deck under me, easing the soreness of my heated body."

"Then came She. They pulled off the hatch and threw her over me, while I squirmed out of the way. She was lovely beyond gods, and I do not lie—even to a woman. She was of a youth most pretty, and her face was soft to the touch of my arm. It makes a man strong to be tied in the presence of a woman, and I burst the sacking off my members, and sat up and lifted her from the wet planks and untied her wrists which the ropes went about till she could move her hands."

"There was no food at all in that place, and no water but the pickle that dripped off the hawser end. So I spoke to her to cheer her, and she answered me. She talked, as I do most well, the pidgin talk, and I learned that she was a maiden, unwed and without knowledge of man's lips. Her name was Ah Woon, and she had been going back to her home in the north after picking tea with her parent in Ceylon. That was her history and enough, for I knew that she was to be slave to the captain of the pirate junk, and I saw in my heart's eye the fishes outside leaping for his blood after I had completed with him."

"Two days we were there, and they threw down on us the rotten rice to eat a little of, but not much. And I told Ah Woon that I was brave and that she would never see the quiver of fear on my face. So she kissed it, and we were much content, because the air came in at the hole and brushed away the smell of the pig animals and the sour rice grains."

"The third day that Ah Woon was come into the afterpeak with me, the captain came down with two men and spoke long to her in the *patois*. When they were gone she told me what they said, and it was of a

shamefulness to see that they meant no good thing to her who was so lovely in face and in form, nor to me who was brave. So I, too, spoke, and made clear the necessity of the moment. But it was in vain, for when I spoke Ah Woon laughed, thinking it strange words of love. She was most beautiful."

"They came again, and I caught the captain alone for an instant, and when we tried, Ah Woon and I, to get his carcass through the little hole where the hawser had run, it stuck, and we could not withdraw it, and she laughed, sitting on the deck in the darkness, till the air grew strong with the smell of the pigs, and her laughing faded into a gasping of breath. For the dead stopped up our air hole."

"I am full of resource, but the body stuck as it was, and the moments were not long enough to breathe in. She, for she trusted in me, sat on the deck with her head on my shoulder. It was very dark till the sun beat through the planks over our head, and the sparks of heat flew in the murk past our eyes. Ah Woon sat beside me, with her head on my shoulder, breathing in my ear, her lips open."

"I speak true when I say my breast was very full of noble thoughts. It was the pit of hell to my senses, but the shoulder of my heart was beating soft against her breast, and I waited for another to come and be stuck with the captain in the hawser hole in the stern."

"In the night suddenly her breath stopped, and I listened for long for it. It did not come back, and I felt of her breast in the dark, and there was no heart there at all, nothing. Then, because I was angry that the captain was stopping up the hole where the air came in, I rose and beat against the hatch, and cried out in my own tongue, with much cursing. And Ah Woon, being without breath, leaned in my arms and trusted to me, Mirabel, to save her."

"So they came and elevated off the hatch, and it was moonlight and the beams shone down and showed them me and Ah Woon, and the body of their captain stuck in a hole."

"They clamored greatly, and would have come down, but they were afraid, for Ah Woon was before them, and I bearing her up because she was without breath in her heart. And in the midst of their noise she turned and her face was white as she raised it to the malignancy of their visages, and they saw and drew back. Then I heard the voice of Ah Woon, and I ran up to them and fell out on the deck, and as one of them thrust at me with his knife, Ah Woon offered her breast, and no blood came at all, only a sigh."

"The smell of the accursed pigs came again to my nose, and I cried out frightfully, and drove them before me, Ah Woon whispering in my ear to go away and leave her. But she being beautiful, I would not. Besides she had kissed me as I had taught her, and she was mine, and I do not yield to rivals, even death."

"As I fought my way along the deck of the junk with Ah Woon, I looked up, and saw land a couple of miles away and a beach at the foot of it. So I leaped out with her in my arms, and as we struck the water her cheek fell against mine, and that was my reward for saving her. She was very beautiful, and her cheek sweet to the lips. 'You have saved me to remember among heathens that I am a man,' I said softly to her, 'and so I will take you to the trees for love of you.' And that instant a hatchet struck in my back, but she stopped it with her arm, so that it scratched me only, and I was not injured to swim. But no blood came from her wound, and the smell of the pigs came back very strong on me, and made the sea red disgustingly. And as I looked in the face of Ah Woon I knew I was going back to destroy the junk."

"But as I turned in the warm ocean to go back and kill the shadows on the junk, Ah Woon cast off my hold and a wave raised her from off my shoulder and took her cheek from mine, and my ear that was listening for her breath to come back was empty."

"I reached out for her, and my heart spun inside me. And then I saw that she was floating, her face to the sun, and I knew that Ah Woon was dead. She had died to save me, because so long as her breath fluttered in my ear I would have melted the world in a pot to scorch my enemies with. But as I stepped in the water there, looking at her, I said to myself, 'You have loved her, Mirabel, and she has been worthy, has she not?' So, though the men on the junk in whose shadow we floated, darted knives and hatchets upon me, I swam to Ah Woon, and kissed her before them without fear. And then I swam two long miles to the beach, and when I arrived I wept and ran away. Now, when the wines touch my lips or the winds breathe in my ear I love Ah Woon—and run away."

Mary Bell opened his eyes full on Marie, who studied over her knitting with shining eyes. "Ah!" she murmured. "What a man it is to love a dead woman!" Then she rose quietly from the doorway and looked out across the torrid plaza again.

The lover of Ah Woon laughed, softly. "She is looking for her 'usban'."

As Marie went in, Jerry rose heavily as if to follow her. Mary Bell glanced at him through half-closed lids. "I am brave," he whispered to himself, "but when I saw the wound in her breast, I ran away." His eyes closed, as if to dreams.

Jerry turned slowly and walked away across the plaza, the sun beating upon his bared head as he went.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1904.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Brief Guide to the Summer Novels.

All the works of fiction briefly, but far from perfunctorily, noticed below have some qualities that lift them at least a little above the average. Some of them are strong stories; others are light, but readable; they none of them are trashy or lacking a certain distinction. Brief as these reviews are, it ought to be possible to decide from them whether any given book will measurably meet the requirements of the individual taste:

"The Villa Claudia," by J. A. Mitchell. Illustrated by A. D. Blashfield and by the author. The Life Publishing Company; \$1.50—a clever, fantastic, gently humorous, love-story, the scene of which is a beautiful haunted villa in Italy; the chief characters an American youth and a girl; and the dominating feature the ghost of the poet Horace, not so good as "The Pines of Lory," but good.

"Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane. Frontispiece. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—by the author of "Mills of God"; one of the best stories of the year; the heroine is a child of love, a genius and poet, who is (in fiction only) beloved of the poet Burns; she scorns him because of his immoralities; and hoodwinks a Scottish court in order to save her other lover, Danvers, from conviction of a murder which Nancy believes he has committed for her sake; Nancy is a finely feminine, vivacious, and an altogether charming and unique figure in fiction; the handling of the dramatic theme is fresh, as is the theme itself; and the book has plenty of winsome, sparkling humor; its fault is the muddling of fact and fiction as to the poet Burns.

"The Seiners," by James B. Connolly. Frontispiece. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50—a sea novel by one who has heretofore been known only for his excellent short stories; excellent description of the life of Gloucester fishermen, exciting in spots, but lacking somewhat in continuity of interest, and weak as to the "love element" which the author has mistakenly thought it necessary to introduce.

"Fort Amity," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50—a readable story of America at the time of the French and Indian War, with plenty of brilliant color, love and war, Indians, Britishers, and Frenchmen.

"Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. The Century Company; \$1.50—three men and one woman held four ideals: the woman's ideal was enjoyment, one man's fame, another's wealth, the third man's self-sacrifice; in this novel, the author follows them in their quests through a year; it is a superior novel of society, refined, delicate, humorous, and wise.

"Bred in the Bone," by Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50—a collection of Southern stories, mildly amusing, but rather slight on the whole, lacking vivacity and dash.

"Daughters of Nijo: A Romance of Japan," by Onoto Watanna. Illustrations and decorations in color by Kiyokichi Sano. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a poetic, graceful, idyllic, ethereal story of Japan, of which flowers, moonlight, and love-making are the principal components; rather sweet and sentimental, but probably will be a popular book.

"The Grafters," by Francis Lynde. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50—a strong, virile, dramatic story of a long and desperate fight between a lot of unscrupulous politicians and a railway in the Middle West; bribes, tricks, violence, the courts, and the legislature figure in this spirited struggle, and the love-story is well handled; it is a book primarily for men, but women can not help but like it, too.

"Dorothea: A Story of the Pure in Heart," by Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—this is no hammock novel; it is serious literature, by one of the master-writers of the time, and demands seriousness and intellect in its readers; it tells in five hundred closely printed pages the story of a girl reared holily, unspotted by the world, who goes to Monte Carlo with her loose-living father, the theme is a good woman's long struggle with evil, handled with sympathy, delicacy, and power, the subordinate characters are drawn with exquisite precision, and the novel as a whole takes high rank.

"A Texas Matchmaker," by Andy Adams. Illustrated by F. Boyd Smith. Houghton Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a rattling good story, full of fun and the spirit of out-of-doors, dealing with ranch life on the Success River twenty-five years ago, the author is a retired cattleman, the author of that spirited narrative, "The Log of a Cowboy," and this book is "the real thing."

"The High Road: The Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother" Herbert S. Stone & Co.—a really remarkable story, whether fact or fiction, of how a hard, merciless, ambitious, and unscrupulous woman, without wealth or social standing, succeeds in breaking her way into New York and London society, and raising her three daughters and son to

wealth and titles; a repulsive but fascinating book, showing considerable insight into the seamy sides of character.

"The Stolen Emperor," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Frontispiece. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50—the author of this poetic and exciting story of old Japan knows the Japanese people almost as well and sympathetically as any foreigner can, and this story not only is worth while for its own sake, but will help the Occidental reader to a better understanding of Japanese character.

"Order No. 11," by Caroline Abbot Stanley. Illustrated by H. C. Edwards. The Century Company; \$1.50—a readable story of war times in Missouri; order No. 11 being that issued by General Ewing, commanding the people of a certain section of Missouri to abandon their homes; the author as a girl went through many of the experiences she describes, and the volume as a whole is capable and interesting.

"The Woman Wins," by Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50—a volume containing thirteen mildly entertaining short love-stories, well suited to an idle hour; this is a book with which *virginis et pueri* will be perfectly safe.

"The Transgression of Andrew Vane," by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Frontispiece. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50—a strong and wholly unusual story of the American colony in Paris, with which Carryl was thoroughly familiar; the plot is well sustained throughout, and the main characters are well-drawn and virile; on the whole, the book is of exceptional merit.

"The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—a pretty story of an actress and a playwright; the actress plays in sensual and tawdry plays; the playwright, loving her, wants her to forsake them for the good, the true, and the beautiful; she consents, and at first fails in the plays he writes for her, but in the end succeeds, and their "dream of love comes true."

"The Court of Sacharissa," by Nevill Meakin and Hugh Sheringham. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a fantastic, whimsical narrative of how six men—the Scribe, the Man of Truth, the Poet, the Mime, the Major, and the Exotic—wander out of London into the garden of a strange but delightful lady, who serves them tea, and invites them to come again, which they do, many times; the book is merely a record of their conversations; in the last chapter all six propose; properly romantic people will like "The Court of Sacharissa."

## Death of the Wife of Mark Twain.

The sad news comes from Florence, Italy, that Mrs. Samuel L. Clemens, the wife of Mark Twain, died there on June 5th of heart failure. It is said that Mr. Clemens refused to speak to any one, kneeling continually by the side of the coffin. The body will be sent to the United States for burial. Mrs. Clemens was Miss Olivia L. Langdon, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of Elmira, N. Y., where she was born. She became acquainted with Mr. Clemens through her brother, who was one of the "Quaker City" excursionists to Europe in 1867. It was this trip that caused Mark Twain to write "The Innocents Abroad." The acquaintance resulted in marriage in February, 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Clemens's devotion to each other was noted. The great humorist was accustomed to submit all his writings to his wife for her approval. Immediately after marriage Mr. and Mrs. Clemens went to Buffalo to live, and Mr. Clemens bought a third interest in the *Express*. Through an unfortunate book-printing enter-

prise, in 1889, he lost all his money. His greatest encouragement in starting life anew, burdened with thousands of dollars of debts, came from his wife. She was his constant inspiration in the years it took him to clear off his obligations, and was with him on all his lecturing tours. She accompanied him on his trip around the world, when he wrote "Following the Equator."

When Mrs. Clemens's health failed, she and her husband and children went to Italy, where it was hoped the climate would benefit her. Her health did not improve, though early in January it was reported that she was recovering. Two daughters, Clara and Jean, are the only surviving children.

## American Books in England.

Once more the question of the American book in England has been brought up for discussion, this time in the columns of the *London Daily Chronicle*. In an article recently published in that journal it was stated that the demand in England for literature coming from our side of the Atlantic is steadily on the increase. Whereupon Edgar Jepson writes to announce that for his part he has been watching the vigorous development of American fiction, "and reading much of it with no less pleasure and assuredly more profit than I derive from the most widely read novels of my countrymen and countrywomen writing today." Continuing with the expression of the belief that the Americans are leaving the English behind in "the genuine interpretation of life and character," he has this to say about our literary conditions: "The American novelist is far less trammelled than the English. He is not so fettered by the convention of dead novelists, the convention of the woolly English gentleman, the woolly English nobleman, who must be roughly a blackguard or a prig, the woolly English lady, young or old, the woolly English genius, male or female, the woolly English sailor, soldier, and so on. The American novelist is not only allowed but encouraged to write about live people, and very naturally produces live books."

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston.
5. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
3. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.
4. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
5. "The Hoot of the Owl," by Dr. Behr.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "Hemming the Adventurer," by Theodore Roberts.
3. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner.

Colored glasses for the sun and glare. Saves fatigue and headache on a sunny day.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## Wedding Invitations

PROPERLY ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON'S, 126 Post St.

## THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

## OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

## REMINGTON Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## Educational.

Manzanita Hall PALO ALTO CAL.

FOR BOYS.

PREPARATORY TO STANFORD

One teacher to every six pupils furnishes excellent opportunities for thorough work. Nearness to Stanford constant inspiration to students. The Lower School has separate dormitory.

Twelfth year opens August 22nd.

J. LE ROY DIXON, Principal.



Oregon. Portland.

ST. HELEN'S HALL

Has a Normal Kindergarten training class in connection with its Academic Department. Separate residence. Two-year course. Model kindergarten. Provides practice work. For details address

ELEANOR YEBBETTS, Principal.

## Gongtz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal. Gongtz School P. O., Pa.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post St. S. F. Send for Circular.

## The Busy Man's Friend

Up-to-date and condensed BUSINESS DIRECTORY. Contains 40,000 names of Business Men and Firms in San Francisco. One thousand pages. Arranged alphabetically and classified. Illustrated.

PRICE \$2.50

Your Business Address and other convenient data will be found in

THE SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE-BUILDING AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Now Ready for Delivery

A postal-card will bring our representative. Published by

THE IDEAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Phone James 5696

320 Sansome Street



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Professor George Davidson, head of the department of geography in the University of California, and a veteran mariner, has just completed a volume describing the discovery of San Francisco Bay. He has been gathering the material for the work for many years, and has just put the data together. The book will contain one hundred pages, and is now ready for the press.

Harper & Brothers announce for early publication "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," by the hand of the original Colonel William F. Cody. A life of Colonel Cody not written by himself is appended.

Winston Churchill has just bought a hostelry at Cornish, N. H., and it is announced that he will conduct it personally.

D'Annunzio has recently written a letter to *La Regina*, a Neapolitan monthly, in which he announces the early public appearance of a new Italian poet, a woman, who, in his judgment, is to rival Sappho. Her poems will be published under the pen name of Giulia da Sesto, and, according to D'Annunzio, will be found to reveal extraordinary powers of emotion and imagination.

Puck has a new editor in the person of John Kendrick Bangs, whose name now appears on the editorial page. He is the first of its responsible conductors to enjoy that honor since the death of Henry Cuyler Bunner. Harry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders" and "The Lions of Lord," succeeded Mr. Bunner as editor, but was never publicly announced as such. Mr. Bangs's previous editorial experience has been as editor of *Life*, *Literature*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the *Metro-politan Magazine*. For several years he conducted the humorous departments in *Harper's Bazar* and *Harper's Magazine*.

Acton literature will not come to an end with the publication of the scholar's letters to Miss Gladstone. The present Lord Acton is collecting his father's writings and lectures, published and unpublished, and will give them to the public in three or four volumes.

France is the one country in which literature is regarded with actual enthusiasm. To her long list of celebrations is to be added in July that of the literary centenary of George Sand. A committee of arrangements has been formed which includes, we are told, every name in France distinguished in literature, art, or science. The minister of public instruction is at the head of it.

Both Mr. Bryce and literature are to be congratulated on their escape from a loss which might have been irreparable. He is preparing a new edition of "The Holy Roman Empire" for publication in America. The *Manchester Guardian* announces that an interleaved copy containing all his fresh notes and additions went astray, a short time since, from a railway station near his house, at Hindlip, and disappeared for a fortnight. It turned up later, however.

There are at least three books now which fall under the classification, "automobile fiction." They are "The Lightning Conductor," by the Williamsons, which came out last year; G. Sidney Paternoster's "The Motor Pirate"; and Edward Porter's "Dennis McGrath, Autocrat."

Bliss Perry is at work on a biography of Walt Whitman for the American Men of Letters Series.

James Huneker, in a recent article, gives his personal impression of the English poet, Arthur Symonds. "The poet is present," he writes; "he peeps out of the cups of large, luminous eyes, with modulating hazel glances. His features are of the Greek cameo type, the nose straight, strong, decisive; the mouth is sensuously cut, and betrays love of life. The forehead is as it should be in a man of thought, broad, full to a remarkable degree in the allotted lodgement of the organs of causality; the entire mobile mask revealing impetuous imagination in a high degree. His coloring is a tempered old-gold, not so auburn as was Swinburne's, not so fiery as is Paderevski's."

The New York *Daily News* has been sold by Frank A. Munsey to Thomas P. Quinn, a well-known New York newspaper man, who has been the managing editor of that paper for some time. While no consideration is announced, it is said that the *News*, under its new ownership, will be a straight out-and-out Tammany organ.

Laurence Hutton, who died in Princeton on June 10th, aged sixty-one, was noted rather for intelligence and charm as a man and as a writer than for any creative genius that he may have possessed. He was a lover of books rather than a maker of books. He was the friend and associate of genius rather than himself a man of intrinsic power. He was at one time editor of *Harper's Magazine* for twelve years, and was lecturer on English literature at Princeton. He wrote on the drama ("Plays and Players"), and he wrote several charming volumes on "Literary

Landmarks" of several cities—London, Edinburgh, and Oxford among them. He was a noted collector of books and *objets d'art*, and possessed the best collection of death masks in the world.

One who knew Jokai says that the novelist never troubled to work out his plot in detail beforehand. "He trusted to his imagination for guidance as to what his characters were to do at a given moment, and often when he had completed a chapter of a feuilleton which half Hungary was waiting to read, he would remark to his friends, as the printer's devil rushed away with the copy, 'I should like to know what those people will find to do and say to-morrow.' Jokai started his characters on their careers, eulogizing them if he liked them, or caricaturing them if he meant them to excite amusement or derision, and then let them work out their own destinies across the pages of his manuscript."

J. Parmly Paret is putting the finishing touches on his monograph on "Lawn Tennis" in the next volume in the Macmillan Company's American Sportsman's Library. This will take up the larger part of the book, the remaining section containing Dr. William H. Madden's account of "Lacrosse."

## Herbert Spencer on Religion.

"The Autobiography of Herbert Spencer" contains a few highly significant passages concerning his attitude toward religious faith. He writes:

In childhood the learning of hymns, always, in common with other rote-learning, disagreeable to me, did not tend to beget any sympathy with the ideas they contained; and the domestic religious observances on Sunday evenings, added to those of the day, instead of tending to foster the feeling usually looked for, did the reverse. . . . Memory does not tell me the extent of my divergence from current beliefs. There had not taken place any pronounced rejection of them, but they were slowly losing their hold. . . . Criticism had not yet shown me how astonishing is the supposition that the Cause from which have arisen thirty millions of suns with their attendant planets, took the form of a man, and made a bargain with Abraham to give him territory in return for allegiance. I had not at that time repudiated the notion of a deity who is pleased with the singing of his praises, and angry with the infinitesimal beings he has made when they fail to tell him perpetually of his greatness. It had not become manifest to me how absolutely and immeasurably unjust it would be that for Adam's disobedience (which might have caused a harsh man to discharge his servant), all Adam's guiltless descendants should be damned, with the exception of a relatively few who accepted the "plan of salvation" which the immense majority never heard of. Nor had I in those days perceived the astounding nature of the creed which offers for profoundest worship a being who calmly looks on while myriads of his creatures are suffering eternal torments. But, though no definite propositions of this kind had arisen in me, it is probable that the dim consciousness out of which they eventually emerged produced alienation from the established beliefs and observations.

## New Publications.

"Poems," by Ben Field. Richard G. Badger; \$1.50.

"The Bride of Glendarg," by Allan McIvor. W. J. Ritchie; \$1.50.

"Silas Marner," by George Eliot. Edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross. Ph. D. Frontispiece. American Book Company.

"Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith. A new and condensed edition. Edited by Hector Macpherson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"Uncle Mac's Nehrasky," by William R. Lighton. Frontispiece. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25—good short stories on the David Harum order.

"Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904." With an introduction by Henry Cahot Lodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

"Calumet 'K,'" by Samuel Merwin and H. K. Webster. The Macmillan Company; 25 cents, paper—a well-printed reprint of a popular dollar-and-a-half hook.

"The Gates of Chance," by Van Tassel Sutphen. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—a series of strange, weird stories of adventure in modern New York.

"The Neighbor: The Natural History of Human Contacts," by N. S. Shaler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.40 net—a volume containing a discussion of the negro and the Jewish race.

"Robert Cavalier: The Romance of Sieur de La Salle and His Discovery of the Mississippi River," by William Dana Orcutt. Profusely illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co. —\$1.50.

"A Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin," by Frances Aymar Mathews. Illustrated in color. Robert Grier Cooke; \$1.50—a volume containing fourteen short stories—Chinese, Italian, French, English, and Canadian—of unequal quality; a few are strong.

"The Life of an Actor," by Pierce Egan. Poetical descriptions by T. Greenwood. Twenty-seven colored illustrations by Theodore Lane, and several designs on wood. A new edition. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—an excellent reprint of an interesting and once popular old book.

"The American Natural History," by William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park. Illustrated by two hundred and twenty-seven original drawings by Beard, Rungins, Sawyer, and others; one hundred and sixteen photographs, and numerous charts and maps. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50—here is a volume which can not be praised too highly; its author is one of our most distinguished naturalists; his style is uniformly vivacious and entertaining; the book's aim is to fill the chasm that now exists between the technical "zoology" of the college and the "nature study" lessons of the common schools; it splendidly succeeds.

Always insist upon having  
The Genuine

**MURRAY &  
LANMAN'S**  
Florida Water

The most refreshing and  
delightful perfume for the  
handkerchief, toilet and bath

## Spain in 1903

TWO  
ARGONAUTS  
IN  
SPAIN

BY  
JEROME HART

PEN-SKETCHES ON  
THE IBERIAN  
PENINSULA

Payot, Upham & Co.,  
Publishers. Two hundred and seventy pages and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter St., S. F.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—34 Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
202 Third St. 1738 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager. Proprietor.

## Winston Churchill's new novel

## The Crossing

The Boston Transcript says:

"So widespread is Winston Churchill's popularity, so breathless the public interest excited by each anxiously awaited new novel from his pen, that one is perforce compelled to pay him the compliment of early reading and thorough consideration. But his achievement is noteworthy. . . .

"The Crossing" is, moreover, far in advance of 'The Crisis.' It is more real, more genuine, more spontaneous, more vigorous, a clearer and more coherent picture of its times. It contains no little humor."

The Crossing is uniform with the two brilliant novels by Winston Churchill:  
RICHARD CARVEL and THE CRISIS.

Cloth, \$1.50. Illustrated in colors by SYDNEY ADAMSON and LILIAN BAYLISS.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 66 Fifth Avenue New York







Historical drama, in this epoch of managerial calculation, is approached by writers in a spirit of much greater flippancy than formerly. The tragedies of noted lives are almost inevitably selected for representation, but pageantry and frivolity hold equal rank with the portraying of great emotions. The result is to lend, perhaps, greater immediate entertainment, but less lasting value, to these stage portrayments of famous personages. David Belasco's "Du Barry" is a case in point. From the point of view of theatrical effectiveness it is a work calculated to make a very direct appeal to the interest of theatre-goers. The author, in writing his play, has always kept in view the superficial susceptibilities of the audience on the other side of the footlights. They must be amused by petty comedy, respond to sentimentality, yield an answering excitement to the conflict of the "big scenes," be moved to laughter by the audacities of the Du Barry, and, above all, be diverted by spectacle.

With these aims steadily in view, Mr. Belasco has constructed a play which, with its interest to the public mind further enhanced by the large sums spent on its production, has kept theatre-goers talking for three years. In spite, however, of the undoubted shrewdness and constructive ability that he has shown in working out the details of his play, "Du Barry" has a few dull moments. The canvas is too crowded. The play has a cast of some fifty speaking parts, many of them, no doubt, being added merely to enhance the splendor of the spectacle, but some of them unnecessarily cumbering and lengthening the action. The length of the waits on the first night, which were so great as to finally cause a demonstration of displeasure on the part of the audience, were due, no doubt, to delay of the baggage in arriving; but the length of the play itself is such as to make it rather surprising that its author has not previously considered it advisable to curtail it.

The piece is written all around Du Barry, and when she is not present the interest is comparatively slight. The audience does not always have a chance to gain individual impressions of the identity of the gorgeously costumed personages that pay court to the Du Barry, and it is quite possible to overlook the fact that royalty, in the person of Marie Antoinette, appears among the noble dames that figure in the shifting phantasmagoria of court life. Mr. Belasco places in the foreground the figures, so significant in Mme. Du Barry's meteoric career, of Duc de Richelieu and Duc d'Aiguillon, and Louis the Fifteenth occupies a sufficiently important place in the drama to emphasize the ascendancy that the king and his favorite mutually exert over the destiny of the other.

The king does not, however, make a very kindly showing in the play. This was perhaps the most ignominious period in the long career of Louis, once affectionately termed the Well Beloved. It was the epoch when the respect and regard of his people were come to an end. Louis, the aged voluptuary, had become the object of the jeers and lampoons of the Parisians, among whom was circulated at this time the following *pater*, dedicated to His Most Christian Majesty, and illustrative of the growing irreverence toward royalty, which was to be a terrible precursor to the ferocity and hatred of the Terror:

Our father who art in Versailles, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom is overcome, thy will is done no more on earth than it is in heaven. Give us our daily bread which you have taken from us; pardon your parliament which have upheld our interests as you pardon your ministers who have sold them. Do not succumb to the temptations of the Du Barry, but deliver us from that devil of a chancellor.

Yet even to the last the royal debauchee retained the princely demeanor of a man superior to the follies that condemn him. Sunk in sensuality, his will benumbed by a life of self-indulgence, the king, in physiognomy, manner, and speech, remained a type of the ancient *regime* and kindly to the last. In "Du Barry," although Charles Stevenson, the actor who impersonates the character, gives him a fine person, and build up the apine arch of the Bourbon nose, Louis is comparatively insignificant, appearing merely as the amorous monarch whose one monotonous cry to the Du Barry is "I'm mad for you."

Upon the character of Du Barry herself, Mr. Belasco has lavished an infinity of pains. He has depicted her humble beginnings, shown her as a vagabond father who comes to her from his daughter her last franc

earned in the milliner's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. There is a great deal of chatter in this act, and the coming and going of numerous fine people from the court. Here also appears the beginnings of Du Barry's love affair—an affair which, in reality, came to life subsequent to the king's death, at which epoch the favorite, amply endowed and living in retirement, while maintaining an outward show of respect toward the memory of her royal lover, did not scruple to give him several successors. For, from beginning to end, Du Barry was nothing more nor less than a courtesan. Belasco, by making her capable of love and fidelity toward Cossé-Brissac, throws a gracefully softening veil over the ugly fact, thus endowing his heroine with some of the quality necessary to secure the sympathy of the audience. It is the characteristic phases of the courtesan nature, however, which Mrs. Carter's peculiar methods enable her to particularly emphasize. The gayety, audacity, capriciousness, irresponsibility, the mercurial spirits, the good-nature, the ready impressionableness to each new and latest influence, the love of finery, the delight in luxury and display, the impudent assurance, and the gay unreserve of the *cocotte*; the mingling of all these qualities forms a sufficiently life-like character structure upon which Mrs. Carter is able to bestow the vivid color and movement of life.

It is in the representation of hysterically unrestrained emotion, however, that this actress particularly excels—the emotion natural to vulgar, undisciplined natures that know not self-control; such hysteria, indeed, as was indulged in by Zaza, that other child of the gutter, who threw herself into a cat-like frenzy of grief when fate threatened to rob her of her lover. Something of a similar scene occurs in "Du Barry," when the safety of the favorite's lover is menaced through the jealousy of the king. A curious quality about Mrs. Carter, during the height of her emotional acting, is her ability to arouse the sensibilities to a certain excitement, while the sympathies remain comparatively unmoved. She is totally unable to indicate tenderness, and her pathos smacks of mechanism, but few actresses are capable of the ardor and sustained energy which enables her to emerge triumphantly from so taxing a demand on the temperament and the physical strength as that made in the rôle of Jeannette Du Barry.

Mrs. Carter has scarcely sufficient facial beauty to suggest the charms essential to attract the sated regard of a king, but, from the *corsetière's* standpoint, she has a fine, showy body, which is effectively hejeweled and decorated in the scenes exhibiting Du Barry's reign over the dazzled senses of the king. The robe she wore during the scene of the fête in the garden recalls a description of one worn by another king's mistress, Mme. de Montespan, the haughty favorite of Louis the Fourteenth. "It was," said Mme. de Sévigné, "of gold on gold, reëmbroidered in gold, and above that a shaggy gold, restitched with a gold mixed with a certain gold, which makes the divinest stuff that ever was imagined." There is, undoubtedly, a certain theatrical gorgeousness in Mrs. Carter's gold-embroidered raiment, but it becomes her, and her figure stands out, set apart by its splendor from those other handsomely if less strikingly attired figures that bend and pay court before the Queen of Folly.

It was a lucky hit of Belasco's to give the levée of the favorite. Posterity, prizing the freedom and unconstraint of privacy, has always been curious and amazed at these bedroom levées at which kings and queens, reclining on their pillows, received in their night robes. The Du Barry, queen of the left hand, must ape her betters, and so, while she lies on a splendid canopied couch, whose satin draperies are upheld by chubby Cupids, the great nobles flock to her levée and bend to kiss her low-born hand. Du Barry, jeweled and robed from the waist up as for a reception, reclines until the excitements of the day begin, and the languor of the fine lady is thrown aside with the satin coverlet. Then

our curiosity concerning her nether garments is satisfied, for the favorite, as she paces angrily to and fro in her bed-chamber, switching her draperies in wrath at the insolence of the court ladies, reveals the long, plain, but gracefully fashioned folds of a night robe falling below the morning jacket of lace.

This act, which contains many elements of interest, is marred by some particularly paltry low comedy effects, during which both author and actress lend themselves most culpably to drawing forth the idle, foolish laughter of the crowd. It again recalls "Zaza," and the scene at the breakfast table, in which a similar perversion of humor is employed to such effect as to awaken criticism in all but the most unthinking. There is absolute unanimity in the standard of Mr. Belasco and his popular star, however, and one instinctively recognizes that neither does violence to the tastes of the other in these occasional transgressions against good taste and good art. It pays to make people laugh, whether or not the joke has its source in true humor. And the kind of play that "Du Barry" is pays, and pays well.

The entire essence of the play is sexualism. Du Barry's love is lacking in purity, dignity, constancy, and the affair with Cossé-Brissac is just as trumpery as everything else in her assortment of emotions, including her shallow, factitious remorse. For Belasco causes his butterfly to have a ten-minute fit of introspection, which is, in its way, true to life. That sort of nature does at times revel in the luxury of a sentimental, carefully coddled melancholy. The real Du Barry's greatest virtue was her good nature, and the strongest emotion of which she was capable was fear. The records of the time tell with what trembling and shuddering she went to her doom nineteen years after the death of Louis the Fifteenth, and how unable she was, in spite of her long association with the court aristocracy, to pattern herself upon the great ladies, who met death with courage and calm. Her shrieks for mercy echoed from the house-fronts so piteously as to awaken sympathetic chills even in the bosoms of the human wolves who howled around the tumbril, and her conductors were obliged to hasten on their way to the execution lest the people's pity should rob the guillotine of its victim.

This portion of the life-drama of the favorite goes more quietly. Mrs. Carter represents her as benumbed, rather than made frantic by terror. There is a preliminary scene in the prison which shows her bent and broken, "a reed shaken in the wind." Then comes the last famous scene. It is in the streets of Paris, and a chill, silent fall of snow muffles the house-fronts. Then the dawn comes slowly, the snow ceases. One or two soldiers and passersby appear, a distant outcry is heard, and, as by magic, the shutters of the tall buildings are thrown open, and wild faces look down. The red cap of liberty is seen everywhere, as a snarling, surging mob rushes upon the scene, following the tumbril in which sits the victim.

She is faint with fear, low-voiced and pitiful. There is no melodrama in this scene, but it is a living picture, torn from the bloody pages of history. Save for her terror and lack of self-control, Du Barry might be any of the grand ladies who rode, calm and upheld by the pride of race, through the streets of Paris with the taunts and jeers of the red-capped furies for their dirge. It is a wonderful piece of stagecraft, whose multitudinous details the eye can not take in. One is only conscious of the general effect, which is so powerful as to dwarf the pathos of the parting scene between Du Barry and her lover. So powerful, indeed, as to stimulate rather than abash the imagination, and one goes home with all the half-forgotten pictures of the terrible days of 1793 starting to new life.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henry Miller's season at the Columbia Theatre begins in the latter part of July.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
**Eye-Glasses**  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE**  
Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.  
Opening of the new season, Sunday evening, June 19th, with a superb production of the American comic-opera masterpiece,  
--: ROBIN HOOD --:  
Superb cast of artists.  
Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Seats now selling. Only matinee Saturday.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**  
Beginning Monday, June 20th, second and last week. Last six nights, matinee Saturday,  
**E. H. SOTHERN**  
In the miracle play,  
--: THE PROUD PRINCE --:  
By the author of "If I Were King." Last time Saturday night, June 25th.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.  
Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. Monday, June 20th, one week, the famous Clyde Fitch comedy,  
--: LOVERS' LANE --:  
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, June 27th—Annual summer engagement of White Whitley, presenting Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
To-night and all next week at eight o'clock sharp, David Belasco presents  
**MRS. LESLIE CARTER**  
In his new play,  
--: DU BARRY --:  
Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Regular matinee Wednesday at two o'clock. Special matinee Wednesday at two o'clock.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors.  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.  
Week starting Monday, June 20th, massive revival of the famous drama,  
--: LIGHTS O' LONDON --:  
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c and 25c.  
June 27th—Power of the Cross.

**Orpheum**  
Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 19th. Another big new show! Helen Bertram, late of the Bostonians; Howe and Scott; the Zarrow Trio; Gracey and Burnett; Foster and Foster; Eddie Heron and Company; Romani Trio; "Mike" Foster's Dog; San Francisco fire department shown in Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of August, Weston and Company.  
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

**Fischers THEATRE**  
Commencing with Monday, June 20th (first time here), the hilariously funny burlesque,  
**THE MORMONS**  
Brim full of new songs, dances, specialties, novelties. Presented by these great artists: Edna Aug, Freda Gallic, Garrity Sisters, York and Adams, Al Fields, Edwin Clark, Ben Dillon, Roy Alton. Remarkable chorus of forty voices. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Same popular prices.

**HOT AND HANDY**  
**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.  
**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

**ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES**  
Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells, etc. Repairs given prompt attention.  
**NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**  
455 Sutter St., San Francisco.  
Telephone Bush 639.

**Bohm Bristol Co.**  
DIAMONDS, PEARLS  
and  
SILVERWARE  
offer tasteful gifts for  
ENGAGEMENTS  
AND WEDDINGS  
**104-110 Geary Street**



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Another Week of Sothern.

Saturday night, June 25th, will be the date of the last performance given at the Columbia Theatre by E. H. Sothern in "The Proud Prince." This play, new to San Francisco, has received much favorable notice during its first week. It is a miracle play, and the transformation scenes in it are taken advantage of by the stage management, who secure notable effects. Mr. Sothern as King Robert of Sicily sustains a double rôle, being transformed into his own court fool, then back into his own personality. His work in this part is said to be of the highest order. The company is very large, and includes a body of trained singers.

## "Robin Hood" at the Tivoli.

For thirteen years the Bostonians played "Robin Hood" with success at high prices. Now the management of the Tivoli Opera House has secured the right to present it, and the opera will be seen there Monday night—the first time here at popular prices. Much attention has been given to a thorough rehearsal, and to insuring a production that will be correct in costumes and scenic effects. The new company and some of the Tivoli standbys will appear. The cast includes Kate Condon, the contralto, who comes here by special arrangement with the Bostonians; Edith Mason, who was here with the Southwell Opera Company; Barron Berthold, the tenor; Willard Simms, the well-known Eastern comedian; and John Dunsmore, said to be the best basso-profundo in comic opera.

## White Whittlesey's Return.

The Alcazar stock season ends next week. The pastoral comedy by Clyde Fitch, "Lovers' Lane," will be played. It was one of the Alcazar's successes last season. James Durkin will be the young minister, the part formerly played by Ernest Hastings; John B. Maher will double the parts of Uncle Bill and Mr. Skilling, the manager of the country opera-house, who posts his own bills; Mr. Osbourne will be seen in his original creation of the amiable store-keeper; Adèle Block will be Mary Larkin, the new school-teacher from New York; Juliet Crosby will impersonate the love-lorn school-ma'am; Annie Miffin, who has played every part in this play with the exception of Simplicity Johnson, will assume in this production the character of Mrs. Hosea Brown; Simplicity Johnson will fall to the lot of Frances Starr. On Monday, June 27th, White Whittlesey will begin a short season. Marie Rawson has been selected as his leading lady. Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" has been secured for Mr. Whittlesey's opening. Mr. Whittlesey will be seen as Robert Clay, and Miss Rawson will assume the character of Hope Langham.

## Fischer's New Burlesque.

The management of Fischer's Theatre claim that on Monday night they will present the greatest novelty ever seen there. It is a burlesque entitled "The Mormons," by J. D. Brusie, and was written especially for the people who are to sing it. The characteristics and abilities of Edna Aug, Yorke and Adams, Edwin Clarke, Roy Alton, Ben Dillon, the Garrity Sisters, and the other leaders of the Fischer company were studied by the author while writing the burlesque. It is promised that everything in the way of scenery, stage settings, and costumes will be new. One of the features of the show is the reappearance of Freda Gallick, who has been singing in the East, and who will assume the leading rôle until the arrival of Dorothy Morton. There are so many songs in "The Mormons" that cencores will not be allowed.

## Mrs. Carter at the Grand.

Local theatre-goers have the satisfaction of seeing "Du Barry" produced by Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Grand Opera House exactly as it has been presented all over the East. It is identically the same in scenery, costumes, and stage effects. During Mrs. Carter's engagement she will play two matinées each week—a regular matinée on Saturdays, and a special afternoon presentation of "Du Barry" on Wednesdays. The play is of such uncommon length that the management finds it imperative to raise the curtain on the first act promptly at eight o'clock in the evenings and at two o'clock at the matinées.

## Local Scenes in Moving Pictures.

Helen Bertram, soprano, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week. When last here, she was with the Bostonians. Howe and Scott, Hebrew comedians, promise a surprise. They are the originators of Hebrew cake-walking, and are said to be the funniest of Jewish impersonators. The Zarrow Trio, comedy bicycle performers, will give their "Night on the Board Walk." Dan Gracey and Ada B. Burnett will present their comedy sketch, "A Royal Janitor." Foster and Foster, comedy pianists, will also be new to San

Francisco. They sing well, and give a grand-opera burlesque. Mlle. Louise Agoust and Charles H. Weston, in their comedy juggling act; Eddie Heron and his company, presenting "A Friend of the Family"; the Romani Trio of European novelty musicians; and "Mike," Foster's dog, will help out a varied and excellent programme. A special feature, and one of unusual interest to San Franciscans, will be the series of motion pictures showing the recent review of the San Francisco fire department. These views were taken for the St. Louis exposition, and are replete with local color.

## Testimonial Week to Stockwell.

Beginning Monday night, "Lights o' London," by George R. Simms, will be the play at the Central Theatre. The revival of the play will be on a massive scale. Interest in its production is lent by the fact that the whole week will be a testimonial benefit to the veteran actor, L. R. Stockwell, who will appear in the rôle of Jarvis, the Thespian. Julia Blanc will be Mrs. Jarvis. The cast will be a long one, including Mayall, Lawton, Webster, Howell, Booth, Shumer, Nicholls, Gordon, Ellsmere, and Woodthorpe. The numerous characters portray both high and low life in the world's capital. The scenery and scenic effects are varied and striking.

## A Changed Yvette Guilbert.

The London correspondent to the New York Globe writes interestingly of Yvette Guilbert's return to London music-halls, and of the change that has taken place in her. She seems to have grown young during the past few years. She is no longer the "lanky, black-gloved, sad-eyed Yvette, who half sung, half recited ballads of the slums of Paris, and made the sordid woe and the sordid joy of them so real that the sodden men and women in them seemed to live before us. . . . Her eyes sparkle, her voice rings full and clear; she is lithe and alert." Also, she is singing songs of a different character—little ballads, love songs, dainty in sentiment, full of coquetry and humor. Some of them are pensive, but all of them are moral. "The tunes—no one knows who wrote many of them—are of the simplest, thin flowing major or minor harmonies, quaint in accent, delicate in rhythm, wistful or sparkling in melody, but with none of the complex, nervous restlessness of latter-day songs."

A well-known French actor has just finished his memoirs with the following startling statistics: "I played in 98 towns 3,868 evenings in 371 pieces, and in 455 different rôles. I was married 1,721 times on the stage. I died 1,120 times, and in many styles. For example, I was stabbed 61 times; I was shot 51 times; I was drowned 22 times; I was poisoned 166 times; I had my skull smashed 86 times; I ruptured blood vessels 192 times; I was decapitated 31 times; I was assassinated 109 times; I was executed 33 times; I committed suicide 314 times; and I died a natural death 55 times."

Berlin has a Svengali-Trilby case. Mme. Madeline, the wife of a merchant there, has a gift of dancing divinely, and says that she can dance only when under the hypnotic sway of Professor Emil Magnin, who, with a few passes of his hands, causes her to sway and glide with wonderful grace. It is easier to disbelieve than to disprove the assertion that hypnotism enters into the performance.

Judge Richardson has decided against Edward J. Ratcliffe, the actor, who brought suit against Nance O'Neil, McKee Rankin, and John Schoeffel, in Boston, for breach of contract. Ratcliffe alleged that a partnership contract existed between himself and the defendants.

The roof-garden season opened in New York Monday. Nearly all the theatres have closed their doors for the summer.

## Pachman Arrives.

Although he is not to open his season until fall, Vladimir de Pachman, the famous Russian pianist, has arrived in New York. One of his friends explained that Pachman came over at this time because he is too much afraid of the sea to cross at any other time. He will not begin his concert tour until October, but rather than wait until then to make the voyage, M. de Pachman will spend the summer in the Catskill Mountains. After his concert season ends next April, he will wait here until June to return. He was ill during the entire voyage.

Ethel Barrymore, who comes to the Columbia Theatre in July, will be seen in "Cousin Kate."

Baron and Baroness de Felzins, of Paris, arrived on Sunday. They will tour California.

## OUTING WEAR

## BATHING SUITS

FOR ALL

An endless variety of patterns—cheap, medium, and costly. Also Shoes, Caps, and Wings.

## SWEATERS FOR ALL

MEN'S .....\$1.50 to \$6.00  
BOYS' ..... .75 to 3.00  
LADIES' ..... 4.00 to 7.50

LEGGINGS, HATS, CAPS, BELTS, Etc.

## FOR ALL SEASONS AND PLACES

## Form-Fitting Underwear

LINEN LISLE  
SILK WOOL

Of exceptional value in fit, style, and comfort.

**J. J. Pfister**  
KNITTING CO.

60 GEARY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO

## VACATION 1904

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"Vacation" is issued annually by the

## California Northwestern Railway

The picturesque route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

## Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms Where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "Vacation 1904" contains over 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, terms, etc.

To be had in response to a mail request, or at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; general office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen'l Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantees Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HEERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Kohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, Asst. Cashier, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK, President  
S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Vice-President  
Fred W. Ray, Asst. Cashier, Secretary  
Directors—William Alford, William Barcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy, President  
Arthur Legallet, Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz, Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. C. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP...\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gunn, President  
Geo. D. Gray, Vice-President  
George F. Lyon, Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark, Cashier  
W. F. Williamson, Asst. Cashier  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SUMMERS, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President, F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier, FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier, JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, 216 Sansome Street. Manager Pacific Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid in Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. COREIN, Secretary and General Manager.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace.



## VANITY FAIR.

The most sensational London sporting cause célèbre since the baccarat scandal, ended the other day before Judge Grantham, of the king's bench. There ended, too, the social career of one of the most remarkable adventurers of modern times, a man of the Barry Lyndon type. "It generally happens," says the *Sun's* London correspondent, "that in cases of this sort the man who is really on his defence is the plaintiff in court. So it has been with Robert Standish Sievier, known to every racing man as Bob Sievier, and to practically the whole of the British public as the owner of the famous mare Sceptre, who cost him \$50,000 as a yearling at the dispersal of the late Duke of Westminster's stud, and won over \$125,000 in stakes as a three-year-old, starting for the Derby as the hottest favorite on record, and losing. South Africa, Australia, England, and the Continent have all known him in turn as soldier, actor, bookmaker, divorcee, betting agent, race-horse owner, bankrupt, and gambler. The action arose out of a visit Sievier paid to the Raleigh Club. He was noticed by Sir James Duke. Sir James protested to Sievier's host against introducing such a man into the club. The fact came to Sievier's ears, and he took action against Sir James Duke for having accused him of being a card sharper, a thief, and a murderer, and also of having pulled Sceptre, or caused him to be pulled, in the Derby. The verdict was for Sir James.

"Many facts about Sievier's life were brought out in the trial. He was born in London in 1860. He went to school at Cheltenham College, and, leaving at the early age of sixteen, then went to South Africa. He returned to England, and for three or four years was on the stage, acting in India, as well as in London and the provinces. In 1882, he went to Australia. During this first visit to Australia, Sievier was expelled from the Victoria Club, sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for assault, and divorced from his wife for cruelty, desertion, and adultery. It was in Australia, too, that a man, who had played cards with him, was found dead under Sievier's window. It was as a bookmaker and a gambler in Australia that Sievier made the money with which to float himself in good society in London. He won thousands from 'Jubilee Juggins' (young Benson), who gambled away \$1,000,000 in two years. He came to London, installed himself comfortably in the West End, and managed to become a member of such a high class club as Boodle's. He had even the audacity to get himself presented at court. But it was the first step in Sievier's downfall. Within ten months, Sievier's presentation was cancelled by the Lord Chamberlain. The world is small, and Sievier was noticed at once by some one who had known him as Sutton, the Australian bookmaker. His efforts at explaining this away were futile. So Sievier returned to Australia to allow things to settle down. Then he returned, bought race-horses, took country houses, had a town residence, and lived as though his resources were inexhaustible. How did he do it? He had no settled income. But he had an eye for a horse, some skill at billiards, a certain expertness at cards, and a knack of forming the acquaintance of fast young men of money with similar tastes, but with not so strong a head for liquor as Bob Sievier. It was during this period, too, that he married the second time. Throwing over the young lady to whom he was engaged, he ran off with Lady Mahel Brudenell Bruce, sister of the late Marquis of Ailesbury, two days before she was to have been married to another man. Lady Mahel had \$200,000 in her own right; the last of it went in a couple of years. But it was the obliging young men who were prepared to lose hundreds over a game of billiards, or thousands over a few hands at cards, that kept Sievier in funds. Here are a few examples of those which came out during the trial. While at the Hotel Metropole, he met a young man named Renton. A little game of cards in Sievier's rooms, the third player being a man named Cavanagh, a notorious crook, resulted in Renton owing his host \$18,000.

"Another little episode that was described, referred to a game of billiards with a rich young man named Horn. Horn, whose suggestive nickname was 'Drinking Horn,' met Sievier at Monte Carlo. One Sunday night there was a game of billiards. On Monday morning young Horn was found in his bedroom in a state of drunken coma, from which it was impossible to rouse him, even with the help of a doctor, for fourteen hours. His checkbook was on the floor, the ink still wet upon it, and the ink was still wet upon the pen that had been used. Six checks had been torn out of the book. It was evident that before he collapsed completely Horn tried four times in vain to draw out a check, for as soon as the bank opened that morning Sievier's valet presented two checks signed by Horn, but drawn out in Sievier's hand. One check was for \$500, payable to Sievier, and the other, and indorsed by her,

This was cashed at once. The second for \$2,500 was refused for inquiries, and when the manager of the bank learned the condition of young Horn, he referred Sievier to the London branch. Here, too, the check was refused, and eventually Sievier passed it on to a bookmaker. Such were the games of cards and billiards out of which Sievier made thousands. For three days Sievier was on the stand undergoing the severest cross-examination. His audacity and courage were magnificent. His hard life has left no mark on him outwardly. Poor 'Drinking Horn' is dead, but Sievier stood up perfectly dressed, showing a smooth white skin and thick, well-grown hair. Neither time nor troubles had placed a wrinkle on the smooth broad forehead. Smiling and debonaire, he came through the trying ordeal without flinching once. It was only as he listened to the eloquent peroration of his counsel addressing the jury that he at last broke down. Such a moving appeal on behalf of his client was made by the barrister, that Sievier, hardened man of the world as he is, fairly broke down and wept like a child."

Miss Isidora Duncan's dancing to the serious music of Beethoven has been one of the principal topics in Parisian artistic circles during the past few days. Miss Duncan, who had already appeared before the French public in a series of Greek dances last year, took the immense hall of the Trocadéro, which seats nearly five thousand persons, and it was packed from floor to topmost gallery. A pianist played some selections from the sonatas of Beethoven, ending with the familiar but beautiful "Moonlight" sonata. Then the Colonne orchestra played the Seventh Symphony, while the nimble feet and arms of the young woman essayed to "interpret" the piece to the audience. Whether she succeeded or not is the question which divides those who have witnessed the spectacle. Some think she brought out the purposes of the composer and his moods to perfect satisfaction, and others declare that Beethoven's great symphonies have no need of any "interpretation," much less of that of the terpsichorean art. They say Beethoven must have turned in his grave. "There is justification," says the Paris correspondent of the London *Sketch*, "for both views, and at any rate Miss Duncan has no need of feeling badly as regards her reception in Paris. The Beaux-Arts students, some hundreds strong, formed a torchlight procession about her carriage as she drove off from the hall, and to cries of 'Vive Isidore!' repeated in martial rhythm, escorted her to her hotel. And now we shall shortly hear what Berlin (where Miss Duncan first won her popularity and where she is soon to have her own theatre) will say to her going a step further than when she was there before and seizing upon the masterpieces of their great musical divinity as material for her own art."

The principle in law that insanity is not a sound or natural ground for divorce was set forth, the other day, by Superior Judge M. T. Allen, of Los Angeles, in refusing to grant a decree to Mattie A. Kentring. The woman represented, and was corroborated by her mother, that her husband, Frank Kentring, was a victim of periodic insanity; that she often feared for her life in his presence; that he frequently threatened suicide; that in one of his fits of aberration he drove her from their home. In denying the divorce, Judge Allen said: "Insanity on the part of either husband or wife is no ground for divorce. Persons who are under the marital obligations, if one or the other lose his or her mind, are in justness bound each to the other more closely. Insane persons are not responsible. On this theory they are immune from punishment for criminal acts, and I see no good reason why they should be held accountable under a condition which of its own nature tends to abrogate the marital contract. There is no condition in life under which the unfortunate partner should receive greater attention or more loving care and kindness than under the burden of a disordered mind. The decree is denied."

At the sale of Princess Mathilde's jewels in Paris some good prices were received. A pear-shaped pink diamond was knocked down after lively bidding to Mne. Frank for 69,100 francs (\$13,820). A dog collar, with five rows of 320 pearls in all, capable of division into two bracelets, went to M. Hutter for 53,650 francs (\$10,730). A small traveling carved clock in bronze and gilt, made by Breguet in 1810 for Napoleon the First, was taken by M. Ducrey for 10,400 francs (\$2,080).

A recent lawsuit in the courts between the president and vice-president of a smart dressmaking establishment has called attention to a peculiar phase of the dressmaking trade—the system of long credits entailing a large outlay of capital. Successful concerns have found that "long credit" is not only desirable, but essential to the financial prosperity of their business. While many in the dressmaking business have no hesitancy in admitting their profit to be one hundred per cent., they show conclusively that their expenses

are so enormous that this one hundred per cent. diminishes to fifty per cent. and sometimes twenty-five per cent. A woman at the head of one of the smart establishments says: "The wives of our multi-millionaires know absolutely nothing of the value of money, and never realize that the modiste who gowns them may need the money they owe to pay her own bills with. Were she to present this fact to them she would doubtless lose their custom and that of their set. The fiat would go forth: 'Do not go to So and So's. They can't be any good and can't have much of a trade, for they are always dunning for their money.' You needed their money; you therefore could not make a smart gown, and they would go to some rival establishment, where they would be welcomed with open arms, and because they had left the first modiste, the second would only too gladly give them unlimited credit. This is one of the reasons why long credit and good names are essential assets of a successful dressmaking business."

Mrs. Goodbody—"I hope you will excuse my husband's intemperance at your party last night." The hostess—"My dear Mrs. Goodbody, pray don't mention it; I told him to make himself thoroughly at home."—Judy.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; its reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Temp.	Min. Temp.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
June 19th.....	66	52	.00	Clear
" 10th.....	72	52	.00	Clear
" 11th.....	86	56	.00	Clear
" 12th.....	90	60	.00	Clear
" 13th.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 14th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy
" 15th.....	54	50	.00	Cloudy

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 15, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000 @ 105 3/4		105 3/4	
U. S. Coup. 4% Old	1,000 @ 107		107	
Bay Co. Power 5%	2,000 @ 101 3/4		101 3/4	
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%.....	1,000 @ 85		84 1/2	85 1/2
Edison L. P. 6%.....	5,000 @ 124		124	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	4,000 @ 111 3/4		111 3/4	
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	1,000 @ 101 1/2		101	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	8,000 @ 117		115 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	1,000 @ 114 1/2		114 1/2	115
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	8,000 @ 107- 107 1/2		107	
North Shore Ry 5%.....	10,000 @ 100 3/4		100	100 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	4,000 @ 119 1/4		119 3/4	
Oakland Transit 5%.....	31,000 @ 111- 111 1/2		111 1/2	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 96 1/4		96 1/4	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	19,000 @ 116 1/2-116 3/4		116 3/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	1,000 @ 109 3/4		109	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	12,000 @ 108		107 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%.....	8,000 @ 105 3/4			
S. V. Water 4%.....	3,000 @ 98 3/4			
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley.....	193 @ 37 1/2- 37 3/4		37 1/2	38
	Banks.			
Bank of California.....	10 @ 425		425	
	Powders.			
Giant Con.....	25 @ 60 3/4		60	61
	Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.....	220 @ 50		50	52
Hutchinson.....	100 @ 8 1/4		8	9
Makaweli S. Co.....	65 @ 21 1/2		21 1/2	22
Pauuhau S. Co.....	75 @ 13- 13 1/4		13	13 1/4
	Gas and Electric.			
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	155 @ 60 3/4- 61 1/2		61 1/2	62
	Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	65 @ 137 1/2-138 1/2		139	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	10 @ 90		89 1/2	90 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	310 @ 4 1/2- 4 3/4		4 1/2	

Spring Valley Water has been steady, with no change in price.

Alaska Packers sold off one and a half points to 137 1/2 on sales of 65 shares, closing at 139 asked.

The sugars have been quiet, with narrow fluctuations. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling at 50, Hutchinson at 8 1/4, Makaweli Sugar Company at 21 1/2, Pauuhau Sugar Company at 13-13 1/4. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and on sales of 155 shares advanced one and one-eighth points to 61 1/2, closing at 61 1/2 bid, 62 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



## GOODYEAR'S "GOLD SEAL"

Rubber Goods the best made

## RUBBER HOSE, BELTING, AND PACKINGS

We are headquarters for everything made of Rubber.

## GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

R. H. PEASE, President.  
F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer.  
C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

573-575-577-579 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.



Every genuine Hartshorn shade roller has the autograph signature of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Ask your dealer for the IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER. No scratches required to attach brand. WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.

## Free Trial DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH



We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin. The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women. Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

THE MISSES BELL  
78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York  
FOR SALE BY  
OWL DRUG CO.  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.85
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Channing Clapp, of Boston, was for some years after the Civil War a cotton planter in the South. Mr. Clapp had on his plantation a little hoy in buttons called "Sam." Sam one afternoon pointed to a hottle on his master's bureau, and said: "Mars Channing, am dat hair oil?" "Mercy, no, Sam, that's glue," said Mr. Clapp. "I guess dass why I can't git mah cap off," said Sam, thoughtfully.

Dr. Evans, the American dentist, who achieved such success in Paris, once received, before he went abroad, a letter from a young Vermonter who wanted a set of false teeth made and sent to him. The letter concluded: "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighth inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a boss shew, toe forard.. If you want me to he more particular I shall have to come thar."

When Charlemange Tower, United States minister to Germany, was on his way to that country, he fell into conversation with a very intelligent lady, a stranger, who told him that, among the places she intended to visit on her travels, was the Charlemange Cathedral—"Charlemange Towers, I call them," she added. "Then," said the diplomat, handing her his card, "when you go to Berlin visit the one there."

At a colliery, near Leeds, is a shaft with a staging around it, its height being considerably above the average of such erections in the West Riding. A miner had fallen off this staging to the ground, and on recovering consciousness, was offered a glass of water by one of the men who had picked him up. Looking at the water in disgust and amazement, he exclaimed: "—, hoo fur doos tha' ha' to fall at this pit afore they gives yer brandy?"

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, is on friendly terms with the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, and is careful never to say anything that will offend him. But he likes harmless pleasantry once in a while. Some one informed him that President Roosevelt had decided to discontinue the training in *jin-jitsu*, and asked him if he could guess why. "Can't imagine the reason," replied the envoy; "perhaps Cassini objected to the lessons as a breach of neutrality."

Here is a story that illustrates the estimate the German citizen places on sauerkraut as a food staple. A German was speaking last fall about the high price of cabbage. "I tell you, dese kabhages is awful high, dis year," he said; "me und me vife puts up six, seven, eight harrels of sauerkraut every year—but ve can't dis year. Dem kabhages dey cost too much." "You put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Chris?" he was asked. "Oh, yes—two or tree barrels—just to haf in de house in case of sickness."

A young globe-trotter was holding forth during a dinner in Paris about the loveliness of the Island of Tahiti, and the marvelous beauty of the women there. One of the Barons Rothschild, who was present, ventured to inquire if he had remarked anything else worthy of note in connection with the island. Resenting the baron's inquiry, the youth replied: "Yes; what struck me most was that there were no Jews and no pigs to be seen there." "Is that so?" exclaimed the baron, in nowise disconcerted; "then if you and I go there together we shall make our fortunes."

Frank Everest, of Atchison, Kas., is a good deal of an American, having small admiration left for foreign lands or people. Not long ago he went to Europe on business. During the voyage he and other passengers were much annoyed by a Bostonian, who talked a great deal about the number of times he had been abroad. He laid great stress on the fact that he went over twice a year. "Have you ever been abroad?" he asked Everest. Everest admitted he was making his first trip. "I go over twice a year," said the Bostonian. "Oh, do you?" replied Everest; and he added, "Have you ever been to Omaha?" The Bostonian said he hadn't. "Well," said Everest, "I go there twice a week."

It was Gladstone's habit when in Paris to visit the Latin Quarter, where he haunted the second-hand book-shops. One day, as he entered a shop near the Odéon, he found the bookseller talking with an odd-looking person who held in his hands an old edition of Villon's poems. His dress was ragged and dirty, his face matted with hair, and he had "the eyes of an archangel and the mouth and jaw of a baboon." The respectful attitude of the bookseller showed, though, that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they discussed early French poetry;

then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. "Who is that gentleman?" inquired Gladstone, with interest; "he has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry." "Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!"

When the late Elliott F. Shepard published a newspaper in New York, he printed at the head of the editorial column each afternoon a Scriptural text. The editor of one of the sensational newspapers instructed a reporter to interview Mr. Shepard, and outlined the questions the young man was to ask. All went well until the interviewer asked: "Why do you publish Bible extracts? The one today dealt with the Crucifixion. Do you consider that news?" "I do," emphatically responded Mr. Shepard; "it is news to a great many people—especially so, I believe, to the gentleman who sent you to question me."

Richard Canfield, of New York, was asked by Lance Thackeray and Tom Browne, the English illustrators, to give them some examples of characteristic American humor, as they hoped to write a book about America on their return to England. Mr. Canfield responded with the story of a Western friend about whom a newspaper, through an error, published a premature biography. The friend wrote to the editor as follows: "SIR: I desire to call your attention to a few errors in your obituary of myself of Wednesday last. I was born in Washington, not in Wheeling, and my retirement from the flour and feed business in '96 was not due to ill health, but to hard times. The cause of my death was not pneumonia."

Charles Emory Smith stands high as an editor, diplomat, and man of affairs. But he and the late Matthew Quay were not always friendly. After Quay had successfully conducted the Harrison campaign, he took front rank in Washington, and was consulted by President Harrison when the latter began to think of appointments for the diplomatic service. He wanted to give Smith a post, so had Secretary Blaine sound Quay for his opinion in the matter. "Senator," said the Secretary, "you know Charles Emory Smith?" "Yes," was the reply; "very well." "Would you care if he received a foreign appointment?" "No," was the quick reply, "the foreigner the better." So Mr. Smith went to St. Petersburg.

## The Unexpected Letter.

The other morning Mr. Neevius, a struggling tradesman on the West Side, was discussing with his wife and children the possibility of their seeing the St. Louis fair. "I don't see how we can go," he said; "we couldn't afford to pay the hotel bills. I have a cousin there, but I don't feel like imposing on him. Besides, I wouldn't want to go unless I got an invitation, and I haven't heard from him for ten years. I don't even know whether he's alive yet or not, and—"

At this moment the door-bell rang. The youngest daughter went to the front door.

She returned a moment later with a large, fat letter.

"It was the postman," she said; "he left this."

Mr. Neevius carelessly opened it, and glanced at the contents.

An exclamation burst from his lips.

It was the grocer's monthly bill.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Cereal Foods

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Mary.

Mary sat upon a pin  
But showed no perturbation;  
For some of her was genuine  
But most was imitation.—*Sphinx.*

## The Republican Platform.

"Short, incisive, precise, and concise."  
So must the platform be.  
Teddy demands it, Teddy commands it.  
Crook the subservient knee.  
"Short, incisive, precise, and concise."  
Boil it we should and must.  
So cut out the platitudes, and let our attitude  
Just be, "In Ted We Trust."—*Puck.*

## Limerick.

A charming young lady named Cholmondeley,  
In figure and feature most colmondeley,  
Will be Mrs. Colquhoun  
On the second of Jolquhoun,  
And pronounce her new name just as rolmondeley.  
—*London Globe.*

## The Boatrice.

I.  
I have purchased myself a ticket and take my  
place in the train.  
I see about me many maidens and many robust  
young men  
Talking to them. They seem to like it.  
I see about me old grads, with drinks under their  
belts.  
There are many flags.

II.  
We move swiftly up the track to where the race  
is to be.  
Here we remain in the hot sun upward of three  
hours.  
Here the sun raises on my neck blisters, water  
blisters,  
Blood blisters and plain blisters.  
The race can not be rowed because there is too  
much wind.  
I am filled with joy that I have coughed up two  
bones  
For this.

III.  
Years, decades, centuries pass and the oarsmen  
appear.  
They are clad in a garment which shall be name-  
less.  
I see a pistol raised. There is a flash. They com-  
mence.  
Around me pandemonium breaks out. I hear  
cheers, cries,  
Groans, encouragements, entreaties, pleadings,  
betting.  
Supplications. I hear "hell," "damn," "pull,"  
"lobster," and  
Some new ones.

IV.  
Ten minutes pass. The oarsmen keep doing it.  
They contract chapped hands, shortness of breath,  
Anemia and abdominal pains. Then the race is  
Over.  
In the train are congratulations, noises, felicita-  
tions,  
Liquidation of debts and mushy talk between  
The sexes.  
I am hungry.  
—"Wolt Whitman" in the Cornell Widow.

Always think before you speak. Before  
you write, think a long time.—*Somerville Journal.*

## Nelson's Amucose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and  
inflammations of the skin.

Tesla Bricquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.



In this package you get both liquid and  
powder. This is the Large Size.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Louis ..... June 25 | St. Paul ..... July 9  
Germanic ..... July 2 | Philadelphia ..... July 16  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Merion ..... June 25, 10 am | Haverford ..... July 9, 10 am  
Westerland ..... July 2, 10 am | Friesland ..... July 16, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba ..... June 25, 9 am  
Minnetonka ..... July 2, 9 am  
Minneapolis ..... July 9, 2 pm  
Minneapolis ..... July 16, 8 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada ..... June 25 | Kensington ..... July 9  
Vancouver ..... July 2 | Dominion ..... July 16

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Ryndam ..... June 28 | Rotterdam ..... July 12  
Noordam ..... July 5 | Rotterdam ..... July 19

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Finland ..... June 25 | Kronland ..... July 9  
Vaderland ..... July 2 | Zealand ..... July 16

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Oceanic ..... June 29, 7 am | Baltic ..... July 13, 5 pm  
Teutonic ..... July 6, 10 am | Majestic ..... July 20, 10 am  
Celtic ..... July 8, 1 pm | Cedric ..... July 22, 1 pm  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cretic ..... June 30, July 28, Aug. 25  
Republic (new) ..... July 7, Aug. 11, Sept. 8  
Cymric ..... July 14, Aug. 18, Sept. 15

Boston Mediterranean Direct  
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Canopic ..... July 2, Aug. 27, Oct. 8  
Romanic ..... July 9, Sept. 17, Oct. 29  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Coptic ..... Wednesday, June 22  
S. S. Gaelic ..... Thursday, July 14  
S. S. Doric ..... Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Coptic ..... Saturday, September 10  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 25, at 11  
A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 2, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, July 7, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

TYPEWRITERS. GREAT  
BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than  
any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.  
Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE  
a new and original process through which we  
are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pic-  
tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film  
is developed separately, thus making it possible  
to assure the correct treatment for every ex-  
posure. There is no increase in cost; simply  
more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-  
velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-  
thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San  
Francisco.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-  
lished 1876—18,000 volumes.  
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED  
1865—38,000 volumes.  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-  
lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 243  
Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED  
June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.  
If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will  
want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit  
cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay  
you to see our large assortment of these goods,  
and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn,  
Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## PIANISTA PIANO PLAYER

## ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLARK WISE & CO., Agents  
126 GEARY STREET

CONCERTS DAILY—FREE.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Moss, daughter of Colonel Louis M. Moss, U. S. A., to Captain Edgar Fry, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Constance Lawrence, daughter of Mrs. M. V. Tingley Lawrence, to Mr. Robert Dean, will take place on the evening of June 27th. The ceremony will be performed at half after eight by Rev. John Henniphill. Miss Alice Livlum, of Denver, will be maid of honor, and among the bridesmaids will be Miss Eugenie Havens, Miss Irene Ludlum, and Miss Beatrice Splivalo. Mr. Lucien Knight will be best man.

The wedding of Miss Rose Ellen Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, to Mr. Simon Frank, of Baltimore, will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, 2100 Washington Street at noon on June 29th.

The wedding of Miss Anna Head, daughter of Mrs. Addison F. Head, to Lieutenant A. J. Mountney Jepson, of the British army, took place in London on June 10th.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Tisdale, daughter of Mrs. William de Witt Tisdale, to Mr. Charles Peter Weeks, took place on Wednesday at Trinity Episcopal Church, San Jose. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Wakefield, assisted by Rev. Dr. Gresham. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother. The bridesmaids were Miss Tiny Wilcox, Miss Luena King, Miss Veda Veue, Miss Bess Williams, Miss Clara Lion, Miss Monica Wilcox, Miss Virginia Williams, Miss Grace Woodrow, and Miss Mary Crawford. After their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Ersilia Sartori, daughter of Mr. I. Sartori, of San Rafael, to Mr. Alfred E. Sbarboro, took place at the St. Raphael Church, San Rafael, on Saturday evening. The ceremony was performed by Father Eagen at eight o'clock. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura Sartori, Miss Romilda Sbarboro, Miss May Sartori, of Seattle, and Miss Stella Forner. Mr. Romolo Sbarboro acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. George J. Panario, Mr. Guido Musto, Mr. P. Lafranchi, and Dr. A. H. Giannini. A reception at the residence of the bride's father followed the ceremony. After their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Sbarboro will occupy their residence on Jackson Street, near Lyon.

Baroness von Schroeder gave a luncheon at the Hotel Rafael on Sunday in honor of Mr. Richard Burke and Miss Alice Burke. Others at table were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey, and Miss Genevieve Harvey.

Mrs. James Otis gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence, 2522 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Felton, of Southern California. Others at table were Mrs. Arthur Holland, Mrs. Louis Parrott, and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

A luncheon was given by Mr. Hermann Oelrichs on Tuesday in San Rafael in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin. Others at table were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, and Baron and Baroness von Schroeder.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd gave a cherry feast and lawn-party on Wednesday at "Casa Boyd," Alameda, to the members of St. Mary's Guild, Trinity Episcopal Church.

## Election of Officers.

The San Francisco Art Association held its annual meeting on Tuesday night, electing a president and directors as follows: Willis E. Davis, Louis Sloss, Lorenzo P. Latimer, Henry Heyman, Horace G. Platt, James D. Phelan, Newton J. Tharp, Warren D. Clark, George W. Turner, William G. Stafford, and Vandylynn Stow. J. Ross Martin, who has been assistant secretary to the association since 1872, was elected to an honorary membership.

There are 2,200 pages in San Francisco's new city directory, and it contains the names, addresses and occupations of 190,000 citizens, as well as a directory of city and county officers, churches, clubs, and all public, semi-public, and social institutions. There are 1,245 Smiths in this directory, 800 people who bear the name of Brown without the s, and 500 people named Jones are registered in its pages.

Mrs. Henry Knapp, of New York, formerly Miss Marion Graham, of San Francisco, is to marry Lord Latimer, of Shobden Court, Herefordshire, England.

The California Promotion Committee announces that San Francisco now has a population of four hundred and sixty thousand.

VERTIS CARL, 3000 INVITATION, AND ANNOUNCEMENT, 1000 1000, the very best style, Schaefer Bros., 119-121 Geary Street.

PROF. J. M. CANTAMANO, REFINED, CULTURED, and well known as a private secretary, a companion, and reader. Would like to be employed. 1000 1000, U. S. Office.

## Death of an Aged Physician.

Dr. John Henry Floto died of bronchitis at his residence, 1133 Chestnut Street, Oakland, on June 10th, at the age of ninety-nine years. He practiced medicine for sixty years. For thirty-five years he practiced in San Francisco, and for ten in Oakland. He preserved his faculties up to the time of his death, reading without glasses, and keeping up his professional studies. Dr. Floto was a native of Hoxter, Prussia, where his father was a chief magistrate. Dr. Floto had a distinct remembrance of Jerome Bonaparte when he was King of Westphalia, and in 1812, he saw Napoleon Bonaparte, who was driven through Hoxter in a carriage on his way to Moscow. "I remember very well how he looked, sitting up very straight, with his arms folded, and his hat pulled down over his eyes," says Dr. Floto in his autobiography. Dr. Floto practiced in Salem, Mass., for some years, and once held a public debate with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a practicing physician there, over the respective virtues of homeopathy and allopathy.

## Not Natural, but Artificial Stone.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of June 13th you state that the Fairmont Hotel is all built of "white stone." This is a mistake. The fact is the first story is white granite on the four sides of the main building; the other five stories and the two wings on California and Sacramento are of white terra cotta. It is a very common mistake, but considering the class of readers your paper reaches, I think the paragraph worthy of correction.

Your very truly,

PERTH AMBOY TERRA COTTA COMPANY,  
By GEORGE M. STEWART.

The sale of the Sherith Israel Congregation property, at Post and Taylor Streets, to the Bohemian Club, was consummated on Tuesday. The price paid was one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The lease on the club's present quarters has five years to run yet, and what will be done with the newly acquired property during that time has not yet been determined.

There is no cessation to the crowds of people who visit the top of Mt. Tamalpais. Many of them stay over night to see the sunrise and sunset, one of the greatest spectacles in California. They are always sure of a hospitable welcome at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

Work on the immense new library building at Stanford University will begin in a few weeks. About two years will be required for the completion of the building, the cost of which is roughly estimated at between \$600,000 and \$1,000,000.

There is a probability that Heinrich Conried will produce the opera "Parsifal" at the Grand Opera House next March. Italian opera will also be played.

Edwin Stevens is now in vaudeville. He and a company are playing a comedy sketch, "A Night Off," at Keith's, New York.

## Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has been here for a few days, en route from Washington, D. C., to Vancouver, Wash.

Colonel R. H. Patterson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been in command at San Diego, has been ordered to take station at the Presidio.

Colonel John McClellan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived the first of the week from Honolulu on the transport Logan.

Colonel Charles W. Raymond, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been placed upon the retired list at his own request.

Major Stafford, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Stafford and their two daughters, expect to sail for the Philippines in July.

Mrs. Leahy, wife of Lieutenant William D. Leahy, U. S. N., expects to spend the next four months with her mother, Mrs. Harrington, in San Francisco.

General Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Coolidge expect to spend the month of August in Vancouver as the guests of Mrs. Alfred Johnson.

Mrs. Kierstedt, wife of Dr. Henry Kierstedt, U. S. A., who is stationed at Washington, D. C., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean.

Major C. F. Gillette, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., succeeds Major Hanbury as engineer officer at division headquarters.

Captain B. H. Wells, U. S. A., accompanied by his wife and children, who has just returned from the Philippines, will leave within a day or two for Fort Douglass, Utah.

Lieutenant Martin Crimmins, who has been in Vancouver for several months on duty, has been ordered to join his regiment. Mrs. Crimmins will remain in San Francisco visiting her mother for two months longer.

Major William Owen, U. S. A., arrived on the transport Logan Monday, and has gone to the general hospital for treatment.

Major Thomas Adams, inspector general's department, U. S. A., is acting as assistant to Colonel Pratt, U. S. A., relieving Major John Wisner, U. S. A., who has gone to Fort Miley as commanding officer.

Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., accompanied by his wife and family, arrived on the transport Logan Monday, and has entered upon his duties as chief of staff of the Pacific division.

Mrs. Benson, wife of Captain Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Breeze.

Chaplain Barton W. Perry, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Alcatraz, to take effect upon the expiration of his present leave of absence, and will proceed to Fort Barrancas, Fla., and report to the commanding officer for duty.

Colonel H. G. Sharpe, assistant commissary-general, U. S. A., arrived on Monday from the Philippines, en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Captain Reginald Nicholson, U. S. N., commander of the United States steamer Tacoma, has been the guest of Captain Benjamin Tilley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tilley at Mare Island.

The military district of San Diego has been abolished, and Fort Rosecrans will hereafter be under the jurisdiction of San Francisco.

## "Knox" Spring Styles

just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE. KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR," 121 Post St., cuts fine fitting shirt-waists for ladies.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

## GIANT STRIDES!

## All Records Broken

THE DISTINCTLY HIGH QUALITY

—OF—

## MOËT &amp; CHANDON

## "White Seal" Champagne

Never Varies

## WHY ???

Messrs. Moët & Chandon own more vineyards than all the leading Champagne houses combined and have over 11 miles of cellars, the most extensive in the world.

Their sales during the Year 1903 were

4,013,684

Bottles, a figure never before reached by any Champagne house

This Great House offers its choicest product in

## "WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

William Wolff & Co., PACIFIC COAST AGENTS San Francisco, Cal.

THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

## Pears'

The skin ought to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**PANAMA**  
And Outing Hats and Caps  
**HERRMANN & CO.**  
328 Kearny Street, S. F.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
**THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.**  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CAMPING

We pack Provisions and Outfits on short notice. Reasonable prices for Quality Goods. Smith's Cash Store Inc. 25 Market St., S. F.



## COOK'S TOURS Round the World 33d Season 1904

First departure from San Francisco by steamship *Siberia*, August 30th. Party limited to twelve members.

Itinerary and full particulars for the asking.

THOS. COOK & SON  
621 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## At Hotel Del Monte

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

### A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

## REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

### TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 537. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## FIREWORKS

"FIRECRACKERS"  
TORPEDOES  
4TH OF JULY GOODS

Save Money by Buying Direct from the Makers

## CALIFORNIA FIREWORKS CO.

Salesroom, 219 FRONT ST.  
Between Sacramento and California

### ASSORTMENTS FOR

\$1, \$2, \$3.50, \$5, \$7.50, and Up  
Wholesale and Retail.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have been spending the past two weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marion Huntington will sail from New York on July 2d for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin are now occupying the Joseph S. Tobin house at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin depart today (Saturday) for Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have returned from their visit to the Atlantic Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. David Minor, of Arcata, are spending the month of June with Mrs. Minor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wilson.

Mrs. Henry Rolfe, who has been spending the past month at Carmel-by-the-Sea, will return home today (Saturday).

Miss Louise Tillman is in Victoria, B. C., the guest of her sister, Mrs. Arthur Briggs.

Miss Hazel King departed for her visit East and to Europe last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Miss Bernice Wilson, and Miss Elizabeth Wilson are spending June and July at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce were among those who registered at the Hotel Rafael recently.

Mrs. J. McCabe and Miss Gertrude McCahe, who have apartments at the Empire, are spending the summer at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. John S. Wood is spending June in Paris as the guest of Mrs. Bernard C. Whitman. In July she will go to London with Mrs. John C. Boalt.

General Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times, is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury were among recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helen Irwin returned this week from a six weeks' trip to the East, and on Thursday sailed for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton J. Sharp were recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jackson, who have been guests at the Palace Hotel, have just secured apartments at the Empire.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Buckhee visited the Hotel Rafael recently.

Miss Cora Smedberg is in St. Louis, and from there will go to Washington, D. C.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon, of Oakland, were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bradford, of San Rafael, have returned from a visit to Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. E. C. Wright has taken apartments at the Empire.

Hon. Lionel Lindsay, son of the Earl of Crawford, who is a student at the University of California, departed last Monday on a six weeks' visit to his family in England.

Miss Agnes Burgin will spend most of June in New York as the guest of Mrs. George Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett arrived from Mexico a few days ago, en route to Japan, where they will remain some time.

Judge Ward McAllister is in Lake County. Mr. Daniel Murphy was in New York when last heard from.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes will spend the next three months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Conte, Jr., are occupying their cottage at Woodside, where they will remain all summer.

Miss Agnes Buchanan, who leaves for the East in a few days, will spend the summer there visiting friends and relatives. She expects to return early in December.

Mrs. George G. Carr is the guest of Mrs. Edgar R. Bryant at 3869 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan, who are spending the summer at Santa Cruz, were at Del Monte during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clagstone will be at Santa Barbara until the end of July.

Mr. Robert C. Lowrey, who has been the guest of his brother-in-law, Colonel Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., has returned to New York.

Miss Maren Froelich is spending the month of June in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson have returned from the Yosemite Valley, and are at the St. Dunstan.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Ferguson are spending the summer in Mill Valley.

Miss Etelka Williar is visiting Colonel and Mrs. Draper at their camp in Oregon.

Mr. Philip Paschal was among the guests at "The Ahhey," Mill Valley, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eells are the guests of Mrs. Coffin in Ross Valley, and will remain there most of the summer.

Miss Mahel Donaldson, who has been spending some weeks at Del Monte, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Chandler Howard is expected to arrive from China on the steamer *Korea*.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne leave for Del Monte early in July for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. James K. Wilson and Miss Grace Wilson will spend most of the summer in the

East, passing some time in St. Louis en route home in September.

Mrs. Aylett Cotton and Miss Cotton departed last week for the East. They will spend July in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden are at Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Telamon Cuyler Smith, Mrs. John Barton, and Mrs. Henry Hunter Smith have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. A. S. Macdonald has taken a cottage at Miramar, Santa Barbara, where she is spending the summer.

Miss Marie Voorhies returned on Sunday from Japan and the Philippines, after an absence of several months.

Mrs. B. G. McCalla and Miss Lily McCalla have returned from Santa Monica.

Mr. Knox Maddox is in Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, is here for a stay of several weeks.

Miss Marietta Havens, who has been visiting her aunt in New York, is in Columbus, O. She is expected home in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar (*nee* Huntsman) have returned from Del Monte, where they went on their wedding journey, and are occupying their residence in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Spear departed on Saturday for Europe. They will be gone for four months.

Secretary and Mrs. Loeh, who left Washington, D. C., recently, on a Western tour, are expected to arrive here shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law expect to leave London for home on June 26th. They will visit the St. Louis exposition en route.

Mrs. L. W. Moffatt, Miss Moffatt, and Miss May Moffatt are at Pacific Grove for the season.

Dr. Russell Cool has been in Los Angeles this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrissey have returned from St. Louis.

Mrs. Stephen M. White has returned to Southern California.

Among those who arrived during the week at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Miller, of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Roberts, Mrs. H. Postlethwaite, Mrs. F. Buttrick, Mr. John Ross Cormack, Mr. J. T. Regensburger, Dr. R. Lorini, and Mr. Caesar Bertheau.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Prince J. Kalanialoe, Mr. A. G. Robertson, Mr. W. T. Robinson, Mr. H. M. Knudson, and Mr. W. H. Hoogs, of Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hirschfeld, Mr. J. C. Lynch, Mr. J. L. Burke, Mr. G. R. Field, Mr. Ralph H. Moore, Mr. C. J. Stovel, Mr. W. J. P. Lawton, Mr. Scrutton, and Mr. W. S. Sage.

Among the week's arrivals at Hotel Rafael were the following: Mrs. Augustus Abbott, of Canada, Mrs. J. H. McVicker, of Chicago, Mr. T. L. Kenedy, of New York, Mr. J. Humburg, of Honolulu, Mr. Graham E. Babcock, of Coronado, Mr. and Mrs. E. Brandenstein, Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mrs. B. D. Pike, Mme. E. Ratzé, Miss Ellinwood, Miss King, Miss E. G. Moody, Miss Sahin, Miss Anthony, Mr. B. P. Anderson, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. Edwin B. Pike, and Dr. T. G. Runcie.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. J. Weher, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Lederman, Mrs. C. Wehner, Mrs. A. P. Sloane, and Mr. Paul von Neidorf, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Chebrean, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hartzell, of Africa, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Norris, of Canada, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ladd, of Philadelphia, Mrs. S. A. Holmes, of Boston, Miss Rogers and Miss A. Rogers, of Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Saint, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. W. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lowell, Mrs. E. W. Engs, Mr. Cyril R. Tobin, Mr. E. P. Tobin, Mr. J. K. R. Nuttal, and Mr. Harold Havens.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

### Scientific Massage for Ladies and Gentlemen

**MARTIN BRAUN MASSEUR**  
Graduate, Imperial University Hospital, Vienna, Austria.

Phone John 7181.

**THE WENBAN** Cor. Sutter and Mason Sts.

## HOTEL RICHELIEU & HOTEL GRANADA

1012 Van Ness Avenue

1000 Sutter Street

The Finest Family Hotels on the Pacific Coast.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

**BYRON MAUZY**

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

**PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



**Hotel Knickerbocker**  
Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.  
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.

Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

Is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where after-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'ôte dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 P. M., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

### Catering a Specialty

F. B. SIGNOR, Manager,

Formerly with Louis Sherry of New York City.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Corrected: *Willie Peebles*—"The horse was goin'—"*Teacher*—"Don't forget your g. Willie." *Willie Peebles*—"Gee, the horse was goin'—"*Puck*.

The man who agrees to preside over the Democratic convention at St. Louis ought to come in for a slice of Mr. Carnegie's hero money.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

A Chicago girl wrote the beauty department of a local paper, and asked: "What is good for big feet?" Promptly the reply appeared, "Big shoes."—*Houston Post*.

"De man dat's so 'fraid of makin' mistakes dat he won't do nuffin," said Uncle Eben, "is sure, sooner or later, to cum under de s'picion of hein' lazy."—*Washington Star*.

*Dr. Phil Graves*—"It certainly does take you a long time to pay my bill." *I. M. A. Kicker*—"You oughtn't to kick. It took you long enough to cure me."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

"Do you mean to say," asked the optimist, "that the unexpected never happens to you?" "Just so," replied the pessimist; "I've got so used to it that I always expect it now."—*Ex.*

*Mistress*—"You seem to have a good deal of company, Mary." *Maid*—"Yas'm. Dey's what I call my rainbeaux. Seven different colored gentlemen. Yas'm."—*Princeton Tiger*.

*Bluejowls*—"Where is the manager today?" *Propps*—"Oh, he has taken a telescope and gone down to a bathing beach to pick out a leading lady for our new musical comedy."—*Life*.

"That fellow-townsmen of yours," remarked the New Yorker, "hasn't much idea of table manners." "No," replied the Chicagoan, "I noticed that. Why, the other day I seen him use the same knife for his pie that he'd used to eat his peas with."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*Elderly adviser*—"I am glad you dislike slangy young men." *Miss Quickstep*—"You bet I do. That's why I had to shake Fatty Featherfoot. I told him I wasn't going to stand for his hash-counter dialect any longer, if I knew myself, and I reether guessed I did, all right, all right."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the Soulful Young Thing; "what are you looked in here for?" "Cussin' the judge," answered the man behind the bars, who had been sent to jail for contempt of court. Shrinking from him with repugnance, she carried her flowers to the murderer in the next cell.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steedman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

"So the engagement is broken? Did she give him back the ring?" "I judge so. He's bought a new suit and redeemed his watch."—*Judge*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## Santa Fe ALL THE WAY CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30 A. M.—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL:** Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

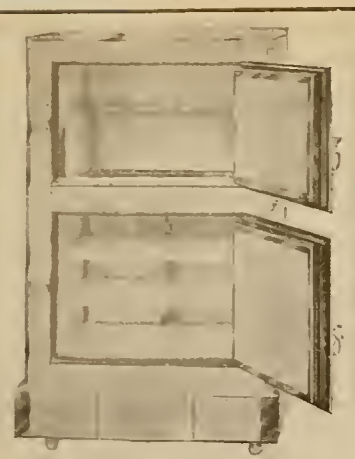
**9.30 A. M.—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED":** Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.10 p. m., Bakersfield 5.50 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10.50 p. m.

**4.00 P. M.—STOCKTON LOCAL:** Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

**8.00 P. M.—OVERLAND EXPRESS:** Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.35 p. m.  
\* Daily.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.



## OPAL REFRIGERATORS

PURE WHITE  
GLASS INSIDE  
AND OUTSIDE

Call and see them, or send for catalogue

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

309-317 Market St., S. F.

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30 and 11.30 p. m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m.  
Sundays—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25, 7.50 p. m. (Except Saturdays).

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 1, 1904	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sundays.	Sundays.
Destination.	Destination.	Destination.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
		7.25 p. m.
		8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
		7.25 p. m.
		8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
		7.25 p. m.
		8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
		7.25 p. m.
		8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
		7.25 p. m.
		8.45 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
		7.25 p. m.
		8.45 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Saddlehorn Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall's at House, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Baker, Westport, Paoli at Whittier for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Calistoga, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.  
Ticket office 640 Market Street, Chronicle Building.  
JAS. L. FRAZIER, R. X. RVAN, Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pass. Agt.

## MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Francisco.	Via Sausalito Ferry.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sundays.	Sundays.
Destination.	Destination.	Destination.
8.30 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	12.45 p. m.
10.00 a. m.	10.00 a. m.	2.05 p. m.
10.00 a. m.	10.00 a. m.	3.35 p. m.
1.45 p. m.	1.45 p. m.	5.40 p. m.
5.15 p. m.	5.15 p. m.	8.15 p. m.
7.43 p. m.	7.43 p. m.	10.05 p. m.
		8.50 p. m.

\* Via City Car, Tamalpais to Hill Valley.  
(627 MARKET ST. (North Shore Railroad) and SAUSALITO FERRY, Foot Market St.)

## OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.

Drifted Snow.

Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

## NORTH SHORE

FOR SAN RAFAEL

ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc.

Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS at 6.30, 7.10, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.11, 11.40 A. M., Sausalito only; 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.50, 6.25, 7.15, 9.10, 10.20, 11.35 P. M.

DEPART SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7.10, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.11, 11.40 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.50, 6.25, 7.15, 8.15, 9.10, 10.20, 11.35 P. M.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7.45 A. M., 3.15 P. M., 5.15 P. M. (except Saturday); on Sundays and legal holidays at 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.11, 11.40 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 2.30, 7.15, and 8.15 P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS.

7.45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc.  
9.15 A. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.  
3.15 P. M., daily except Sunday, for Cazadero, etc.  
5.15 P. M., daily except Saturday, Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc.

7.15 P. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.  
8.15 P. M., Sundays only, for Cazadero, etc.  
Ticket Offices, 626 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

21 Boulevard Montmartre,

PARIS, FRANCE.



Trains leave and are due

to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM JUNE 1, 1904.

FERRY DEPOT

(Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE.	ARRIVE
7.00A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey.	7.50P
7.00A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7.20P
7.30A	Valejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon.	8.20P
7.30A	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	7.20P
8.00A	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Frisco, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.	7.50P
8.00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	7.50P
8.30A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.	4.20P
8.30A	Port Costa, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.	4.50P
8.30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (via Milton), Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.	4.20P
8.30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tolueme and Angels.	4.20P
8.00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	11.20P
8.30A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.	8.50P
10.00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	8.20P
10.00A	Valejo.	12.20P
10.00A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.	7.20P
12.00M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	3.20P
11.00P	Sacramento River Steamers.	11.00P
3.30P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.	10.50A
3.30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	7.50P
3.30P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa.	12.20P
3.30P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Wawona.	8.50A
3.30P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.	10.20A
4.00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, San Jose.	8.20A
4.00P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.	4.20P
4.30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.	11.50A
6.00P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.	8.50A
8.00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton.	12.20P
10.30P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	12.20P
8.00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	9.50A
8.00P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East, via Port Costa, Salinas, Kimbra, Davis, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno.	5.20P
8.00P	Valejo, daily, except Sunday.	7.80P
7.00P	Valejo, Sunday only.	7.80P
7.00P	Kitchendo, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.	11.20A
7.00P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	8.50A
8.05P	Reno Passenger—Port Costa, San Jose, Kimbra, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, and Way Stations beyond Port Costa.	7.50A
8.10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).	11.50A

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE, T. T. DARGIE, President. Secretary.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

Dealers In PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

RUBBER LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

## COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

7.45A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	8.10P
8.15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.	5.55P
10.15A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz.	8.10P
12.15P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	10.55A
4.15P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations.	10.55A
4.15P	Wright, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only.	10.55A

## OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Ship)  
—7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—7:00 8:00 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

## COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

8.10A	San Jose and Way Stations.	6.30P
17.00A	San Jose and Way Stations.	5.40P
7.15A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only).	10.30P
8.00A	New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only), The Coaster—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Pajaro, Castroville (connection to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove), Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, principal stations thence Surf (connection for Lompoc), principal stations thence Santa Barbara, Santa Ventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles.	10.46P
9.00A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations.	4.10P
10.30A	San Jose and Way Stations.	1.20P
11.30A	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.	7.30P
1.30P	San Jose and Way Stations.	8.38A
13.00P	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connection at Santa Clara, except Sunday, for Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge Point).	12.15P
3.30P	Pacific Grove, Way Stations, Beringame, San Jose and Way Stations, connects at Gilroy for Hollister, Tres Pinos, at Pajaro for Capitola, Santa Cruz at Castroville for Salinas.	10.48A
4.30P	San Jose and Way Stations.	10.00A
10.00P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	10.00A
10.30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	10.40A
5.45P	Sunset Express—Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, New York. Connects at Pajaro for Santa Cruz and at Castroville for Pacific Grove and Way Stations.	7.10A
8.15P	San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto.	10.48A
8.30P	San Jose and Way Stations.	5.35A
8.00P	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	10.15A
11.30P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, and Palo Alto.	9.45P
11.30P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose.	10.45P

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.  
\* Sunday excepted.  
\* Saturday only.  
\* Sunday only.  
\* Stops at all stations on Sunday.  
\* Only trains stopping at Valencia St. southbound after 10 A. M., 7:00 A. M., 7:15 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M. and 8:00 P. M.

THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LIV. No. 1424.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 27, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 322 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, James 2531.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Seven Democratic Presidential Possibilities—Folk, Gray, Gorman, McClellan, Hearst, Cleveland, and Parker—Qualifications of the Various Leading Candidates—Parker Probably Will Be the Nominee of the Convention—The Cut In Immigrant Rates—Across the Atlantic for Ten Dollars—Result of the Influx of Poor People—Chicago Abandons Its "Sane" Fourth—The Outlook for Prosperity—England's War With Tibet—The Disaster to the "Slocum"—The Republican National Convention—The Republican Platform—America and Americans—Motor Busses Versus Tramways—The Mayor and the Budget—The Events in the Far Eastern War.....	417-419
HURRY AND ANGER IN TRAVELING: Missing Trains and Losing Temper—How Anger May Be Utilized—Do As I Say, Not As I Do. By Jerome Hart.....	419-420
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes About Prominent People All Over the World.....	420
"HIGH LIFE" IN COVELO: Jokes That Enforced an Absence. By George S. Evans.....	421
NEW YORK'S CATASTROPHE: Burning of the "General Slocum"—Excursion Boat Destroyed by Flames—Nearly One Thousand Lives Lost—A Morning of Terror and Death.....	422
THE ALAKE OF ABOCUTIA: Coal-Black Potentate Visits His Brother-Sovereign, King Edward—Brought Three of His Seventeen Wives—A Gorgeous Dresser—Likes the Theatres. By "Cockaigne".....	422
THE QUEEN OF WINE AND HONEY: Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair" Tells the Story of a Queen's Heart—The Secret Springs of Love.....	423
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	424-425
DRAMA: E. H. Sothern in "The Proud Prince" at the Columbia; "Robin Hood" at the Tivoli. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	426
STAGE GOSSIP.....	427
VANITY FAIR: Miss Roosevelt at St. Louis—Her Long White Veil and Simple Costume—Followed by Crowds of People—Against Education for Women—A Canadian Doctor's Views—Heroism of Society Women—Dancing Rules for West Pointers—The Countess of Castellane's Recent Fête—Girls Replacing Colored Waiters—Women Fail as Newspaper Proprietors—A Big Dress and Millinery Bill—No More "Kittling" in the Dark.....	428
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—De Maupassant Corrected—His Dislike for Cæsar—Saving It for the Funeral—Intelligent Art Criticism—A Persian Pessimist—Mansfield's Aberrations—Only One Nonsensical Kaiser—An Americanized Japanese—Gilbert Dined With the Steward—President Clowry's Tramp Story.....	429
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Tip Willie" by Wallace Irwin; "Popular".....	429
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy News.....	430-431
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	432

One of seven men, seven Democrats brave and bold—Folk, Gray, Gorman, McClellan, Hearst, Cleveland, and Parker—will in all human probability be nominated for President by the Democratic convention the first week of July. Parker, he of the vatic brow and the air of inward absorption, will probably win the great prize. But the others will all be in the glare of the limelight until the die is finally cast, the nomination actually made. So it is just now a timely moment to "size up" the sacred seven from among whom the Democratic party will make its momentous selection.

First, Folk. Here is a remarkable figure in Ameri-

can public life. A Tennessean by birth, only thirty-five years old, unknown four years ago, he has made a success of honesty, a national reputation by sheer pluck and perseverance. The story of his relentless prosecution of bribers of municipal councils and legislatures in Missouri is familiar. A tangible expression of the gratitude and regard for him entertained by the people of that commonwealth is the tender of the nomination for governor. So complete is his victory over the forces of corruption, that not only his nomination but his election is assured. President Roosevelt, in fact, has advised the Republicans of Missouri to indorse the candidacy of Folk, in the expectation that general appreciation of the courtesy will bring the State into the Republican column in the Presidential contest. As a compromise Presidential candidate, Folk has the advantage of being satisfactory to the Bryan wing; he is the announced candidate of Tom Johnson; he is not abhorrent to the conservatives; if there is corruption in departments at Washington, he is the man to discover it; all that the country knows of him is good. On the other hand, he is very young; he does not seek the nomination; his qualities are largely those that distinguish Theodore Roosevelt; in a contest between the two, other things being equal, the older and more experienced candidate would have an incalculable advantage.

George Brinton McClellan is another young man of parts. He lacks a year of being forty years old. His public career began seven years after his graduation from Princeton, when he became a New York alderman. Two years later, in 1895, he went to Congress, and served until his election as chief executive of a municipality having a greater population than the eight States west of Colorado. His pretensions as an author are supported by his book, "The Oligarchy of Venice"; he served an apprenticeship as a reporter and editorial writer on New York dailies. Like Folk, he is not abhorrent to Bryan, and, like Folk, the country at large regards him favorably, both for his own sake and because of his illustrious paternity. As a dark-horse candidate, he is handicapped by being a "Tammany man," and by his signature of the "Gas Grab Bill" in return for contributions to the campaign fund.

The faults of youth and inexperience which lie against Folk and McClellan can not be urged against Judge George Gray, of Delaware. He is a man of sixty-four, with a record of six years' service as attorney-general of Delaware, fourteen years in the United States Senate, and of several years' tenure of such high judicial positions as the Peace Commission and The Hague Court. The Delaware convention instructed its delegates for him in a resolution that spoke of his "long and wise experience in national and international affairs." He measures fully up to Presidential size; but he "bolted" in 1896, and Bryan will have none of him—a serious handicap, when it is considered that, apparently, the defeat of Parker can only be compassed by a combination of Gorman and the radicals (oil and water!) on some neutral man.

Nevertheless, Cleveland—who is emphatically not a "neutral man"—is still spoken of. A considerable section of the conservative Democracy hold that the only way to succeed is to pitch Bryan and Hearst out of the party neck and crop; adopt a conservative, old-fashioned Democratic platform; nominate Cleveland; and make him the issue. According to the dispatches, the Republican delegates at Chicago hear that a Cleveland movement is now on. The St. Louis convention is to be stampeded on a cry of "No straddling!" If Cleveland is nominated, Bryan can not choose but bolt. Hearst will be in a sorry fix. But like most of the other "movements" it is doubtful of success. Cleveland is older than any other candidate—sixty-

seven—but, thanks to his love of out-of-door sports, his is a frosty but kindly old age: the tangible evidence of delightful lustiness is the son and heir, aged eleven months.

As to the Hearst boom, it has the singular distinction of having more instructed supporters among the delegates than any other, except Parker's, and of yet being generally regarded as without real formidableness so far as his own nomination is concerned. He has close to two hundred instructed delegates. Since the platform will be framed by a committee consisting of one delegate from each State, irrespective of its size or importance, and since Hearst's instructed delegations are many but small, he will have a disproportionate influence there, which will doubtless be exerted in harmony with Mr. Bryan's views. He will doubtless also be able to throw some of his strength to the candidate whom he may favor when he himself drops out. For both Bryan and Hearst, Parker would be a bitter pill, and it is this, combined with the dissatisfaction with Parker in Tammany, and the hatred Gorman has for Hill, that lends interest to the constant rumors of anti-Parker "combinations."

Gorman himself has, of course, a chance of winning the nomination, but it is a very small one. Where Parker is too little known, Gorman is too well known. The country has made up its mind about him—it thinks him a shrewd and able politician, but not a statesman, nor a man to quicken the national imagination or make himself beloved. Gorman has reached his sixty-fifth year, beginning as a page in the United States Senate, and becoming a member of that distinguished legislative body, where he has served for twenty-five years. Doubtless he realizes that this is his last chance to win the Presidency, and will make the most of it. Failing in that, a combination with the radicals on some neutral and mutually satisfactory candidate, is, as we have said, the one practical method of working Parker's defeat.

Remains only the Sphinx of Esopus—his views on all vital questions unknown—standing on a platform half radical and half conservative, and entirely contradictory—vouched for by a discredited, socialistic, small-gauge politician, Dave Hill—boosted by means of money improperly used (so Bryan charges) by August Belmont, one of the sharp, shrewd financiers of Wall Street, hand in glove with the trusts—a supporter by his votes of Bryan's monetary fallacies in 1896 and 1900—denounced by Bryan now—opposed by the Democratic leaders in that section of New York State, where, if nominated, he must look for most of his votes to carry the State—and unknown to the country at large—such is the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. Indeed, in view of his indorsement by Texas and Louisiana this week, adding fifty-four delegates to those he already has, it is difficult to see how he can well be beaten.

Seven possibilities there are—not counting such very dark horses as Olney, Wall, Cockrell, and Francis—but so racked, rent, and torn is the Democratic party that their best choice is likely to be the radical-conservative, socialist-plutocrat, Bryan-Cleveland Democrat, Parker.

Wouldn't it be a lovely campaign if the New York judge maintained this desperate silence of his until November 9th?

There has been a hard fight between the transatlantic steamship companies in their bid for steerage passengers from Europe, and it has resulted at last in an almost uniform rate across the Atlantic. It is now possible for steerage passengers to come from Liverpool to New York for ten dollars, and the fare from other Euro ports



is in proportion. The Cunard Line held out the longest against the reduction, fighting the Hamburg-American, Holland-American, North German Lloyd, Red Star, and White Star Lines. But it gave in at last, and now people who are not particular about their mode of travel, can come across the Atlantic at the rate of about ten miles for a penny. Hordes of them are arriving, and an unprecedented influx is predicted, with gloomy forebodings of the country being overrun by foreign paupers. So far as mere numbers go, the prediction has not yet been verified. In fact, fewer steerage passengers have arrived this year than last. However, 1903 was a banner year for immigrants, the number arriving being the largest since 1882. The arrivals in May of last year were 92,815—this year, 68,784. From June 1st to 11th of this year the arrivals were 19,595; last year they were 33,399.

The authorities at Ellis Island are having their accommodations taxed, and it is thought that as soon as the news of the cut becomes thoroughly spread through southern Europe, the caring for those who come will be a serious problem. One thing that makes the handling of these visitors harder than it was last year, is the fact that there are more of the undesirable class among them. The very poor—people too poor and helpless to become anything but public charges—have managed to raise the few dollars necessary, and have come to New York only to be held, investigated, and, eventually, deported. The contention that the low rate brings objectionable immigrants is borne out by the number of deportations, which are larger in proportion than they were last year. Confiding people arrive without a cent in their pockets, totally careless of anything but reaching America. Whole families with only fifty cents among all the members have been turned back. But as the law stands, much is left to the discretion of the inspectors. A penniless man who can show that he has prospects of work, has relatives here, or is undeniably able to take care of himself, can squeeze through. On the other hand, people fairly well provided with money are deported because of illness, contagious diseases, or unmistakably criminal proclivities.

From present indications, this rate war will result in a loss to the steamship companies, much work for the inspectors, and a large increase in our population.

In the fifth annual motor race for the James Gordon Bennett cup, held near Saalberg, Germany, last week, the winner—Théry, a Frenchman—covered three hundred and forty-eight miles in five hours and fifty minutes, which means a speed of nearly sixty miles an hour. This is the best time ever made in the Gordon Bennett races. Last year the speed of the winner was fifty-one miles an hour; in 1901, thirty-nine miles.

The increase in speed and general efficiency of motor-cars gives point to views recently expressed by a noted Scotch motorist, John Stirling. He holds that motor-cars are bound to supersede electric trams on rails, both in city and country, and he gives reasons for his belief. First, the tramway tracks, wherever placed, are more or less of an obstruction to traffic. If they run through fields, they are a veritable nuisance. As congestion in cities grows greater, the double tracks laid in the middle of the street will become more and more an eyesore. The auto, on the other hand, needs neither a trackage system, nor central power stations with their complex, unsightly, and dangerous web of wires extending over a whole city (as with electric trams), nor central power stations, with costly, wasteful, and slow underground cables, as on many of our own streets. An auto service would also surpass the electric tram or cable-car in mobility. It is conceivable that it would, at length, be found practicable to take the passenger to his precise destination, not to a point from half a block to several blocks away, as does the street-car. Where the cable-car can never exceed a certain very moderate speed, it is possible for the motor-car to manoeuvre slowly through crowded streets, and to go very rapidly through unfrequented ones. Furthermore, the tendency to monopoly, with its attendant public dangers, frequently observable in the case of street-railways in cities, would not be possible in the case of an auto system, since, obviously, any one rich enough to buy and skilled enough to run an auto could engage in competition. With streets all asphalted, and roads either asphalted or made otherwise wide, hard, and smooth, the expenditure of energy in driving an auto over them would probably be no greater than required to drive a street-car of similar capacity over iron rails—considering the waste of energy, in the latter case, in transmission of power from the central station. In brief, there is much to be said for the auto as a competitor of the electric or cable-car. Mr. Stirling makes the prediction in all seriousness that autos will, "at no great distance of time," displace existing tramways in crowded cities. During the past decade, we have seen

electricity displace steam as a motive power for short runs in all the densely populated States of the country. Is the next step in vehicular evolution to be the displacement, in its turn, of the car that runs on tracks by that which runs, independent of cable or wire, wherever the roads may go?

When Mr. Bayard was our ambassador in London he called himself the United States Ambassador, and his official residence the United States Embassy. When John Hay became our ambassador at the British capital, he changed the title of the official residence to *American Embassy*, and his own to *American Ambassador*. He argued that there were several "United States"—the United States of Colombia, the United States of Venezuela, the United States of Brazil—while there is only one land which calls itself "America." Then why not American Ambassador and American Embassy? Simplicity, accuracy, brevity, and euphony were all on the side of the change, in the opinion of Mr. Hay. Now, Secretary Hay has gone a step further. He has directed that on all the record-books, note-paper, seals, signs, etc., used by our representatives abroad shall appear the words "American Embassy," "American Legation," "American Consulate-General."

This is very interesting—and significant. Is it altogether considerations of brevity and euphony which lead us to change our official name after a century and a quarter? Is it not possible—barely possible—that we may have been influenced by a sense of our bigness and our growing importance—that it is a slight evidence of national megalomania? For virtually the change implies that we are the only really-truly Americans; the natives of the Americas, North and South, may be, by virtue of their birth, Americans, but not, we caution them to remember, *the* Americans. That term is reserved for those who have the good fortune to live between the thirtieth and forty-ninth degrees of latitude, north. "Look here now, you fellows," Uncle Sam remarks, "don't you go calling yourselves Americans any more; that means Us and Us only henceforth, forever; you are Brazilians, Colombians, Venezuelans, what not—Americans no more."

Up to the present "America" and "American" have often meant to Europeans South America and its people. "*Volgame Dios!*" ejaculated the Spanish woman of La Mancha when Clarence King's guide told her he was an American. "All the way from Buenos Ayres! No? Then from Cuba, of course! Yes, yes! My father's cousin was a soldier there, and married a woman as black as a pot." In the same story, King tells of a conversation with a Spanish magistrate.

"You have a great war in your country?" remarked the judge.

"Yes," King replied, "very destructive, very exhausting; but, thank God, North and South are now beginning to be friends again."

"Are you of the North or of the South?"

"The North."

"Do you not find it very trying to have those Chileans in your Lima, señor?"

But now we have changed all that. Officially, as unofficially, we are *the* Americans. "No Trespassers Allowed." Now we have officially a name that fits our territorial ambitions. As the New York *Evening Post* puts it, our neighbors to the South may, in their hot-headed way, exclaim among themselves: "There is now only one America, and by and by there may be only one United States."

The British political mission which went into Thibet in November under military escort is but little in evidence these days. It has been overshadowed by its guardians, said military escort, which is proceeding slowly but surely toward Lhasa, the sacred city, inside the walls of which but half a dozen men other than Thibetans have set foot. The natives are offering stubborn resistance. Poorly armed and poorly drilled as they are, they greatly outnumber the British. Moreover, they are receiving arms and ammunition, and are gaining proficiency in the use of them. They are rapidly learning military tactics. There are about 20,000 of them under arms, while Colonel Younghusband's force consists of 4,600 men, equipped with 12 guns and a number of Maxims, 7,500 animals, and 7,600 carriers and transport men.

So far, there have been three real engagements. Those on March 31st and on May 6th have already been detailed in the *Argonaut*. Since then, on May 26th, there was a hard fight. The Thibetans occupied the village of Palla, and tried to build a wall toward the British camp at Gyantse. The British commenced an attack which lasted eleven hours. Their loss was light—one officer and three Sepoys killed. The

Thibetan mortality was large, and thirty-seven of them were made prisoners.

Since then, there have been skirmishes, and a constant concentration of Thibetans toward the road that leads from Gyantse to Lhasa. There will be severe fighting before the British reach that city. They will have to go through the Kharo Pass, a narrow defile, easy of defense. There are about 7,000 troops to be disposed of before a move can be made toward this pass. Then there are about the same number defending it or occupying strategic points along the road leading to it.

Of course, there will be but one result. Reinforcements are on the way, and as soon as they arrive, the advance from Gyantse will begin. British troops will occupy the sacred city.

The national platform of the Republican party, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. In the first part, the achievements of the party during the eight years that it has been in power, are briefly surveyed. This is familiar ground, and need not here be gone over. In the last part, the acts of President Roosevelt during his three years' tenure of his high office, are reviewed and praised. This is also familiar ground; the only significant sentence is that in which the platform speaks of his rendering "*personally*" an "inestimable service to the country by bringing about a settlement of the coal strike." That the intervention was *personal*, not *official*, is a contention likely to be as much debated in the future as it has been in the past.

The second part of the platform contains its kernal. The heart of the kernal is the plank on protection:

Protection which guards and develops our industries is a cardinal policy of the Republican party. The measure of protection should always at least equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. We insist upon the maintenance of the principles of protection, and therefore rates of duty should be readjusted only when conditions have so changed that public interest demands their alteration.

The inference is that the time for "readjustment" is not now. The Republican party stands very pat on the tariff.

Reciprocity is favored as a means of extending trade, but only when it will do no injury to American labor, agriculture, or industry. This practically means no reciprocity.

Other planks uphold the gold standard; favor legislation to encourage the merchant marine; declare for a strong navy; commend the policy of Chinese exclusion; state belief in civil service; advocate "a liberal administration of the pension laws"—a palpable hit; favor international arbitration; commend our Oriental policy, and vigorous action to protect American citizens in foreign countries. The last plank in the platform stands next to the first in importance. It runs:

Combinations of capital and of labor are the results of the economic movement of the age, but neither must be permitted to infringe upon the right and interests of the people. Such combinations, when lawfully formed for lawful purposes, are alike entitled to the protection of the laws, but both are subject to the laws, and neither can be permitted to break them.

This looks toward trust-regulation rather than toward "trust-busting."

The burning of the steamship *Slocum*, on a June day, in New York Harbor, is the most terrible disaster in marine annals, recorded in modern times. And its cause is simply human greed. Metal bulkheads, wood fire-proofing, good life-preservers, efficient fire-quenching apparatus, cost money. Human life is cheap. It is better, so the owners of excursion steamboats argue, to take the risk of disaster—or rather to subject women and children to the risk of disaster—than to take precautionary measures.

The primary cause of the disaster was the weak inspection law. Rear-Admiral Melville testifies that four years ago a special committee was appointed by Congress to examine into the matter. "The recommendations of this commission," says the admiral, "were so radical as to reforms necessary to secure the safety of steamships that the entire mercantile marine interests rose and killed the bill. They thought it cheaper, apparently, to stand losses of life and property than to make the changes that would be required." Greed, nothing but greed!

The second cause was the failure of inspectors to enforce the law, weak as it was. This was not primarily their fault. The same steamboat corporations that would lobby to death a bill to make boats safer would not hesitate to use their influence to secure the removal of an inspector who was perniciously active. If an inspector was "hard on them," sooner or later he lost his job. Only weak, manageable men were finally to be found in the position of inspector. So it happens that,

WILL THE AUTO  
DISPLACE ELEC-  
TRIC RAILWAYS?

Bennett cup, held near Saalberg, Germany, last week, the winner—Théry, a Frenchman—covered three hundred and

forty-eight miles in five hours and fifty minutes, which means a speed of nearly sixty miles an hour. This is the best time ever made in the Gordon Bennett races. Last year the speed of the winner was fifty-one miles an hour; in 1901, thirty-nine miles.

The increase in speed and general efficiency of motor-cars gives point to views recently expressed by a noted Scotch motorist, John Stirling. He holds that motor-cars are bound to supersede electric trams on rails, both in city and country, and he gives reasons for his belief. First, the tramway tracks, wherever placed, are more or less of an obstruction to traffic. If they run through fields, they are a veritable nuisance. As congestion in cities grows greater, the double tracks laid in the middle of the street will become more and more an eyesore. The auto, on the other hand, needs neither a trackage system, nor central power stations with their complex, unsightly, and dangerous web of wires extending over a whole city (as with electric trams), nor central power stations, with costly, wasteful, and slow underground cables, as on many of our own streets. An auto service would also surpass the electric tram or cable-car in mobility. It is conceivable that it would, at length, be found practicable to take the passenger to his precise destination, not to a point from half a block to several blocks away, as does the street-car. Where the cable-car can never exceed a certain very moderate speed, it is possible for the motor-car to manoeuvre slowly through crowded streets, and to go very rapidly through unfrequented ones. Furthermore, the tendency to monopoly, with its attendant public dangers, frequently observable in the case of street-railways in cities, would not be possible in the case of an auto system, since, obviously, any one rich enough to buy and skilled enough to run an auto could engage in competition. With streets all asphalted, and roads either asphalted or made otherwise wide, hard, and smooth, the expenditure of energy in driving an auto over them would probably be no greater than required to drive a street-car of similar capacity over iron rails—considering the waste of energy, in the latter case, in transmission of power from the central station. In brief, there is much to be said for the auto as a competitor of the electric or cable-car. Mr. Stirling makes the prediction in all seriousness that autos will, "at no great distance of time," displace existing tramways in crowded cities. During the past decade, we have seen

ENGLAND'S  
WAR WITH  
THIBET.

The British political mission which went into Thibet in November under military escort is but little in evidence these days. It has been overshadowed by its guardians, said military escort, which is proceeding slowly but surely toward Lhasa, the sacred city, inside the walls of which but half a dozen men other than Thibetans have set foot. The natives are offering stubborn resistance. Poorly armed and poorly drilled as they are, they greatly outnumber the British. Moreover, they are receiving arms and ammunition, and are gaining proficiency in the use of them. They are rapidly learning military tactics. There are about 20,000 of them under arms, while Colonel Younghusband's force consists of 4,600 men, equipped with 12 guns and a number of Maxims, 7,500 animals, and 7,600 carriers and transport men.

So far, there have been three real engagements. Those on March 31st and on May 6th have already been detailed in the *Argonaut*. Since then, on May 26th, there was a hard fight. The Thibetans occupied the village of Palla, and tried to build a wall toward the British camp at Gyantse. The British commenced an attack which lasted eleven hours. Their loss was light—one officer and three Sepoys killed. The

THE  
"SLOCUM"  
DISASTER.

The burning of the steamship *Slocum*, on a June day, in New York Harbor, is the most terrible disaster in marine annals, recorded in modern times. And its cause is simply human greed. Metal bulkheads, wood fire-proofing, good life-preservers, efficient fire-quenching apparatus, cost money. Human life is cheap. It is better, so the owners of excursion steamboats argue, to take the risk of disaster—or rather to subject women and children to the risk of disaster—than to take precautionary measures.

The primary cause of the disaster was the weak inspection law. Rear-Admiral Melville testifies that four years ago a special committee was appointed by Congress to examine into the matter. "The recommendations of this commission," says the admiral, "were so radical as to reforms necessary to secure the safety of steamships that the entire mercantile marine interests rose and killed the bill. They thought it cheaper, apparently, to stand losses of life and property than to make the changes that would be required." Greed, nothing but greed!

The second cause was the failure of inspectors to enforce the law, weak as it was. This was not primarily their fault. The same steamboat corporations that would lobby to death a bill to make boats safer would not hesitate to use their influence to secure the removal of an inspector who was perniciously active. If an inspector was "hard on them," sooner or later he lost his job. Only weak, manageable men were finally to be found in the position of inspector. So it happens that,



as the editor of the New York *Evening Post* personally testifies, "life-belts, when thrown into the water, sank like stones; when ripped open displayed a mixture of soggy cork and glue, no more buoyant than so much dirt; . . . these life-belts bore an inspector's mark of buoyancy from the factory, and the certificate of successive inspectors that no deterioration had taken place."

There were other causes of the disaster, but they all, or nearly all, trace back to the desire of the steamboat company to save money at the expense of safety. There had been, for example, no fire drills—primarily the fault of the company. The crew were cheap, unskilled men—again the fault of the company. One of the New York steamboat owners replied to a question with, "Our boats ought to be in good shape—we don't bribe the inspectors." Of the charge that the captain's course was unwise, it is impossible at this distance to judge; but the damning fact is that he escaped with his life, while women and children by the hundreds were burned and drowned.

Experience keeps a dear school. At the cost of nearly a thousand lives we shall evidently now have, as soon as may be, a strong measure relating to the inspection of steamboats. There seems no good reason why, when all ocean-going passenger vessels are made practically fireproof, coasting steamers should be permitted to remain veritable tinder-boxes. When buildings on land, where large numbers of persons may be assembled, are required to use every precaution against death by fire, why should structures on water, carrying a thousand passengers, be permitted to be constructed of the most inflammable materials?

We, in San Francisco, have a vital interest in this matter. The passenger boats that ply on the bay and river are none too safe.

A slight change for the better is observable in trade and financial conditions. The collapse of the flourishing "boom-times," which optimists thought were permanent (a belief that speculation promoters encouraged), might have been more disastrous. As it is, activity in trade has subsided, consumption of staples has decreased, and, therefore, profits have diminished. But the profits were very large; so, also, were wages and the prices of necessities. The present trouble is that people can not readjust themselves to the change. The producer, the manufacturer, the laborer, each wants to make as much money as he did before. He can not, and the fact hurts. As to the promoter, the boomer of stocks—he is entirely without an occupation. Even solid securities do not sell in proportion to their certain values.

Bank clearings are not decreasing, but remain below normal, having fallen off 15.6 per cent. from what they were last year. The iron and steel situation shows no particular change. Railway earnings decreased 7.1 per cent. in May, as against from 3 to 5 per cent. in the months preceding it.

The West, and especially California, continues to have the better of the situation. We depend to a large extent upon what comes out of the soil, and to a considerable degree upon the willingness of the Orient to buy what we have to offer—and crop reports indicate that our offerings will be large. Contrary to general expectations, the Russian-Japanese war has had, so far, comparatively slight effect on trade one way or the other. Our April exports to Japan amounted to \$2,300,000, an increase of \$1,000,000 over April of last year. European Russia has increased her purchases from us, but in Asiatic Russia and in the Chinese ports in the disturbed area, there has been a marked decline.

A big battle seems to be imminent in Manchuria between, on the one hand, General Kuroki's army which is advancing westward from Siu Yen and General Oku's army, which is moving northward toward the same point from where he defeated General Stakelberg last week, and, on the other hand, the shattered Russian troops under Stakelberg and the reinforcements that Kuropatkin is hurrying southward to his assistance. These four armies seem bound to come together soon in the vicinity of Tachekiao, and if reports do not err, here will occur a decisive battle. The actual news of the week is scanty. Skirmishes of slight importance are all that have occurred on land. At sea, the only event is a sortie from Vladivostok of the torpedo squadron, resulting in the capture of a few small trading schooners. This is unimportant, but the sortie of the cruiser squadron last week had considerable moral effect. Not only were the transports *Sado* and *Hitachi* sunk, as hereinbefore recorded, but the transport *Idzumi* was sent to the bottom by the Russian guns. Highly interesting information about Port Arthur is given by Hector Fuller, of the *Chicago News*, who made

his way into the city, was taken prisoner, and afterward released and told "to leave town." He reports the city well provisioned; full of life and gayety; the fortifications strong, and daily being strengthened; and some, at least, of the battle-ships repaired, painted, and lying at anchor in the harbor. The Japanese blockade is, in Mr. Fuller's opinion, so inefficient that Chinese junks have been able to furnish the Port Arthur garrison with supplies. He thinks the fortress in no immediate danger of capture by the Japanese.

In general, the news of the week indicates that the friends of the Japanese are growing a bit fearful of the future. The rainy season will soon be on in Manchuria, when Japanese movements will be very difficult, while Kuropatkin's army, stationed at Moukden and further south, will suffer little inconvenience, and constantly increase in strength through reinforcements from Russia. General Oku's army landed on the Liao Tung Peninsula for the purpose of capturing Port Arthur a month and a half ago, and, though the preliminary battle of Nanshan Hill was a brilliant victory, Port Arthur itself still remains uncaptured; indeed, no serious engagement on the fortifications has occurred. The time approaches when the Baltic fleet is to sail for the Far East, and if it be true that battle-ships and cruisers damaged early in the war have been repaired, the coming of the Baltic fleet will present serious problems for Admiral Togo to solve. So far, the Japanese have proved themselves admirable fighters and have won brilliant successes; but they haven't got the Russian beaten yet.

Chicago was to have what a group of enthusiasts called a "sane" Fourth of July celebration—a sort of personally conducted celebration, the ammunition for which was to be purchased by public subscription and dealt out unstintingly to noisy young America. What would make greater appeal to the knickerbockered citizen than an unstinted supply of torpedoes, redheads, "double-headed Dutchmen," "bumps," rockets, and toy pistols? But, alas! The supply was to be confined to the tiny snappers of which a cigar-box full can be purchased for a nickel; the kind that a boy would scorn to boast of having held between his teeth as it went off. However, the boys weren't consulted about the matter, and the projectors of the plan started out bravely to collect \$50,000 with which to purchase the fireworks, which were to include rockets of high and low degree, to be set off by experts. But nobody took to the plan. Only \$5,000 was collected; and half of that was used in paying the thirty stenographers and clerks who had been hired by the Chicago Amusement Association, the organization that was promoting this noiseless Fourth of July.

Really, however, it is something of a pity that the project fell through. We scarcely think we can be accused of a lack of patriotism in proclaiming our Fourth of July celebrations altogether too noisy—and, also, too fatal. The figures are startling. On July 4th of last year, 466 lives were lost by firecrackers, toy pistols, cannon and gunshot wounds, powder and fireworks. Three thousand nine hundred and eighty-three were injured. Fifty-nine lives were lost in Illinois. How many would have been saved this year had not her citizens laughed at the plans for a "sane" Fourth of July?

The nomination of Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, for President, and Charles W. Fairbanks, of Illinois, for Vice-President by acclamation; the delivery of a statesmanly speech by Elihu Root; of a sensible and humorous address by "Uncle Joe" Cannon; of a keen and well-balanced speech in nomination of Theodore Roosevelt by Frank S. Black; of an eloquent seconding speech, full of epigrammatic sayings, by Senator Beveridge; of an old-fashioned spread-eagle speech by George A. Knight; and of brief seconding speeches by Edwards, of Georgia, Bradley, of Kentucky, Cotton, of Minnesota, Cummings, of Maryland (a negro); the delivery of a skillful speech in nomination of Vice-President by Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, and his able seconding by Depew, Foraker, and Carter, of Montana; the adoption of a brief, pointed, and unambiguous platform; the expression of hearty enthusiasm (as great as could be expected in the absence of all contests) lasting twenty-three minutes when Roosevelt was nominated—such were the salient features and proper achievements of the Republican National Convention at Chicago. There are no wounds to be healed, no yawning gaps in party ranks to be closed up. All is harmony. The campaign now begins with almost the assurance of the election of Theodore Roosevelt by the country, as there was a month ago of his nomination by the convention.

## HURRY AND ANGER IN TRAVELING.

By Jerome Hart.

I am minded to make a few notes about hurry and anger in traveling. Some seem to think that hurry is necessary in traveling; that you don't have a good time unless you hurry. I think this is a mistake. I think if you hurry while traveling you rarely have a good time, and as for anger while traveling, if you permit yourself to become angry while traveling, you will never have a good time at all.

There are many people who always seem to travel in a hurry. But what is the use of hurrying while traveling for pleasure? I can understand why a drummer or an advance agent should make haste upon the road. But not people traveling for pleasure. Why, for example, should a doctor, leaving the city for a consultation at five hundred dollars per day, travel in a hurry? Why should an ordinary pleasure-seeker do so? Yet hurry is almost universal. When you take a railway train or an ocean steamer everybody seems to be in a worry and a hurry, particularly at a steamer pier. There may be some reason for worry over missing a steamer with your luggage in her hold, but why worry over a train? When it comes to trains, there are many of them. If you miss the ten-ten train, why not take the eleven-twelve?

This rule, however, does not always apply in Europe, nor does it always apply to wives. I have a friend who tells me that his wife is never in a hurry when about to take a train. He thinks she goes to the other extreme. He says he is always engaged in trying to hurry her. But the placid Jessica will not be hurried. He flies around frantically, warning her that she will lose her train. Jessica calmly continues packing, saying: "But did you ever know me to lose a train?" As a result they generally drive down at the last moment, and just catch their train by the skin of their teeth.

Once, however, Mr. Jessica told me that he had taught her a lesson. It seems that they were in Munich. They were going to take the east-bound Orient Express. It passed through Munich at ten o'clock in the morning. He urged Jessica to pack the night before.

She gazed at him placidly, and said: "What nonsense! Did you ever know me to lose a train?"

Mr. Jessica said nothing, but he thought a great deal. He lay awake during the night and thought. The next morning he was the very soul of deliberation. He was even more deliberate than Mrs. Jessica. Much to her surprise, he did not urge her to hurry. When she postponed packing until after breakfast, he said: "Very well, my dear."

After breakfast, even Jessica, lacking the stimulus of his usual importunities, became herself a little anxious. But he was quite calm. He packed as she did, when she did; he did not offer to pack before her, but did everything exactly as she did, and at the same time. When she was snapping the locks on bags, so was he. When she was reopening a bag to trap a secretive tooth-brush, he was reopening a bag to snare some elusive soap. When she was looking around the walls for the final survey, he was looking around the floor. When she was at the door of the slow European lift, he was at her side.

When they reached the street and their bags were being piled on the carriage, he helped her in. But he never said a word about trains or train-time.

The carriage started, and they reached the station. But the station slept. Instead of the whirl and roar and bustle of a great station at train-time, there was the lethargic, semi-somnolent condition of a great station between trains, like a beast which has swallowed its meal and is engaged in digesting it. Even the placid Jessica noticed the difference.

"Why, what is the matter?" said she. "Nobody seems to be rushing around."

"I haven't the least idea," said Mr. Jessica, calmly. "Well, ask somebody where the train is."

So he asked one of the numerous brass-buttoned aristocrats who are found at German railway stations.

The high and well-born brass-buttons replied, briefly: "Der Zug gegangen ist."

The deliberate husband turned to Jessica. "He says it's gone."

"What is gone?" she asked.

"The train, my dear," he replied, calmly.

"Do you mean to say that we have missed the train?" shrieked Jessica.

"That's what," replied Mr. Jessica, relapsing into the American vernacular.

The wife of his bosom gazed at him for some moments with stony eyes. Then she burst forth.

"But why didn't you tell me? What did you mean by being so slow? Why didn't you hurry up? What

THE OUTLOOK  
FOR  
PROSPERITY.

THE PROGRESS  
OF THE  
WAR.

ROOSEVELT  
AND  
FAIRBANKS.



made you dawdle so over the packing? Why didn't we start sooner? Why don't you do something?"

Such was the torrent of questions which poured from the lips of that injured woman.

Mr. Jessica drew himself up, and said: "My dear, I have for ten years been urging you to hurry when we were going to catch trains. I never saw you do it. Now I have stopped. I am tired. I have given up telling you to hurry. I told you what time this train went. You are grown up. You are just as well able to tell what time it is as I am. I kept pace with you all morning after I had told you the train-time. I finished packing when you finished, and I got down here as soon as you did. We're just ten minutes late."

"But when is the next train?" asked Jessica.

"This train," said Mr. Jessica, "is the Orient Express, and it leaves Tuesdays and Saturdays. The next train doesn't leave till the middle of next week."

Mr. Jessica says that the lesson was effectual, and that Mrs. Jessica never again was late for a train. But I do not envy that bold man his domestic experiences during their three days of waiting.

••

While I condemn the unwisdom of permitting yourself to become really angry while traveling, I do not mean utterly to depreciate the usefulness of pretended anger. For

anger is certainly useful in traveling—not genuine but factitious anger. If you make a scene, let it be a dramatic one. Bear in mind that the angry man always makes a fool of himself; that the angriest man is always at a disadvantage; that if you are angry and the other man is also angry, there are two fools; but if you are angry and the other man is not, then there is only one.

On the other hand, if you only pretend to be angry, sometimes you have the advantage. Remember Diderot's "Paradoxe sur le Comédien"—that the actor who feels emotion, who is affected by his own acting, is not a good actor; that the finished actor is he who is utterly unaffected by the rôle he is playing.

There are many annoyances in travel. Heat and cold; rain and snow; dust and mud; beggars and thieves; lazy menials and greedy landlords; bores on board ship, bores on board trains, and hogs at hotel tables. You must expect to meet them all. It is not to be supposed that you travel for all the comforts of a home. Therefore, be philosophical. Don't get angry. Pretend to be so, if you like—but never get angry. If you are a thin man and get angry, beware of heart-disease; if you are a fat man and get angry, look out for apoplexy.

We once were at a Swiss hotel in Caux, half way up the funicular railway, on the mountain called Rochers de Naye. When I came to pay our bill, I found that the swindling Swiss publican had put in so many exorbitant extras that it would have made me really angry did I not believe anger to be unwise. But I noticed that a group of some twenty tourists had just entered from the funicular station, and were getting ready to register. I immediately worked myself into a fit of furious anger. I vociferated. I denounced each extra as a swindle. I yelled. I bawled. I howled. The tourists grew restless—they began to move toward the door. The hotel man was in an agony. He began cutting down his extra charges about a franc a minute. But with a loud whoop from me concerning a franc and a half per candle, the tourists all started for the door. The landlord in a husky whisper wiped off the charge for "candles," "elevator service," "orchestra music," and "electric light," so I got my bill at about what was fair. Thereupon I recovered at once from my fit of passion, got my receipted bill, refused to pay for the revenue stamps on it, and went down the funicular to the Lake of Geneva in an excellent humor with myself and all the world. But how different would the world have seemed had I been really angry!

No, no—never get angry.

••

Once when approaching the shores of Europe with a friend who was to see them for the first time, I inculcated on him these maxims of mine. "No matter what they do to you—and they don't do a thing to you—don't get angry," said I, solemnly.

Max—my friend was called Max—promised that he would not.

After our ship had come to anchor; after all the passengers had refused to go down to luncheon because they knew they were going ashore in about ten minutes; after the ship had flown the quarantine flag for an hour; after the quarantine officer had boarded us; after he had examined about a thousand cabin and steerage passengers; after the gloomy German chief-steward and the grinning German waiters had borne away the untasted luncheon—about four hours after—the impetuous travelers who had intended to lunch on shore began to think seriously of dining on board; after brawny pirates in small row-boats and uniformed tourist-agents in big steam-tenders had herded us around, we were landed on the Immacolatella pier in Naples.

There our troubles began, and they were nothing like as bad as they are on the New York pier, but they were bad enough. The functionaries on the New York pier at least speak American, but those on the Naples pier

frequently do not speak even Italian, only Neapolitan.

Max and I were separated for a time while I was working my trousseau through the lines, having hired for that purpose a fluent and accomplished Neapolitan liar. Hearing a familiar voice raised in wrath I turned. It was Max. He was shaking his fist at two grinning custom-house officers.

"What's the matter, Max?" quoth I.

"Matter," he yelled. "Why, these high-binders have seized my cigarettes, and they won't even let me pay the duty on them. They say I didn't declare them, and therefore they are confiscated."

"But why did you try to hide them?" I asked.

"I didn't," replied Max. "I declared them in French."

"In French!" said I, mournfully, "then all is lost. If you did it in French, Max, they probably think that you are an anarchist, and that you were insulting the Italian flag."

"Oh, come off—this is no joke," replied the infuriated Max. "I lose my cigarettes, and that's no laughing matter. Do you suppose I can smoke the dreadful punks they sell in this country? You're all right, for you don't smoke."

"Yes, I smoke, but not cigarettes. I don't call that smoking," I retorted.

"What do you call it then?" asked the mourning cigarette fiend.

"I call it infecting," I replied, briefly, but crisply.

Max turned from me in silent disgust, but as he did so fresh fuel was added to his wrath. One of the customs-officers presented Max with one of his own cigarettes out of his own confiscated lot. I really believe it was intended as a kindness, but as Max scornfully repulsed it there was murder in his heart.

"Be cool, old man," said I, warningly. "Be calm. Don't let them make you angry. Never get angry. You are making a bad start in Europe."

Max choked, but said no more. We passed through the gateway, while other officials stuck little customs-stamps on our hand-bags, thus giving us the right of way. We stepped forth on Italian soil, free men.

Just without the gates there stood a long row of cabs, drawn by those little, broken-kneed Sardinian ponies that one always sees in Naples. Now in Berlin you are always forced to take the first cab in the row. If you are a family of eight and it is a one-horse droschky for two, you take it. Then you hire others for your overflow. If you are a lone, lorn bachelor bearing a single grip, and the head of the row is an eight-seat family four-wheeler, you have got to take it. Not to take it is "verboten." If you don't take it you get arrested. In Germany you're liable to get arrested for almost anything, anywhere, at any time; but I had never noticed any such cab rule in Naples before.

I examined the first horse critically. He was, as I just said, broken-kneed, sway-backed, and harness-galled; he had spring-halt; he interfered and overreached, and had boots on every leg. Besides, he wasn't a very good-looking horse anyway.

I disapproved of him, so I tried to walk around the first cab to take the next one. The cabman urged his horse forward, and headed me off. I tried to walk behind him. He backed his horse up, and headed me off again. This somewhat irritated me, but I continued my efforts. On the third back-up my patience gave way.

"You spaghetti-eating son of a sea-cook!" I yelled, shaking my hook-handled umbrella at him. "You macaroni-munching myrmidon, you degenerate descendant of unnumbered Dagoes, if you don't let me pass I'll give you a jolt under the jaw that will send you over your dashboard onto your crowbar of a horse!"

And I made another attempt to get around the cab. Again he headed me off. With a roar of rage I dropped my hand-bag and umbrella and started to leap onto the box. But two guardians of the public security were watching me. They seized me from behind, and held me by the arms.

As soon as I was sure that they held me firmly and would not let go, I redoubled my efforts to attack the cabman.

"Let me at him," I yelled.

Here a number of unoccupied warriors strolled up—two "Bersaglieri," with cocks' feathers drooping over their eyes, a little sawed-off soldier in dark-green facings, and a long-legged gent in tall jack-boots, a pot-metal cuirass, and a tin helmet with a long plume. They committed no overt act, but they all drew up in line and gazed at me inquiringly. Perhaps they had never seen a fight, and were anxious to observe one.

But while I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that even if I could lick the cabman I could not lick the Italian army, the cabman was getting himself into trouble. He was "talking back" to the guardians of the public security. He was giving them "sass." Fortunately for me, I knew no Italian "sass." These gentlemen became so irritated at the saucy cabman that they jumped into his cab, and ordered him to drive at once to the Central Police Station.

All they did to me was to demand my card. I gave it to them instantly. It happened to be one of Max's, by the way, which I had in my pocket. I always carry a few friends' cards in Europe in case I get arrested. I apologized to them, telling them they could see by the cabman's conduct toward them that his conduct toward

me must have been equally inexcusable. So they drove off, with the cabman casting evil glances at me.

Max and I took the second cab in the row, the long-legged giant clad in sheet-tin having informed us in mutilated French that such was the municipal ordinance.

We started for our hotel—the Grand. As we drove along the beautiful bay, by the Villa Nazionale, with the picturesque Pizzofalcone ridge rising on our right, with Posolippo in front of us, with Vesuvius behind us, and with Capri floating 'twixt sea and sky on the entrance to the bay, I thought Max would enjoy the exquisite scenery, but he kept muttering such fool things as these:

"'Never get mad.' Ha-Ha! 'Always keep cool.' Ho-Ho! 'Never lose your temper.' He-He! 'Only pretend to be mad'! Well, that was a daisy imitation!"

As for me, I looked at the scenery in silence, and kept my temper.

I never get angry while traveling.

At least, I rarely do.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Bessie Allen, of Chicago, has been made a Ph. D. for her thesis on "The Psychology of the Guinea Pig."

General Cronje, the Boer leader and hero of the South African War, is soon to be married to Mrs. Johanna Steetzel, the widow of one of the general's war companions. Both are now at the St. Louis exposition.

Arthur Wing Pinero, the dramatist, passed his forty-ninth birthday last month. He keeps himself in play-writing form by means of outdoor sports. In his early days near the footlights he was jestingly known as "the wing of the theatre."

Jane Addams, of Hull House fame, has been selected by the University of Wisconsin for the honorary degree of LL. D. It is the first offer of such a distinction that has come to Miss Addams. It is the first time that the University of Wisconsin has offered such an honor to any but practicing lawyers.

Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, who began her career tentatively in New York as a concert singer several years ago, recently took part in a charity concert in Florence, and is said to have made great improvement since she resumed her studies. But she is not going to follow a professional career, and will use her talents merely for the pleasure of herself and her friends.

Franz Vecsey, the child violinist who has taken London by storm, scored one of his greatest triumphs at the state concert given at Buckingham Palace. When Vecsey had finished playing, it is said that Queen Alexandra, who is passionately fond of music, went up to him and hugged and kissed him, and then, taking from her own neck a string of pearls, she wound it around the boy's throat. Later, at supper time, the queen took young Vecsey to the buffet, and herself waited upon him, picking out the delicacies which she considered would most appeal to his childish palate.

Writing of Theodore Roosevelt in the pages of the *Reader*, George Horton points out that it is unfortunate for children that the President hasn't time to write a book for them. For Mr. Roosevelt, the author declares, is a really "remarkable story-teller for children, and his stories are not of the sort which so many grown-ups write, professedly for the young, but really comprehensible only by the old; he tells real children's stories, that are listened to by the little folk with breathless interest. He is an unfailing fountain of ghost stories, hobgoblin and fairy-tales, adventures with were-wolves and demon bears."

The Paris correspondent of the *London Truth*, who is excellent authority, says that the Kaiser has recently been proving that his health is good, and that hoarseness of voice has not only disappeared, but that the vocal chords have recovered all their former sonority. He took no pains to spare them at Strasburg, on his visit, the other day. Standing on the steps of the imperial palace, he passed twelve regiments in review. The colonel of each in turn stood before him, and after each regiment had filed past, received any observations his imperial majesty had to make about them. A spectator standing in a window counted, watch in hand, the minutes the emperor spent in admonishing the colonels, and found they came to exactly eighty-nine.

Ramon Corral, who has been elected vice-president of Mexico, will, in all probability, succeed Porfirio Diaz as president of the republic when Diaz sees fit to give up the reins of power. The creation of the post of vice-president was simply for the purpose of providing a successor to the man who has already served six terms in the presidency, and at threescore and ten will soon begin a seventh, this time, one of six years. The vice-president, Corral, is little known outside of Mexico. He is young, aggressive, and popular; he has successively filled the posts of governor of the State of Sonora; governor of the federal district in which the City of Mexico is situated, and minister of the interior. He is married, has traveled widely, and is possessed of considerable means. Primarily, he is a politician of a high type.



## "HIGH LIFE" IN COVELO.

Why Wylackie Jake Went to Tehama.

"No," said Wylackie Jake, "I aint never traveled much. Some people travel around a-lookin' for health after they've lost it, like ol' Mr. Doyle, the president of the Round Valley Sportsmen's Club, an' others travels around to preserve it. The first breed of people do a whole lot of hikin' around—'Frisco, Del Monticos, an' the like. The other kind hits the trail now an' then out into the mountains when the lilies of the valley gets to pryin' about what become of this cow or that hog. Whenever Sam Blaine, Frank Bell, or Tom Freeman gets to searchin' around for somethin' they've lost, then Alf Redfield and me has to go to the mountains on a huntin' trip. The more thorough they make the search, the farther Alf an' I go and the longer we stay. They got so inquisitive onc't that Alf an' I had to go clear to Blocksburg, get a job a-herdin' baas, an' stay out all summer. But that time Alf and I ought to a-had to do what we did. We had shore raised particular fits, and our summer around Blox was about enough to square the deal. Blox is a funny town. It's what ol' Mr. Doyle calls a 'rum old place.' Why, in that town, a fist fight don't attract as much attention as a dog fight. This Blox trip of our'n was shore bad enough, but the worst travelin' I ever had to do arose out of a joke. Some people thinks bad actions 'll get you into more trouble than jokes; but my experience is that a good big joke on Round Valley 'll get a man into more genuine, sincere trouble than anything—except takin' a horse from some fellow that took him from some other fellow. The longest, orneriest trip I ever had to take up to date to preserve my health was over the range to Tehama County, an' it was all because of a harmless joke. I stayed over the range nigh on to a year, an' that shore shows how serious some people took the joke.

"One day I was a-ridin' around lookin' for deer over by that big Rattlesnake Rock near where the road crosses Eel River. I looked up the road an' sees a new rig a-comin'. I knowed it was a new rig because I didn't know the dog a-runnin' ahead of it. Up here we always know who's a-comin' on a road or a trail by the dog that runs ahead. This here dog was a spotted dog. I never saw the likes of him before, an' he seemed to want to drink the river dry. Pretty soon the rig comes up, an' damn me if the guy a-drivin' didn't have on a stove-pipe hat. Out here, you know, everybody but ol' Mr. Doyle wears soft hats, an' he bein' the hotel-keeper an' undertaker an' president of the Sportsmen's Club, is allowed to satisfy his whim. When I see that hard hat I just nacherally wanted to rope that fellow an' drag him across the river, but he was such a nice little dude-like man that I says politely enough: 'Afternoon, pardner. Aint you out of your latitude?'

"'Maybe out of my latitude,' says he, 'but if I'm on the Round Valley Road, I'm in my longitude.'

"'Well, pardner,' says I, 'you're on the road all right enough, an' if you keep on a-goin' you'll shore wind up in Round Valley, but if I was in your place I'd either get a-other kind of head-gear or else turn around an' go back. The boys maybe 'll stand for that spotted dog of you'n, but they're mighty touchy on hats. They wants short horns to be peaceable and humble like, for they aint notoriety enough in the valley to go round, an' the buddin' aspirations of tenderfoots shore has to be curbed.'

"'I'm thankful to you for the suggestion,' says he, 'an' shall now adopt your advice.'

"With that he opens a kind of a hat alfora an' puts his stove-pipe hat in it, an' then from a valise he brings out a old soldier hat, an' puts it on his head.

"'You now looks like a white man,' says I, 'an' not like a dude.'

"I looked at his rig an' see he was some sort of a peddler.

"'You've been good to me,' says he, 'a-puttin' me wise on the hat proposition, an' now to show you I'm not without gratitude—which is the milk of human kindness—I'm a-goin' to give you my last bottle of a compound known as "high life." Rubbed into the hide of any aged animal it makes him young again; gives him the fire of youth, a steady step, a keen eye. That pinto horse of you'n seems to be old an' your dog aint no longer young, an' this compound 'll restore them to their pristine vigor.'

"I didn't know what he meant by pristine vigor, but the rest of what he said was tolerably plain, an' I took the bottle an' thanked him.

"'Good-day, pardner,' says he, a-drivin' on.

"'S' long,' says I to him, an' with that I rode off, hopin' to get a buck. But the deer wasn't plentiful, an' so I started for Covelo.

"I got there about three in the afternoon, an' stopped at the blacksmith shop to have a little chinnin' with Alf Redfield. Alf was a-lettin' on to work at the blacksmith shop then. Alf has let on to work for almost everybody in town. Whenever he makes the entire round he'll have to move to some other town or take to rustlin' regular or sellin' liquor to Injuns.

"Ol' Mr. Doyle was a-havin' his buggy fixed at the shop. His horse was a-standin' tied to a post near by. That horse was a likely horse before the woods was burnt, but of late years most all the Injuns over on the reservation has had horses that puts on more looks an' speed. Ol' Mr. Doyle has got old along with the

horse. The old man don't know he's old, an' he don't know the horse is old, either, but the horse does. Mr. Doyle was in the back of the shop a-talkin' to ol' Mr. Putnam, the blacksmith, an' Alf was lettin' on to be busy with the buggy. I went over to the old horse an' began to pet him an' talk nice to him, the way a fellow will talk to a old horse that knows how to behave. Of a sudden I thinks of the present my hard-hat dude friend give me, an' I decided to try some of it on ol' Mr. Doyle's horse. I slyly poured some out into my hand an' rubbed it into the old horse's back. He didn't take on none, an' I decided the tenderfoot has shore passed off some counterf'it goods. Then I stands a minute or two a-musin' on it, an' concludes that maybe horses is too big animals for the compound to work on, an' maybe it 'd go better on a dog.

"Mr. Doyle has got a old dog named Bruno over at his hotel, which used to be a regular 'hell wumper,' as he puts it. He says that ol' dog was a better hunter than a Injun when he was young. But the ol' dog aint good for nothin' now except to lie on the sidewalk an' be petted. There's a young scrappin' dog named 'Bull' that gives the old fellow a lot of trouble an' makes him wish he was young again. I decided to try the compound on the old dog, an' went over to where he was a-lyin' in the shade. I commenced to pet him, an' the old fellow enjoyed it shore enough. Then I rubbed some of the ointment on to him, an' it didn't have no effect. The old dog just wagged his tail an' panted kind of loud, the way a old dog will, an' when I quit rubbin' him lay down again. I had tried the dude's compound on a equine an' a canine, an' hadn't got no action. Think's I to myself, a cat is a nervous high jumper, a sort of a ring-tail spieler that shows his bad health by his uncommon activity, an' maybe the feline 'll be affected where the equine an' the canine wasn't. So I recollected that old Mr. Doyle has a big cat, named Robert Emmet, which the same he is uncommon fond of, an' which sleeps under the billiard table in the bar-room of his hotel.

"So I ambles into the bar-room an' pets the cat, an' pussy sagged in the middle an' purred when I touched him. The bar-keeper, he went out to the well, an' I rubbed some of the compound on to the cat, an' would you believe it, the cat just went back under the billiard table an' lay down an' went to snoozin' again. I had failed on the equine, the canine, an' the feline. I was about to take the bottle to the back yard an' bust it with my gun, when I heard ol' Mr. Doyle's parrot say, 'Polly, pretty Polly.' That puts a new idea into my head. Maybe the nerves of a bird was different from those of animals, an' perhaps the compound would work on a bird where it didn't work on a animal. An' so I goes up to the polly an' says, 'Polly, pretty Polly,' an' the parrot just nacherally put her head out to have it scratched, an' the same I scratched an' rubbed her on the back with 'high life.' Would you believe it, that bird wasn't affected in the slightest. I puts it up that tenderfoot dude has shore played me for a sucker.

"I started for the back yard intendin' to use my bottle as a target, for I do love to see glass fly when a bullet hits it, when suddenly I heard some one holler 'whoa!' in a anxious tone of voice, an' then I heard a rattle of wheels. You bet I pulled my freight to the street mighty quick, an' just in time to see that ol' horse of ol' Mr. Doyle's rair up an' paw the air like a old grizzly that's been scratched by a bullet. Alf an' ol' Mr. Putnam an' ol' Mr. Doyle was a-trivin' to quiet the horseflesh, but of a sudden the old horse give a bound, an' jumped ahead as if he'd run into a hornet's nest. All three of 'em hollered 'whoa,' an' I run out and made believe I was a-tryin' to head the old plug off. The boys come a-pourin' out of the Dewey an' other places of refreshment. Well, sir, that old horse that hadn't been out of a trot for years an' years just seemed to recover his 'pristine vigor,' an' went down that highway like a dog with a tin can tied to his tail. Ol' Mr. Doyle looked at the cloud of dust, an' remarked, 'What in hell's struck the old fool?' An' Alf said he guessed the old horse had turned back to a colt. They wasn't nothin' down the road but a big cloud of dust.

"I looked at the old dog an' see that he was awake, an' that his eye had a light in it I hadn't seen in years. Bull was a-lyin' across the street in the shade. Old Bruno got up an' stretched an' shook himself an' began to sniff the air. He seemed to have a air of conceit about him I hadn't seen since Bull licked him the first time. He started across the street, an' the bully dog began to growl. Bruno 'd been accustomed to always sheerin' off when the other dog growled, but this time he just let out one savage snarl an' showed his teeth, an' then he just clumb up on to that other dog like a bob cat does a tree.

"An' that was shore a dog fight. The bully dog was all swelled up and conceited like at first, as much as to say, 'Why, the idea.' Old Bruno had the sympathy of the crowd, which shore cheered him on. An' say—well, I've been in bear fights where there was considerable whoopin' an' hollerin' an' snarlin' an' growlin' an' barkin', but this here fight shore beat anything in the way of a scrap I ever seen or heard. Them two dogs just clawed an' chawed an' bit an' scratched an' snarled. The bully dog put forth his best efforts at first, but Bruno kept a-gettin' stronger as the fight progressed. When ol' Mr. Doyle see this, he just whooped an' yelled, 'Sick 'em, Bruno; grab 'im, catch 'im, whoopee.' After while the bully dog got enough an' quit scrappin', an' then Alf Redfield an' Ike Wharton separated 'em, an'

the bully dog went down the street with his tail a-tween his legs, an' ol' Bruno a-havin' to be held back. Ol' Mr. Doyle was plumb tickled to death. He just petted ol' Bruno so hard it sounded as though he was a-beltin' him. Bruno he rubbed up against the old man's leg, an' wagged his tail like somebody was a-goin' to give him a hunk of meat. The loafers an' gamblers went back to their loafin' an' gamblin', an' life in Covelo resooms its natural condition.

"Thinks I to myself, I'd better be a-makin' scarce around here. If that cat an' parrot get took in that bar-room the way that horse an' dog has been took, they aint no tellin' just what 'll happen. I started for my old pinto, when I heard a yowl that made me think a bob cat 'd come to town a-lookin' for fodder. An' almost at the same time I heard Polly shriek, 'Damn it, give me a cracker.' What now happens I wasn't prepared for. Ever since the parrot had been in the bar-room, Robert Emmet had been a-lookin' for parrot meat some day, but never had the nerve to tackle the bird, she pecked so savage. But now this here compound shore gingered up that cat so's he's ready for to tackle a eagle. An' the parrot, she feels fine, an' is ready for any cat the size of a screechin' panther. The parrot she just nacherally took up a position on a shelf behind the bar loaded with whisky bottles and jimmy-johns, an' the cat jumped up on the bar. The bar-keeper, which the same bein' a Dutchy, aint got no nerve, an' didn't try to stop the scrap. Robert Emmet gave a jump at the polly an' the polly pecked real hard at him an' flopped her wings, an' whisky bottles an' jimmyjohns fell off 'en that shelf an' busted on the floor. You never saw so much good whisky go to waste in so short a time. Ol' Mr. Doyle come in an' looks at the wreckage and debree, an' says he, 'This here is a-gettin' damn serious,' an' with that pussy give another spring at Polly, an' Polly hollers, 'Oh, give us a rest,' an' knocks the feline an' more whisky bottles on to the floor. 'Stop them,' says ol' Mr. Doyle. An' with that Alf Redfield runs in an' got between the cat an' the polly an' knocked Robert Emmet away when he was all crouched ready for another spring. Polly flew over on the bar an' flopped her wings an' bent over, an' then she just flew right out through the door an' lit in a oak tree, an' screeched an' hollered like a wild Injun. Ol' Mr. Doyle, he just said, 'Well, what in hell?'

"The boys began a-discussin' the cause of all the animal animation. I didn't say nothin' nor offer no theories; but by 'en by a little kid pipes up, an' says: 'I seen Wylackie Jake a-rubbin' somethin' on the horse an' dog.' 'Kid,' says I, 'you will please to recollect that small boys aint to talk when they's men around.' With that, somethin' caught my eye over at the door, an' it wasn't on Mr. Doyle's head. What did I see but that dude a-lookin' in, an' worst of all, he shore had that hard hat on. Well, sir, afore I knowed it, I pulled my gun an' just nacherally ruined that hat, a-puttin' five holes through it, an' savin' one for emergency, but they weren't no emergency in that tenderfoot. He was just scairt stiff. He was the scairstest man I ever seen. I just nacherally ruined that silk-worm eaten catastrophe of a dude hat. The little kid he pipes up again, an' says, 'Jake made that horse an' dog act up.'

"'What the lad says is true,' says the dude, 'if Jake is the fellow that ruined my hat. This morning I give a fellow that looks like that man there,' says he, 'a-pointin' at me, 'a bottle of what they calls "high life," or "dope" down at the citv. for some advice he gives me about not wearin' a silk hat in the valley, an' now he's ruined the hat, the only fellow in the valley that 'd do such a thing, as I've found out. Step up to the bar, gentlemen,' says he, 'an' have a drink with me.' Ol' Mr. Doyle, he went behind the bar a-laughin'. an' says, 'What's your'n?'

"Everybody was good-natured an' willin' to drink with the short horn, an' things was shore a-stampedin' mv way, until Jack Wilson says, 'I'll take whisky.' Then he says suddenly, as if he'd been hit by a rattle-bug, 'Damn, if the whisky aint all on the floor. The joke aint so funny now.' Ol' Mr. Doyle he just broke off a smile right in half, an' roared, 'The skunk that 'd do a thing like this ought to be run out of the valley.' An' Jack he chimed in an' said the same, an' the rest of the crowd looked as solemn as a Injun funeral.

"I makes mv way toward my old pinto plug, an' ol' Mr. Doyle hellowed, 'Stop him.' With that I run to mv horse an' jumped into the saddle an' starts to ride off.

"'Don't let him get away, boys; remember the whisky,' says the old gentleman. At that Jack Wilson an' Ernie Mason an' some more lilies of the valley jumped on to their horses an' shore started for me just a-flyin'. They a-bein' on young horses I knowed it wouldn't be long afore they'd catch up with me, an' I didn't know what they'd do to me. Suddenly, I he-thought me of my compound, an' the same I took out an' rubbed some on my old pinto. Ernie an' Jack was a-gainin' on me, an' I was a-beginnin' to think I'd have to pull my gun an' keep 'em off. But in a few minutes I see that my old pinto plug was a-leavin' 'em behind. By the time I had got to Gray's I seen I was out of danger, an' my horse was a-getting stronger at each jump. That compound just nacherally made my horse young again. I made my way over Leach Lake Mountain down to Eel River, an' over the range to Tehama County, where I stayed there a year afore I dared venture back."

GEORGE S. EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1904.



## NEW YORK'S CATASTROPHE.

Burning of the "General Slocum"—Excursion Boat Destroyed by Flames—Nearly One Thousand Lives Lost—A Morning of Terror and Death.

New York City has been visited by the worst disaster in its history. On Thursday, June 16th, the excursion boat *General Slocum*, carrying approximately twelve hundred passengers, mostly women and children, was burned in the East River, opposite the city, and nearly one thousand people lost their lives.

The *General Slocum* left East Third Street at about half past nine, having been chartered for the seventeenth annual excursion of the St. Mark's German Evangelical Lutheran Sunday-School. There had been nine hundred and ninety-eight tickets sold, but the number of people on board was larger. It was an ideal day, with a cool breeze. A band was playing on board, and forward tables had been spread at which children were feasting. When the boat had reached a point opposite Ninety-Seventh Street, flames were discovered in her forward part. From all that can be learned, they started in a room in which lamps, brooms, and refuse were stored. When the alarm was given, shortly after ten o'clock, the captain headed the boat at full speed for North Brother Island, a mile away. By the time he reached One Hundred and Thirty-Third Street, the flames had made fearful progress. The alarm had spread among the passengers, who, crowded to the rails by the fierce heat, began to jump. Panic prevailed, attacking the crew as well as passengers. Deck-hands rushed frantically here and there, now laboring for a minute at trying to put out the flames, now making futile efforts to calm the frenzied passengers. There was no system or order, but a wild scramble for life, ending in hundreds of cases, in a miserable death.

While all this was happening, the boat was proceeding rapidly toward North Brother Island, people swarming over her sides into the bay. At last, ten minutes after the fire broke out, she was beached. At about this time, the supports of the hurricane deck gave way, precipitating the people there into the water, into the flames, and on to the struggling ones below them, adding new terrors to the disaster. Meanwhile, the *General Slocum's* hoarse signals for help had called out a fleet of tugs and other boats, which followed in her wake, coming as close as the flames would permit, and picking up the living, dead, and dying. Messages had been sent to police stations and hospitals, and policemen, doctors, ambulances, and patrol wagons were hurried to the scene. The living were taken to the hospitals, the dead to the morgues. And the dead were more numerous than the living. There seemed no end to them. After the boat collapsed, shortly after noon, they were found all around her, on the water, on the shore, in the burning timbers. The paddle-wheels were choked with corpses.

The excursion which ended in such a loss of life was the great annual event of the parish which contributed most of the victims. Every year for seventeen years the German children who attended St. Mark's Sunday-School, went, accompanied by parents and friends, to Locust Grove. They were people in ordinarily well-to-do circumstances, small shopkeepers, and working people of the better class. Their pastor, the Rev. George C. F. Haas, was one of the organizers of the excursion. He was rescued, but his wife, daughter, and sister were lost.

The *General Slocum*, which was chartered for this occasion, was in constant commission for such events, and was looked upon as a safe boat. She was comparatively new, having been built in 1891, and was commanded by Captain W. H. Van Schaick, one of the oldest excursion captains in New York. She had a carrying capacity of twenty-five hundred, and was supposed to be fully equipped with life preservers for that number of people, and with sufficient fire apparatus. She was inspected on May 5th of this year, and was reported perfectly safe in every way. Yet, of the dozen life preservers that have been put under seal by the district attorney as evidence, only three were intact, the rest having burst compartments, and from the rents poured pulverized cork. They were worse than useless when they remained intact, becoming water-logged, and drowning as many people as they saved. Also, it has been told at the inquest that there had been no fire drill for months. The hose burst when an attempt was made to use it, and the lifeboats and rafts were lashed to their supports with wires. The crew rendered little assistance to the passengers, and all but three saved their lives.

The stories that are told by survivors and spectators are dramatic and harrowing in the extreme. Herbert Nulson saw the fire from the tower of a refrigerator plant at One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth Street and the East River. He said:

Big puffs of white smoke were coming from her forward deck. It extended down below the pilot-house. Then it worked rapidly aft, so that the whole boat seemed enveloped in smoke. I thought that she was coming inshore toward the landing. But instead she headed for North Brother Island, and passed up the river in front of us, the cries, shrieks, and pleadings of the passengers being heard by us plainly. She had a heavy list to starboard, the passengers being packed on that side on all decks, first moving forward and then aft in a mass. A little white yacht that followed her up the river was the first to get aid to her, but this was only a small boat manned by the yacht's crew. There was a rush for this from the passengers of the *Slocum*, and the small boat was blown out of sight.

Jacob Lundman, a convalescent patient on North Brother Island, said:

As the burning boat came up the river past the island with the people screaming and jumping off, there were but a few boats around, but I plainly saw the ferry-boat *Bronx* pass the *Slocum* astern about fifty feet and proceed on her way. I also saw one of the New Haven Line boats pass the *Slocum* without rendering assistance.

The following is a portion of the description given by the pastor of what he witnessed:

The fire started in the kitchen when we were off One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth Street. I understand that the men in the kitchen, instead of fighting it, ran for safety.

At that time most of the women and children were jammed in the rear of the boat, where the band was playing.

Why the captain did not point the boat for the Meadows I do not understand. He kept on, and the fresh wind from the Sound drove the fire back through the different decks with lightning rapidity.

In three minutes from the time the fire started all the decks were ablaze.

When the fire shot up to the top deck and drove the crowd back, the panic was terrible to witness. The crush from the forward part of the boat swept those in the rear along. The women and children clung to the railings and stanchions, but could not keep their holds.

I believe that the first that fell into the water were pushed over. The women and children went over the railings like flies.

John Edell, who jumped and was rescued by a tug-boat, said:

I was in the engine-room watching the machinery when a great sheet of flame burst forth, seeming to envelop everything. I was hurled about the face and hands.

I made a rush to where my mother was, with others of our party, and seized her. She broke away from me, however, in a frantic endeavor to save some of the young children, who were hurrying to death all around us. That was the last I saw of my mother. I do not know whether she is living or dead.

The flames spread so quickly there was no chance to do anything. I saw the clothing of babies in their mother's arms take fire and the children burn to death before the blaze could be put out.

Captain Van Schaick is criticised for not running the boat ashore on the New York side, it being said that he could have saved many precious minutes by so doing. His statement, in part, is as follows:

When close to the Meadows an alarm of fire was given. At that time I was in the pilot-house. I jumped down to the deck, and gave immediate orders for fighting the fire. The fire drill was sounded, and the crew of the boat, numbering twenty-three men, worked to get water on that part of the boat which was burning. The fire was under the forward boilers on the port side, as I made it out in the excitement. My men were exerting their efforts toward keeping the passengers from jumping. The fire was gaining every instant, and the cries of people could be heard above every other sound. I got the boat underway for North Brother Island, which was the safest place to attempt to land. The boat was driven on under full speed, and pulled up sideways to the shore of the island. Many had jumped prior to this. Many were jumping every instant. Mate Edward Flannigan had charge of the fire brigade, but when the fire spread over all, we had to get off the boat. My hat was burning when I jumped, and I was pulled out of the water and hauled up on shore under a tree before I remembered what had happened.

The scenes on North Brother Island were fearful and pitiful in the extreme. Charred bodies lined the beach and were piled up like driftwood. Many were burned beyond recognition. The body of an elderly woman, with two charred forms in her arms, was washed up against the seawall. Bodies of women floated in, their dead children in their embrace. Two little girls, looking alike and dressed alike, were found, dead, tightly clasped in each other's arms. Some who came ashore were still alive, and nurses, doctors, and hospital attendants worked over them, bringing them back to life. Some were dragged ashore breathing their last, and could not be resuscitated. Heroic rescue work was done both from the shore and from the tug-boats that swarmed around the wreck of the *General Slocum*. Two nurses, Miss Connolly and Miss Woodruff, swam into the bay and brought three people ashore alive. The activity of the workers was almost superhuman. Nurses, doctors, people who had flocked from nearby places to give aid, dropped fainting from exhaustion.

The scenes at the police stations, hospitals, and morgues were even worse. People of St. Mark's Parish, hearing of the calamity, flocked to these places by the thousands, clamoring wildly. Rescued men and women called loudly the names of husbands, wives, or children. Patrol wagons and ambulances came in a steady stream, each with its terrible freight, each mobbed by hysterical people; the police and coroners' attendants weakened at the sight of the scores of dead young children brought to them. Nearly five hundred corpses were found the first day.

Day after day the work of searching for the bodies has gone on. They have been found by the score in the hold of the wrecked boat, and dozens have been given up by the waters. Nearly two hundred funerals were held from St. Mark's Parish on Saturday alone, and every day since it has been a scene of mourning, in which all New York has joined.

Captain Van Schaick and his pilots were arrested. Hundreds of witnesses were summoned for the inquest. Both the Federal and the New York City authorities are conducting a thorough investigation of the catastrophe. The latest figures give the number of dead as 883, the identified as 778, and the missing as about 200.

Jonah has now been corroborated in part. A basalt stele found by Father Seheil in the Archaeological Museum at Constantinople has on it an Assyrian inscription of King Nabonod, of the sixth century before Christ, telling of the destruction of Nineveh, an event hitherto found on no monument.

## THE ALAKE OF ABEOCUTA.

Coal-Black Potentate From Africa Visits His Brother Sovereign, King Edward—Brought Three of His Seventeen Wives—A Gorgeous Dresser—Likes the Theatre.

London just at present has a black lion. That is to say, our latest object of public interest is a nigger. But he is a nigger of high degree, being no less a personage than the Alake of Abeocuta. He is an inhabitant of the English Protectorate of Lagos, situated on the Bight of Benin, between Dahomey and Nigeria, on the West Coast of Africa. Abeocuta is a little kingdom of itself, and the Alake, albeit he is a vassal of King Edward, is supreme ruler over some seventy thousand people. It is, of course, fit and proper that so potent a sovereign should wish to visit the only man on earth whom he considers his superior, and so King Edward graciously extended him a warm invitation.

The Alake looks like any other fat negro you ever saw. Of course he is a full-blooded African, as black as they make 'em, and with short curly black wool. He isn't a bad-looking man for a nigger, being tall and straight, but decidedly "fleshy," especially about the chops and stomach. He reminded me of a San Francisco gentleman I had the pleasure of meeting at the last Paris exposition. Of course, I don't mean in either color or quality of hair, but in general effect. The gentleman I mean was—if my memory serves me right—a Colonel Kowalsky, of the San Francisco bar. I mention this fact so that those of your readers who know the worthy colonel may form an idea of what the Alake of Abeocuta, the present dusky lion of London, is like. Just picture a black Colonel K.

The Alake has brought three only of his seventeen wives with him. But he leaves them at home when he goes out. I got a glimpse of them one afternoon taking an airing in Hyde Park. They looked like any other negroes I have ever seen, except that these ladies had their necks and shoulders quite bare, a sort of loose winding garment of some white fabric enveloping the rest of their bodies. Even for negroes they were very plain, and I couldn't help thinking if that was the Alake's pick, what must the other fourteen be like. Of the three, his favorite of favorites was the little fat one with the round pudding face. The other two were old and scraggy, but the little dumpling one—her name is Ilala, I was informed—was quite young. It was good of the Alake to limit himself to but three.

It has been a busy week for the Alake. Every day he has gone somewhere. One day it was the Tower, another Westminster Abbey, another the British Museum (where the only thing that really interested him was the skeleton of the mammoth), the Zoo, and Mme. Tussaud's, where, if he goes later, he will see himself in coal-tinted wax as large as life. Every night he has gone to the theatre—even after he has dined out. When he dines out, by the way, the ladies retire sooner than usual. The other day, the Alake was being piloted down Regent Street to Waterloo Place to return a call in Carlton House Terrace from the Earl of Lonsdale when I came out of the Raleigh Club, and saw them pass. The Alake was dressed in a long gaberdine-like robe of gray material, his woolly head encircled by a flimsy sort of band that looked like yellow lace. But the grand robes of state which he wore when he went to be presented to King Edward at Buckingham Palace, the afternoon before the Derby Day, were gorgeous indeed. Of ruby velvet they were, embroidered all over with the heaviest real gold embroidery. Great heavy chains of pure bright yellow virgin gold hung down from his shoulders and encircled his neck and his waist like a belt. Bracelets of the same rose up his arms from wrist to elbow, while on his head was his regal crown of fine flagree gold work, embellished by three enormous gold lizards that gave one the creeps merely to look at them. King Edward got into the uniform of a field-marshal, and received the Alake from the throne on which he seated himself. As the black potentate walked up the passage between the two rows of gentlemen-at-arms, he made obeisance three times by prostrating himself on his face. The Alake doesn't speak a word of English, but his black interpreter, a young nigger, dressed in English clothes, and consequently looking like a Baltimore hotel waiter, translated a long conversation between him and King Edward.

But really the Alake is very far from a savage as one finds them in "Robinson Crusoe" and "Masterman Ready." He wants to be up to date (except on the wife question), and has a keen sense of humor. Several good stories of him are going the rounds. One night he went to the Alhambra, and naturally liked best what he understood. The ballet interested him greatly, and he made many loud shouts of gratified approval, interpreted with cogent comments. "Why do they put all their clothes in the middle?" was one of his questions. He was greatly amused at the fancy-dress ball at Albert Hall in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. He had a box all to himself, and seemed an adept in the use of a big pair of prismatic field-glasses, with which he gazed at the pretty ladies. Two ladies (not in costume but ordinary ball dress) attracted his attention. Looking long at their bare shoulder blades and sweeping trains, he turned to the interpreter, and said: "Dresses fall off." He is still "going strong," and is likely to stay considerably longer.

LONDON, June 4, 1904.

COCKAIGNE.



## THE QUEEN OF WINE AND HONEY.

Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair" Tells the Story of a Queen's Heart—The Secret Springs of Love.

"A hundred hooks have been written, a hundred songs sung" about Queen Mary of Scotland. "But no song," says Maurice Hewlett, "ever pierced the fold of her secret, no hook ever found out the truth, because none ever sought her heart." But this hook of his, "The Queen's Quair," seeks nothing else. It pretends to show "all the tragic error, all the pain, known only to her"; it tries to solve the Riddle of the Sphinx; to unravel her mystery; to show her as she was—"great in thought, frail in deed, adventurous, chivalrous, hardy, short of hold, doomed to fail at the touch."

A perilous undertaking; yet in his hands it is a story full of the color of romance; hold lords and fair ladies, plotters and defenders, boyish courtiers and hoary earls, move across the pages as in a pageant, to the sound of the clash of steel, the skirl of pipes, the cries of the crowd. But all of them and everything are hut pawns in the great game—like nameless players in the stirring drama of the queen's heart.

An exact and unimaginative person might call "The Queen's Quair" a study in the psychology of love. So it is—with a difference, the difference that marvelous adornment in golden robes of poetry makes with truth. Hewlett knows somewhat of the hearts of women; he is not there all alien and unfamiliar; he is that rarity, a realist who is yet a poet. In the hands of such a man the love-story of the most alluring queen in all history—one who was indeed "a very woman"—takes on a new interest.

He begins by showing us Mary as she appeared to the Cardinal of Lorraine when she was nineteen years old, and not two months a widow—she who had never been a wife:

A tall, slim girl, petted and pettish, pale (yet not unwholesome), chestnut-haired, she looked like a flower of the heart, lax and delicate. Her skin—but more, the very flesh of her—seemed transparent with color that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like fire down her throat; and it may partly be believed. Others have reported that her heart could be discerned beating within her body, and raying out a ruddy light, now fierce, now languid, through every crystal member. The cardinal, who was no rhapsodist of the sort, admitted her clear skin, admitted her patent royalty, but denied that she was a beautiful girl—even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips were too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidling look. Her lower lids were nearly straight, her upper rather heavy: between them they had a sleepy appearance, sometimes a sly appearance, when, slowly lifting, they revealed the glimmering hazel of the eyes themselves. Hazel, I say, if hazel they were, which sometimes seemed to be yellow, and sometimes showed all black: the light acted upon hers as upon a cat's eyes. Beautiful she may not have been, though M. de Brantôme would never allow it; but fine, fine she was all over—sharply, exquisitely cut and modeled: her sweet smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose; her broad, high brows; her neck which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child. And then her hands, her waist no bigger than a stalk, her little feet! She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise look—the look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the hounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that was. And hyling that look askance of hers—sly, or wise, or sleepy, as you choose—her voice was hold and very clear, her manners were those of a lively, graceful hoy, her gestures quick, her spirit impatient and entirely without fear. Her changes of mood were dangerous: she could wheedle the soul out of a saint, and then fling it back to him as worthless because it had been so easily got. She wrote a beautiful, hold hand, loved learning and petting, and a choice phrase. She used perfumes, and dipped her body every day in a bath of wine.

This girl—she was a girl in all that the word implies, despite her wifehood—was just beginning to think of the future that lay before her, and to forget "that ailing child" (as she called King Francis), who had been her husband. At this hour she met in France the Earl of Bothwell—

A gaillard, as they say, if ever there was one, flushed with rich blood, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be. He wore brave clothes, sat a brave horse, kept brave company bravely. His high color, while it betokened high feeding, got him the credit of good health. His little eyes twinkled so merrily that you did not see they were like a pig's, sly and greedy at once, and bloodshot. His tawny beard concealed a jaw hungering, a chin jutting and dangerous. His mouth had a cruel twist, but his laughing hid that, too. The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it, or guessed at the brawl which must have given it him. Frankness was his great charm, careless ease in high places, an air of "take me or leave me, I go my way"; but some mockery latent in him, and the suspicion that whatever you said or did he would have you in derision—this was what first drew Queen Mary

to consider him. And she grew to look for it—in those twinkling eyes, in that quick mouth; and to wonder about it, whether it was with him always—asleep, at prayers, fighting, furious, in love. In fine, he made her think.

Here was a man to stir any woman's blood, but the queen's thoughts were all of her country Scotland, and not of love. Bothwell went away, and the queen soon sailed for the foggy Scotch coast. Once in Scotland, she was soon being pulled and hauled about by warring factions. Dour John Knox called her "the Honeypot." People said to each other: "She loves too much; she is too free of her loving." Once Mary told her lady in waiting: "If you are jealous, you must cut off my hands and seal my mouth, for should you take away all my lovers I should stroke the pillars of the house till they were warm, and kiss the maids in the kitchen until they were clean. I must love, my dear, and he loved; that I devoutly believe." Yet there was no harm. Bothwell appeared at court, but fell into disfavor because of a brawl that grew out of a shameful adventure with the wife of a citizen, in which he and others were the hoisterous participants. Still, the wise thought him a dangerous suitor. "The Earl of Bothwell," said one, "forces the queen to think of him by insulting her." And when he was at length permitted to show himself at court, after his disgrace, he carried matters with a high hand:

The queen had looked sharply at him, on his first appearance, for any sign of a shameful face; there was not to be seen the shadow of a shade. It is not too much to say that she would have been greatly disappointed if there had been any; for to take away hardihood from this man would be to make his rillery a ridiculous offense, his gay humor a mere symptom of the tavern. No, but he laughed at her as slyly as ever before; he reassumed his old pretensions, he gave back an inch of ground—and, remember, in an affair of the sort, if the man holds his place the maid must yield something of hers. It is bound to be a case of give or take.

In another place we read:

She never knew herself less a queen or more a girl than when he was before her. Laughed he or frowned, was he eloquent or dumb as a fish, he intimidated her, diminished her, drove her cowering into herself to queen it alone. Christ was not so near, God not so far off, as this confident, free-living, shameless lord.

Then, while other lords were suing for the queen's hand and reasons of state were being weighed, there came Bothwell's crowning infamy—he entered into a plot with Arran which involved the ravishment of the person of the queen, no less. Arran betrayed his friend; a shocked council and queen heard the news; then she flew to her closet to ponder on the insult—how?

If he had done it! If he had—if he had! Ah, the adventure of it, the pounding horse, and the safe, fierce, arms! Marry her to Arran, forsooth, and possess her at his magnificent leisure; for, of course, that was the meaning of it. Arran and Hamilton were dust in the eyes of Scotland, but necessary

dust. He could not have moved without them. Thus, then, it was planned—and oh! if he had done it! Was it maiden alarm, was it queenly rage, that made her cheeks so flaring hot? It was neither; she knew perfectly well what it was. . . . Sitting alone and very still, she wrought her hardest to be offended at this tale, as he came a sovereign lady. She hit her red lip over it, frowned, covered her eyes—absolutely then she uncovered them again, to look it in the face and see it at its worst. But what she saw and exulted to see, was a Man. And the face of the man was broad-jawed, flushed, and had a jutting under-jaw; his mouth snarled as it laughed, its eyes were bloodshot and hardly wicked, it was heeded from the throat. Wicked, daring, laughing Bothwell—he, yes, but a Man! . . .

Lover! Master! This saucy, merry robber. How should she be offended? It was only a thought. Ah, how can you be offended with Love and his masterful ways? Or with the lithe lover, who laughs while he spoils you? It is *son naturel*; and must we not follow our nature? Love, which made George Gordon glum, made Bothwell merry. He would go humming the same southern air, to hattle or to bride-bed, to midnight robbery or the strife of love. He was a man, do you see?

But yet Bothwell went to prison. It had to be done for the form's sake. But he was warded in Edinburgh Castle, only the length of a street away from Holyrood, and Queen Mary sent him messengers.

Meanwhile pressure to induce the queen to marry grew stronger. She was minded to consent, for would not Bothwell be a Launcelot? Yet as she pondered upon it, there came a revulsion of feeling. A chance word of "winning" a man brought her to realization:

To "win" Robert Dudley? Oh, abhorred hunt, abhorred huntress! Quick as thought came the counter query: Was it worse to hunt one man than to seek to be hunted by another—to seek it, do you mind? To love the pursuit, ah, and to entreat it? There came up a vision to flood her with shame—the old vision of the laughing red mouth, the jutting heard, the two rihald eyes. These were not a hunter's. O God: these were not to move unless they were enticed! These belonged to a man who waited, sure of himself and sure of his comforts, while she (like a hen-sparrow) trailed her wing to call him on. Panic seized her—her heart stood still. What had she done, wanton decoy that she was?

This thought, that she had behaved unqueenly, grew upon her. Marriage with Bothwell was impossible. She sickened of low company. She began to feel abhorrence at coarse-grained Bothwell as well as at all the "cuddling nymphs and boys" about her. Then came the incident of the love-sick Châtelard under her bed. "Dio mio," she cries to herself, "do I live in a lupanar? O Santo Padre, let me henceforward mate only with eagles!"

So it was that when my Lord of Darnley came wooing with the approval of all England, the ceremony of meeting was as good as a betrothal:

The explanation is to be sought in the chasing, flying, starting life of the soul, hunting (or being hunted) apart in its secret,

shadowy world. There come moments in that wild life when the ardors of the chase slacken and tire; when, falling down to rest, the soul catches sight of itself as mirrored in still water. That is the time when enchantment may go to work to disenchant and show the horrible reality. "What!" might cry this girl's soul: "this rumpled baggage a maid royal! This highway-huntress, panting after one man or the other, thrilling like a cook-wench because that man or this has cast an eye on you! Oh, whither are fled the ensigns of the great blood? Where hides the Right Divine? Where are the emblems of Scotland, England, and France? Not in these scratched hands, not behind these filmy eyes: these are the signs of Myrrha and Pasiphaë, and sick Phædra." So, in a passion of amendment, she lent to Harry Darnell all that she feared to have lost. He shared the blood she had made common; let him endow her. He was the prince she ought to have been. He came a-courting with the rest; but as royal suitors come—solemnly, with embassies, with treaties to be signed, and trumpets to proclaim the high alliance. To think of Bothwell's beside this courtly wooing was an impossibility.

Space forbids following the hook to its pitiful end. The hook makes the queen the true and pure lover of Darnley, only baffled, at length, by his vanity, his hollowiness, and debauchery. The matter of Riccio is slurred over—the queen held not blame-worthy. Then comes the birth of the prince, the queen's rebuff of Darnley, the story of her renewed love for Bothwell, and the cruelty with which he used her, wounding her with all the blunt weapons that his coarse mind had. "I declare before God and the angels," we read in Des-Essars's journal, "that her dreadful lavishing of herself during these weeks of waste and desire, cause my heart to bleed. She stripped herself bare of every grace of mind, spirit, and person, and strewed it in his way, heaping one upon another, until he seemed to be wading knee-deep in her charms. Nay, but he wallowed in them like a brute-beast, unrecognising and unthankful." Then, crowning infamy, he sought his own divorced wife, secretly, making the queen seem to herself a very plaything—only one of many women. But despite that she knew that he was false to her—false to a queen!—she planned to consummate the marriage. "What the queen's motives may have been I know not," we read; "whether of desperate conviction that retreat was not possible or of desperate effort to entice the man to her even at this last hour. And she never reproached him, being paralyzed by the knowledge of what he would have done if she had. To see him throw up the head, expose the hairy throat, to see him laugh! She could not bear that."

From this point onwards, the hook says, "the tragedy is pure pity: she drifts, she suffers, but she scarcely acts—unless the struggles of birds in nets can be called acts. After her spirit went rapidly her animal courage; after that her womanly habit. She was like to become a mere tortured beast." "This is the nut of the tragedy," the author says at the beginning; "pity is involved rather than terror."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

## Winston Churchill's new novel

# The Crossing



Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

"deals with one of the most fascinating dramas in frontier life."

—ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

"is comprehensive, forceful — a virile, dramatic tale."

—ALBANY JOURNAL.

"is a vivid and thrilling story.

. . . brilliantly told."

—OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

"pictures such obviously genial, warm hearted, likeable human beings that you feel a warm personal interest in their joys and sorrows."

—THE GLOBE, N. Y.

"establishes its author more firmly than ever in the ranks of the few best of the younger American writers of fiction."

—BOOK NEWS.

THE CROSSING is by the author of RICHARD CARVEL and THE CRISIS.

"It is vigorous, virile, full of movement, brimming with interest."

—BROOKLYN EAGLE.

Published  
by

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 Fifth Avenue  
New York



## LITERARY NOTES.

"Romance—that is Mirage, that is Life."

More, we think, will praise than will thoroughly enjoy the book called "Romance," which comes as the joint work of the hands of Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. There is good work in it, strong passages, exciting situations, fine bits of description; there is enough material between the covers for a score of books of adventure; it is often so tragically intense as to be almost painful. Yet, to be quite honest, the reader finds many pages that it is an effort to read, several chapters where interest lags, and needs to be driven with the spur. Mr. Conrad knows the sea like a sailor and a poet; he knows the hearts of men; but, after all, he lacks the supreme gift, possessed by many lesser men, that marks the born teller of tales.

This story, a stout book of four hundred pages, has a subtle theme. It seeks to show that desperate adventures by sea that the world holds to be "romantic," are in reality not so—merely tragic and full of horror. "Journeying [we read] in search of romance—and that, after all, is our business in this world—is much like trying to catch the horizon. It lies a little distance before us, and a little distance behind—about as far as the eye can carry. One discovers that one has passed through it just as one passed what is to-day our horizon. One looks back and says: 'Why, there it is.' One looks forward and says the same. It lies either in the old days when we used to, or in the new days when we shall." And so the glimmer of romance, like a will-o'-the-wisp, shines and darkles just beyond the reach of the boy, John Kemp, and though it leads him over a boggy land, like the true hero that he is, he does not bemoan his honor. True, he is entangled in smugglers' plots; he has to flee the land because the king's officers pursue; he is the companion of pirates, malefactors, outlaws. But in the end his honor is secure; he is restored to his love. "Looking back," he says, "it seems a wonderful thing enough that I who am this, and she who is that, commencing so far away a life that, after such sufferings borne together and apart, ended so tranquilly there in a world so stable—that she and I should have passed through so much, good chance and evil chance, sad hours and joyful, all lived down and swept away into the little heap of dust that is life. That, too, is Romance!"

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## "Tomfoolery."

There are some rather amusing limericks in "Tomfoolery," a little book of verse and pictures, by James Montgomery Flagg. Here are a few samples:

## BRED IN THE BONE.

A darky girl once went to Vassar.  
In her studies no one could pass her.  
She knew Latin and Greek,  
And Sanskrit could speak—  
But she always said "Massa" and "Yassir."

## TABLE MANNERS.

When you turn down your glass, it's a sign  
That you're not going to take any win.  
So turn down your plate  
When they serve things you hate,  
And you'll often be asked out to dign.

## PURIS OMNIA IMPURA.

Said the Rev. Jaber McCotten:  
"The waltz of the Devil's Begotten!"  
Said Jones to Miss Bly:  
"Never mind the old Guy;  
To the pure almost everything's Rotten!"

## SUCH A RUBE.

Mr. Green comes from far loway.  
He wears separate cuffs, so they say.  
He'll stand on his feet  
And give ladies his seat  
In the cars. Why, he's awfully jay!

## AN ELECTROTYPE TRAGEDY.

Said the girl illustration: "Oh, my!"  
To her pen-and-ink steady, near by.  
"We're impossible swells,  
And must live in two wells,  
For they've drawn us eleven heads high!"

## PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS.

The gas man once loved a man's daughter;  
He came around evenings to cauter;  
"Keep the gas high," said Duty;  
"Turn it down," said his Beauty;  
So he lets business slide—and he aughter.

## FAVE SEE HIM?

This clerk likes to royster and revel;  
Drinks a whole stein of beer—on the level!  
He's noisy and pale,  
And pretends he's from Yale,  
So he lets business slide—and he aughter.

## Lady Hamilton's Defense.

A letter from Lady Hamilton, written after Nelson's death, which has not hitherto been published, is printed in the current number of *Chambers's Journal*, in an article by the Rev. R. A. Gatty on his father-in-law, Dr. Scott who was Nelson's secretary and chaplain.

This is the letter:

CAMBRIDGE, September 7, 1806.  
MY DEAR FRIEND. I did not get your letter till the other day, for I have been with Mrs. Boly to visit an old, respectable aunt

of my dear Nelson's. I shall be in town that is, at Merton, the end of the week, and I hope you will come there on Saturday and pass Sunday with me.

I want much to see you, consult with you about my affairs. How hard it is, how cruel, their treatment to me and Horatio. That angel's last wishes all neglected, not to speak of the fraud that was acted to keep back the codicil. But enough! when we meet we will speak about it. God bless you for all your attentions and love you showed to our virtuous Nelson and his dear remains; but it seems those that truly love him are to be victims to hatred, jealousy, and spite.

However, we have innocence on our sides, and we have, and had, what they that persecute us never had—that was his unbounded love and esteem, his confidence and affection. I know well how he valued you, and what he would have done for you had he lived. You know the great and virtuous affection he had for me, the love he bore my husband, and if I had any influence over him, I used it for the good of my country.

Did I ever keep him at home? Did I not share in his glory? Even this last fatal victory, it was I bid him go forth. Did he not pat me on the back, call me brave Emma, and said, "If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons." Does he not in his last moments do me justice, and request at the moment of his glorious death that the king and the nation will do me justice? And I have got all his letters and near eight hundred of the Queen of Naples's letters, to show what I did for my king and country, and prettily I am rewarded!

Psha! I am above them, I despise them; for, thank God, I feel that, having lived with honor and glory, glory they can not take from me, I despise them—my soul is above them, and I can yet make some of them tremble by showing them how he despised them, for in his letters to me he thought aloud.

Look at Alexander Davison courting the man he despised, and neglecting now those whose feet he used to lick. Dirty, vile groveler! But enough till we meet. Mrs. Bolton and all the family beg their compliments. Write to me at Merton, and ever believe me, my dear sir, your affectionate

EMMA HAMILTON.

Horatia is charming. She begs her love to you. She improves daily. She sends you 100,000,000 kisses.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
3. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
5. "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland.
4. "Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin.
5. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland.
4. "Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin.
5. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.

Ford Maddox Heuffer, who is co-author with Joseph Conrad of "Romance," is a nephew of the Rossettis. Although he has not had such adventures as his collaborator, he has traveled widely. His first book, "The Brown Owl," was written when he was only seventeen years old, and has gone into seven editions.

## St. Louis Then and Now.

The hero of Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crossing," would be able to note many changes in St. Louis if he were alive to visit the Louisiana Purchase Exposition this summer. This is how the little French settlement appeared in the early days described in the novel: "A great peace hung over the village, an air of a different race, a restful change to a Kentuckian. Clematis and honeysuckle climbed the high palings, and behind the privacy of these low, big-chimneyed houses of limestone, weathered gray, could be seen their roofs sloping in gentle curves to the shaded porches in front; or, again, houses of posts set upright in the ground, and these filled between with plaster, and so immaculately white-washed that they gleamed against the green of the trees which shaded them. Behind the houses was often a kind of pink and green paradise of flowering fruit trees, so dear to the French settlers. There were vineyards, too, and thrifty patches of vegetables and lines of flowers set in the carefully raked mold."

## New Publications.

"The Tyrants of North Hyben," by Frank Dillnot. John Lane; \$1.50.

"Wellesley Stories," by Grace Louise Cook. Drawings by I. B. Hazelton. E. H. Bacon & Co.; \$1.25.

"His Fortunate Grace," by Gertrude Atherton. John Lane; 75 cents—reprint of a story which appeared in 1897.

"A Gingham Rose," by Alice Woods Ullman. With a frontispiece by the author. The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

"Running the River: A Story of Adventure and Success," by George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.50.

"Modern Arms and a Feudal Throne," by T. Milner Harrison. Illustrated by W. E. B. Starkweather. R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

"Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia," by W. F. Reddaway, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A Daughter of Dale," by Emerson G. Taylor. Frontispiece by C. D. Williams. The Century Company; \$1.50—a pretty good college story.

"The Sign of Triumph: A Romance of the Children's Crusade," by Sheppard Stevens. Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50.

"Henderson," by Rose E. Young. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25—a rather clever story of a country doctor, a woman, and her husband; there are some rather intimate and vivid descriptions of a physician's operating-room.

"Adria: A Tale of Venice," by Alexander Nelson Hood. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.00 net—a poetical story, by an Englishman, into which is introduced much about the art, literature, and history of the city of Venice.

"The Panchronicon," by Harold Steele Mackaye. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50—an ingenious bit of nonsense on the Jules Verne order, relating the experiences of moderns with phonographs and bicycles in the court of Queen Bess, where the author transports them.

"The Effendi: A Romance of the Soudan," by Florence Brooks Whitehouse. Illustrated by I. H. Caliga. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—New Englanders engaged in love-affairs, licit and illicit, in the vicinity of the Pyramids, are the interesting characters who move and have their being in "The Effendi."

"The Gordon Elopement: The Story of a Short Vacation," by Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taher. Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—this novel is advertised as a "hammock book," but it is smartness rather than cleverness; as a "hammock book," it is liable to fall out and lie half-open on its face on the grass.

Put a camera in your outfit. Get your camera here—we'll give you the necessary instructions for its use.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

## Wedding Invitations

PROPERLY ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON'S, 126 Post St.

## PRESS OPINIONS

—OF—

## Two Argonauts in Spain

By JEROME HART

NEW YORK TRIBUNE: "Vivacious and interesting."—"Author avoids weighty subjects."—"Yet gives useful information concerning every-day life in Spain."

SATURDAY PRESS: "Very entertaining book."—"Not a dull page in it."

REDLAND DAILY PRESS: "Delicious humor."—"And wholesome common sense."—"Directness of purpose and keenness of view."

BROOKLYN EAGLE: "Entertaining travel story."—"Author kills legends with a blow."—"Ugly Women."—"No Mantillas."—"Book does credit to San Francisco."

PORTLAND TELEGRAM: "An admirable work."—"It is a fascinating series of sketches of travel."

PITTSBURG DISPATCH: "In a light vein."—"Volume gives snapshots of Iberian life."

Price, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.68. Address THE ARGONAUT, 246 Sutter Street, S. F.

The Greatest Doctors  
in the world recommend

**Quina**

**LAROCHE**

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

F. FOUQUER & CO.,

26-30 N. William St., N. Y.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. 202 Third St. 1735 Market St.

Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom. ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN MCNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

## Educational.

Manzanita Hall PALO ALTO CAL.

FOR BOYS.

PREPARATORY TO STANFORD

Twelfth year opens August 22d.

J. LE ROY DIXON, Principal.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.



**Bohm  
Bristol Co.**

We have a complete assortment of  
Elgin, Waltham, and noted Swiss

**WATCHES**

in all sizes. Cases plain and elaborate, to suit the most exacting.  
Prices no greater than elsewhere.

**104-110 Geary Street**



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Ford writes to the New York *Tribune* that "Americans are delighted with the honors paid W. D. Howells in England. His strictures on Dickens's art and Thackeray's confidential attitude have been forgotten, and he has been received as the representative man of American letters. Oxford gives the finishing touch to this reception with an honorary degree, and singles out Sargent, Andrew Lang, and Charles Booth for similar decoration."

F. Hopkinson Smith recently remarked: "If I can tell the whole story of my novel in five minutes at a dinner table and secure the undivided attention of my listeners, I know that it is good. If I fail to do this, my work will be in vain." This is an interesting hint to amateur writers.

"Books Condemned to be Burnt," written and compiled by J. A. Farrer, and soon to be published, will contain a record of the books burned in England by order of civil courts or the church in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

There is in preparation a new and cheaper edition of "Camera Shots at Big Game," by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan, with an introduction by President Roosevelt. Several new pictures have been added to this edition: there are now twenty-one photogravures and forty-four full-page half-tones, from photographs from life. The authors have been making these pictures of mountain animals for twelve years.

The Hammersmark Publishing Company, of Chicago, announces for immediate issue a hitherto unpublished manuscript by the late Governor John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, entitled "The Cost of Something for Nothing."

Clement K. Shorter writes that William Butler Yeats's statement, in the preface to one of Lady Gregory's books, that it is the "greatest work that ever came out of Ireland," is "unmitigated nonsense." He further says of the two writer friends: "By this inclination to mutual admiration and log-rolling, they do not serve the cause which they both honestly love."

The approaching centenary of the birth of George Sand is naturally causing renewed talk about her. The French are showing unusual enthusiasm, and the commemorative exercises projected for July 5th are expected to be brilliant. The novelist herself once told Flaubert that she believed she would be completely forgotten in fifty years. Against this modest pronouncement is to be set the compliment paid by George Eliot to her contemporary: "I can not read six pages of George Sand without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results, and some of the moral instincts and their tendencies, with such truthfulness, such nicety of discrimination, such tragic power, and with such loving humor, that one might live a century with nothing but one's own dull faculties, and not know so much as those six will suggest."

Another hook of German garrison life, called "First Class Men," is stirring the Kaiser's empire. The author, Captain Freiherr, von Schlicht, took good care to get out of Germany before the book was published, thus escaping the emperor's wrath.

It is close on a year since the remarkable military insurrection which resulted in the bloody murder of King Alexander of Serbia, his consort, and *entourage*, and in the restoration of the Karageorgevitchs to that fatal throne. Herbert Vivian has now compiled an account of the massacre under the title of "The Servian Tragedy," to which he appends some impressions of Macedonia. Mr. Vivian has long been known as a Legitimist, as the (literary) champion of Don Carlos, and apparently he reconciles with these zealous ideals the championship of the Obrenovitch dynasty as having prior rights to those of Black George. The volume is dedicated to the memory of the late king as "patriot, statesman, hero."

A probably unique hit of campaign literature is a tiny book something over two inches long, one and three-quarter inches wide, and containing two hundred and twenty-four pages. The title is "Facts About the Candidate," meaning President Roosevelt, and a surprisingly comprehensive narration of his achievement closes with this statement: "Such are the facts about 'the Candidate' to whom the people will say in November, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou has kept faith with McKinley, now he true to thyself.'" The booklet is copyrighted by the author, Byron Andrews, of Washington, and published by Sam Stone, of Chicago.

The "Boy Orator" has no place in Sherwin Odys's "A Selection From the World's Great Orations" (McClurg), for the reason that orators, to be orators, he says, must have reached advanced years. In his own words: "Since knowledge of life comes only with experience, the greatest orations have usually been spoken when the orator was in the full-

ness of his powers, if not actually old. . . . Chatham's great speeches were all spoken in his old age; Mirabeau's great speech came almost at the end of his life; Demosthenes's greatest oration was his last; Burke was forty-five when the first of his great speeches was delivered, and nearly sixty at the time of the speeches impeaching Warren Hastings."

The title of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories, which will be published this fall, will be "Traffics and Discoveries." This is the first hook of short fiction by the author since his "The Day's Work," with which it will be uniform in make-up. It contains some of Mr. Kipling's most characteristic stories, several of which have appeared in an American weekly.

A prominent Philadelphia editor, who has lived in the oil region, has written to Ida M. Tarbell congratulating her on her "History of the Standard Oil Company," which is soon to be published in book-form. He says: "The accuracy of your history is marvelous; its thoroughness astounding."

Stanley Weyman's latest novel, "The Long Night," deals with the City of Geneva and the famous Escalade. It is said that in testimonial of their appreciation of Mr. Weyman's work, the leading citizens of Geneva have presented him with an illuminated and inscribed address and a bust of Calvin. The novel has been translated into French for the special benefit of the people of Switzerland. It is published in this country by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Since the introduction of printing the subject matter of the aggregate of hooks shows approximately the following averages: Law and sociology, one-quarter of all; literature, one-fifth; applied science, one-eighth; history and geography, one-tenth; theology, religion, and speculation, one-tenth; miscellaneous and bibliography, one-tenth; philology and languages, one-twentieth; natural sciences, art, and philosophy shading off into small fractions, and poetry not appearing in the classification.

## Wails from a Cynic.

"Even literary men," says the English *Gentlewoman*, "have of late taken to the trencher, and in at least one of the coteries to be well nourished and plump is to be considered brilliant. High living and plain thinking is the new rule of life for gentlemen who set themselves down in 'Who's Who' as men of letters. It is astonishing to note, too, how many miles literary London will travel in the sure and certain hope of baked meats. Given the smallest occasion, such, for example, as the centenary of the foundation of the Zoological Gardens, and a dinner, and you can bring all the best scribblers together like a cloud, at any rendezvous you may choose to appoint, and slush, fog, or the inclemency of the air notwithstanding. The three literary clubs that consider themselves great shakes are dining clubs pure and simple. And for succulent and greasy feeding commend me to the literary household that has got on. Food in quantities has been the ruin of modern letters. It has induced the smug, super-fatted, complacent, grease-dropping, literary frame of mind. All persons who write and make money by it are supremely content with themselves, and their works give unbounded and never failing delight to our prime, fat, peaflour fed critics. There was a time when letters and lard were quite dissociated; nowadays they sweat together. There was a time when a literary man's food was so simple that one never heard of it. Nowadays it is discussed side by side with the servant-girl question in dull penny papers. We have heard a great deal more about George Bernard Shaw's food than posterity is ever likely to hear about George Bernard Shaw. And when your literary person is not a George Bernard Shaw he is usually a Daniel Lambert. Nobody writes poetry nowadays, for the very simple reason that everybody has both feet in the trough."

## Victor Hugo's Conceit.

In the diary of Sir Mont Stuart Grant Duff the following story is told regarding Victor Hugo, finely illustrating his megalomaniacal tendencies:

An ardent admirer had once said to Hugo: "The nation has never treated you quite properly; no street has been called after you; there ought to be a Rue Victor Hugo." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera," said the master. Then another disciple took up the running, and said: "A street! That indeed would be nothing; a whole quarter of the city should be called after you." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera," said the master. Thereupon a third disciple joined in—"Paris should cease to be Paris, and be renamed the city of Victor Hugo." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera!"

## Shakespeare in the Antipodes.

A genius in New South Wales writes the following *bona-fide* criticism of "Hamlet," which the Theatre reproduces:

There is too much chinning in the piece. . . . In the hands of a skillful playwright a detective would have been put upon

the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their number elevens. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet checks his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is a little more action, a little more fine sentiment, and a fair share of variety business in his next piece. In the specialty acts of the play scene he has entirely missed his opportunities.

If this is a hoax, it is a good one.

## They Dare to Satirize Yeats!

A timely bit of satire is written for the *Critic* by H. Lyon, under the happily alliterative title, "The Keltic Kraze":

"Have ye noticed yet, mavourneen, who's the poet o' the day?  
'Tis the wild and mystic Irishman that pipes the Keltic lay  
Of the thin, white soul with the red, red hair  
That sings in the twilight dim—  
Osh, Moira!  
Fiona!  
And the Kelt is in the swim."

"There is aye the cold old mother-sea, the ocean dread and vast;  
There's the faery this and the faery that, and the wind that blows from the Past;  
There is aye A Voice (in brackets) speaks,  
And a green-clad child slim—  
Ah, Nora!  
Go bragh Yeats!  
And the Kelt is in the swim."

"There'll be poetry yet, ma colleen, in the diggin' o' the spuds;  
Sure, now, an' there'll be poetry in the washin' of the duds;  
The shillaly will be swung about  
As the stanch old Keltic limb—  
Arrah, now!  
Bejabbers!  
And the Kelt is in the swim."

A "History of Impressionist Painting," by Wynford Dewhurst, will be published soon. It deals with that movement in art from the time of Turner down to the present.

# 15,081 REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

are used for instruction purposes in the schools of the United States and Canada—  
3,499 MORE THAN ALL OTHER MAKES OF WRITING MACHINES COMBINED.



This condition is created by the demand for Remington operators; therefore it clearly reflects THE CHOICE OF THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Remington Typewriter Company  
327 Broadway, New York

228 Bush St., San Francisco.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,  
21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS



& Co., New York

**Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin** the San Francisco tandem of sparkling wits, here offer the slangful autobiographies of several shady but indomitable young dead beats in "Frisco." "The best work we have seen so far by Mr. Burgess," says the New York *Sun*. As with "The Reign of Queen Isyl," the stories are connected in Arabian Nights' fashion.

\$1.50

## The Picaroons

**Stewart Edward White** author of "The Blazed Trail," has attained a high literary art. "Mr. White has contrived to make the simple record of a man-hunt through the snow-covered forests of the Northern Canadian woodland as attractive as any American romance of this latter-day period."—*Phila. North American*

7 colored illustrations; \$1.50

## The Silent Places

**Henry Harland** "A piece of pure romance, a fairy story of 'The Cardinal's Snuff-Box' order; full of charm and gayety, bright in touch, clever in invention. It is a novel of entertainment pure and simple, a modern fairy-tale of a very beguiling kind."—*Hamilton W. Mabie*.

Frontispiece in tint; \$1.50

## My Friend Prospero

**Joel Chandler Harris** "Mingled war and love make this tale stirring and romantic in turn. The scene is Tennessee. General Forrest, the unpolished, brilliant Confederate cavalry leader, is sharply drawn. The 'Little Union Scout' is a perverse, charming, and audacious girl."—*The Outlook*.

8 colored illustrations; \$1.25

## A Little Union Scout

**Joseph Conrad** (author of "Youth," "Lord Jim," etc.) in collaboration with Ford Maddox Hueffer, presents here the long and wonderful account of the adventures of an English lad on the seas and coasts of the West Indies. "It brings up inevitably a comparison with R. L. Stevenson from which Conrad does not suffer."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Illustrated; \$1.50

## Romance

**He that Eateth Bread with Me** "A strong indictment of divorce. The narrative is written with intense conviction, and all the heart-breaking details are drawn unsparingly. Of course, the book constitutes a piece of special pleading; but from a literary and human point of view it is all the more effective for that reason."—*Harry Thurston Peck*.

\$1.50

## H. A. Mitchell Keays

**The Admirable Tinker** A novel of the boy that brightened Europe up a bit. "If you wish a frolicsome tale, full of fun and adventure, Tinker will furnish it. He is a mixture of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, but his brain teems with more artful schemes than Mark Twain's heroes ever dreamed of."—*Phila. Ledger*.

13 colored illustrations; \$1.50

## Edgar Jepson

**Heart of My Heart** "It is the intimate journal of an expectant mother, telling her innermost thoughts—so deep and so sacred as to give the reader a sense of being in a holy place. Yet it is all very simple, very human."—*Phila. Telegraph*.

\$1.25

## Ellis Meredith





Theatre-goers who esteem impressive productions above fine acting should not fail to see "The Proud Prince," which is put on so magnificently that the mental attitude of the looker-on is agreeably ejaculatory. He is continually thinking, "Good Lord, what a lot of money this cost!"—a reflector that is generally soothing to the habitual investor in theatre tickets. Mr. Sothern started in life with the intention of painting pictures for a living, and the training he has had for that profession shows in the striking beauty of the results he obtains in his stage pictures.

"The Proud Prince" gives picture after picture, pose after pose, one moving tableau after another. The story of "The Proud Prince" is compounded of so many elements that it gives occasion for numerous striking effects. There is a gorgeous king's retinue, an attempted seduction, a resultant abduction, a miracle, a flight to sanctuary, an accusation of witchcraft, the assembling of a court and a multitude to see the witch burn, a combat of knights in armor, a purification by fire, and the reversing of the miracle to testify that heaven is appeased.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has drawn his original inspiration for the play from Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," but in working it out he has exercised a vigorous spirit of invention, besides borrowing from many sources the ideas for the pictorial effect, the incidents, climaxes, and mediæval melodramaticism of the piece. The twisted fool, redeemed by a pure love, suggests Hugo's hunchback of Notre Dame; Perpetua's peril in Lycabetta's resort recalls Marina's plight in Shakespeare's "Pericles"; the heaped-up fagots forming a sinister frame for the sinless witch, bring to mind innumerable pictures of Joan of Arc; and any number of monkish legends are dimly recalled by the figure of the shining archangel with his flaming sword. Perpetua turning the grindstone to sharpen the sword, and singing, as she muses, of her unknown lover, is suggestive of Marguerite at the spinning wheel; the fool in his russet rags, tossing and rolling in impish frolic on the ground, recalls Tennyson's fool, who "danced like a withered leaf before the hall"; the elevation of Perpetua, the lowly daughter of the executioner, to the throne of the repentant king, recalls that other King Cophtua, who chose a beggar maid for a consort.

Mr. McCarthy has welded these elements, which have a certain mediæval affinity, into a coherent and vigorous play; a play, however, which, in spite of its careful construction, its dignified and often poetic diction, its fine imaginative qualities and its picturesque atmosphere of the Middle Ages, has a plentiful assortment of faults.

For one thing, the poetic and generally admirable prose is too often apt to degenerate into prosy poetry. The speeches are too long-winded. One is apt to feel that the author, taking advantage of the fact that a large audience attracted by the love of spectacle is assembled, is unpacking his soul of words without the fear that the listeners will flee.

The treatment of the second act, where the degradation of Perpetua is attempted, lacks delicacy. The author is so determined to create a powerful impression that, without actual coarseness, there seems to be an unnecessary dwelling on the more repulsive elements in the situation. And almost throughout the play the key is pitched too high; so much so that the effect of reality, which should be, as Shakespeare's plays show us, just as strong in the poetic as in realistic drama, is lost. The on-looker does not feel suspense or enter into the agonies of the king and the chaste Perpetua, but looks on as from a distance at events which fail to affect the imagination because of a quality of sensationalism, together with a certain trickiness which accompanies them.

Mr. Sothern's romanticism of style and sombre cast of features is suited to the personality of the king as he appears in the first act. King Robert has two things on his mind: making love to a pretty girl, which Sothern does in his well-known romantic style, and the insistence of his own majesty. Arrogance, whether of the intellect or resulting from high station, does not tend to joyousness of nature. The arrogant man lives isolated, contemplating his fellow-beings with a devouring scorn that banishes joy even from the soothing act of self-contemplation. Sothern's features are cast in sombre lines, and his eyes express a picturesque and darkling melancholy. His lack of stature does not

prevent him from appearing majestic as a king; nor is his majesty borrowed altogether from the royal robes he wears. As the fool, he is less impressive; an extravagance both of action and expression needing to be judiciously moderated here and there.

Mr. Sothern is on the stage so steadily, and as the fool he is called upon to express such transports of rage and despair, that his rôle is a very taxing one. He pitches his voice at such times on that fatiguing note of hoarseness that keeps the listener sympathetically clearing his throat. Actors can do these things apparently without injuring their voices, but Jane Laurel is doing a more dangerous thing. She has, through her natural fitness for the part, been put forward in a rôle that calls for a greater vocal equipment than she is as yet trained up to. Her voice is as harshly monotonous as her acting is sweetly monotonous. She does, however, remarkably well for one of so little experience, possessing a talent for the *pose plastique* that, after experience shall have gained for her mobility of feature and variety of intonation, will cause her to be a valuable exponent of this class of picturesque-poetic drama. Little as her expression changes, the one she wears, in its rapt sweetness, is appropriate to the maidenly purity which Perpetua defends against all assault.

If the lover of truth find Perpetua almost too perfect, the character of Lycabetta, the wanton, supplies a contrast. Affie Warner invests the character with too little sensuousness, perhaps; there are sharp edges to her acting as well as to her voice. But like Miss Laurel, she has a talent for striking poses; poses of a different kind—quick, varied, and effective. More than once she made a picture for the eye in her swift transition across the stage, with the folds of her mantle billowing around her with ample grace that characterized woman's raiment in the dead centuries. Neither of these ladies, however, is finished in the art of acting; but both, in their lesser orbits of the star system that is so in the ascendant at present, are sufficiently up to the mark to be valuable coadjutors to Mr. Sothern in filling their two important rôles.

John Findlay as the court fool, and Sydney C. Mather as the archangel, do their work in a manner to carry out the effect designed by the author. Rowland Buckstone as the executioner is abrupt and perfunctory, but the minor rôles are adequately rendered.

It is a play, however, in which acting, beyond that of the king, Perpetua, and Lycabetta, scarcely counts. An imposing picturesqueness is the dominant note. The scene in which the transformation of the king takes place is a remarkably fine and effective example of stagecraft. In this the proud king blasphemes impiously, asserting the power of his will against heaven's decrees. Instantly the sky darkens, and hosts of clouds rush in agitated procession across its surface, marked by the zigzags of the lightning. A super-

natural light illuminates the figure of the archangel, distracting the attention of the spectator from the king, who, as he grovels in terror, is mysteriously transformed, and rises with the hideous features and ragged vestments of the fool. The undoing of the miracle, while calling for less impressive treatment, is also skilfully accomplished, and in every act the sight is gratified by stage settings of unusual taste and beauty.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Musical Opinion in the South-West.

It is told that the management of the new opera-house at Albuquerque, N. M., guaranteed twenty-five hundred dollars to the company which opened the house. So Mme. Sembrich, then on her Western tour, was secured. As the directors were about to sign the contract, the local manager rushed in and announced that he had an option on Weber & Fields. The stockholders were split in two: some for Sembrich, some for Weber & Fields. Finally the local manager clinched matters by explaining: "I hope you realize, gentlemen, that connected with this Weber & Fields company is the greatest of all, living or dead, prima donnas. I refer, of course, to Miss Lillian Russell. Not only is Miss Russell the greatest of all songstresses, but just remember, gentlemen, right here in our very town no less than ten brands of cigars have been named after her in the past five years. Of course, this Mme. Sembrich may be all very well in her way; but we only got New York's word for it; we are not at all sure that she can deliver the real goods we want, whereas, gentlemen, when we secure Miss Russell we get a sure thing." The Weber & Fields company secured the contract.

News comes from Berlin that Mme. Kirby Lunn, the English mezzo-soprano, has been engaged as Kundry for Henry W. Savage's production of "Parsifal" in English. It had been thought that Galski would have the part, but it is said that she wanted \$95,000 for the ninety-six nights, also the privilege of choosing the male singers. Savage offered her \$60,000, and upon her refusal to accept it, engaged Mme. Lunn. David Bispham will sing Amfortas. The company will sing for six weeks in New York, then will tour the principal cities.

Mrs. Fiske will remain in New York all next season at the head of a stock company at the Manhattan Theatre.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

HOTHER WISNER, Violinist, Will resume teaching August 8th at his studio and residence 844 GROVE ST., near Fillmore. ENSEMBLE CLASSES.

## CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY The Picturesque Route of California ROUND-TRIP TICKETS

— FOR THE —

## FOURTH OF JULY

Will be sold from SAN FRANCISCO to the Points named

AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES, as Follows:

FRIDAY, JULY 1,	SATURDAY, JULY 2,	SUNDAY, JULY 3,	MONDAY, JULY 4,
ROUND TRIP	ROUND TRIP	ROUND TRIP	ROUND TRIP
Brickyard ..... \$ .75	Cotati ..... \$1.50	Fountain ..... \$5.00	
Millers ..... .75	Santa Rosa ..... 2.00	Hopland ..... 5.00	
St. Vincent ..... .75	Sebastopol ..... 2.40	Ukiah ..... 5.00	
Ignacio ..... .90	Fulton ..... 2.50	Calpella ..... 5.50	
Novato ..... 1.05	Windsor ..... 2.95	Redwood Valley ..... 5.80	
Burdell ..... 1.20	Healdsburg ..... 3.40	Laughlin ..... 6.00	
Petaluma ..... 1.50	Lytton ..... 3.60	Ridgewood ..... 6.00	
Penn Grove ..... 1.50	Geyersville ..... 3.85	Willits ..... 6.00	
	Preston ..... 5.00	Sherwood ..... 8.00	

RETURN LIMIT, TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1904

### FOR THE SUMMER SEASON—Special Rates

Cloverdale ..... \$5.00	Laughlin ..... \$9.00	Eldridge ..... \$1.75
Preston ..... 5.30	Ridgewood ..... 10.00	Glen Ellen ..... 1.80
Echo ..... 5.50	Willits ..... 10.00	Neacham ..... 2.50
Cammisskey ..... 5.70	Sherwood ..... 12.00	Olivet ..... 2.50
Pieta ..... 6.20	Schellville ..... 1.35	Trenton ..... 2.50
Fountain ..... 6.20	Vineyard ..... 1.35	Forestville ..... 2.50
Hopland ..... 6.60	Buena Vista ..... 1.45	Mirabel Park ..... 2.50
Largo ..... 7.00	Sonoma ..... 1.50	Green Valley ..... 2.50
El Robles ..... 7.50	Verano ..... 1.60	Hilton ..... 2.50
Ukiah ..... 8.00	Boyes ..... 1.65	Korbel ..... 2.50
Calpella ..... 8.50	Aqua Caliente ..... 1.65	Guerneville ..... 2.50
Redwood Valley ..... 8.80	Watrous ..... 1.65	Camp Vacation ..... 2.50
	Madroue ..... 1.65	

RETURN LIMIT, SEPTEMBER 30, 1904

### TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY.

Ticket Offices, 640 Market Street (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street. General Office, Mutual Life Building, Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco. JAS. L. FRAZIER, GEN. MANAGER. R. X. RYAN, GEN. PASS. AGENT.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
Eye-Glasses  
— AT —  
MODERATE COST  
**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
642 MARKET ST.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE**  
Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.  
Second week of the great Tivoli triumph,  
== **ROBIN HOOD** ==  
Great cast production, singing and beauty chorus.  
Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Seats always selling. Only matinee Saturday.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.  
Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. Monday, June 27th, one week, annual summer season of WHITE WHITTLESEY, begins with the romantic drama,  
**SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE**  
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, July 4th—Commencing with special Independence Day matinee (Monday), White Whittlesey in One Summer's Day.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
Beginning Monday evening next, last week of  
**MRS. LESLIE CARTER**  
In David Belasco's new play,  
-- **DU BARRY** --  
Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.  
Beginning Sunday matinee, July 3d, James Neill and his own company in a superb production of Barbara Frietchie.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.  
Starting Monday, June 27th, first time here of the strong heart-interest drama,  
-- **POWER OF THE CROSS** --  
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

**Orpheum**  
Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 26th. Variegated vaudeville! Valerie Bergere and Company; Gallagher and Barrett; John F. Clark; Foster and Foster; Howe and Scott; the Zarrow Trio; Gracey and Burnett; San Francisco fire department shown in Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Helen Bertram.  
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

**Fischers THEATRE**  
A hilariously funny burlesque. It is the best thing in town. It is genuinely funny.  
**THE MORMONS**  
Fifty positive novelties presented by our artists, including Edna Aug, Freda Gallick, Garrity Sisters, Yorke and Adams, Al Fields, Edwin Clark, Ben Dillon, Roy Alton, and a chorus that wins you. Last week of Lionel Lawrence's Eight Radium Girls. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Same popular prices. Special matinee on July 4th.

**HOT AND HANDY**  
**TESLA BRIQUETTES**  
Now Greatly Improved.  
**TESLA COAL CO.**  
Phone South 95.

### SUBSCRIBERS LEAVING TOWN

For the summer can have their paper forwarded by mail to their new addresses by notifying the Argonaut business office, either by mail or telephone.

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,  
246 Sutter Street, S. F., Cal.  
Telephone James 2531.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## "Robin Hood" at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli, after a brief season of extinguishment, has, to the delight of its well-wishers, bobbed up again with one of the strongest companies it has ever gathered together for light opera work. That perennial bloomer, "Robin Hood," is revived, and they are giving first-class performances, which are filling the large, cheerful auditorium with large, cheerful audiences.

For the management is keeping all the big promises it has been making. They have engaged Barron Berthold, whose fine, ringing tenor we remember to have enjoyed in German opera some three years ago. Berthold is a singer well experienced not only in grand opera, but in the lighter class to which "Robin Hood" belongs; and is a man of fine stage presence as well.

There is also Edith Mason for the leading soprano, well remembered as the prima donna of the Southwell Opera Company, the well-poised mistress of stage deportment, nice to look at, an adept in the art of smiling irresistibly upon her stage wooers; and, though her once charming and still pleasing voice has appreciably suffered from the wear and tear of steady work, so skillful in the use of it, that her vocalization is keenly enjoyed even in those numbers that most reveal its deterioration.

Then there is a new contralto, Kate Condon by name, with a fresh, delicious voice. Miss Condon, with her pretty face, her neat shape, her debonaire manner, and her easy indolent air of *camaraderie*, is a very attractive Alan-a-Dale, and such a telling addition to the company that one shakes one's head and foresees a brief engagement. She is probably too expensive to be kept long. Like Edith Mason, she has the calm, easy assured air of the stage favorite.

They have also secured a fine basso, John Dunsmure, lending to the part that is almost as sacred to the memory of Eugene Cowles as that of the sheriff to Barnabee, a rich, powerful basso voice of very agreeable quality. Last of the new-comers is Willard Simms, a comedian, who is neither striking nor original in his methods, but perfectly competent, and apparently experienced in his kind of work.

To these add Cunningham as Little John and Dora de Filippa as Annabel, together with other familiar members of the company, and it will be realized what a strong performance "Robin Hood" is vocally. Except in places that we know almost too well, like the Tinklers' Chorus, the opera, considering that it has been almost done to death, goes with wonderful freshness and spirit. It is part of its merit that its tunefulness is not of the kind that palls. A poor performance, of course, would extinguish that air of primal freshness that the present company has revived, but they are giving such an all-round bright, spirited, and capable one, the costumes are so tasteful, the mountings so suitable, the girls so pretty, and the music is so delightfully sung that one is scarcely conscious of a stale or faded spot in the whole performance.

## A Drama of War and Love.

White Whittlesey returns to the Alcazar Monday evening. The first play to be presented during his summer engagement will be "Soldiers of Fortune," as dramatized for the stage by Augustus Thomas, from Richard Harding Davis's story of South American adventure. The four scenes of the play are laid in the picturesque republic of Olancha, in which the action of the play is supposed to transpire. Mr. Whittlesey will be seen as Robert Clay, the young civil engineer, and the hero of the story, who constructs railways, bridges, plans great mining operations, builds engines and runs them, fights and makes love with equal facility, and wears overalls and evening clothes with equal distinction. Mr. Whittlesey will be supported by Osbourne, Maher, Hilliard, Conness, Butler, Byers, Barnum, Miss Belgrade, Miss Ellsmere, and Marie Rawson, who will make her first appearance as Mr. Whittlesey's leading lady in the part of Hope Langham. The following week Mr. Whittlesey will be seen in John Drew's comedy, "One Summer's Day," opening with a special matinee Independence Day.

## New People at the Orpheum.

Valerie Bergere, the comedienne who was seen here two years ago in "Billie's First Love," will return to the Orpheum this coming week in "His Japanese Wife," a one-act playlet by Grace Griswold. Gallagher and Barrett, Irish comedians and laugh inducers, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They will present their operatic comedy entitled, "The Stock Brokers." John F. Clark, a monologist and singer, will also be new. Several of his songs, including "It Takes the Irish to Beat the Dutch" and "The Wedding of Barney and Bedelia," are said to be as catchy as they are clever. Helen Bertram, for her second and last week, will give an entire change of selections. Foster and Foster, the "Wandering Willie" pianist and his sing-

ing companion, will vary their act. Howe and Scott will change their Hebrew dialogues, but continue their funny cake-walk, and the Zarow Trio of bicyclists and acrobatic comedians, will repeat their specialty, "A Night on the Boardwalk." Gracey and Burnett and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the review of the San Francisco Fire Department, will complete a varied and interesting programme.

## Another Week of "Du Barry."

On Monday night Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin her third and last week at the Grand Opera House in Belasco's "Du Barry." The farewell performance will be on Saturday evening, July 24, and there will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. James Neill and company will begin a season at the Grand at the Sunday matinee, July 31. His leading lady will be Edythe Chapman. "Barbara Frietche," a patriotic play especially appropriate to Fourth of July week, will be the first attraction. During this presentation special prices will prevail, the best seat in the orchestra being obtainable at fifty cents.

## Closed for Two Weeks.

E. H. Sothern will give his final performance of "The Proud Prince" at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening. Then the theatre will be closed for two weeks, to open on July 11th with Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate," a comedy by Hubert Henry Davies, author of "Cynthia." It is said to be sparkling and epigrammatic, and to be particularly suited to Miss Barrymore's talents. The sale of seats opens Thursday, July 4th.

## Fifty Mormon Children.

One of the features of the new burlesque, "The Mormons," at Fischer's Theatre, is the scene where fifty Mormon children surround the elders. The piece is in three acts, and has many songs, among them "Let All Obey," "Seminole," Miss Aug's "The Belle of Avenue A," and Miss Gallick's "The Message of the Violets." Yorke and Adams and Al Fields have the principal comedy parts. The Garrity Sisters have new dances, and the chorus has received additions. Dorothy Morton has arrived, and is rehearsing the leading part in the burlesque that is to follow "The Mormons." This is the last week of the radium dance. There will be a special matinee July 4th.

## At the Central.

A New York success, "The Power of the Cross," will be the attraction at the Central Theatre next week. It is a drama of country and city life, baving as a heroine a girl who is lured to New York by a villain who plays upon her trustfulness. She is rescued by her country lover, who follows her to the city. The principal scene of the play is the appearance on the wall of the villain's room of a cross of fire, formed by a reflection of lights from without, but it frightens him long enough to encompass his defeat. Herschel Mayall and Eugenia Thais Lawton will have the leading rôles.

Says the New York Tribune: "The possibilities of the English language are never better shown than when some Western musical critic lays himself out in judgment upon one of Mr. Conried's operatic stars. Mme. Sembrich recently sang in San Francisco, and a newspaper critic of much distinction pronounced her 'the peerless canary of colorature.'"

While Mrs. Fiske was playing "Hedda Gabler" in Ann Arbor, Mich., a group of college students acted so boisterously that the actress had the curtain rung down in the midst of the first act.

Edna May has returned to New York, but will go back to London in September, appearing in "The Schoolgirl" at Daly's Theatre.

**MENNE'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**  
A Positive Relief  
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin.  
Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.  
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells, etc. Repairs given prompt attention.  
**NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**  
455 Sutter St., San Francisco.  
Telephone Bush 639.

## Dividend Notices.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.**—For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.**—For the half year ending with June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Market Street.**—For the half year ending June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Streets.**—For the six months ending June 30, 1904, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 to 10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

**MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK, S. W. CORNER Bush and Montgomery Streets.**—For the half year ending with June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
FREDERICK H. CLARK, Cashier.

**SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery Street, Mills Building.**—For the half year ending June 30, 1904, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1904.  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1904, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1904.  
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.**

## THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.,  
Has declared a dividend for the six months ending June 30, 1904, of 5 per cent. on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 8 per cent. to stockholders, free of taxes.  
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEY. **Board of Directors**—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Rans, N. Oblandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
L. A. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. McCutcheon, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutcheon, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufmann, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000

Jas. O'B. Gunn.....President  
Geo. D. Gray.....Vice-President  
George F. Lyon.....Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark.....Cashier  
W. F. Williamson.....Attorney  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depositary for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department, 216 Sansome Street.

## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

## ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political. Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe.  
Telephone 31, 1042.



## VANITY FAIR.

"All honor to our President's daughter" was the watchword at the World's Fair during the days when Miss Alice Roosevelt saw the exposition amid a series of breakfasts, lunches, teas, dinners, and balls. The combination was strong enough to turn the head of almost any young girl, but the nation's debutante (says a St. Louis correspondent) seemed undaunted and unspoiled by it all. "To the eye feminine," continues this writer "the chief feature about Alice Roosevelt's season at the fair has been her voluminous white veil. In all of the snap-shots of her which have been taken by enterprising newspaper photographers, magazine artists, and sightseers from all lands, she is shown wearing a very short white linen skirt and a long fitted white linen coat, topped off by a white veil which flies upward and backward and out, to say nothing of down over the face when she gets tired of having her picture taken. This veil has promised to revolutionize the summer styles at the great exposition. No sooner had the President's daughter appeared a couple of times veiled like a ghost-lady, than hundreds of her countrywomen proceeded to purchase likewise, and to dally 'round the buildings clad as nearly like the 'First Girl of the Land' as possible. And while the dressmakers have been making a strenuous effort to demand the short walking-skirt in all costumes worn outside the house, the distinctly abbreviated skirt of Alice Roosevelt at the fair has set the seal of absolute smartness upon it. The whole costume is a simple affair, and promises to form a feature of the wardrobe of the summer girl of 1904, and to become known as the 'Alice' toilet. To the uninitiated the veil looks like the curtain which a woman wears about a beehive. But not so to the fashionable guild. It is yet an addition upon the automobile veil and the wind veil. It is larger than either, and preferably white.

"Fame has not been without its drawbacks. The President's daughter has found herself followed by a crowd of such proportions that occasionally her schedule had to be changed, and she was forced to adopt the precept that discretion is the better part of valor, and that 'it is better to disappear a little than to be stared at much.' One night, in particular, she was forced to give up her trip down the Pike, for a crowd of fully five thousand persons followed in breathless pursuit and made reasonable progress impossible. Two hours after her arrival at St. Louis, showing no fatigue from her journey, she headed a party of young people bent upon seeing the fair, and during every day of her stay she visited the grounds as the guest of individuals or of some body of distinguished countrywomen. She was wine and dined constantly, and yet the buoyant health which seems to be a characteristic of the Roosevelt family has carried her through the exciting days in perfect health and unquenchable spirits. Chiefs of all nations received her in state, buildings of all nations were opened to welcome her. Her path was strewn with roses, both literally and figuratively. She was courteous to all at all times, and referred often to her distinguished father, regretting constantly that he was not there to see this, or to hear that, 'for this is the kind of a show he would rather see than anything else,' she cried, as she watched the rehearsal of the Battle of Paardeberg. She made a tremendous reputation for popularity, and her stay in St. Louis has been almost royal."

The four thousand physicians who attended the annual session of the American Medical Association recently were greatly stirred by a paper denouncing higher education for women, read by Dr. A. Laphorn Smith, of Montreal. "Higher education for women," said Dr. Smith, "is unwise and unjustifiable, because it makes the duties and privileges of motherhood distasteful and physically impossible. Is the health of American girls, the future mothers of the race, as good as that of their mothers and their grandmothers? That it is not is beyond all question. For this condition we must blame the over-education of women in these times. The blood that is necessary to women's many natural functions is diverted to the brain, gorging that, while the other parts of the sensitive body wither into disease. If children do come to these highly educated women, they are usually few in number, and physically or mentally deficient. The phosphates that should be in their little bodies have been stolen to fit out the brains of their mothers. It is not merely right that women should be married and should have many children; it is absolutely essential to their health and their life. Nature has its certain and terrible penalties for both men and women who dodge and shirk these duties. Their breed is in turn tortured, enfeebled, exterminated. I would have girls taught the elements in the same manner and to the same degree as boys, but I would cut out algebra, astronomy, and all the higher subjects. In their stead I would substitute outdoor sports, cooking, sewing, care of the child, instruction in all that pertains to the marriage relation. If the breed that now dominates this con-

tinents is to live, it must begin, and that soon, the sensible, practical training of its girls. If the starvation and mortification of the flesh for the exaltation of the spirit shall continue, the righteous sentence of death will be inexorably executed, and a more sensible, more vigorous breed will rise by virtue of its saner, stronger womanhood."

Commenting on this statement, the New York Sun says: "It is an old cry. This doctor only repeated a frequent accusation in attributing Mr. Roosevelt's 'race suicide' to too much education for women. But at the very period when American girls are getting the education against which he inveighed, they are showing a notable improvement in their physical development also. As compared with their mothers and grandmothers, the young women of to-day are taller, stronger, and more enduring. The American feminine type is improving obviously, and the improvement appears both in Fifth Avenue and in the streets in the lower part of the town, in which nowadays so many young women may be encountered as they hurry to and from daily work at morning and at night. There is as much nonsense about 'over-education' as about 'overwork.' It is not mental or muscular strain so much as dissipation of energy in leisure which does harm to both women and men."

Among several orders posted at the St. Louis World's Fair camp of the West Point cadets is this one: "Cadets, dancing with ladies, must dance with their left arm extended, and under no circumstances will they be allowed to bend the right elbow so as to draw their partners close to them." The dancing instructions are the subject of much discussion in and around the camp. The cadets think that as they are away from school and on a semi-vacation trip they should be allowed more liberty, even to the extent of drawing their partner at the dance a little closer, if she has no objections.

Whenever the Countess de Castellane digs into the Gould fortune for the purpose of entertaining, she gives Paris something to talk about. Her most recent fête was as sumptuous as those of the past. The Duke and Duchess of Thurn and Taxis were the guests of honor, and the countess stood beside them on a raised platform banked with roses. The best society of Paris bowed before the American hostess and her noble guests, and then retreated in wonderment to study the gown the countess was wearing. Jay Gould's daughter has become a past mistress of the art of dressing, and on this occasion her frock was a marvel. It was a pale-yellow chiffon velvet, and the skirt was covered with orchids deftly embroidered. These orchids were outlined in gold threads, and the color scheme of mauve and yellow was unusual. It is said ten women worked on the countess's gown day and night in order to finish the embroidered flowers. The bodice was trimmed with real orchids, and all the Castellane jewels added a further brilliant touch to the orchid costume.

Nineteen hats, at \$38 to \$65 each, figure in a bill for millinery and furs on which the Lichtenstein Millinery Company, of New York, entered by default recently judgment for \$5,678 against Mrs. Hamilton W. Cary, a daughter of the late Jabez Abel Bostwick, of the Standard Oil Company. The defendant was sued as Nellie B. Cary for articles purchased in the twelve weeks between September 21st and December 17th last. Among the items are baby lamb coat, \$725; baby lamb coat and muff, \$650; sable stole, \$850; silk lace and chinchilla coat, \$600; broadtail skirt, \$1,200; cream net gown, \$400; white satin box, \$145; pink silk cushion, \$100.

After two years of exclusive control and management in every department, women have failed to make a newspaper "go." Thirty-eight years ago, James Cox founded the Cambridge (Mass.) Press, a weekly. He conducted it thirty-six years, making it the leading local periodical. When he died some women, headed by Miss Alice Geddes, took the plant and had entire charge. For a year the venture was a success in their hands. Then the paper got into a quarrel with the Cantabrigia Club, the leading women's organization of Cambridge, and some editorials cost it many subscribers. Other quarrels with local bodies followed, and for six months there has been strife among the women who owned the paper. Recently the publication was suspended. If it is ever revived, which is doubtful, it will be by a man.

"Time was when the colored man was the only safe, sure waiter for the commercial hotel, and the imported waiter was the choice for the fashionable place," remarks the *Hotel World*; "now," it continues, "waitresses are displacing the colored waiters in many places where formerly the service of the former would have been deemed totally impracticable. You ask any hotel proprietor or manager why it is that he employs girls, and you are told that the guests prefer their service, and here

(wages also considered) is the sum total of the argument why waitresses are now so much employed."

The London *Ladies' Field* has this to say about the heroism of women: "The determination to do her duty at all costs inspires the society woman of to-day as much as it did the defenders of the British flag at Trafalgar. She goes into action with a grim resolve to dance and dine as all her friends expect. Though her back is aching, her head splitting, and she knows she is grievously bored, she will heroically go through her day's programme, fortified by the consciousness of having done her duty."

No more "kittling in the dark behind the funnel stays"—at least no more between the officers of the Cunard's Boston service and the fair passengers of that line is to be permitted. Hereafter, according to a dispatch from Boston, the officers are to pay less attention to women passengers and to avoid social gatherings on shipboard.

Paterson Pete—"I dreamt last night dat I had a million dollars." Stacked Oates—"Did yer enjoy it?" Paterson Pete—"Nit! I wuz sued fer breach uv promise, operated on fer appendicitis, an' mentioned fer de Vice-Presidency, 'fore I'd even got it counted."—Judge.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
June 16th.....	58	50	.00	Clear
" 17th.....	58	50	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	64	50	.00	Clear
" 19th.....	64	50	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 21st.....	60	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 22d.....	60	50	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 22, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000	@ 106	106	106 1/4
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%	6,000	@ 103 1/4	102 1/2	104
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%	13,000	@ 85	84 1/2	85
Hawaiian C. S.	10,000	@ 98	97 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5%	14,000	@ 112	111 1/2	
Oakland Transit				
6%	5,000	@ 111 1/2	112	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	11,000	@ 105	105 1/2	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909	38,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910	1,000	@ 109 1/2	109	110
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905, S. A.	23,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd.	29,000	@ 108	108	
S. V. Water 4%	5,000	@ 99	99	99 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	5,000	@ 98 1/2	98 1/2	99

	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Valley.....	215	@ 37 1/2 - 37 3/4		
Powders.				
Giant Cong.....	20	@ 60 1/2	60 1/2	61
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	40	@ 50 1/2	50	
Hutchinson	25	@ 8	7 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.	50	@ 21 1/2	21 1/2	22
Pauahau S. Co.	40	@ 12 1/2 - 13	12 1/2	13
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	35	@ 12 1/2	12	12 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	60	@ 61 1/2	61	61 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	10	@ 137 1/2	137	138
Cal. Wine Assn.....	20	@ 89 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2

There was a small demand for Spring Valley Water, 215 shares changing hands at 37 1/2-37 3/4. The sugars have been very quiet, and less than 155 shares of all kinds changed hands, with fractional declines.

Sales of 60 shares of San Francisco Gas and Electric was made at 61 1/2, closing at 61 hid. 61 1/2 asked.

Alaska Packers was quoted at 137 1/2; California Wine Association at 89 1/2.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co., and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## Look at the Brand!

# Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



The **FINEST** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Forty Highest Awards in Europe  
and America

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

### H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

## THE

# Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Mrs. John Ridgway, of Paris, was noted for her ready wit. At one of her receptions, apropos of marriage, Guy de Maupassant said: "The honeymoon ends when the wife first asks the husband for money." "No," Mrs. Ridgway retorted; "it ends when the husband ceases to ask the wife how much he can have the pleasure of giving her."

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Leopard's Spots," says that when one of his boys finished his Caesar last spring, his mother asked him: "Do you think you would know Julius Caesar now if you met him?" A look of savage hate wrinkled his brow as he slowly replied: "I'm not sure. But I'll tell you one thing, if I should happen to meet him, nobody else would ever know him!"

In a speech that William Waldorf Astor delivered before the London Clubmen's Benevolent Society, he told of a costermonger who lay dying. Nevertheless, he expressed a desire for something to eat, and his wife asked him what he would like. "Well," said the costermonger, "I seem to smell a ham-a-cookin' somewhere. I think I could eat a bit of that." "Oh, no, John, dear," said his wife; "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."

Jesse Lewisham, the picture collector, tells of a comment he heard in a picture gallery. He stood behind two young women from the country, one of whom called the other's attention to an atrocious animal picture, labeled "Two Dogs: After Landseer." "I can see the two dogs," she said; "but where is Landseer?" The other young woman studied the painting closely. "Where is he?" she said; "I guess this must be one of them puzzle pictures."

Dr. Richard T. Gottheil, of Columbia University, has a broad knowledge of Oriental tales and proverbs. One day he told an old Persian story about a pessimistic farmer. "Good friend," a visitor said to the farmer, "you are fortunate this year." He pointed to the heavy and rich grain fields spreading as far as the eye could see. "You can't grumble," he went on, "about your crop this season, eh?" "No," whined the pessimist, "but a crop like this is terribly wearing on the soil."

To Richard Mansfield an enthusiastic woman admirer had paid tribute of praise, adding: "I suppose, sir, that when in the spirit of those great rôles you forget your real self for days." "Yes, madam, for days, as well as nights. It is then I do those dreadful things—trample on the upturned features of my leading lady and hurl tenderloin steaks at waiters." "And you do not know of it at all?" "Not a solitary thing, madam, until I read the papers next day," said Mr. Mansfield, solemnly.

An excited man in a Berlin beer-garden, after discussing some august remark, said aloud, "The Kaiser talks a lot of nonsense." In a moment the blasphemer was arrested by an official who happened to be present. The offense was a ten-syllabled one, with heavy penalties attaching to each. "It is all a mistake," whined the terror-stricken wretch; "I was speaking of the Austrian Kaiser." "That won't do, fellow!" thundered the official; "I maintain your arrest. Everybody knows there is only one Kaiser who talks a lot of nonsense."

The Japanese proprietor of a tea store in Chicago has been much annoyed by the incessant howling of his neighbor's dog under his window while he was trying to sleep. There came a night when his patience gave way. He raised the window, stuck his head out, and called to his neighbor in terms that indicated that his American environment was gradually undermining his native politeness. "Mist' Jones," he said, "will you do the kindness for request the honorable dog that he stop his honorable bark? If you don't, by gosh, I knock his jam head off!"

It is related of W. S. Gilbert that on a recent occasion he was the guest of a humptious young Tory lord at dinner. The young man, a member of the Carlton Club, was holding forth on the excellent cuisine and cellar of that organization, and Mr. Gilbert cordially agreed with him. His lordship, who did not know who the humorist was, said, rather coldly: "Perhaps you are not aware, sir, that members of the Carlton are not allowed to entertain strangers." With much gravity the humorist answered: "Oh, yes, my lord, I am aware of that, but I have dined often with the steward."

President Clowry, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, holds that laziness, more than alcohol or anything else, is responsible for the failures that men and women make of their lives. "All failures are lazy," he

said, "but the laziest failure is the tramp. A tramp knocked at the back door of my cousin's farm in Vermont one hot afternoon. 'Lady,' he said to the cook, 'will ye spare a poor feller a drink of water?' 'Certainly,' she answered; 'here's a tumbler, and there's the pump.' 'Thank you, kindly,' said the tramp; 'and now, if you'll just work the handle we shan't be long.'"

At the Columbia commencement luncheon, Dean Van Amringe, who presided, referred playfully and under his breath, between courses, to the fact that the Massachusetts legislature had granted the right to the Young Men's Christian Association to confer the degree of bachelor of laws. "Too bad that 'Ben' Butler did not live to know of it," he observed; "it would have been a pleasant reflection to him that the Bay State, always first in public virtue, should recognize the connection between religion and law." "Precisely so," rejoined his neighbor; "and now it is possible to place on a Boston tombstone the words 'Here lies a lawyer and a Christian' without going to the trouble of putting two men into one grave."

## Money Makes the Mare Gn.

An anonymous "Publicist," writing in the Independent in regard to the candidacy of Mr. Hearst for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, tells the following story as illustrating Mr. Hearst's belief that "money will buy the fruit of any man's work":

Some time ago a young writer applied to him for employment on his New York newspaper, and was engaged to fill a position which would become vacant at the end of a week, but in the interval the fact came to the attention of a university professor who had always taken an interest in his advancement.

"I am sorry," said the good man, "that you should have chosen that particular school of journalism for your professional start." And he proceeded to descant upon the responsibility a journalist owed to society, the influence of one educated youth's example on others of his class, the tone a writer inevitably took from the character of the journals he worked for, etc. "And your untarnished sense of self-respect, my young friend," he concluded, "will be worth more to you when you reach my time of life, than all the salaries an unprincipled employer can pour into your purse."

So impressed was the neophyte with this lecture in morals that he called upon Mr. Hearst the next morning, and announced that he had changed his mind about accepting the proffered position. The editor scanned his face shrewdly and inquired the reason. After much hesitancy the young man told him the whole story, and started to leave.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hearst. "Be seated a moment, please." And turning to his secretary, he added: "Write a letter at once to Professor X. Y., present my compliments, and say I should be pleased to receive from him a signed article of five hundred words—subject and treatment to be of his own choosing—for the editorial page of next Sunday's paper. Inclose check for two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Now," he remarked, with a cynical smile, as he bade his caller good-by, "you can see for yourself what comes of that."

He did. The Sunday issue contained a signed article, which gave the paper the reflection of a good man's fame, and spread the influence of his example among other university professors, and—did what to his self-respect?—all at the net rate of fifty cents per word!

Papa—"How did you get your clothes so terribly torn?" Tommy—"Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked." Papa—"Ah, a brave deed! Who was the little hoy?" Tommy—"Me."—Chicago Daily News.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Tip Willie.

[AN ECHO FROM GILBERT.]

A waiter he stood at my goodly right hand,  
Singing "Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!"  
And I said, "Honest Richard, now why do you stand

Singing 'Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie?'  
Is it weakness of intellect, waiter," I cried,  
"Or a clockwork device in your little inside?"  
With a shake of his barber-shop curls he replied:

"Tip Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!"

My plate he removed, and he held out his hand,

Sighing, "Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!"

Till I said, "Simple waiter, I can't understand

All this 'Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!'

Your accents denote indigestive remorse—  
Do you wish me to pay for my meal by the course?"

But the waiter replied in a monotone hoarse:

"Tip Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!"

When I paid for my dinner he acted so strange,

With his "Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!"

As I quietly pocketed all of the change

To his "Willie! tip Willie! tip Willie!"

Then a sob, and a sigh, and a gurgle he gave,

And I said to the steward: "How your waiters behave!"

But the latter just winked as he murmured—the knave!

"You're silly!—tip Willie! tip Willie!"

—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

## Popular.

My sister Bess is popular, most ev'rywhere she goes,

They say she's awful popular with all th' men she knows;

I hear about her pleasin' ways, an' of her cherry smile—

I bear that there word "popular" about her all th' while.

At home she gets up mornin's with a grouch that's pretty bad,

An' spends about an hour, jest sassin' ma an' dad;

I guess she works so bard a-bein' popular away

That when she's in th' family she don't feel very gay.

I often git to guessin' bow th' folks 'ud like her if

They'd hear th' way she jaws at me when we git in a tiff.

An' then I'd like 't bear what they 'ud say b'bind her back,

If they c'd see her sloppin' round here in ber dressin' sack.

She's popular, of course she is, espec'ly with the men,

I s'pect some time she'll marry some poor feller, but till then

I wisht 'at she 'ud think of us a hit, an' try 't be

A little bit more popular with ma and pa an' me.—Cleveland Leader.

Adele—"I had an awful time when I refused him. He took it in earnest, and I had to explain that I didn't mean it."—Ex.

## Nelson's Anycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 805 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## EXAMINE YOUR DENTIFRICE

Acid and grit, deadliest enemies of the teeth, abound in cheap dentifrices. Fine perfumes do not make fine dentifrices. Your teeth deserve better of you than to be offered up a sacrifice to your pocketbook.

## SOZODONT

is of proven value. Sixty years is a pretty good test. No acid, no grit in Sozodont. The Liquid penetrates the little crevices and purifies them; the Powder gives a bright and polished surface.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....July 16 | New York.....July 30  
St. Louis.....June 25 | St. Paul.....August 6  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....July 16, 10 am | Merion.....July 30, 10 am  
Noordland.....July 23, 10 am | Westerland.....Aug. 6, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis.....July 16, 8 am  
Mesaba.....July 23, 9 am  
Minnetonka.....July 30, 7.30 am  
Minnehaha.....August 6, noon  
Only first class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....July 16 | Canada.....July 30  
Southampton.....July 23 | Vancouver.....August 6

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Statendam.....July 12 | Rotterdam.....August 2  
Potsdam.....July 19 | Rydam.....August 9

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Zeeland.....July 16 | Vaderland.....July 30  
Finland.....July 23 | Kroonland.....August 6

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Baltic.....July 13, 5 pm | Oceanic.....July 27, 5 pm  
Majestic.....July 20, 10 am | Arabic.....July 23, 5 am  
Cedric.....July 27, 1 pm | Teutonic.....August 3, 10 am

## Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....July 14, Aug. 18, Sept. 15  
Cretic.....July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22  
Republic (new).....Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6

## Mediterranean Direct.

Canopic.....Aug. 27, Oct. 8, Nov. 19  
Rumanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 3

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Gaelic.....Thursday, July 14  
S. S. Doric.....Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, September 10  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 25, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, July 2, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, July 7, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS, etc. Reliable instruction in horoscope writing given at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best references. All city inquiries and appointments by phone (9 a. m. to 6 p. m.) Black 3723; (evenings) Scott 1070. ROBT. REMBRANT HILL, 1506 Steiner St.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—15,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—145,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will want trunks, traveling bags, valises, suit cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay you to see our large assortment of these goods, and it will be a pleasure to show them. Saiborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

## WARNING!

The following Manufacturers and Importers are licensed under the pioneer patent Number 549,160, granted to George B. Selden, dated November 5th, 1895, on

## GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES

In view of their license agreement they and their agents will not sell, keep on hand, or in any manner dispose of or deal in directly or indirectly any unlicensed new or second-hand gasoline vehicles, infringing said Selden patent.

## MANUFACTURERS

Electric Vehicle Co.  
Winton Motor Carriage Co.  
Packard Motor Car Co.  
Olds Motor Works  
Knox Automobile Co.  
The Haynes-Apperson Co.  
The Autocar Co.  
The George N. Pierce Co.  
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.  
Locomobile Co. of America

The Peerless Motor Car Co.  
Standard Motor Construction Co.  
Waltham Manufacturing Co.  
Pope Motor Car Co.  
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.  
H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.  
Smith & Mabley, Inc.  
The Commercial Motor Co.  
Berg Automobile Co.  
Cadillac Automobile Co.

Northern Manufacturing Co.  
Pope-Robinson Co.  
The Kirk Manufacturing Co.  
Elmore Manufacturing Co.  
E. R. Thomas Motor Co.  
Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co.  
The F. B. Stearns Co.  
Pope Manufacturing Co.  
Sandusky Automobile Co.  
Crest Manufacturing Co.

## IMPORTERS

Smith & Mabley, Inc.  
Central Automobile Co.  
Alexander Fischer

Hollander & Tangeman  
Standard Automobile Co.  
E. B. Gallaher

Auto Import Co.  
F. A. La Roche Co.  
Sidney B. Bowman Automobile Co.

Both the basic Selden patent and more than 400 other patents owned by members of this Association will be enforced against infringers. Manufacturers, Importers, Dealers and Agents, also Users of unlicensed machines are liable.

## ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

NO. 7 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Goodsell, daughter of Mrs. J. Goodsell, to Mr. Charles William Caum, took place on Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 1425 Van Ness Avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. McBurney. Miss Virginia Goodsell was maid of honor, and Mr. Frank Booth acted as best man. A reception followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Edith Larkey, daughter of Mrs. Martha Larkey, to Mr. Arnold E. Needham, took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother on Twenty-Third Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. A. T. Needham, father of the groom. Mrs. M. Aiken was matron of honor, and Mr. Guy Needham was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Needham will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Florence Hatch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hatch, to Mr. Asa Verthner Mendenhall, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1372 Harrison Street, Oakland. Mrs. George Humphreys was matron of honor, and Dr. A. Mendenhall was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Edith Shorb, daughter of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, to Mr. James K. Steele, of Sacramento, will take place on July 18th.

The wedding of Miss Clara Kilbourne, daughter of Colonel H. S. Kilbourne, U. S. A., to Captain Leeds, of the British army, took place in England recently.

Miss Helen Wagner gave a tea recently at her residence, 711 Leavenworth Street. Those present were Miss Spreckels, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Buckbee, Mrs. Glass, Miss Bessie Wilson, and Mrs. Walter Magee.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence, 1263 Harrison Street, Oakland, in honor of Paymaster Rishworth Nicholson, U. S. N. Others at table were Miss Gertrude Gould, Miss Lucretia Burnham, Miss Pansy Perkins, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Lillian Isaacs, Mr. George Gage, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. William Robson, and Mr. Howard Metcalf.

## End of a Busy Life.

Celia Logan, actress, playwright, and author, died in New York on Sunday. She was a daughter of Cornelius Logan, an early California comedian and theatrical manager. She was a successful actress, retiring from the stage after the death of her first husband, Conrad Clarke. Later she married an American artist named Kellogg, living in Paris. They lived in London for a time, she acting as correspondent to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* and the *Golden Era*, of San Francisco. In 1872, having divorced Kellogg, she married J. H. Connelly, a journalist, and came with him to San Francisco, where he did editorial work, and she continued to write for Eastern papers. Lewis Morrison produced her first dramatic work, "Rose," and a comedy of hers, "The Odd Trick," was played throughout California by William Mestayer. Since returning to New York, she worked steadily at producing plays, poems, novels, and short stories. She was seventy years old, and left several children.

The Coast artillery practice at the Presidio last week was very satisfactory. The guns used were those in the batteries in the western part of the Presidio. Two targets were wrecked, and most of the shots were close enough to have hit a battle-ship. The distance of the targets from shore was from two and a half to six miles. A twelve-inch shell, weighing 1,200 pounds, and propelled by 250 pounds of smokeless powder, was planted twice within an area of fourteen feet, at a distance of five miles.

There is no view in California that equals that to be obtained from the top of Mt. Tamalpais. A magnificent prospect of ocean, bay, rivers, valleys, mountains, is spread at the beholder's feet. The trip up the mountain on the crooked railway is picturesque and enjoyable, and the Tavern of Tamalpais is a delightful stopping place.

The committee having the affair in charge is making rapid progress toward the fitting celebration of July 4th. Charles Boston is chairman of the committee, George W. Edwards, secretary, J. A. Vaughan, assistant secretary, Colonel J. C. O'Connor, grand marshal, and Colonel D. Geary, chief of staff.

The New York Central lines will sell special round trip tickets to all eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

The first big shipment of the year of Alaskan salmon, \$700,000, reached Seattle on the C. & N. Humboldt on Saturday.

## Reminiscences of Charles H. Hoyt.

Harry Conroy, who for many years was identified with the farces of the late Charles H. Hoyt, relates some interesting reminiscences of the popular playwright. In an article in the Chicago *Record-Herald* he says:

I was a frequent visitor at Hoyt's summer home in New Hampshire, and it was there he considerably nipped my playwrighting career in the bud. Hoyt had a little theatre connected with his place, and when I modestly informed him that I had written a comedy, he arranged to have it presented with several of his theatrical guests as its exponents. At the conclusion of the last act, Hoyt handed me a document which turned out to be a contract guaranteeing me a salary for life as a player under his management. "This," he said, "will keep you from ever again reaching the necessity of playwrighting—at least, as long as I live—and that last is all that is worrying me in this connection." I took the hint, and folded up my dramatic situations forever more in the camphor chest.

Hoyt was forever saying and doing humorous things in a dry, sardonic fashion. Many of us remember the story that when a certain very bad actor, hearing a prominent part in one of Hoyt's companies, suddenly required a new interpreter, wired, "I am of the opinion that I could play the rôle," Hoyt telegraphed back, "You are alone in your opinion." I was visiting him, one day, when a man called, hoping to secure a position as butler. Unfortunately, the man was unsteady, thanks to recent drinking. Examining his references and looking him squarely in the eye, Mr. Hoyt dismissed him, saying: "This reference is dated yesterday."

Like nearly everybody else associated with the theatre, Hoyt was strangely superstitious. Just because the first successful play he ever wrote had a title which began with *A*, he made it a point to have the designations of all his subsequent outputs begin with that same letter. Furthermore, he always wore a dress suit while attending any of the performances of his farces, feeling in some vague way that, as he had done so in the case of his earlier pieces that achieved hits, there was some mystic combination between these two facts.

## The Henry Miller Season.

Henry Miller has secured two notable plays to be produced during his ten weeks' season at the Columbia Theatre. They are Henry Arthur Jones's "Joseph Entangled," which was so successful in London, and "Mice and Men," played in New York by Annie Russell and in London by Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott. Hilda Spong, who was last seen here with the Empire company, will be Mr. Miller's leading lady. Negotiations are pending for Harry Woodruff as leading man. He appeared as "the Imp" when Nat Goodwin first produced "When We Were Twenty-One" here, and also played the title-rôle of "Ben Hur" throughout the East. Other members of the company will be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott and Sam Sothorn.

The California Northwestern Railway is selling round-trip tickets to all points on its road at excursion rates on July 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, return limit July 5th. This is an excellent opportunity to visit the towns and resorts along this picturesque road, which passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in California. This road is also making special round-trip rates for the summer season, good until September 30th.

Work began on Monday on the great athletic stadium at the University of California. Only the football field will be built at present. The cost will be from \$14,000 to \$17,000, and a month will be required to complete the work. The intercollegiate football game will be played there this year. As money is realized from games, the stadium will gradually be completed.

"Veronique," which was so well received when it was given in French at the Coronet Theatre, London, a year ago, has been equally successful in English at the Apollo Theatre. A London critic pronounces it exceedingly fine opera, with a score as finished as Wagner's.

The United States hattle-ship *Oregon* has been awarded the trophy for excellence in gunnery at the target practice in which the ships of the navy have been in competition.

A well-constructed trail is to be built from Lone Pine, Inyo County, to the summit of Mt. Whitney. It is hoped to have it completed by July 4th.

—STYLISH ENGRAVING OF WEDDING INVITATIONS, announcements, and visiting cards at Schussler Bros., 119-121 Geary Street.

## North Shore Railroad Over the Fourth.

On July 4th trains and boats over the North Shore Railway (Sausalito Ferry) will run on regular Sunday time. On Saturday, July 24, an extra train will run as far as Point Reyes, leaving San Francisco at 5:15 P. M.

—SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

"Knox" Spring Styles just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

## Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N., who relinquishes his command of the Asiatic fleet, leaves Shanghai for San Francisco next week.

General Oscar Fitzallen Long, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long, who are expected to arrive from Washington, D. C., to-day (Saturday), will spend the next two months with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa at the "Highlands," Piedmont.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Bolton, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will leave for Fort Lawton, Wash., on July 1st.

Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, U. S. A., retired, has arrived from Washington, D. C., and will spend several weeks in California.

Colonel C. H. Noble, commanding the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered with two battalions of his regiment to Fort Lawton, Wash., and will leave for there next week.

Colonel T. C. Woodbury, Third Infantry, U. S. A., will soon be here with his regiment, en route to its new station in Alaska.

Colonel Charles F. Humphrey, quartermaster-general, U. S. A., is expected to arrive next month on a tour of inspection.

Colonel Alfred C. Girard, Medical Department, U. S. A., and his family are occupying their new residence, 921 Grand Street, Alameda.

Major Morrow, U. S. A., judge-advocate at division headquarters of this department, departed on Wednesday for a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Major T. W. Griffith, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., left last Saturday for duty in Porto Rico, where he will be in command of the provisional infantry.

Major H. B. Moon, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will leave for Fort Wright, Wash., July 1st.

Major Louis Brechemin, Medical Corps, U. S. A., will relieve Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., as a member of the examining board at the Presidio.

Major J. P. Wisser, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., returned from Washington last week.

Captain Francis W. Dickens, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral.

Major Josef Hammar, surgeon in the Swedish army, arrived Sunday on his way to the Orient, where he will be attached to the Japanese army.

Lieutenant Wilson T. Davidson, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Presidio to relieve Lieutenant Edmund R. Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who has been ordered to report to Fort Miley.

Captain Irving W. Rand, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rand have returned from their wedding journey, and are at the Presidio.

Lieutenant C. E. Hathaway, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Camp E. A. Wood, Wawona.

Lieutenant Jesse G. Langdon, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., returned from Manila last week.

Lieutenant T. Gaines Roberts, U. S. N., and Mrs. Roberts have gone to New Orleans, where Lieutenant Roberts will be stationed.

Lieutenant G. R. Slocum, U. S. N., will be attached to the United States steamer *Pensacola* at the naval training station.

Henry J. Reilly, son of the late Captain Henry J. Reilly, U. S. A., has graduated from West Point.

When Brigadier-General Peter C. Haines, U. S. A., is retired for age on July 6th, the following named officers will be appointed brigadier-generals, successively, and retired: Colonel H. H. C. Dunwoody, Signal Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Peary, Jr., Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel S. L. Woodward, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde, U. S. A. On the retirement of General Hyde, Colonel Constant Williams, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., will be promoted to be a brigadier-general, and will continue on the active list.

At a meeting held on Tuesday at the quarters of General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., it was decided to hold the annual summer encampment of the regular troops, Department of California, and the California National Guard, on the J. H. Henry ranch, five miles from the port of Cayucos, in San Luis Obispo County.

## The Champagne King.

Ask the Hotelier Club or any man about upper Broadway if there is a ruler in the realm of French fizz these days, and the unhesitating reply will be George Kessler. Entering the arena for supremacy in the champagne traffic as a very young man, some eighteen years ago, his first attempts were met with haughty indifference on the part of the then somewhat antiquated wine barons, changing into envy as Mr. Kessler's continued aggressiveness commenced to show unexpected results. With rare tact, congenial manners, always alert to demand his rights to the bitter end, combined with ingenious advertising, the new leader has now the great distinction of being the acknowledged authority on all matters pertaining to champagne. His former rivals became his friends, and if the merits of a new brand or vintage can not be settled upon by the trade, his verdict is accepted as final.—*New York News*.

Pears'

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

Established over 100 years.

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**PANAMA**  
And Outing Hats and Caps  
**HERRMANN & CO.**  
328 Kearny Street, S. F.

## A Good Host

aims always to give the best to his guest.



**Hunter**  
Baltimore  
**Rye**

holds first placed fixed because of its

**Maturity,  
Purity,  
Flavor.**

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

**GOODYEAR'S**  
"GOLD SEAL"  
Rubber Goods the best made

**RUBBER HOSE, BELTING, AND PACKINGS**  
We are headquarters for everything made of Rubber.

**GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY**  
R. H. PEASE, President,  
F. M. SHARP, JR., Treasurer.  
C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.  
573-575-577-579 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**CAMPING**  
We pack Provisions and Outfits on short notice. Reasonable prices for Quality Goods.  
Smith's Cash Store Inc.  
25 Market St., S. F.



## COOK'S TOURS Round the World 33d Season 1904

First departure from San Francisco by steamship *Siberia*, August 30th. Party limited to twelve members.

Itinerary and full particulars for the asking.

**THOS. COOK & SON**  
621 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## At Hotel Del Monte

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

**A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.**

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

**J. T. BROOKS, Manager.**

## REHNSTROM & HAGBOM

FORMERLY SAMOERS & JOHNSON

**TAILORS**

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 537. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## FIREWORKS

"FIRECRACKERS"

TORPEDOES

4TH OF JULY GOODS

Save Money by Buying Direct from the Makers

**CALIFORNIA  
FIREWORKS CO.**

Salesroom, 219 FRONT ST.

Between Sacramento and California

**ASSORTMENTS FOR**

\$1, \$2, \$3.50, \$5, \$7.50, and Up  
Wholesale and Retail.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Maye Colburn, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond went to Byron Hot Springs by automobile Saturday, and returned Monday.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding returned to New York from Europe on June 14th. He expects to arrive in San Francisco early in July to attend the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels, who departed this week for New York, en route to Europe, will not return until autumn.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have been in the Yosemite Valley for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will spend the summer at Burlingame and Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Miss Borel, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Alice Borel, and Mr. Antoine Borel, Jr., are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and family have departed for Europe, where they will spend three months.

Mrs. W. S. Herrin, Miss Kate Herrin, and Miss Alice Herrin, who have been sojourning at Shasta, will return next week.

Dr. Arnold Genthe departed on Thursday for a four months' trip to Europe.

Miss Marie Louise Parrott has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, Jr., at Rocklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton will be the guests of Mrs. Cyrus Walker, on Puget Sound, during July.

Mrs. Chauncey Winslow has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oxnard, at Menlo Park.

Mr. Richard Hotaling entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sloane at his country place, "Sleepy Hollow," last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned from Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Valentine will sojourn at Pacific Grove during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal, who are at present in St. Louis, will remain East until autumn.

Miss Louise Breeze and Miss Ethel Lincoln have returned from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle and family will spend July at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton have returned from St. Louis, and are at Burlingame.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby and Miss Anna Selby have returned after an absence of two years, passed chiefly in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnard at Larkspur during July.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall are at Burlingame, where they will spend the next three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury spent last week at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson will spend the season at Glen Alpine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Inez Keeney will remain at Belvedere for another month.

Miss Katherine Wright, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Luke Wright, of the Philippine Islands, and her aunt, Mrs. Clauson, are the guests of Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies.

Rev. and Mrs. William Kirk Guthrie are at San Anselmo for the summer.

Mr. W. H. McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister spent Sunday at Byron Hot Springs.

Miss Violet Alhright, of Fruitvale, and Miss Rhoda O'Ferrall are in Santa Cruz County for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers were among the guests at the Hotel Rafael this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett were passengers on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic*, sailing on Wednesday for Yokohama.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Oakland, are at Inverness for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames have been in Napa County during June.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bahcock are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Sprague are at Berkeley for the summer.

Miss Agnes Buchanan departed last Monday for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., were among the week's visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas have been at the Hotel Vendome during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Isaac Requa has returned from Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Schmidt have returned from the East after a long absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Campbell and family are at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Oge, in San Rafael, during the absence of Mr. Beale in the East.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Mrs. Helen Hecht will spend a fortnight at the Hotel Rafael, prior to going to Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. R. M. Hotaling was a recent visitor at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Miss Ber-

nice Wilson, and Miss Bessie Wilson have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. Hother Wismer leaves on Saturday next for a month's stay in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

General and Mrs. Haskel are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. E. O. McCormick, assistant director of the Harriman lines, arrived from Chicago on Wednesday for a short stay.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrove have been sojourning at the Hotel Vendome.

Miss Miriam Michelson and Miss Julia Michelson are at Lake Tahoe for several weeks.

Mr. J. K. R. Nuttal was at Del Monte last week.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker will spend the rest of the summer with Mrs. Bourn and Miss Ida Bourn at their country place near St. Helena.

Mrs. William Cluff, and Miss California Cluff are at their country place in Contra Costa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Clay (née Eckart) are occupying their residence on Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., of Oakland, depart to-morrow (Sunday) for London. They will be away for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble are at Mill Valley for a few weeks.

Mrs. John P. Jones has arrived from Los Angeles for a stay of a few weeks. She will be joined here soon by Senator Jones, and will go East with him.

General Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Anderson were guests recently at the Hotel Vendome.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will be in Lake County until July.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Rafael during the week were Mr. and Mrs. William Haywood and Miss Doris Haywood, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. H. Burness, of Fresno, Mrs. H. W. Morgan, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Miss L. Rickard, Miss Sahin, Miss E. G. Moody, Mr. Graham E. Bahcock, of Coronado, Dr. de Chantreau, and Mr. W. W. Morgan.

Among those who arrived at Byron Hot Springs recently were Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hammond, Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Joseph T. Grace, Miss Ethel Connor, Miss Beatrice Hammond, Miss Jennie Paulson, Miss Crothers, Miss Pearl Crothers, Miss Alice McDonald, Mr. Joseph McDonald, Mr. H. R. Connor, and Mr. W. R. Summerhayes, Jr.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. J. E. Baltz, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. George Moor, Mr. and Mrs. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Fessenden Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Macdonald, Mrs. Annie Davies, Mrs. Malech, Dr. Lois Nelson, Miss Brusie, Miss Laura Bannerman, Mr. Wingfield, Mr. Henry R. Post, Mr. Allan Cutter, and Mr. C. A. Ruggles.

London, within a ten-mile radius of Charing Cross, has 762 places of amusement, frequented nightly by approximately 140,000 people. Of these, 27 are West End theatres, and 32 theatres in outlying districts; 61 are music-halls, where performances are given regularly; 630 are halls and assembly rooms (for concerts, dramatic entertainments, and the like); and 12 are special places of entertainment. It is estimated that the theatres attract nightly 47,000 persons; the music-halls 59,000, and the rest 34,000.

Ben Greet will give "Hamlet" at the Greek Theatre, University of California, on September 24th with the same company that appeared here last year. Sophocles's "Ajax" will be presented by the students in October.

Miss Doris Rankin, daughter of McKee Rankin, and Lionel Barrymore, the actor, were married in New York last Tuesday. The marriage was very quiet.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

**A. Hirschman,**  
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

**Scientific Massage for Ladies and Gentlemen**  
**MARTIN BRAUN MASSEUR**  
Graduate, Imperial University Hospital, Vienna, Austria.  
Phone John 7181. **THE WENBAN** Cor. Sutter and Mason Sts.

**HOTEL RICHELIEU & HOTEL GRANADA**  
1012 Van Ness Avenue 1000 Sutter Street  
The Finest Family Hotels on the Pacific Coast.

**WARRANTED 10 YEARS.**  
**BYRON MAUZU** **PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St. San Francisco  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

**SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.**

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.  
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

**CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST**  
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

33th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.

Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

**H. R. WARNER, Manager,**  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

Is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

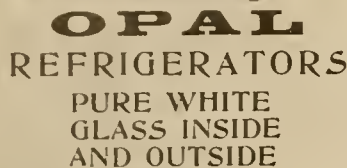
Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where alter-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hôte dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 P. M., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

**Catering a Specialty**

**F. B. SIGNOR, Manager,**  
Formerly with Louis Sberry of New York City.



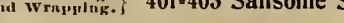


W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.  
309-317 Market St., S. F.

Tilburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a m; 12.50, 12.00, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p m.  
Sundays—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a m; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25, 7.50 p. m. †Except Saturdays.

On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond  
San Rafael at half rates.  
Ticket office 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building.  
JAS. I. BRAZIER, R. X. RYAN,  
Gen. Manager Gen. Pass. Agt.



AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



















NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY	
Class	Accession
